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A NEW
SENTIMENTAL
JOURNEY.

BY
CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

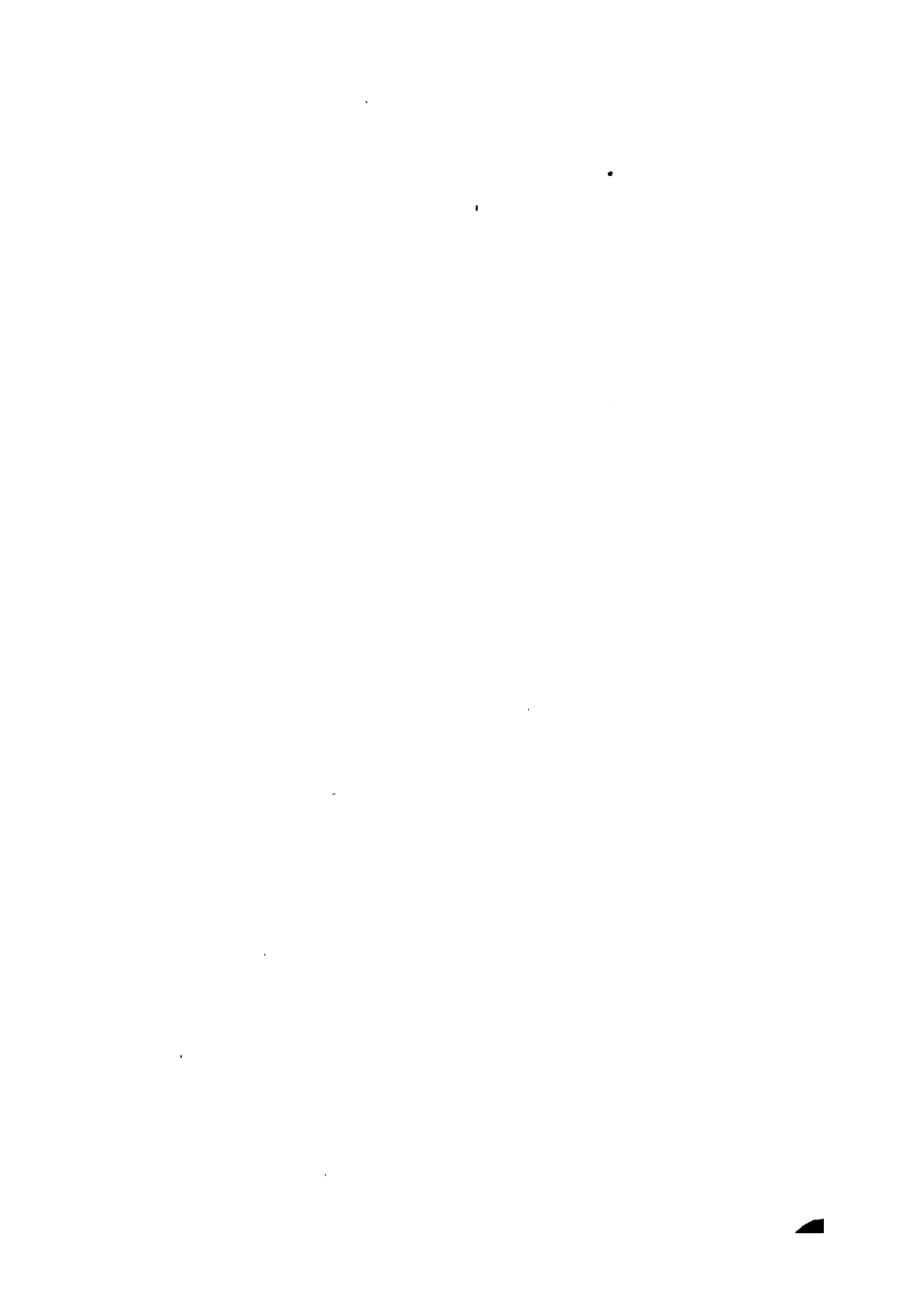


LONDON
CHURCHMAN AND HART, 25, FLEET STREET
1840



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A NEW
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.







The Glove Shop.

A NEW
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

BY
CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

With a Frontispiece on Steel by the Author.

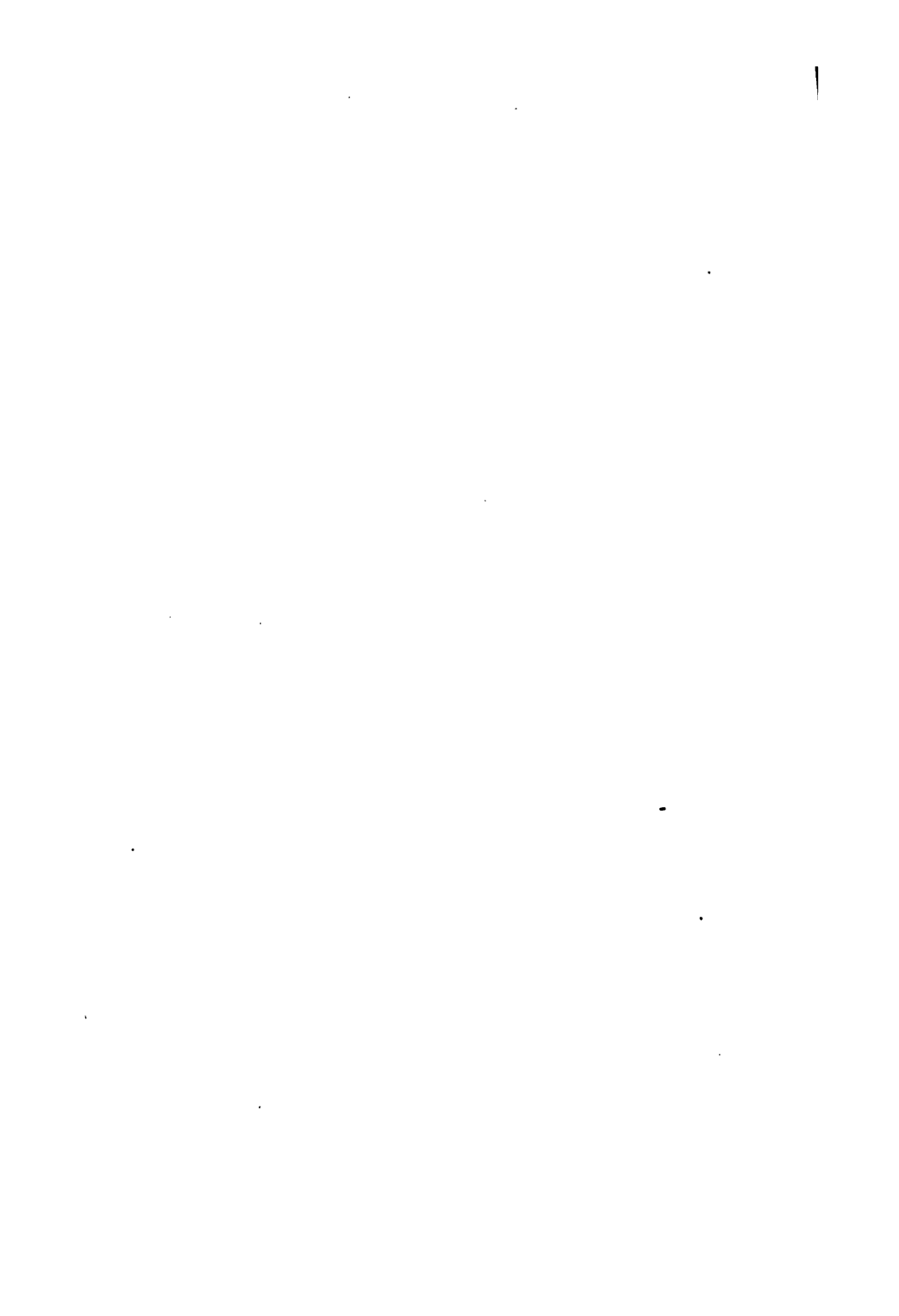
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THE
following Pages are Inscribed
TO
EDWARD F. SMYTH PIGOTT
AS
A SLIGHT TOKEN OF ESTEEM
FOR AN OLD AND VALUED FRIEND.



PREFACE.

—♦—

A SHORT preface for a short book. Mine is mainly in reference to the titlepage. It might be supposed—without some word on my part to counteract the impression—that in calling this Work a *New Sentimental Journey*, I had some design of entering into competition with the *old* one of Lawrence Sterne. It is only then the commonest justice to myself to say that no such thought ever crossed my mind, and that the title was adopted simply because it seemed to me a good and appropriate one to the book to which it is applied, and one which described its characteristics better than any other which I could think of.

With this word of explanation, I will dismiss this small volume to speak for itself, merely add-

ing that this is not quite its first appearance in public, the matter contained in it having been first published, almost as it now stands, in the pages of 'All The Year Round.'

*Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park,
November, 1859.*

A NEW
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Part I.

CHAPTER I.

ONLY to Paris, mind. Not committing myself to too much at first, lest I should prove a bankrupt in my stock of sentiment sooner than I had anticipated, and turn out sentimentally insolvent earlier than might be convenient.

“Only to Paris,” some one echoes, in a disappointed tone. Nay, but you may trust me, reader, you shall have nothing you have had before. I am not the man to inflict on others what I dread myself, and in my hands you are safe, at least, from long descriptions and profuse accounts of what you know already. To Paris?—Why a man with a soul

in his breast might make a journey from London Bridge to Brighton, and move you, if you are the reader I take you for, to tears and laughter with his account of it.

The interest of this journey—if there is any—shall be human, and not local.

I solemnly affirm that between London and Paris I will find as much food for that mixed appetite for the sentimental and the humorous, which is ever riotous within me, as I desire to have, and that I would not wish to go farther, nor to turn my steps in any other direction, if I had the money and the time (and I have neither) to set off to the Pyramids tomorrow.

Why, look at the room in which I write these words; for they are written in Paris. It is *au quatrième* (counting the entresol), but such a prince of rooms! Furnished in green throughout is my little room. Green bed-curtains—green window-curtains—green chairs—green fauteuil—green sofa. Comfortable? Why it is more than comfortable, it is luxurious. The windows are in a robe de chambre of white lace, which gives them a joyous and wedding-like appearance, and the chimney-piece is surmounted by a gilded clock, with Cupids fight-

ing which of them is to guide the hands. The gilded clock is always wrong : a gilded clock, let it be remarked in passing, always *is* wrong, and it would be a curious subject of speculation, and one fraught with infinite benefit to the community at large, if some ingenious mechanician, cunning in horology, would make it his study to ascertain whether it is the gilding or the Cupids which renders accuracy unattainable in such timepieces as have just been alluded to. My own impression on the subject is that the fault rests entirely with the Cupids, and I make this assertion the more fearlessly, because I was once in possession of a watch whose movements I could always depend upon, except when it was placed in a certain watch-stand which was presented to me some years ago, on the last birthday which I thought it desirable to keep, and which (the watch-case, not the birthday) was presided over by a Cupid playing on a fife. Now I noticed that whenever my unexceptionable watch was placed in this receptacle—which was of bronze, and not gilt, so it was not the gilding—it invariably lost heart, and went abominably.

This fact is surely enough. Besides, the thing is obvious. What *have* Cupids to do with punctu-

ality, or any respectability and regularity of habits whatsoever? A set of idle, dissipated, unpunctual young rascals as they are.

Beneath the clock—beneath the chimney-piece, two brazen female Sphinxes, lying upon their stomachs, consent to act as dogs, and bear upon their polished backs the logs, which, blazing merrily, and cracking as they burn, at least give one heart and prevent one's feeling lonely, even if they *do* fail to give out the full amount of heat which might be considered desirable by a chilly subject.

Such, then, is my apartment; situated in one of the half-busy streets of Paris,—a street not so full of traffic as to be too noisy for thought; not so quiet as to be dull. Such is my apartment, I say, but how I got here—why I came here—why I left a warm and comfortable home in the metropolis of England, at a time of year when it was parlous cold, to come to one of the coldest places in the civilized globe, or the uncivilized either—also why I came alone and without letters of introduction, and why I am living in the Faubourg Poissonnière instead of the English quarter of Paris—these are questions which must and shall be answered—but not yet.

I would answer them at once, but that I cannot shake off an inclination to wander for a moment into Provincial France. 'Tis the fault of those confounded logs. If I had not written those few words above, about the fire, I might have begun giving an account of myself, at once; but now, for some reason or another, I cannot for the life of me get away from the logs. What rude wooden-shoed savages have hewn them in forest districts far away from here? I have seen such places, and they are present to my mind's eye now, as I lean back in my chair and tax my memory—staring at the logs the while. I see the oxen waiting for their load. I hear the tinkling of the little bells that hang in clusters round their heads. How wild in aspect and strong in limb the women who help to carry and to stack the wood. Sturdy the bodice, and heavy the petticoat that can stand the wear and tear they have to undergo. I can see the grave, wild stare of these grand and savage matrons. I can see, in the village near at hand, their sturdy children just let loose from school—miniature editions of their mothers—white cap, stiff bodice, and heavy, swinging skirt. I can hear the measured clatter of their little sabots, as they trot in a troop

along the rough pavement of the village street, and with the smell of memory, I might doubtless perceive that odour of burning wood which ever prevails (and it is well it does) in a French village, were it not that the perfume of sprats is so strong at this moment in the house that it leaves no scope for the imagination as appealed to by the smell.

Of all the gates of sense there is not one—not one—that gives such ready, rapid access to the store-houses of memory as does this one of smell. It may be that it is because it is so rarely made use of in connection with the higher functions of the mind that its power is the greater when it is. The associative part of our imagination is used to being appealed to by the hearing and the sight, but it does not expect such appeals from the smell, and hence, perhaps, its greater influence. There are few who do not know what long-forgotten things some scent, such as that of burning weeds or autumn leaves, will bring to mind; few who do not know with what force they strike the memory when brought in this way before it.

Alas, how that smell of smouldering weeds reminds me of the day when I walked with poor Jack Redford over the breezy uplands of Cumnor Hurst.

How young he was to die. How little likely it seemed then that he would leave us all so soon, How changed are all things since that time. Is it the world that is so altered—or am I?

But whither have the logs taken me now? First out of my quatrième at Paris into provincial France, and straight away to the wooded hills and valleys of one of England's loveliest counties. Yet, now I think of it, this is not so much amiss, for the very thing I wanted was a good pretext for getting back to the British side of the Channel as a necessary preliminary to my giving some account of the circumstances of my sentimental journey—of its origin, its peculiarities, and some, at least, of its results.

How often have I promised myself this treat—to lurk off to Paris alone; with nobody to force me to see things I am not interested in, or to be perpetually wanting to do the thing which I detest; nobody to drag me over extensive museums and endless palaces with slippery floors. The truth is that I hate sight-seeing in general, and palaces with slippery floors in particular, and infinitely prefer feasting my eyes upon the snug decorations of the little room downstairs, in which *Mdlle. Zélie*

spends most of her time—and the snuggest decoration of which is to be found in the person of Mdlle. Zélie herself—to starving them upon glass and marble and bad pictures in the palace of the Luxembourg itself. [The privilege of entering this apartment, of which I avail myself to talk in a sound Anglican French to Mdlle. Zélie for half an hour together, belongs to me as a lodger who has to hang up his key upon a numbered nail in the wall every day when he goes out.]

What, back again in Paris already? How shall I keep upon the English side of the Channel long enough to describe the peculiar reasons which caused my sentimental journey to take place at all? It must and shall be done. I will come over the Channel next time properly in the steamer, and till I do so will keep my imagination upon English ground.

I have said that I have often looked forward to such a journey as this. I have equally often put it off. And why? Alas! repeated failures in many attempts after enjoyment and pleasure have made me apprehensive—and little sanguine now, because too sanguine once.

How sanguine once! Who so much so? What

an idea of life was mine when newly entering it! What did I not expect from it? What love—what friendship—what happiness! How ignorant then, that defect must mingle, and mingle largely, with all that the world can give. How ignorant of this. How slow to find it out. How dashed at last by the discovery.

I went to Paris because I was driven there by my friends.

This journey, often procrastinated, might have been put off altogether but for a chain of circumstances, the first link of which was forged when the present writer remarked one day casually to an intimate friend, "I've half a mind" (I only said "half," remember), "being rather unsettled about a house just now, to have a run over to Paris."

Two days after this, meeting in the street another friend who is also intimately acquainted with the first, I was greeted by him with these remarkable words, "So you're going to Paris, eh?"

Passing through the hands of a friend or two more, the report that I was *going* to Paris turned into a fixed and determined assertion that I was *gone* to the French metropolis, and came latterly to circumstantial accounts of a lengthened conti-

mental tour, of which this was to be but the preliminary step. So that very soon, when I stumbled upon an acquaintance, his first words would be, "Why, I thought you had gone abroad!" And this, or "What, not gone yet?" began latterly to be said by my friends in rather an injured tone, as if I was an impostor in remaining in England; and it ended in my feeling this so strongly that I used to lurk through back streets, with a view of keeping out of sight, and I had altogether such a nasty time of it, that I determined at last to compromise the continental tour by setting off to Paris without delay.

If nothing else comes of this resolution, it will be at least something that it has enabled me to make a discovery, the publication of which cannot fail to render me a public favourite for the rest of my life.

It is nothing less than an infallible preservative against SEA-SICKNESS in short journeys, even during the roughest weather.

But this deserves a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER II.

THE preparations are all complete. I have ruined myself in indispensable purchases, half of which turn out failures, and have spent a week (as is my habit on leaving England) in breaking my stomach in gradually to French cookery, by dining daily at certain foreign (and greasy) restaurants in the immediate neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

I start, then, on my expedition, and reach Folkestone just as it is getting dark, having experienced nothing more remarkable during the journey than an excessive distress caused by a lady opposite me in the carriage, who would go to sleep with her face propped in such wise against her clenched fist that the whole weight of her head, as it sank forward, rested entirely upon her nose, which feature was in consequence forced up at the tip for half an hour together in a manner horrible to contemplate. This

lady, as I had learnt from her previous conversation, was one of an excursion party going over to Paris for a fortnight, and as soon as she woke up she began making an entry in her journal in pencil. Perhaps it was to say that one of the characteristics of a continental tour is an intense aching of the nose on waking up from short naps.

I wonder why it is so light now we have got to sea. It was pitch-dark on shore. There is no moon. The stars are hidden, and yet it is so light that I can make out all the rigging of the schooner which we are towing out of Folkestone harbour, and which is a cable's length astern. We soon cast her loose and leave her far behind, spreading her mainsail to the wind—a good stiff breeze, and from the chill north-east.

It was from the moment of our parting company with the schooner, when getting into rougher water the steamer began to pitch and labour heavily, that the conviction forced itself upon me that something must be done.

First of all, then, I went below and was served by an animated but surly corpse, which acted as steward, with one wine-glass (large) full of raw and fiery brandy. Having swallowed this I abandoned

for ever the cabin regions of the vessel, and, ascending on deck, set myself, with great energy and a cheerfulness of mind which I am at a loss to account for (unless by the brandy), to the execution of a series of manœuvres, having for their object the averting of that sea-sickness which my soul dreads, and to which I am ordinarily a victim. Manœuvres, let me add, which were the result of long study, and the carrying out of which was attended, as will be seen, with results so satisfactory, that I shall proceed at once to give the reader directions as to their proper performance, merely premising that they require for their execution a strong will, some moral courage, and that they are not consistent with travelling by daylight.

It is needful—and this portion of the recipe is only intended for the sterner sex, it being quite unnecessary to recommend it to the ladies—it is needful that the traveller should be tightly laced, and girt about the body with some degree of compression, be it with a belt, as some will perhaps prefer, or be it (as in the case of the author) by the tightening of the girths of those garments which he would die rather than name, and the buckling in of his waistcoat, to the utmost bearable degree of con-

striction. The traveller should betake him to the middle of the vessel, and since he is to stand throughout the voyage—a proceeding which when it is rough is attended with some degree of difficulty—let him look out, at an early period of the start, for some such knob, or handle, or rail, or rope as may be convenient to his grasp to steady himself withal, and let him choose one (if he can) from which he shall not be told by the marine authorities to separate himself lest he interfere with the fit and proper working of the ship.

The author of these remarks is of opinion—and a long experience enables him to deliver himself with the more confidence—that the sickness which is produced by sea voyages is mainly attributable to that peculiar action of the vessel—I sicken while I write—in which dropping from under you as it were with a deadly swoop, it leaves the stomach in the lurch. Let us candidly own that it is this particular dip which does all the mischief. Now, let the traveller, holding on by some convenient grip, keep his eye upon the vessel's prow. He is standing a little aft of the middle of the ship, so that when he sees the prow ascending he will know for certain that the after-portion of the vessel must

be going down. Let him then, as it sinks, sink with it—Crouch, man alive! crouch! and go on crouching as she descends even till you find yourself sitting on your heels. Then as she rises, rise with her, and you make a voluntary action of what would be an involuntary one, and alter the whole condition of affairs.

This is all. Told in half-a-dozen lines. Simple and obvious as other great inventions are.

I have said that the advantages of this extraordinary discovery are only available for short journeys; it being evident that to duck and rise alternately during a voyage, for instance, to the United States would require a strength of the muscles about the knee-joints such as is not ordinarily to be met with. I have also said that darkness is indispensable, and I repeat it, inasmuch as I do not believe that any person would have the moral courage to perform in broad daylight the evolutions I have described, before the crew and passengers of a Channel steamboat.

I am also disposed to think that the intense mental strain produced by the determination not to be sick, and the eager and continual watching of the steamer's movements, are productive of a

slight degree of delirium. For how otherwise can it be accounted for, that throughout the voyage the machinery which worked the paddles appeared to my over-strained faculties to utter in a regular and unvarying measure, as it rose and fell, words of a dread and mysterious import, and in no way connected with the matter in hand—"Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy"—it repeated distinctly in my ears till we got halfway across the Channel, when it changed its note, took to speaking in the French language, and said "Parents pauvres," uninterruptedly for the rest of the voyage.

Now I hold that it would be base and ungenerous in the last degree on the reader's part if (when I have admitted frankly so much) he were to probe me with questions as to whether when I got on shore I did not feel in a condition of mind and body so wretched that it would have been better on the whole to have been sick and be done with it. Nor would it be kind to ask whether I did not feel light-headed and a prey to nausea—who that was who complained of headache all the evening, or with whom it was that the bed at the Hôtel

des Bains, Boulogne, appeared to rise and fall, and to revolve throughout the night. Let not the reader, I say, ask these questions, nor let him inquire who that person was who had no appetite for breakfast the next morning, and whose system was disorganized for many days to come. Such questions indicate nothing better than impertinent curiosity, and are noway connected with that great discovery, of which I am so justly proud.

Having revealed this important secret to the world, and done what in me lies to benefit in this respect my suffering fellow-creatures, let me now proceed to say two words concerning the travelling companions with whom I was fortunate enough to make the journey to Boulogne.

CHAPTER III.

WHY need I mention that there was upon the deck of the steamer a talkative and boastful gentleman? Of course there was. Where is that steamer to be found, or where that train which does not contain a gentleman who holds forth largely upon the subject of his own career and exploits. It seems as unnecessary to mention the fact that such a person was on board, as to say that there was an admiring gentleman who listened to everything, a carping gentleman who objected to everything, and a knowing gentleman who was up to everything. This last person was a professed traveller, a tremendous fellow, with elaborate costumes adapted to the voyage, and a travelling-bag strapped round his body.

The talkative gentleman was, in the present case, possessed of a short and corpulent presence, and of a deep and oily voice. He was, of course, seated

next the admiring gentleman, who listened to his stories and believed in him implicitly. The talkative gentleman had encamped with his back against the boiler, very near to the position I had taken up, and when my attention was first drawn to him he was favouring the company in his vicinity (though apparently addressing the admiring gentleman only) with a long account of an experience he had had, when located in Canada, of the horrors of a snow-storm. The talkative gentleman delivered himself with theatrical tones, and in conventional stereotyped phrases.

“It was in the winter of '42,” the talkative gentleman began, “that, being at that time in Canada, my wife and myself were the hero and heroine of the following remarkable adventure :

“The Governor of L—, an exceedingly gentlemanly and agreeable man, had invited us to dinner on a certain day—a Sunday, by the bye—and, as the weather was fine, we had made our way to his house on foot.

“As we walked along, I pointed out to my wife, as rather a remarkable thing, a signpost with ‘Ginger-beer sold here’ inscribed upon it, which had a curious effect, standing as it did by the side

of the road, with no house or habitation of any kind at all near it. I remarked, I say then, at the time, what a singular thing this was, and that the only elucidation I could give of so extraordinary a circumstance was, that there had been some small store or log-house, where ginger-beer was retailed, erected near, which had been pulled down, while the signboard which made allusion to it had been suffered to remain standing.

“I little thought, Sir, what my feelings could be, and those of my dear partner, when next we should behold the inscription whose words I have just quoted.”

A sympathetic “Ah,” ending in rather a suspicious hiccup, from the admiring gentleman, formed a pleasant little break in the narration at this point.

Meanwhile the machinery went on with its dull and monotonous accompaniment “Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy.”

“Well, Sir,” continued the talkative gentleman, “after a very agreeable and most hospitable entertainment, ending in music adapted to the day, my wife and I set off at about half-past ten to walk home; but what was our astonishment to find the

ground covered with the snow, which was falling in every direction to which the eye could turn, as fast as it could fall. For one moment we hesitated whether we would not return to the Governor's house, and endeavour to ascertain whether it would be possible to find some means of conveyance; but my wife persuaded me that we should only be putting our excellent host to inconvenience, and that as the distance was short, and we were well wrapped up, it would be much better to set off and walk."

Here the admiring gentleman, who had been troubled with a nasty gulpy cough at intervals, got up suddenly from his place, and shuffling himself along to the side of the boat, was seen no more. The talkative gentleman addressed himself to his neighbour on the other side, who turned out to be the carping gentleman, and by no means so good an audience as the last.

"I little knew at that time," resumed the talkative gentleman, "what a Canadian snow-storm was, so I consented unfortunately but too readily to my wife's suggestion, and we commenced our journey on foot."

"Very foolish thing to do," muttered the carping gentleman.

“We had walked for some time,” continued our loquacious friend, “perhaps for about half an hour, when it became evident to me that we had lost our way. Around us in all directions, Sir, was an uninterrupted sheet of white—”

“Why did n’t you retrace the track of your footsteps to the Governor’s house?” interrupted the carping gentleman.

“Because, Sir,” returned our talkative friend, with undiminished urbanity—“because that track was erased as soon as it was made by the snow, which was falling thick and fast around us.”

“Hum!” grunted the carping gentleman, in an unconvinced tone. He uttered the monosyllable, too, in a manner which suggested powerfully that he would soon follow the admiring gentleman to the lee-side of the ship.

“Imagine our position,” the talkative gentleman went on to say. “My poor wife” (in an undertone to the carping gentleman, “she was in a certain way, too, at the time, my eldest daughter not then born)—my poor wife perishing with cold and exhaustion, and I unable to assist or relieve her. Imagine, I say, our position.”

At this juncture the carping gentleman, who had

been fidgetting uneasily in his seat for some moments, got up suddenly, and muttering, "Can't stand the heat of that boiler," rushed with delirious rapidity towards the vessel's side, in the direction taken just before by the admiring gentleman. Our narrator, nothing discouraged by this gradual decline in the number of his audience, turned himself to the knowing gentleman, the professed traveller, who happened to be within reach, and related the remainder of his story to him. Meanwhile I, holding on by my rope, and rising and falling with the vessel in the manner I have before described, continued to listen to the narrative of the talkative gentleman, and to the dull thumping sound of the machinery—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy.

"Well, Sir," resumed the hero of the snow-storm, "to make a long story a short one, we wandered about in this way, Mrs. Litters leaning upon me for support, and I myself ready to sink with fatigue, for five hours—"

"You should have had a compass," the professed traveller put in; "you ought never to stir without a pocket-compass—I never do."

“I had abandoned all hope,” persisted the talkative gentleman, who was regardless of interruption. “I had abandoned all hope, and was preparing for the worst, when a small object, raised a foot or two above the level of the snow, attracted my attention. I left my wife for an instant unsupported, and rushed towards it.”

“I never travel,” remarked the knowing gentleman, “in countries where there is danger to be apprehended from snow, without a flask of brandy, a pair of snow-proof leggings, and, as I have said before, a pocket-compass.”

“Well, but I was not travelling,” argued the talkative gentleman, “I was going out to dinner.”

“It’s all one,” said the professed traveller, “you should have taken the things I have mentioned out to dinner with you.”

“I have lost the thread—” began the talkative gentleman.

“Here is my pocket-housewife,” said the knowing gentleman, pulling one out of his pouch; “it is full of thread.”

“The thread of my narrative, Sir,” replied the loquacious gentleman, with some dignity. “Let me see, where was I? Oh, I remember; I had

just descried a small object raised above the level of the snow, and had rushed hastily towards it.

“I am unable to imagine what must have been the accents of my voice when I called out to my poor dear wife, ‘Thank Heaven, Julia, here’s “ginger-beer sold here,” and we are saved.’

“The signboard was close to our own house, and in ten minutes more we were at home and safe. But we had been wandering for five hours round and round and up and down, for it was, as I remarked before, half-past ten P.M. when we left the Governor’s house, and it was just half-past three A.M. when we reached our own. Mrs. Lit-
ters was taken very unwell, and—” Here his voice sank in a confidence to his neighbour, and the rest of the sentence—with the exception of the word “premature”—escaped me.

Of this word I can make neither head nor tail.

Part III.

CHAPTER IV.

THE pretty Frenchwoman, who sat in the corner of the carriage opposite (diagonally) to mine in the train which bore me from Boulogne to Paris, was quite a pleasant object to have before one, and afforded me much food for reflection and thought. She was not alone, but was accompanied by a lady who sat next her, and who was something the elder of the two.

The pretty Frenchwoman, who was dressed in half-mourning, and who I took it into my head was a young widow, had a book in her lap to read, and a dog in her lap to play with, and between them and the before-mentioned friend she divided her attention, but not impartially.

The poor book! The poor author! I believe

I am not in the least exaggerating when I say that two minutes at a time was about as much as this lively lady could find in her heart to bestow upon the volume under perusal. At the expiration of that time the dog had to be disturbed from his snug position in the lady's lap, and was lifted up, half-asleep and very cross, to be kissed. This done, there would follow a little more reading, then there was a little confidential talk with the friend, then the dog again; this time he was to have his eyes wiped with the lady's laced pocket-handkerchief. Then the book again, but not for long. The dog has to be kissed again, but suddenly, and as if it was an imperious necessity of the lady's nature, and one which it had never occurred to her before to gratify. Or the nasty little whining beast (how I hated it!) had to be fed with bits of sugar and biscuit, or he had to be talked to, and many things whispered in his ear in confidence, or to be newly settled and snoozled in among the warm folds of the French lady's shawl. She could look across at me at such times (would this French lady) with an aggravating expression, which said very plainly, "Yes, you wouldn't dislike to be treated like this yourself, would you? and you don't like to see all

this affection bestowed upon a dog, do you? but you're afraid to say so." The book, then, served but to fill up the gaps between these attentions to the dog, and the confidential communication to the friend, and certain perpetual puttings to rights of the lady's own costume, in every one of which readjustments a small and distracting boot was by some strange accident continually appearing, and then being covered up again, lest it should get too common.

It is not a flattering or a pleasant thing to an author to watch the proceedings of a lady who is engaged in the perusal of his works. She is at such times ever ready and willing to be interrupted, as in the case before us. I recollect, on one occasion, asking a young lady of my acquaintance the baneful question whether she had been reading much lately. "Oh yes, a great deal," was her answer. So, commonplaces being the order of the day, my next inquiry was, what the works were which had been occupying her attention. "I really don't know," she said.

Alas! alas! are these dear and clever creatures ever so absorbed in the work with which they are engaged as to omit to ask what the station is every

time the train stops, or to fail to examine (and perhaps to disapprove) from top to bottom the dress of every lady who gets into the carriage? I love and admire you, dear ladies, with all my heart, but I should like to see you read my chapter (it is but a short one) straight through, and leave the dog alone till it is done.

Alone in Paris,—alone in the busy streets—alone in the full cafés—alone in the crowded theatres. This was what I wanted, was it? Is it altogether good now I have got it?

Is it altogether good when some absurd incident occurs—when something beautiful, or something hateful, is brought before one's attention, to have no one to whom to remark these things, no one to share one's sentiments of admiration or of disapproval?

When, for instance, at that excellent restaurant, the Café Cagmag, I noted that not only did little children, brought there by their parents, and sitting up with napkins pinned about their necks by the paternal hand—for your Frenchman is a much more domestic person than he is generally believed to be,—when I noted that not only did these in-

fants of tender years make choice of highly seasoned dishes, and clamour loudly for stimulating sauces, but that even a cat, which in my solitude I was glad to make friends with, did, upon my offering it a portion of a cutlet dressed "*au naturel*," decline to eat of it; and upon a prodigiously disguised fricandeau being subsequently placed before me did eagerly accept and ravenously devour a piece of this more savoury compound—when this occurred, was it a pleasant thing to have no friend at hand with whom to enjoy so national and characteristic an incident?

When in low spirits—when, through some change in the barometer—for such things affect us, or through some derangement of the mind's healthiness, does not the mind catch its colds, and have its attacks of sickness, as the body has? through some exaggerated view of future difficulties, some too bitter regret for past mistakes; when from these, or some other cause, connected with the ever-changing, ever-shifting tide of human feeling, the spirits give way, and sadness settles down with a leaden weight upon the soul, at such times is it good to be alone?

Is it good for a man to be so lonely in the crowd

that he longs to ally himself with strangers, and yearns for admission into families of whom he knows nothing, except that they have kindly, pleasant looks, and are many, while he is one?

Who knows as well as I do the interest that a man thus utterly alone will take in persons unknown to him, and how he will occupy himself with their affairs, the pleasure it will give him to exchange a word or two with the old lady who keeps the café, and to get a hearty "Good night" from her when he takes his leave? It requires some experience of solitude to enable any one to understand how precious such small interchanges of commonplace remarks may be to one who has had nobody to speak to all the day, and for many days together: It requires some knowledge of sorrow and depression to reveal how inexpressibly dear a kindly uttered "Good night" may be to one who hopes with all his soul that that wish, spoken with little thought of what it means, may be fulfilled.

CHAPTER V.

IT was only a twopenny affair when all's told—but there was in the expression of the dog's face as he looked back at his master, at every step he took, something which touched me nearly, so nearly, that I turned round to watch these two—the blind man and his dog—after they had passed me, and continued to watch them too, long enough to get (for it was in a busy street) sadly buffeted and knocked about by the passers-by.

It was to a snuff-shop door that the dog—looking back, as I have said, at every step to see how the old man got on—it was straight to a snuff-shop door that he led him. Here the old man began to feel for the handle of the lock, asking advice gravely upon the subject from the dog, whose name, it seemed, was Azor.

Azor was one of those dogs whose tawny fur is

soft and thick, whose ears are sharp and pointed, and whose eyes are black and bright and watchful; in short, if there could be such a thing in creation as a fox of an amiable character, ignorant of the world and its wiles, easily taken in, and with his tail curled up upon his back, it would be such an animal that Azor would most strongly have resembled. He had brought his master to the threshold, but could do no more for him; so he stood, watching with ears erect, and glistening eyes, the issue of the blind man's search.

It was so far successful that he was getting very near the object of it, and Azor was brightening up prodigiously, when suddenly a rough and blue-bloused savage, flinging the door open from within, and plunging heavily out into the street, failed but by a little to upset the blind man's balance, and kicked Azor into the gutter.

Even then, the dog's first thought on recovering his legs was for the blind beggar, and it was with a piteous expression of interest that he looked up at him to see how he fared.

“And so, poor beast,” I said, muttering the words aloud, as is the wont of those who are much alone,—“and so this is the life which thou dost

bear so kindly. What an existence is thine, Azor!" I continued; "why, thou art tied to that blind man's hand for life. Thou art cut off from the very habits of a dog. No running hither and thither; no snuffing and smelling, and running back to snuff and smell again for thee. No passing interchange of thought with others of thy kind. From these things thou art for ever separated; and yet these things are very precious to thee. Thou dost scarce belong, Azor, to thine own species at all, and art transplanted to be an associate of ours. Thou art tied to humanity by that string, and to humanity in its most impaired and broken state. Thy master is not only blind, but very old and weak, infirm and poor; and those two sous which he is laying out for snuff (for by this time the pair had got into the shop, and the beggar was waiting to be served), those two sous are more than he can spare by five centimes at least. Thou belongest, Azor, to a nation that loves a holiday, and to which the attractions of pleasure are not unknown; as a French dog, it cannot be but thou must want thy *jours de fête*, thine opportunities of play, some chance at times to have a frisk. Yet I see no holiday, no relaxation, no sports canine for thee. And still that dear old face

of thine, Azor, is a happy, cheerful countenance, and an innocent, as ever looked out from collar. Very different from that old rascal of a poodle, who sits beside that still greater old rascal, his master, upon the steps of St. Roch, and which poodle, habited in a great-coat, and with one eye closed, is a favourite study with me of an afternoon. Very different from him art thou, Azor, and good and true and patient is thy face, and rough and hard thy lot."

And what am I, who chafe and fret when kept but for a day from what I want? Am I not so impatient and ungentle when crossed in my desires, or deprived by some accident for half-a-dozen hours of that liberty which thou, Azor, canst never know; am I not so cross-grained at such times that I may take a lesson from a dog, and think of thee when next the fit comes on?

It was to pay for his snuff (but a twopenny matter as I have said above) that I ran back after the old blind beggar, whom Azor was now pulling eagerly away from the tobacconist's shop, the door of which having been left ajar, the dog had opened for him with his nose.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was on Tuesday, November the 30th, 1858, that I took it into my head that I would get out into the country round about Paris. I made two expeditions, both on foot—both in the same direction. I could not for the life of me persuade myself to turn my steps in any other. Belleville! I must go to Belleville. I will go to no place which does not consist with passing through Belleville. Come what may, I must see Belleville first. Everything else may take its chance.

On the day I have mentioned, then, and at two o'clock P.M., grasping my trusty umbrella—may I introduce here an address to my umbrella? No, says a stern public, hang your umbrella!—grasping my umbrella, flinging around me (as novelists put it) a light paletot, I make my start. I had had a nasty morning of it. My work had gone but in-

differently, and I had closed my desk with the remark (talking to myself as those do who have no one else to speak to)—“If people knew how much of a man’s life and health, of mind and body, he puts into the page he writes, would they treat it, I wonder, with more tenderness, and criticize less freely?” “Not they,” was my answer, for I like to be just, and argue with myself, contemptuously enough, as though that other self wanted (and so he does sometimes) to mislead me—“not they,” I said; “what have they to do, Horatio, with aught but the page before them? What have they to do with thy sleepless nights—with thine uneasy doze—haunted by the images that have filled thine imagination in the day? What to them is the history of thy sorrows—thy disappointments—thine apprehensions, thy life’s follies, thy broken health?” It is not long ago that I met, slouching along a London street, one of the world’s favourite purveyors of amusement—one who has given delight to thousands in his time. But what a wreck! How old before his time! The upright, prosperous carriage of the man how prematurely changed! The clothes that used to cleave so tightly to his full and prosperous form, now drop in wrinkles round a shri-

velled, weak old man, who shrinks along with uncouth gait, the ghost—the blank remains of what was once—a Genius!

For all these things, then, the public cares not. And why should it? Do we work from philanthropic motives, or goaded on by want—want of bread or want of luxuries, want of shoes to walk with or a carriage to ride in, as the case may be—and by a strong ambition? If the page is a good one, I have earned my money; but if not, the reader says, and says rightly, “The man is dull—away with him!”

It was after writing, then, an unsatisfactory page—not of this work, I have burnt all the unsatisfactory pages of this—but of my great Essay on Men and Things, that I started as I have described—the chest expanded, the head thrown back, the moustache, which dates from Folkestone, pushing vigorously—and my course shaped—keeping about two points off the wind—it was blowing hard that day—for Belleville. [One word in parenthesis. I will most certainly take the very next opportunity I can get to make some remarks upon mustachios, their growth and habits, with directions as to their culture.]

My course shaped for Belleville. Is the reader trembling in dread anticipation of a description? Does he see before him a vista of pages about quaint old houses, curious costumes? Does he quail before a prospective enumeration of the many points of contrast between the French and English nations as exhibited in a suburb? I hasten to reassure him. Among the first words of this chronicle was a pledge that from these things he should enjoy a cheerful immunity. I guarantee him, too, against scraps of dialogue in the French tongue, which is surely a very great point indeed. So courage, and let us advance. I have a golden rule in writing, to which I steadfastly adhere—to do as I would be done by—to write as I would be written for.

I should like then, if I were reading instead of writing, to be told of a man who, quitting the Boulevard at its most joyous moment (all alone), exchanges its asphalte for the mud of the Faubourg du Temple, pursuing its long and narrow street to the utmost limits to which it reaches. 'Tis a strange thing to do. What can he find attractive in a Parisian suburb? But let us mark him as he walks along. Why does he stop before that old hôtel? It is a barren prospect surely. What is there to

look at? A court-yard surrounded on three sides by the house—the walls of old and shabby stone—the roof both high and steep, with many windows in its sloping sides. This is all. There is no sign of life about the place. What does he see to gaze at? What is there in that grim old house that keeps him so long before it? It must be that in some nook or corner of his brain there are associations, which the sight of the house appeals to. It must be that he has conjured up some pictures of the past which hold him there entranced. Perhaps it is a vision of French life under the old *régime* of which he has got a glimpse. That house, now a boarding-school for girls, must once have been lived in by some old and noble family, and it is haply with them that the lonely man is allying himself in thought. Is it so? Is he thinking of that pale old marquis, the head of the family, with powdered head, with three-cornered hat, with decreasing calf, and with the sword—that perfect finish of a gentleman's costume—still hanging by his side? Has our wanderer got this figure before him, the head of a family that looks up to him as to a king, or is it the comely lady whom the old man treats with such respectful politeness, and with whom he

has such stately games at cards? Is our wayfarer thinking of this pair—in whom of a surety no excess of familiarity has bred contempt—or of their children; of the sons dismissed, as soon as they could boast a pigtail, to serve their sovereign in the army; of the daughters, well governed maidens, brought up in the chaste serenity and the chill seclusion of a convent's walls? Is this family—it is a pleasant theme for thought—with its band of old retainers, who have passed their lives in its service, and who are strangers to a modern desire to “better themselves,”—is this household present to the thoughts of him whom we are accompanying in his solitary ramble? If so, why that troubled sigh as he turns away? Is it that the picture he has conjured up reminds him that he himself had once a hope, a prospect; that once the thought of heading such a house himself was no irrational desire, no wild ambition; that the chance has gone, that he has missed the tide, that the structure he had built in youth has crumbled into dust? Or is it that he thinks of the use to which the house is now devoted, and remembering that as a school it must be full of beings whose life is all before them, he thinks of the priceless gift of

youth which is theirs, and sighs as he remembers that his own is gone?

Gone with its strength of hope—gone with its belief in perfect happiness ever at hand but never coming, quite—gone with its power of enjoyment—gone with its sweet delusions—gone with its sanguine trust.

CHAPTER VII.

LET us follow our pedestrian as he rambles on. The appetite of the melancholy Jacques himself would have been appeased and satiated by the gloom of a French suburb in general, and by that of the main street of Belleville in particular; yet it seems scarcely enough for him whose footsteps we are at present following, for he turns aside into a back lane, which ends at length in the garlands of a cemetery. Late on a damp and wintry afternoon he enters it, and wanders among its paths alone. Alone? Not quite. A cap upon the head of one deep down in a grave which he is digging appears now and then above the level of the ground, as he throws up a shovelful of earth.

Is there no one else? Yes, far off in a path among the graves a woman, dressed in mourning, has stood, motionless as a statue, ever since our

wanderer entered the cemetery. She is standing there still when he leaves it; and yet he leaves it in no hurry; there is much there to attract him. The place itself is attractive, with its garden-like appearance—more flowers to be seen than graves. What singular allegiance to the dead appears too in these people whom we in England call “our lively neighbours;” an allegiance shown by garlands two days old placed on graves whose occupants, the inscription tells us, were lain there a dozen years ago. In one waste place, too, heaps of these chaplets were thrown, when blackened and decayed with age. The decay of these tributes to decay was a curious thing to observe. Little chapels, too, were there, built by “our lively neighbours” over the bodies of some among the dead; little chapels, but six or seven feet long, which yet contain an altar covered with flowers, and a prie-Dieu chair besides. What—a chair? Is it possible that it is ever used? Is it possible that there are those among “our lively neighbours” who steal away from the noise and bustle of the town, who seek this lonely place, and, entering the chapel, beneath which lies the body which they have loved, will sit and think awhile about the dead, and lift a prayer—as their creed allows—for him who has passed away?

Such things may be. It is a pleasant thought, at any rate; for surely of all the ingredients in the horror which death inspires, there is not one that has a larger share to make it terrible than the bitter thought that we are forgotten. Oh, that exile of the body which we have loved! Think of it in the bitter nights when the window is lashed by driving rains—think then that the form you loved, the face you have kissed, the hands you have held, haply the grey hairs you have revered, are there in that sodden trench. They are there—that very face—those very hands—your friend—your father—your wife—your little child. Their bodies are not removed out of the world—they are there—lying this bitter night in the clay. Think of this sometimes—not repiningly, not in hatred at what must be, and what is right; think of it, not rebelliously, not in despair, but think of it—it is the dead man's right; and go, once, now and then, and stand beside his grave. You shall not come away the worse.

It may be that a long and solitary walk on a winter's afternoon, through the streets of a Parisian suburb, and an hour spent among the garlands of a French cemetery, may be a good way of getting

Part III.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was at the end of a fortnight spent in an hotel—a good hotel, and in a fashionable quarter—that there entered in my head a thought, which had previously kept its distance.

It was at the end of a fortnight that it slowly dawned upon me that, what with dinners at expensive cafés, what with orchestra stalls, what with irresistible gloves, mechanical hats, opportunities of getting boots of French leather and similar mad extravagances, I was spending a great deal of money. And the hotel bill! Let us face that bill at once. Let us see where we are.

But first I must tell the reader a thing which may prove a warning to him, and of which I am

reminded by the words "irresistible gloves" in the preceding paragraph.

I warn the reader never to allow the proprietress of a glove-shop to fit a pair of gloves on his hands for him; for it will assuredly happen to him, as it did to me, that she will select a pair much too small, and beginning with his *left* hand, will take so long forcing the glove on to it, that by the time it is buttoned, he will have become so embarrassed that he will resolve to leave the shop at all hazards, carrying the right glove in his hand. This actually happened to the present writer. It was a very cold day, and the anguish of his compressed hand very soon became so acute with all the blood constricted out of it, that he was compelled to get the glove off as well as he could five minutes after leaving the shop. His hand was immovable, livid, and bloodless, and retained the impression of the seams for half an hour afterwards. The glove has never been on since, and its fellow never on at all, to this day.

And now for the hotel bill. I received that account with a calm and guarded countenance, with a gentlemanly air and a gay smile. But my soul sank within me aghast at its proportions. Its pro-

portions, indeed, were such that it became highly desirable that now for a season I should economize exceedingly. So much the better. It has been said that a man may live cheaply in Paris. I will make trial of the experiment. Let me live no longer in hotels. Let me seek a lodgment. Let me rough it. Let me hug penury to my soul. Let my pomp take physic, and let me expose myself, to feel what wretches feel. My mails are made, my bill is paid, and a sweet little column of napoleons—a little pile of gold—and I, have parted company for ever. Now let me prowl about unfashionable quarters, and when I have secured a room of cheapness, let me return for my luggage, and have it out with squalor.

“Yes, dear and admirable lady, the chamber is, as you remark, a pleasant one, but then you say it will not be vacant for four days, and I want to come in at once.”

“Well, but here is another room—would I mind occupying that till the pleasant one is empty? It is not quite such a nice chamber, certainly, but—”

“No, it certainly is not. The bed is short. The room is small and fusty, and half filled up with a

gigantic china stove. But then four nights—'tis not long. "Very well, I will take it, and there's an end. I come in to-night."

Fatal, fatal decision. Why did I not vacillate, as all sensible people should? Why did I make up my mind in that absurd manner? Oh Indecision!—dear, wise, prudent, looking-before-you-leap, much-abused, invaluable quality—why did I not listen to you then?"

Oh Indecision! why this dead-set against thee on every hand? How often hast thou stood me in good stead. I will surely one day write an essay on thee, in thy defence, and prove how many things (besides that marriage with Amelia Long) thou hast rescued me from, which would have been pernicious in the extreme.

And thou wouldest—dear one—have rescued me from that chamber of horrors if I had but listened to thee; for thou wert tugging at my heart and saying "don't" all the time I was committing myself.

If the man in the lounging-cap and the dressing-gown, with the smile and the evil countenance, who received me on my arrival at my lodgings with my luggage—if he had shown me over the house

in the first instance instead of employing his wife for the purpose, I should never have taken the apartment. However, it was too late now to recede, so I could only determine to make the best of it and to keep out of the house as much as possible.

Out of it at once, just depositing my baggage and looking round with horror. Out of the fusty room, and away to dinner and the play.

Hang it, though, I forgot: economy is to be the order of the day. I must have a cheap dinner, and as to the play, well suppose, just for a night or two, I was to give that luxury up? What's this? a dinner for two francs and a quarter. That's my affair. "Why give more?" as the advertisements say, when they want us to purchase South African port, or anything else equally cheap and (if there is anything of which it may be said) equally nasty.

How many legs has a fowl, my child?—Two.—And how many wings?—Two.—Then if I go into a tavern and ask for some chicken, the chance of my getting a wing is equal to that of my being served with a leg?—Yes, Sir; the chances are equal.—Are they?

Where is the individual who ever went into a tavern, and calling for some chicken, was provided with a wing? He does not exist, or if he does, is about as common as a man who would fail to look into the mirror twelve times per hour when he is growing a mous—Stop!

CHAPTER IX.

I KNEW it. I have felt for some time that I had forgotten something, that there was some subject on which I had pledged myself to give my opinions to the world, and yet for the life of me I could not remember what it was. It has flashed upon me suddenly now, that pages and pages ago I promised the reader some remarks upon mustachios, their habits and customs, with directions as to their growth and culture.

It is reported of a certain eminent and literary nobleman who flourished at the beginning of the present century, that he described himself as waking up one morning and finding himself famous. This would seem to imply that the arrival of fame (though the process by which it was attained was gradual) was yet in itself a rapid and sudden thing. Now this remark of the above-quoted nobleman is

applicable in a marked degree to mustachios. This seems a paradoxical statement. Let us examine it.

The grower of a moustache "wakes up one morning and finds himself moustached." The day before, and for many days and many weeks, he had been simply a disfigured wretch, with an unshaven upper lip. It was so yesterday. Today it is no longer an unshorn lip—it is a moustache. The transition is sudden: it is the last hair that breaks the camel's back, it is the last sixteenth of an inch of hair that makes the moustache.

The growth of a moustache is one of the most interesting things to watch that can be imagined. Let any man who ever permitted the hair upon his upper lip to have its way, let any such man look me in the face and tell me that he went less than twelve times per hour to the looking-glass to see how matters were advancing. Let him do so, and I will pledge myself—not to believe him.

A moustache may be viewed in many lights. For instance, as the moustache prominent; the moustache composite; the moustache modest, and the moustache *merged*.

The moustache prominent is a moustache alone upon the face. The wearer of it being close shaved, except as to his upper lip.

The moustache composite is one accompanied by whiskers.

The moustache modest is a moustache which, either by being clipped and cut with scissors, or by reason of its weakly growth, is of small dimensions, and is compatible with vermicelli soup.

The moustache "merged" is one which is only an accident of the beard of which it forms a part; the wearer of it grows his beard entire, the moustache is merged in it, and hence its name.

Concerning this last condition of moustache, it may commonly be said that it is a very good sign. The man who grows all the hair upon his face being ordinarily a sensible, quiet, unassuming personage, without much vanity, or any excessive regard for his personal appearance.

The moustache modest, when the result of choice, is also a good symptom. There being few persons, except very noble veteran soldiers, who would have a moustache modest, if they could help it.

The moustache composite is much affected by officers in the "British grenadiers," and in other English troops. 'Tis a sorry business.

But the moustache prominent is generally a sign that the proprietor has a strong regard for his per-

sonal appearance, that he studies, and makes much of the same. It is a mighty telling decoration—all the more so for its isolation—and for there being no beard, or parts of beard, to enter into competition with it.

The distinctions which are here hinted at are very important. They will, if examined attentively, assist us much in estimating character rightly. Let the reader consider now for a moment the upward moustache, the downward moustache, and the moustache waxed. The moustache whose ends are turned upward indicates vanity more than pride. It is a gasconading moustache, and a boastful—but there is no depth of character in it. The little displays of vanity, and the obvious conceit of its wearer, are harmless and amusing.

The downward moustache has many sides to its character. But it ever indicates consummate taste in personal decoration and costume. It is also not unfrequently a symptom of pride in its stateliest form. The pride of a man who would be too proud to win applause by singing a comic song, however well he could do it; while the man whose moustache has the upward twist, would be only too glad to get the applause which the other rejects.

I trust the reader is following me carefully. The downward moustache is not *always* indicative of this degree of pride. It may be modified by whisker, and becoming a moustache composite is a different affair altogether. Nay, the presence of a tip will change the whole condition of things, and render new calculations necessary.

What shall be said of the moustache waxed, and twisted to a point? I was about to speak very strongly on the subject, and to say that it is a sign at once of treachery, unscrupulousness, cruelty, and a variety of other bad qualities, when I remembered that it is the form chosen by a neighbouring potentate of whom we know nothing but what is excellent, faithful, and scrupulously humane; that so my theory on the moustache waxed falls to the ground, and that I had better leave that part of the subject alone. As for the topic itself, it is inexhaustible, and I have only here had space to hint at what will take up many chapters of the great work on men and things, to which I have adverted elsewhere, and in which I mean to treat at great length upon every subject of interest.

As to the inexhaustibleness of this moustache

topic, I absolutely shrink before its vastness. When I think, too, of all it leads to,—how inseparably this theme is united with a consideration of imperials and of tips, of the Vandyke beard, of the family of the whisker-eaters; when I think of the moustache downy, of the moustache which has never been shaved, of the peculiar conditions of mind it indicates; when a man takes the opportunity of a sojourn in a foreign town to grow his moustache, or when at the suggestion of a friend—it might be a very pretty girl, but I did not say so—he cuts off the whiskers which he has hitherto worn, and which gave him a respectable and rate-paying appearance; when I think of all these things I shrink back, as I have said, before this vast subject—abashed and humbled.

CHAPTER X.

WE were talking of economy. Of economy, and the legs of fowls. The two things go well together.

Economy and Paris do *not* go well together. It was economy that led me, as described in the last chapter but one, to cross the threshold of the Café Cartilagineux, which is as nasty a tavern as you will find anywhere. How should it be otherwise when you get soup, fish, an entrée, a roast, a sweet, a bottle of wine, and a dessert, for two francs and a quarter, and with a choice of two dishes in every one of the departments which I have mentioned. It was this possibility of choice, by the bye, which led to a piece of politeness on the part of an old French officer, for which I shall be ever grateful. Bewildered by a most mysterious name which was appended to one of the dishes on the *carte*, I was

questioning the waiter very closely about it, but being able to get nothing out of him, except that it was "excellent," I determined to judge for myself, and was just ordering it to be brought, when an old officer, decorated with the Legion of Honour, who sat behind me, and had evidently overheard my conversation with the waiter, this old gentleman, touching me on the shoulder, said, with a polite bow and a smile, "Eccuse, me, Sare, you veel not laike it. It is bluid of peeg."

I shall be ever thankful to the man who saved me from eating "blood of pig," especially at the Café Cartilagineux, and I hope, if he meets with the present acknowledgment of his courtesy, that he will accept this public testimony of my gratitude in a kindly spirit.

"The uses of adversity" may be sweet; nay, they *are* so, we know it on good authority, but woe to the man whose adversity compels him to have a cheap dinner at Paris.

In London a man may have a chop, potatoes, and a pint of bitter ale, all admirable of their kind, at a very economical rate—a dinner that anybody might sit down to. In Paris, if you seek a corresponding meal, which would be a "bifteck" sur-

know neither modesty nor goodness when I see them, if this girl (to whom I never spoke a word in my life) was not possessed of a pure and loving soul.

What a combination was here. What an instance of that irony of which one sees examples in every hour of life. Consider it well. In this scene of French tavern existence, of common feeding, of vile meat and viler cookery, in this sickly atmosphere of stews and gravies, of washy soups and leggy fowls, in this den of squalor, in this sordid environment, there is found a jewel, for which the gilding of a palace would be a mean and unworthy setting.

Strange and terrible anomaly! Sudden and bewildering transition. Straight, and at one step, from the ridiculous to the sublime, from grossest garbage to most glorious beauty, from rough and vulgar discord to a strain of harmony, that holds the senses rapt.

Must I own that I often went to this wretched tavern, simply that I might have the pleasure of sitting near this charming creature, that I found a sense of companionship in the mere fact of being in the room with her—and that I never left that

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for ensuring transparency and accountability in financial operations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and techniques used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for consistent and reliable data collection processes to ensure the validity of the results.

3. The third part of the document describes the different types of data that are collected and analyzed. It includes information on both quantitative and qualitative data, as well as the various sources from which this data is gathered.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the various statistical methods and techniques used to analyze the data. It covers topics such as descriptive statistics, inferential statistics, and regression analysis.

5. The fifth part of the document discusses the various ways in which the results of the analysis are presented and communicated. It includes information on the use of charts, graphs, and tables to effectively convey the findings.

6. The sixth part of the document discusses the various factors that can influence the results of the analysis. It includes information on the potential for bias and error, as well as the importance of controlling for these factors.

7. The seventh part of the document discusses the various ways in which the results of the analysis can be used to inform decision-making. It includes information on the use of the results to identify trends, patterns, and areas for improvement.

8. The eighth part of the document discusses the various ways in which the results of the analysis can be used to evaluate the performance of an organization. It includes information on the use of the results to identify strengths and weaknesses, as well as to develop strategies for improvement.

9. The ninth part of the document discusses the various ways in which the results of the analysis can be used to inform policy-making. It includes information on the use of the results to identify areas for policy change, as well as to develop strategies for implementation.

10. The tenth part of the document discusses the various ways in which the results of the analysis can be used to inform research. It includes information on the use of the results to identify areas for further research, as well as to develop hypotheses and research questions.



The Reader.

... mood than when I ... hear the reader ... for an idiot?" ... eighteen. ... must ... lin-

... jealousy ... she thinks of ... this moment, ... lonely ... and ...

... the ... of ... the ... of ... the ... of ... the ... of ...



miserable café but in a gentler mood than when I entered it? Must I own this, and hear the reader say, "This is either a boy of eighteen, or an idiot?" Yet I am neither—or at any rate I am not eighteen. I have almost forgotten that I ever was. It must be, then, that I am idiotic—to go and eat bad dinners that I may be in the room with the guardian of a sideboard.

[And these words, as they are read by my dear, dear Clotilde, will not give her (knowing as she does my inmost heart) one single pang of jealousy, but will rather cause her to sigh as she thinks of my solitary condition, and that at this moment, separated as we still are, I am little less lonely than when I dined at the Café Cartilagineux, and but half a degree less sad.]

If it is not easy to dine cheap at Paris, it is equally difficult to go to the play in an economical manner. At some of the theatres, it is true, there are besides the "fauteuils d'orchestre," a range of places between them and the pit, called "stalles d'orchestre," in which you can sit with some degree of ease, at a moderate expenditure. An admirable arrangement by the bye, which may be seen,

together with all other admirable arrangements, at our own new Adelphi.

The stalles d'orchestre, however, are not to be met with in all the Parisian theatres, and woe to the man who buries himself in delusive "pour-tours" or "baignoires." Woe still more to him who ascends. The heat, the absence of ventilation (rendered so much more unendurable by the closing of all the box doors), these things prevent a man from taking any pleasure in what is going on.

The tyranny of officials in Paris is seen everywhere, and is perfectly unbearable. Routine is adhered to and enforced, as in this matter of the hermetical sealing of box doors, in a manner very difficult to submit to. The French mob are strangely and inconsistently submissive in all these matters, and allow themselves to be treated like children.

The cheap dinner and the cheap theatrical experience, then, being alike unsatisfactory, let us now go home to our apartment and see how we like the cheap lodgings. Perhaps the room may look nicer with the bed made. Unhappily there is one defect about that bed though, which all the making in the world will never remedy. It is so desperately and insanely short. I know by measurement that I

can never be comfortable in that bed. By measurement, I say. I tested the length of that contracted couch with my umbrella while there was nobody looking. I am two umbrellas long to a nicety, and that bed measures an umbrella and three-quarters. How can I hope for rest? How can a man sleep peacefully in a bed which is a quarter of an umbrella too short for him. I must make up my mind to it, however. There is no remedy, let there be no regret. Let me resign myself to circumstances. Let me—Why what's this? I am grasping the sheet in my hand to test its dryness—Damp? No, not damp—wet—wringing wet. Ha! ha!—a short bed and a damp, eh? We will lie down in our clothes.

Lying down in your clothes is a pleasant and refreshing process. But why does it make you feel the next morning as if you had been beaten with clubs from head to foot,—as if you had been intoxicated overnight? Why does no amount of washing make you feel clean? Why do your limbs ache, and why are your eyes full of sand? Lying down in your clothes is just better than rheumatic fever, and that's all.

Yet I had two nights of it. For I had taken

such an aversion to the room and to the house I was lodging in, that the day after my first experience of the damp sheets I fled from the shelter of the odious walls and kept out all day. It was the day of that walk in the suburbs, of which more is said elsewhere. I deluded myself with vain hopes that the sheets would get dry of themselves. But they did nothing of the kind, and I was compelled to seek a trousered repose once more.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE is a bolt upon the door. Let it do its office. I'm at home to nobody—nor must anybody read this chapter but those who are prepared to go into a domestic matter of great interest, but of an essentially private nature.

I cannot and will not stand another night of sleeping in my clothes. It is not to be endured. What must I do then? The sheets are not a bit less damp than they were the first night. There remains but one course open to me: I must air my bedding. Don't remonstrate, the thing must be done.

First of all a roaring fire in the china stove. A fire of faggots and of dried wood, of arid logs and turpentinous fir-cones. What a fire! What a stove! How it roars and cracks with metallic snappings in the chimney! I wish it may not

burst suddenly, and fall into the midst of the room a mass of heated china, of fiery fuel, and red-hot iron chimney. That china stove is so large and gets so hot, that very soon I feel as if the marrow in my bones was dried up and turned to powder. My tongue rattles against the roof of my mouth. Asphyxia will ensue unless something is done to air the room. The window must be opened. Impossible, it won't stir: it is a French window, opening—or rather *not* opening—down the middle. A plague upon the French window! I don't believe it has ever been opened in its life. I am getting angry: tug, pull, rattle, shake—no use. Knee against lower part of window-frame: now tug, pull, rattle, shake again—no result whatever. Hold top of window with left hand and repeat the shaking process with right—worse and worse! And all this exertion in a room with no air in it, only stove smoke and mephitic vapour! I shall suffocate—I shall go mad—I shall have to break a pane of glass! One more mighty pull, with all my force and all my weight thrown into a last despairing effort: window opens suddenly without the slightest show of resistance, and I am flung upon my back contused and stunned. Never mind, the window is

opened. Now for the grand event of the day—now for an assault upon the bedding.

Yes, you are right, a mattress is a difficult thing to manage all alone when you've got it off the bed, and when the room is small, and when there is a great deal of large furniture about, and when a stove, which singes everything that touches it, fills up two-thirds of the apartment. It is at such a time, I repeat, that a gentleman unaccustomed to mattresses will find that they are afflicted with a weakness which renders them ever ready to droop upon his head as he carries them in his arms, leaving more flue upon his hair than he is usually in the habit of wearing. He will also find that they are apt, when placed before the fire, to double up in unexpected places, and to lean over heavily when propped against chairs, while the chairs themselves, on a highly polished oak floor, will not uncommonly slide back from the pressure of the mattress, and allow it to sink with aggravating languor to the ground.

It is much easier to deal with the blankets and sheets; for, once get the mattress to stand up upon its edge, and you can lay the other articles which require airing over it, and range them in a semicircle

round the fire. Yes, this is much easier, and now I have succeeded in surrounding the china stove with a perfect amphitheatre of bedding. "Capital," I say to myself, "I shall get between the sheets tonight, at any rate—I shall——What's that?"

Well, it's a tap at the door.

"Who's there?" I howl.

"A gentleman," says the voice of my landlord, "wishes to see the room. As I am going to leave it in two days, will I allow him to enter?"

What can I do? I am going out of the room, as the landlord says, in a couple of days. What right have I to interfere with his chance of letting it? What *can* I do but unbolt the door and admit them.

The man with the lounging-cap and the dressing-gown, and the evil smile, comes in, accompanied by a grave and short gentleman, who will fit the bed nicely—that man is not more than an umbrella and a half long, *I know*. "Pouf!" says the short gentleman, on entering the apartment, and I dare say it *does* strike hot, coming out of the air. "Pouf!" says the man with the lounging cap and the evil eye. After one glance at the condition of the room, he never takes that eye off me, and

never ceases to smile; but it is the tight smile with closed lips that indicates malice. The man who smiles like that will never forgive the implied dampness of his linen.

The conduct of the short gentleman is delicate in the extreme. He looks at the clock on the chimney-piece, at the floor, out of window, makes remarks on the prospect—does everything, in short, but look at the bedding before the stove. Bless him for it. As he leaves the room he waves his hand towards the table which is covered with manuscript, and says that he fears he has “deranged me.” Blessings upon the head of that short Frenchman. “It is such delicacy as this,” I said to myself, one hour afterwards—it took me an hour to recover—“it is such delicacy as this which has won for the French nation that reputation for a refined politeness which they deserve so well. What shall we say of such politeness. It warms the heart of him towards whom it is exercised with admiration, and fills him with a glow of gratitude. Nay, at this moment, while I think and write of it, it has made my heart feel lighter, by several ounces, and more loving to all the world.

Alas! that this courtesy (I am obliged by truth

to own it) is often of little value as showing a good heart. Alas, that one of the best and most generous men I know (it is my friend Growler of whom I am speaking) is at the same time so disagreeable and offensive in his manners, that it is a pain to be in the room with him.

I did not make all these reflections, as I have said, till long after the short gentleman and the man with the lounging-cap had left the apartment. After bolting the door upon them, I fell down upon the mattress (which had taken the opportunity of its owner's entrance to sink upon the floor and do obeisance before him)—I fell, I say, upon the mattress, and remained speechless, with my mind a blank for thirty-five minutes by my aunt Jones's repeater.

At the expiration of which time I arose, and set myself to work to replace the bedding, which I had now aired to my satisfaction, and which in case of any more visitors arriving, it would be as well to have in its place.

I think that if I had known all that I should become involved in by this attempt to air my bedding, I should have thought twice before I touched a single sheet.

To professional persons, to chambermaids, to continental waiters, to Temple laundresses, and to others whose destiny has mixed them up with blankets and other articles of bed furniture from infancy, the process called "making a bed" may be an easy and simple one enough. To me, I freely acknowledge, it is an achievement always hemmed in and environed with difficulties. And if always, certainly pre-eminently so, when, as in the present instance, the bed is placed in a recess into which three of its sides fit with mathematical precision. I have remarked too, that no person has that belief in, and longing for, a bed which he has made himself, which he has for one which has been prepared by a professional hand; and that just as no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, so no bed is that mystic Temple of Repose which a bed ought to be, to him who has made it.

The first difficulty which I experienced in replacing my disturbed bedding, was in deciding whether the palliasse was to be placed upon the mattress or the mattress upon the palliasse; and as I had entirely forgotten the order in which they were arranged previous to their disorganization, and could only hope to come to a conclusion by

trying practically the merits of each of these systems, a great deal of time was consumed in giving to each in its turn the supremacy and lying down to try the effect. A series of experiments which ended in my giving the uppermost place to the palliase, in consideration of its being simply hard and even, while the mattress was both hard and knobby.

This question settled, a new one arose in my mind as to the blankets. Was there a blanket beneath the under-sheet, or not? I tried one in that situation, and liked the look of it. It certainly looked right; but could it be so? Surely not. What was the use of a blanket underneath one? The subject required thought, so I retired from the bed, and taking a seat (for the occurrences of the morning had fatigued me) I proceeded to consider this point as deeply as I could, and to argue it out thoroughly with myself. [A plan, by the bye, which throughout my whole life I have never adopted without coming to a wrong conclusion.]

I argued then thus with myself. It is cold weather. Blankets are for keeping people warm. A blanket will not keep me warm by being placed underneath me, but lo, by being put above me it

will keep me warm; *ergo*, let me put all the blankets on the top—and none beneath.

Nothing could exceed the closeness of this reasoning, but the carrying out of it, though it satisfied my mind, was not pleasing to my eye, nor in the course of the night which followed, to my back. However, I stuck to it, and heaping blanket on blanket arrived safely enough at the tucking-up stage. But what a difficult thing to tuck up a bed which, as has been shown above, is placed in a recess, which has an upright wooden structure at its head and foot, and is tightly pressed against the wall on the opposite side to that at which the bedmaker officiates. What mistakes we are liable to in calculating the amount of “lap-over” which is to be allowed in these cases. How disappointing too, to find that when that off-side has at length been securely tucked in, there is nothing left to tuck on the near-side. Such mistakes of course involve the undoing of much previous work, but there is no help for it, and that over, the thing is finished and there is nothing left to do but to turn the sheet over at the top, and to put in the bolster and pillow.

Just so; put in the bolster and pillow, and it is

done. But now I come to look, there is no case to the bolster, nothing but a cover of seedy tick, which certainly was not visible before I unpacked the bed, and which it is equally certain must not be so now. I tried it. The seedy tick so completely took away all look of refreshment from the bed, that I at once abandoned the idea of leaving it thus exposed to view, and set myself to consider how it should be covered? After pondering over this for some time, it dawned slowly on my mind that I had at some remote period or other of my life observed that bolsters were occasionally wrapped up in one of the sheets. Of course, that was it. But which of the sheets? Well, let me try. It was soon wrapped in the top sheet, but then I found that this rendered it impossible for me to get into the bed unless by creeping in under the bolster and lying with that article of upholstery on my face. This would never do, so it was evident that the under sheet must be pressed into the service. But alas, I had not left enough, nor anything like enough, to cover the large expanse of seedy tick which the bolster case presented to view. I pulled violently, but without result. The mattress curled up with the force of my tugging, but the sheet

would not give the least, so completely and efficiently had I tucked it in at the foot.

When I had sat for some time staring in speechless misery at this ill-starred bolster in its case of seedy tick, when I had undone it all again and after pulling up sheet enough to cover the seedy tick, had once more packed all up so tightly that I had about as much chance of getting between the sheets as a very limp piece of beef would have of forcing itself into a sandwich which it had been left out of and which was tightly compressed into a sandwich-box—then I say, and not till then, I turned my misfortunes to account, and came to the following wise resolution.

That never under any circumstances or any combination of circumstances, however trying, would I make the slightest attempt to make, to re-make, to un-make, or otherwise to alter, any bed or any portion of a bed with which in future ages my lot might mix me up.

Part IV.

CHAPTER XII.

IN the last chapter of this narrative, we were admitted freely into the privacy of an author's study, and had an opportunity of observing the private life of a man of letters in one of its most interesting phases.

In other words it was my function to give the reader an account of my method of dealing with a damp bed. It was a chapter of china stoves, of mattresses, of French windows, and French politeness—topics, into the consideration of which we were drawn by the necessity under which we were placed of examining how far a temporary residence in the French metropolis may consist with a strict observance of the principles of economy.

My experiments in this matter were far from

satisfactory. Though I am inclined to think that in the lodging department I was singularly unfortunate, and that all cheap lodgings must not be classed with that which I was unlucky enough to occupy in the "Rue de la Gouttière." It was a sorry crib and a squalid, and even when I got into that better apartment, for which I had to wait, as I have said, four days, even then there were circumstances connected with this place of abode which made one ever monstrous glad to get out of it. Why, take the smells alone. Nay, take *one* of the smells alone. There was always an odour of frying of the most violent kind pervading the whole house. It was so strong that it was as if this culinary process was going on in one's own room, and so rank and poisonous that when I was in a morbid or melancholy mood, as would sometimes happen, it used to suggest itself to me that the man with the lounging-cap and the wicked smile was in the habit of murdering his lodgers for the sake of what they might have about them, and of getting rid of the bodies by cutting them into very little bits, and frying them all day long.

Next to sleeping in one's clothes, I know of few things which seem to deprive one of all the benefit

of a night's rest more completely than waking up in the morning to a powerful smell of fried lodger.

Night's rest! I think I spoke of rest. I am disposed to believe that I have alluded to waking up. How shall he wake up who has not been asleep? How shall he rest who has a night cab-stand outside his door, and a coach-house for *voitures de remise* under his window. Rest, with perpetual arrivals of hackney-coaches at the stand, and perpetual backings of carriages and horses into the remise. Ehen! what stampings and bangings, what swearings and growlings! What long conversations, what arguments, what protracted and elaborate descriptions of the past day's exploits—of its cab fares, its extortions, its pour-boires. And I, a wakeful subject at best and one who knows all the ramifications of restlessness as well as any man in England. Does any man alive know as well as I do the different classifications of bad nights? There is the bad night total, the bad night partial, the bad night early, the bad night late, the bad night candid, and the bad night deceptive.

The bad night total is a night entirely without sleep, when not even in the morning, and just before the servant knocks at the door, does slumber

come to mock the sufferer with a chance of rest. The bad night utter is rare, it is terrible ; God help thee through it.

The bad night partial is one in which there are periods of sleep, but such intervals of wakefulness as render it still essentially a bad night. It is common enough, it is endurable. Lie still, and be as patient as you can.

He who on going to bed cannot possibly get to sleep, but towards morning drops off into oblivion, has had a bad night early. It is, perhaps, on the whole, a trifle more refreshing than the bad night late, but he who experiences either will feel the effects next day. I am sorry for him from my heart.

The bad night late has this great disadvantage, that the period of wakefulness comes at a time when, for some reason or other, the mind is in a terribly gloomy and unsatisfactory condition. He who is going to pass through the sufferings which the bad night late brings with it will go to bed early, and will fall asleep on first lying down. At about half-past two or three o'clock, however, in the morning he will wake—wake completely, suddenly, unaccountably. Now, I am of opinion that at three o'clock A.M. the human mind is not itself.

At that hour we are far from seeing things in their true colours, and from estimating them rightly. It is essentially a *bleak* period. No words that the pen can write or the tongue utter will do justice to the chill and despondent view with which at that particular hour the mind is ready to regard its past history and its future prospects. Trust it not at such a time. Things are not so bad as then they seem—depend upon it. You don't see truly in the dark or in the dawn. Why should that lawsuit go against you? Why should that investment fail, and your children have to beg their bread? That book you are writing will not be the worst thing you have ever done. That picture you are at work on will sell—why not? Enough of the bad night late, let us get to the bad night candid and the bad night deceptive. I have much to say about the last.

It is a bad night candid when one feels, on going to bed, that one is not going to sleep, and when one finds, as morning approaches, that the foreboding has been amply justified. The bad night candid not uncommonly follows a hard day's work with the head, and is not a pleasant or refreshing termination to such labours, by any means.

But perhaps of all bad nights the most aggravating is the bad night deceptive. It is ordinarily preceded by a long walk in the country, undertaken with a view of improving the health, and is immediately ushered in by sensations of intense and overpowering sleepiness, and by outrageous fits of yawning, which make you long to feel your head upon the pillow. You deposit it there, but somehow or other you don't feel quite so sleepy as you did just now. You *are* sleepy, though, you say to yourself, Oh yes, very sleepy; and you try to get up another yawn, but it is not a successful one at all. You become about this time a little deceptive yourself, and begin to meditate in a cajoling manner, with soothing promises. You draw bills, so to speak, upon sleep, and indorse them yourself. You say, dreamily, "How delightful to stretch one's weary limbs upon the downy couch" (for when you are humbugging in this way you will, ten to one, use poetical expressions); "how delightful to be in bed at last! After that long walk too. How many miles, I wonder?"—an easy calculation is such a good thing to go to sleep upon; not that you require any elaborate process to send you off tonight, you are much too sleepy to need

that, thank goodness. "How many miles?" All this time you are not going to sleep. You keep your eyes fast shut, though, and refuse for a long time to take "no" for an answer. At last you open one eye, and look at the reflection of the gas-lamp outside upon the ceiling of your room. Then you turn round, and go through the cajoling process upon the other side. Then you begin to see through it, and the horrible thought crosses your mind that you are not so sleepy as you were. You fight with this idea, but it returns again and again. You get indignant, and say, in piteous tones, "Why, I am not going to sleep! And after all that walking in the open air, and with that terrible day's work before me tomorrow." After which you may bid good-bye to sleep for many hours. You are in for the bad night deceptive, and I wish you joy of it.

There is another form of bad night deceptive, which is, perhaps, even worse than that already hinted at. More deceptive, more promising, more blankly disappointing. You go to bed, as already described, in a state of extreme sleepiness at an early hour. You go to sleep at once. Charming! Nothing like exercise to make a man sleepy. You

wake, and say to yourself, "What a good night's rest I have had! Let me see, I went to bed about half-past ten, I suppose it is now about six in the morning. Perhaps even later, one never can tell these winter mornings. Stop! there's the clock striking now. One—two—three—four—five—six—ah, I thought so—seven—eight—what, and not light?—nine—ten—eleven—twelve." It is midnight, my poor boy, and all your troubles are before you.

It is a great consolation to me to think that these words will find a responsive echo in many suffering bosoms, that the number of those who know what bad nights mean is a large one. It is for instance a melancholy satisfaction to me to feel that when I am passing through one of the experiences which we have just been analyzing, it is, ten to one, that my good friend Startles is being similarly tried. Nay more, our ancestors were like this. Have we not the testimony of our precious Pepys to this fact? Does he not tell us with his adorable candour, how he lay awake one night thinking over a small sum of money which he had lost the day before; how then, when he was exhausted with vexing himself at this grievance, he

had the ingenuity to discover a perfectly new way of tormenting himself, by putting an imaginary case and conjecturing how it would be possible for him to bear some greater grievance, if he bore this small one so ill. There is an intricacy and complication about this which shows the dear Pepys in the light of a most masterly self-tormentor. He ends in getting into such a state that he wakes up his wife to talk to him. I hope he found this proceeding to answer his expectations. Of course he did. Is there any instance on record in which these dear ladies fail to say the soothing word when it is needed? Is there any instance known of their putting in an aggravating remark where a man is already in a condition of unbearable irritation, or of their hitting him when he is down? Of course there is not.

O precious, thrice precious, sleep! that dost give thyself to those who best could do without thee, and refusest thy help so often to the irritable, the nervous, the overworked, who need thee most. Thou, who hast inspired the poet to write in thy praises his loveliest lines, and haply for his pains hast refused to come near him when he had done so—how shall they know to whom thou dost open

thy white arms, and on whose eyelids thou dost press thy soft and dewy fingers, who lie in thy blest oblivion from night till morning—how shall they know what those endure whom thou hast forsaken, or to whom thou dost only turn when wearied by importunity, with visits short and ungracious, few and far between?

Woe to the man of feeling! woe to the morbidly sensitive! what a life of scorching, fiery temptation, of bitter sorrows, of distempered joy is theirs! Woe to the men of strong emotion! They have moments of joy, but at what a price are they purchased! Think of Swift, of Sterne, of Byron, and of Burns. Woe to such men! They live in the Torrid Zone of souls. The heat of the tropics and the hurricane storms are theirs.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BREAK in the solitude of my existence. My Crusoe-like isolation interrupted ; and in good time.

It is not when we *think* that we can bear a thing no longer that the relief comes. We underrate our powers of endurance in our laziness and in our skinking from distress. It is when we really can bear no more that a change is at hand.

It was in the Louvre, which palace I had entered to have half an hour of my favourite Napoleon Museum—to stand awhile before that grey great-coat with which we have such associations, and to ponder over the huge hat that covered the huge brain of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Making my way to this museum of relics, and passing through the picture-gallery *en route*, my eye happened to fall upon the figure of one apparently lost in admiration of the Paul Veronese, for

which the gallery is so justly celebrated. The individual who had attracted my attention was sitting, or rather reclining, upon the cushioned seat, which is placed opposite the picture in question in an attitude of profound and abstracted admiration. He had sunk so low upon the ottoman, that his head, forced forward by the back of the seat, rested upon his chest—his hat (a sombrero) lay upon the floor—his right hand was clasping his forehead, while his left arm, brought across his body for the purpose, had hold of the right elbow in a feverish grip. In a word, it was an action indicating either genius or stomach-ache—it would have been hard to say which. A quantity of long fair hair tossed wildly back from his lofty brow—a beard light and tawny, of the Vandyke cut, the sides of his face being closely shaven—a black velvet coat and a frown—all these things proclaimed, at the first glance, that this gentleman was an artist, and at the second that he was my old friend Clipper.

Clipper is what may be called an artist, with a vengeance—a *beau idéal* specimen of the class—a man who carries out to inconceivable perfection the character of a genius in every respect, except that of producing good pictures. He is the spoilt

child and petted darling of that tribe whom my soul so keenly delights in—the art-loving ladies of Britain. Why, I have seen Clipper at Poet’s-corner, Richmond, the residence of the Countess Komberwig, stretched upon the lawn under a tree, composing, while Lady Fanny Fauteuil, who is one of his greatest admirers, was seated by his side fanning his forehead, lest Clipper’s genius should burn its way right through to the surface.

Yet Clipper is not a bad fellow at heart. There is a band of brothers, as poor as Job, who live upon him and suck the means of existence out of his ill-filled purse. Set aside his ridiculous affectation, and there are qualities in the man which command one’s regard, and make one weep at his absurdities.

I was very glad to see Clipper, and went up to him at once. “Hullo!” I said, commencing the dialogue with our noble British exclamation—from Charing-cross to Cochin-China that glorious word “Hullo!” is heard wherever English throats are found to give it utterance—“hullo, Clipper! how are you, old fellow?”

Clipper did not move. He merely turned his eyes from the Paul Veronese and brought them slowly to bear upon my countenance, which he

surveyed with the air of one who looked straight through the face and skull before him into a vista, with the Temple of Fame at the end of it, and Paul Veronese standing at its altar beckoning Clipper on to join him.

"How are you, Clipper?" I said again, holding out my hand.

He took it, started slightly, and with a faint and vacant smile, said, speaking softly under his breath, and in awe-struck tones,

"Pardon me, my dear Fudge, pardon me—I am in dreamland. You know what I am, a poor half-crazy fellow at best. My fancies carry me away at times."

"A fine picture," I said, pointing to the Paul Veronese.

"Yes, Fudge," said Clipper, still speaking softly, and in mysterious tones—"yes, Fudge, it *is* a fine picture."

"Is anything the matter?" I asked, at this juncture. "You talk as if we were in the presence of the dead."

"We *are* in the presence of the dead," answered Clipper. At which words a little English tourist, who had been sitting close by and listening to

everything we said, got up hastily, with terror in his looks, and made the best of his way out of the room. .“ We *are* in the presence of the dead,” continued Clipper. “The shade of Paolo Veronese has been with me, daring me to compete with that picture before us. It is a fine picture, Horatio—a fine picture. I will beat that picture, Horatio—I will meet that picture on its own ground. I will have it out with Paolo, as sure as your name is—is—”

“Fudge,” said I, seeing that he hesitated.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Come with me to my atelier," said Clipper, rising. "Mathews—you know Mathews, don't you?—well, he is in Paris with me, and we have taken a studio together."

This Mathews, whom I knew well, was about as great a contrast to our man of genius as could easily be found. In the first place, he was an accomplished, an admirable artist, but the least technical and the most commonplace looking person conceivable. He was a little man, plump and brisk, neat in his attire, always dressed like other people, and with conventional whiskers and short hair. He talked little, and upon art, never—and worked like a lion. He was a rising man, and had the mystic letters A.R.A. attached to his name. How he and Clipper could have got together was to me an unfathomable mystery.

Well, to be sure, Clipper was a compromising man to walk with, and I must own that, though I had been so long without company, I yet found him a bit of a bore. He was continually stopping to point out effects, to elucidate intricate theories of optics, or to call one's attention to "fine heads" that we met in the street. Confound his sketch-book, too; it was perpetually coming out, either that he might note down something he saw, or nail an idea which he was fearful might slip out of his brain. It is not quite so bad in Paris, where people never get stared at; but in a London street he's dreadful—is Clipper.

We found Mathews hard at work upon a small picture, painting a piece of drapery—a sleeve—from a model. He was all huddled together up in a corner, the main space in the room being completely filled up by a gigantic canvas of Clipper's, representing the assassination of Julius Cæsar, while a lay figure in a toga, which must not be touched lest the folds should be disturbed, reduced the sphere of action left to the unfortunate Mathews to still more narrow limits.

After the first cordial greeting, Mathews quietly sat down, at my earnest request, to his work again;

and Clipper, seizing an enormous palette, began to make ready for an attack upon the toga. It was always a fine and impressive sight to see Clipper paint. First of all he would retreat to the utmost limits of the apartment, would lean calmly against the wall, and gaze meditatively upon his work. Then, holding his palette, brushes, and mahl-stick in his left hand, he would, shutting one eye, hide with the thumb of his right every portion of his picture in succession, muttering to himself the while; then, with a slow and panther-like step, he would stealthily creep towards his canvas, mixing up the colour with his brush as he went; then he would stop halfway, saying, in a deep, guttural tone, "No, that touch is too much for me now; I must do that touch when I have been without champagne for a week." Then he would rush back again to the wall, falling against it as if he had been flung there by a giant, staring wildly at the picture, and talking to himself still in the same low tone, with scraps of song, Italian opera, or low comic sentiments given out oratorically, and bits of slang, impartially mingled in his dialogue. "I must do that touch when I have been without champagne for a week—without cham-

pagne for a week—for a week. Confound those great people who will ask a fellow to dinner. A week without dinner parties, and I should do something. Ha! a good touch—a good touch that last, Horatio, and in the manner of the schools. ‘With a cup of cold pizon all down by her side, and a billy-dux a-saying how for Villikins she died.’ I’m not in cue today, Horatio—not in cue; but I’ll fight it out—I’ll have it out with that fold. ‘Ah fors’ è lui, ché l’an—i—ma—la ta tara ti i ra—a.’ I am convinced, Mathews, that the great Italian masters must have had music going on while they were painting.”

“I should think not,” said Mathews.

“And wherefore not? Perchè, Signor Matteo?”

“Because I should think it would have put them out tremendously if they were minding what they were about,” replied the matter-of-fact Mathews.

“Now listen to that fellow—*il est assommant, cet homme*. Mathews, you are insupportable—a man without sentiment. What can be said of a fellow who sits there pitching into a drapery perpetually, with the works of the masters at his elbow, among which he might pass the live-long day?

You are unworthy, Mathews, of the name of an artist."

Here there was a pause, during which Clipper advanced to the stove, and taking out a piece of burning charcoal with the tongs, proceeded to light a cigar by the aid of the same ; after which, retreating to a distant part of the room, he began to puff away in gloomy silence, glaring at his picture the while with a portentous frown.

I went and sat down by Mathews. He had paid and dismissed his model, but was still at work.

"Are you going to leave off?" I asked.

"Not just yet. I've got this bit of pattern to do in the background."

"Shall I disturb you if I sit here watching you?"

"No, not a bit. This is the kind of work that one can do and talk at the same time. How long have you been in Paris?"

"About a fortnight," I answered.

"Know many people here?" asked Mathews.

"Not a soul," was my reply.

"The deuce! I suppose you did n't come here alone, though?"

"Entirely," I said.

The conversation had got to this point, when it was interrupted by a groan from Clipper.

"I can't do it to-day," said that gentleman. "Mathews, come here," he continued.

"What is it?" said Mathews, doing as he was bid.

"That won't do, you know," said Clipper, with a deep sigh.

"What won't do?" asked the other.

"That toga," groaned the man of genius; "there's something wrong in the folds. That toga," he continued, "will drag me to an early grave."

"Why don't you get that line in?" said Mathews, pointing to a very important and beautiful sweep which the drapery took upon the lay figure.

"I shall do that line, Mathews," answered Mr. Clipper, in a low and mysterious tone—"I shall do that line when I *know* it. I've got my eye upon it, but I don't thoroughly know it yet."

"What do you mean by *knowing* it?" inquired Mathews. "You can *see* it, I suppose—can't you?"

"You don't understand me, Mathews. I am a man of ideas—you are essentially and painfully practical. When I see a beautiful line in nature, I require to drink it into my soul before I can reproduce it. These things can't be done by brute force, Mathews. You can't take the fortress of

Nature by storm, my friend ; you must circumvent it."

" Well, I dare say it's all right," said Mathews, " but I don't know a bit what you're talking about."

" I know you don't, Mathews. Our missions in art are different ones. You paint bodies, I paint souls. You represent the outside of things, while I penetrate into the depths beneath. My path is chosen. What though its giddy heights may lead me into dangers, I smile at them even as you, my Mathews, smile at me. Enough, I am not in cue today. I shall go back to the Louvre, and, flinging myself down before the Paul Veronese, give way to my fancies untrammelled."

So saying, and casting down his palette and brushes, Mr. Clipper pulled his sombrero over his brow, and nodding gloomily to me, vanished from the apartment.

" Now what a fellow that is," said Mathews, when the door had closed upon him. " I happen to know (and so does he) that the Pontifex Pryors and Lady Fanny Fauteuil are in Paris, and are going to the Louvre this very afternoon, and Clipper has gone there to be discovered with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doing the artist with all his

might. I've known him do the same kind of thing before. He has an especial partiality for being 'discovered' in this highly conscious state of unconsciousness, and whenever Clipper tells you that he is going to fling himself down under the trees in Richmond Park, and give way to the flights of his imagination, you may be quite sure that he will do so very near the main road, and that on that particular day Lady Suckbrains, or the Chumley Biggs, or some other admirers of 'unconscious' genius, will happen to be passing through the park on their way to the Star and Garter."

"I can't think how you and Clipper get on," I said at this point.

"Well, I hardly know how it is myself," said Mathews. "I think it's partly that he amuses me, and partly that we have got into a habit of being together. I had a studio with him before for a long time in London, when he used to go on very much as you have seen him today, and when he used to talk and act so extraordinarily like a genius that I remember a period when I got at last so confused by his goings on that I used sometimes to doubt the evidence of my senses as to his abilities, and say to myself, 'Surely there must be some-

thing in this man, after all.' Well, well," added Mathews, checking himself abruptly, as if he felt that we were getting too hard upon our absent friend, "we all have our faults, and this harmless vanity is the only one I have ever found in Clipper. Shall we go and dine?"

"By all means," I answered; "but where?"

"Let's go to the English tavern," said this thorough Briton. "I hate your kickshaws."

So to the English tavern we went.

It was a very good dinner. Plenty of joints, and plenty of English. These last all spoke to the waiter in French, while the foreigners who were present addressed that functionary invariably in the English language.

After dinner, we English, drawing our chairs together round the stove, began reading the newspapers and chatting as we felt inclined. I happened, unfortunately, to be placed next to a little man who, sitting with the 'Morning Post' in his hand (an old number which I think he must have brought from England with him), presented a perfect specimen of the snob tribe, and bored me every now and then with genteel conversation in a very terrible manner, as the reader shall hear.

Part the Last.

CHAPTER XV.

“WHO’S that says he does n’t believe in presentiments?” said a dark, bony man, who was sitting in a corner where I had hitherto not observed him.

A young man seated opposite me answered modestly that numberless instances in which he had himself experienced forebodings which had proved utterly groundless, had led him to be less apprehensive when full of anticipation of coming evil, than when an unusual gaiety was upon him, as he had oftener noted this latter sensation to be the forerunner of evil than the former.

I dare say there are few persons who read these pages who do not know what it is to be involved in a conversation which bores them to an excess, while some one is talking within earshot upon some

subject of extreme interest, which it would be very pleasant to listen to. Those who have passed through such an experience will be ready to corroborate my statement, that the effect of listening and answering while you are trying to catch what is going on elsewhere, is a great and unpleasant one.

It was in this position that I now found myself. The little man with the 'Morning Post' was troubling me with his small chatterings, while the bony man, who was a believer, I found, in presentiments, was narrating something in defence of his belief which I wanted very much to hear. As far as I can remember, the effect of what these two personages—the little Snob and the Presentimentalist—were saying was something to this purpose—a desperate jumble, as the reader will see.

My attempt to listen to two stories at once was about as successful as such compromises usually are; which is as much as to say that it was an utter and disastrous failure.

Snob. I can't say I know him personally, but he's one of those people whom one has met, you know, in society. He married a niece of that man—

Presentimentalist. It occurred in my own experience while travelling in the East, and—

Snob. The family have large estates in Somersetshire; and, indeed, my brother, whose property extends some miles in the same direction, and who is intimate with all the county families—

Myself. Yes, so it must—

Presentimentalist. I had had a bad time of it with the Arabs that day—who, as usual, wanted to rob me—

Snob. So when these people came down to settle there, the question became important whether or not they would be received into society—

Myself. (Silent.)

Presentimentalist. Till at last I was obliged, very reluctantly, to pull out my six-barrelled revolver, and pointing it at the man who appeared to be the ringleader, I informed him, in my best Arabic, that there were, besides the barrel he saw, five others ready—

Snob (who must have been going on all this time). So much so, indeed, that very few of the county families had called upon the new comers at all. Of course, it placed my brother in a very unpleasant position, and—

Presentimentalist. Luckily enough—for more reasons than the great one that bloodshed was

avoided—luckily enough the threat was quite sufficient, and I was able to get away—

Snob. It became a question of great importance what course my brother should adopt, whether, in short, he should call upon them or not. Now, what should you have done under the circumstances?

Myself (dreamily to Snob). I should have let fly the revolver amongst them.

Snob (touchily). I am afraid, Sir, I have not been fortunate enough to secure your attention.

Myself. I beg your pardon—I meant to say that you did quite right. I agree with your view perfectly—yes—oh, decidedly.

It would n't do. Snob was offended. He entrenched himself behind the 'Morning Post,' and I was left in peace to listen to the Presentimentalist, who had seduced me into a breach of manners of which I was heartily ashamed. The believer in presentiments had, by this time, got into the thick of his story, and it was curious to observe my neighbour with the 'Morning Post' trying not to listen to it. His eye wandered perpetually from the sheet before him, and at last he was obliged to give it up, and give his whole attention, as the rest of us did, to what was going on.

Having lost the good opinion of this little gentleman, do not let me lose the Presentimentalist's story as well. Where has he got to now?

"I got over my difficulty with the Arabs," said the believer in presentiments, "returned to my temporary abode at Jerusalem, and went into the little garden at the back of the house to fire off the revolver, as I have an excessive dislike of keeping fire-arms by me loaded.

"It was well I had not been driven in my affray with the Arabs to the necessity of *using* my revolver as well as showing it, for I found, on pulling the trigger, that it was a fixture, and that, owing to some derangement in the lock, I could not stir it with all my force. As I never went out without being armed, it became necessary to have the pistol looked to at once. So I went to a friend of mine, a resident at Jerusalem—an Englishman and a surgeon—to ask him if he could tell me of any mechanic in the place who was likely to understand the piece of machinery which required repair. There was only one man, he said, who could be trusted in such a case. He was a German locksmith, who had been living a year or two at Jerusalem, and who was the most intelligent workman in the town.

He could do what I wanted if it could be done at all, and my friend the surgeon would go with me to his house at once. It was a dark and miserable place, this locksmith's shop, dirty and inconvenient for the purpose to which it had been applied. It was surrounded by the implements of its owner's trade, an unpleasant one enough in a climate where the necessity of using a fire is so distressing a thing as it is in the East.

“ But the locksmith! Who could observe anything else in the place when that man was there to fix the attention, to attract the eyes which shuddered while they looked? If ever I saw a man with a great sorrow, a heavy anxiety, a deadly expectancy gnawing at his heart, he was before me when I first caught sight of that German locksmith. He was a tall and powerfully built man, but attenuated to a shadow. His hollow eyes, sunk deep in his head, were full of an indescribable horror. His hair was long and grey, but his beard was black as jet, except where two great flakes on each side of the mouth had turned to the same colour as his hair, just as you will sometimes see, in late summer or early autumn, one small tuft of foliage in a grove of trees which has been scorched to fiery

yellow while the leaves round about it retain their greenness unimpaired.

“ But what a doomed look—what a fatal aspect !

“ And yet, to a physiognomist, the mark that had been set upon this man’s brow had not been left there by a deed of crime. It was not sin but suffering which was stamped there. It was the ghost of some sight of horror that haunted his past—it was the apprehension of some impending misery that hung over his future. Briefly explaining to him what was wanted, I left the revolver in his hands, cautioning him that it was loaded in every chamber. The locksmith shuddered as he took the weapon from my hands.

“ ‘ What, in Heaven’s name, is the matter with that man ?’ were my first words as I left the shop with my friend the surgeon ; ‘ there is some sad history attached to that man’s life, I know.’

“ ‘ There is,’ said the surgeon, ‘ and it so happens that the circumstances connected with it are, perhaps, better known to myself than to any other person you could apply to.’

“ The story,” said the believer in presentiments, looking round at the company assembled at the English tavern, “ is a short one, and if you feel in-

terested in hearing it, I will narrate it, partly as the surgeon told it to me, and partly (for at last I had some share in it) as the facts came under my own observation."

We expressed our anxiety to hear more, and the believer in presentiments went on as follows:—

"About four years ago a party of travellers arrived at a certain convent in Jerusalem, at which you can be put up for the night and entertained very much as European travellers who are crossing the Alps are received at the Great St. Bernard. Amongst the party who had newly arrived was one who—as had been the case with myself—had got the lock of his pistol so deranged that it was impossible to stir it, and as he, like myself, and most other Eastern travellers, very much disliked the idea of proceeding on his journey unarmed, he was anxious to have the defect in his weapon attended to at once.

"It was easier to feel this want than to get it supplied, there being no one at that time in Jerusalem who would be at all likely to understand the pistol in question, which was a revolver, and furnished with all the latest improvements. At length, however, after much consideration and casting

about as to what was to be done, one of the lay brothers of the convent suggested a way out of the difficulty which seemed promising enough. There were, he said, a couple of German travellers sleeping that night in the convent who were locksmiths by trade, and he had little doubt that one of them would be able to do what was necessary to the pistol, if anybody could. The weapon was handed over to the lay brother, who at once took it to the room which the two Germans occupied, and, explaining to them what was amiss, asked if they would undertake to set it right. The traveller, he added, would pay them liberally for their trouble.

“The two Germans were sitting at supper when the lay brother came in with the pistol in his hand. The elder of them, whose name was Max, getting up from table, took the weapon from the monk, and carried it to the window (as the light was fading), that he might examine it more completely. His friend remained at table sitting with his back towards Max, finishing his supper in a philosophical manner enough.

“The German who was examining the pistol had not been so occupied for a couple of minutes, when it went off with a loud noise. At that moment,

the poor fellow who was sitting eating his supper at the table fell forward without uttering a sound. The charge had entered his back.

“He fell upon his face on the ground, and when my friend, who, told me the story—and who as the most skilful surgeon in the place, was sent for at once—when he arrived, it seemed to him at first as if two men had been killed instead of one, for both the Germans were stretched upon the floor, and he who was to be the survivor, holding the other locked in his arms, wore upon his ghastly countenance the deadlier look of the two. It was quite a difficult thing to separate them. The wounded man had got the other’s hand in his, as if by that to reassure him, and to show him that he loved him all the same.

“The surgeon caused the wounded man—it was but too evident that he had not long to live—to be removed to the infirmary and laid upon a bed to die. It was a bed that stood beneath a window, and across which, when the sun was setting, the shadow of a cypress fell. A very brief examination showed that any attempt to relieve the dying man would be useless, and they could only stanch the blood that flowed from his wound and watch

him with that breathless eagerness—there is none like it—with which men watch their brother, when each short breath, drawn less and less often, seems as though it were the last. As for the other German, he was sunk in a heap upon the ground beside the bed in speechless stupefaction. One of his hands was on the couch, and the expiring effort of the dying man was to take this passive hand in his. Those who were around him seeing then a change upon his face, leant hastily over him, for they heard him whisper faintly.

“‘Poor Max,’ he said,—‘poor Max!’ The last act of the man who died was to pity the man who lived.

“And well he might.

“For some time it was very uncertain whether the man who had thus slain his best and dearest friend would not speedily follow him into another world—so fearfully was he affected. For a still longer period it was doubtful in the last degree whether he would retain his reason. And, indeed, at the time when the story was told me he could hardly be said to be altogether of sound mind. At that very time the man was haunted by a fixed presentiment that he should die one day as his friend had died. No reasoning with him had the

least effect, the presentiment had taken a hold upon his mind which nothing could shake. Those who wished him well—and there were many—had often tried to lead him to a happier frame of mind, and to make him take an interest in his own future. They had urged him, since he had taken up his abode in Jerusalem, to settle there more comfortably, to get into a better and more convenient workshop, and, since his skill as a workman always ensured him the means of living, to marry. For they knew that the fresh interests of a domestic nature which would follow would be of the greatest possible service to him.

“‘The day will come,’ was his invariable answer to all such advice—‘the day will come when some one will shoot me with a pistol through the back, just as I shot my friend. That day will surely come; what have I to do, then, with a wife, or children—with a wife whom I should leave a widow—with children whom I should leave fatherless? What have I to do with settling—with comfort, or a home?’

“‘I shall have a home when the pistol-bullet sends me to my grave beside my friend. I shall go home then,’ said the German locksmith.”

CHAPTER XVI.

“So much,” continued the narrator of this sad story, “for what I learnt from my friend the surgeon concerning the past life of the singular man by whose appearance I had been so powerfully struck. Of the remaining portion of his history the particulars came under my own knowledge, and with the circumstances of its termination I myself was to a certain extent mixed up.

“My revolver was sent back to me repaired, and as I was just about to start away on a short journey into the environs, and was in some haste, I set off without trying it.

“In the course of the day, however, partly wishing to ascertain how far my pistol was restored to a condition of usefulness, partly from a desire to bring down a bird which I saw on the wing, appa-

rently within pistol-shot, I lifted my revolver to let fly at him.

“The weapon missed fire.

“On examination, I found that the defect this time was precisely the reverse of what it had been before. The lock went so loosely now, and had so little spring in it, that the hammer did not fall upon the cap with sufficient force to explode it. I tried the pistol several times, and finding it useless, sent it again, on my return to Jerusalem, to the German locksmith, charging my servant to explain to him its new defect, and above all things to caution him as to its being loaded, as I had done myself on the former occasion.

“Mark how that pistol played with the man’s life! Mark how it returns to him again and again! Why not have done its work at once?

“The revolver was brought back to me the next day in a state, as I was told, of perfect repair.

“This time I took it into the garden to try it. The first time it went off well enough, but at the next time—for I was determined to prove it thoroughly—I found that its original defect had returned, and the lock would not stir, pull at the trigger as I might.

“ ‘There is something radically wrong here,’ I said. ‘I will go myself and see the German locksmith about it, without delay.’

“ ‘That pistol again,’ said the locksmith, looking up, as I entered his miserable abode.

“ ‘What would I not have given to have been able to say anything that would have altered the expression of that haggard countenance! But it was impossible. I made some attempts to draw the poor fellow into conversation, though I felt that even if these had not proved (as they did) wholly useless, my comparative ignorance of his language would have stood in the way of my saying anything that could have been of any service. Our conversation, then, limited itself to the matter in hand, and we agreed that the only thing to be done with the pistol now was to take its lock off, and make a perfectly new one in imitation of it. This, however, would take some time, and it would be necessary that the locksmith should keep the weapon by him for three or four days at least. He took it from my hands as he told me so, and placed it carefully on a shelf at the back of his shop.

“ ‘Above all things,’ I said, as I left the house—
‘above all things, remember that the revolver is loaded.’

“ ‘I shall not forget it,’ he said, turning round to me with a ghastly smile.

“ This, then, was the third time that that pistol was taken back to the German locksmith for repair.

“ It was the last.

“ I can see,” continued the narrator of this strange story, looking round on us, after a pause—
 “ I can see that you all know what happened, and that I have only to tell you *how* the fatal termination of my story was brought about.

“ The German locksmith, being very much occupied, owing to the reputation he had obtained as a clever workman, had taken into his employment a sort of apprentice or assistant, to help him in the simpler and more mechanical parts of his trade. He was not much use. A stupid, idle, trifling fellow at best. One day, soon after I had left my revolver for the last time to be mended, this lad came in from executing some errand, and standing idly about the place, took down my pistol from the shelf on which it lay, and began to look at it with some curiosity, not being accustomed to the sight of a revolver.

“ The locksmith, turning round from his work, saw the lad thus occupied, and hastily told him to

put the pistol back in the place he had taken it from. He had not had time, he said, to attend to it yet. It was loaded, and it was dangerous to pull it about in that manner. Having said this, the German locksmith turned round, and went on with what he was about, *with his back towards the lad* whom he had just cautioned, and who, he naturally supposed, had restored the pistol at once to its shelf.

“The boy’s curiosity, however, was excited by the revolver, and, instead of doing as he was bid, he retained it in his hand, and went on prying into it, examining how the lock acted, and what were its defects.

“The poor German was going on with his work, muttering to himself, ‘Strange, how that pistol returns to me, again and again.’

“The words were not out of his lips when the fatal moment, so long expected, arrived, and the charge from my revolver entered his back. He fell forward in a moment, saying as he fell, ‘At last.’

“The foolish boy rushed out of the shop with the pistol in his hand, screaming for assistance so loudly that the neighbours were soon alarmed, and

hastened in a crowd to the house of the poor locksmith.

“My friend the surgeon was instantly sent for, and from him I gained the particulars which follow:

“Turning the poor fellow over on his face, and cutting open his garments to examine the wound, the surgeon said to those who were standing around: ‘The ball has entered his back; if by chance it should have glanced off and passed round by the ribs, as will sometimes happen, this wound would not be fatal.’

“‘It is fatal,’ said the wounded man, with a sudden effort. ‘Have I been waiting for this stroke so long, and shall it fail to do its work when it comes? It is fatal,’ he gasped again, ‘and I shall die—but not here.’

“I have to relate a horrible and incredible thing, which, impossible as it seems, is yet true.

“The German locksmith started up from where he lay, pushing aside all those who stood around him with an unnatural and inconceivable strength. His body swayed for an instant from side to side, and then he darted forwards. The crowd gave way before him, and he rushed from the house. He tore along the streets—the few people whom he

met giving way before him, and looking after him in horror as he flew along—his clothes cut open at the back, blood-stained and dripping, and with death in his regard. Not one pause, not an abatement in his speed till he reached the infirmary. Past the man who kept the door, and up the stairs he flew, nor stopped till he came to a bed which stands beneath the window, and across which the shadow of a cypress falls when the sun begins to sink.

“It was the bed on which his friend had breathed his last.

“‘I must die here,’ said the German locksmith, as he fell upon it. ‘It is here that I must die.’

“And there he died. The haunting thought which had made his existence a living death was justified. The presentiment had come true at last; and when the thundercloud, which had hung so long over this man’s life, had discharged its bolt upon his head, it seemed to us as if the earth were the lighter for the shade that had passed away.

“Is death the name for a release like this? Who can look upon his happy face, as he lay upon that bed, and say so?

“It was not the end of a life, but the beginning.”

CHAPTER THE LAST.

READER, my Sentimental Journey touches its termination. The discovery of my friends Clipper and Mathews, which would have made my stay in Paris all the pleasanter, was made, as is often the case, just too late. It was time for me to be off. I was getting weary of my holiday, and, having spent my money, was anxious to get back and make some more. Two days after hearing the story of the German locksmith, I got up one morning at half-past six, and taking a hasty breakfast at Paris, was in London and at home in time for such a late dinner as some would call a supper.

At home—again in that room in which I work by day and sleep (or fail to sleep) by night. At home—and looking out as soon as morning breaks upon the old familiar housetops and crooked

chimneys, and upon one object more which my soul delights in—my Tree!

For immediately outside the window at which I ordinarily write, there grows a goodly sycamore tree, which is the apple of my eye, and about which (lingering a little over these last pages, and unwilling to lay aside my pen) I must say one word to the reader. One last word then about the advantages and disadvantages of having a tree outside one's bedroom window, and I have done.

The possession of a sycamore in such a position is (like other good things in this world) purchased at a price. In the autumn and winter the waste-pipe which carries off the rain from the top of the house, will occasionally get stopped up with fallen leaves which the tree has shed, and in stormy nights the boughs are blown with violence against the window of that room which is the sleeping apartment by night, as it is the workshop by day, of the writer of these pages. In the summer period of the year the tree darkens this chamber completely by the thickness of its foliage, so that practical-minded friends suggest the application of an axe to its trunk directly they enter the room. This is not all. The sycamore in question appears

to be a sort of sparrow club, and occasionally a house of call for rooks. It is indeed company to me to be watched while I write or shave by battalions of London sparrows, who sit upon the branches in such long rows and so close together that they look as if they had been spitted. But this desirable point is not attained without certain annoyances, of which not the least is the incessant piping of these shrill and sociable animals, which commences sometimes in the summer months before I have been in bed a couple of hours, and is not uncommonly accompanied, as has been hinted above, by the cawing of accidental rooks from the New Road, who have met on the upper boughs, and just stopped for a minute or two to rest, and to have a chat over an early worm.

In spite of these disturbing accidents, which are inseparably connected with London trees, the present writer would not part with his sycamore for worlds. Rustling in the summer breeze, and shutting out with its dense leaves the prospect of housetops which lies behind it, it is of incalculable service in reminding the occupant of the room which it darkens, that all the world has not yet been overgrown with factories, and that the town

has not conquered the country, altogether. To me, then, that tree is not simply a mass of foliage which darkens my window,—it is something more—it is a friend.

And now—back among the mean and ugly streets, the dull monotonous miles of shabby brick and mortar, of our huge and melancholy capital—what are my sensations? what do I find now? This: that the friendly faces which those screens of brick and mortar hide, the doors so gladly opened to admit me, the hands stretched out to bid me welcome, the daily interchange of thought and observation, the social meal, the fireside group, the thought that there are, among those who greet me daily some (God knows how many or how few) who, in the midst of those cares of their own, which naturally must have such a hold on every human soul, have yet a corner in their hearts where an interest in what affects me finds a place—these things, do they not compensate for all the gaiety and charm of the beautiful and brilliant town in which I have lived a month alone?

Indeed they do. It was a selfish thought that

wish to be alone, lest the plans of a companion should clash with mine, and I should fail to have my way in everything. Besides, did I get my way after all? Not always. Nor was it always a pleasant one when I did.

Who is free? Who is independent? Who does as he likes? If friends and associates do not interfere to change our plans, are there not fifty other ways besides in which they may be overthrown and dashed aside? Better a companion with defects than no companion at all. Better a thousand times to be bored by others than to bore oneself. Better anything than for a man to be alone.

