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HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VI.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *Household Words*."
Shakespeare.

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VOL. VI.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

If you look at a Map of the World, you will see, in the left-hand upper corner of the Eastern Hemisphere, two Islands lying in the sea. They are England and Scotland, and Ireland. England and Scotland, form the greater part of these Islands. Ireland is the next in size. The little neighbouring islands, which are so small upon the Map as to be mere dots, are chiefly little bits of Scotland — broken off, I dare say, in the course of a great length of time, by the power of the restless water.

In the old days, a long, long while ago, before Our Saviour was born on earth and when he lay asleep in a manger, these Islands were in the same place, and the stormy sea roared round them, just as it roars now. But, the sea was not alive, then, with great ships and brave sailors, sailing to and from all parts of the world. It was very lonely. The Islands lay solitary, in the great expanse of water. The foaming waves dashed against their cliffs, and the bleak winds blew over their forests; but, the winds and waves brought no adventurers to land upon the Islands; and the savage Islanders knew nothing of the rest of the world, and the rest of the world knew nothing of them.

It is supposed that the Phœnicians, who were an ancient people, famous for carrying on trade, came in ships to these Islands, and found that they produced tin and lead; both very useful things, as you know, and both produced to this very hour upon the sea-coast. The most celebrated tin mines in Cornwall are, still, close to the sea. One of them, which I have seen, is so close to it that it is hollowed out underneath the ocean; and the miners say that, in stormy weather, when they are at work down in that deep place, they can hear the noise of the waves, thundering above their heads. So, the Phœnicians, coasting about the Islands, would come, without much difficulty, to where the tin and lead were.

The Phœnicians traded with

the Islanders for these metals, and gave the Islanders some other useful things in exchange. The Islanders were, at first, poor savages, going almost naked, or only dressed in the rough skins of beasts, and staining their bodies, as other savages do, with coloured earths and the juices of plants. But, the Phœnicians, sailing over to the opposite coasts of France and Belgium, and saying to the people there, "We have been to those white cliffs across the water, which you can see in fine weather; and from that country we bring this tin and lead," tempted some of the French and Belgians to come over also. These people settled themselves on the south coast of England, which is now called Kent; and, although they were a rough people too, they taught the savage Britons some useful arts, and improved that part of the Islands. It is probable that other people came over from Spain to Ireland, and settled there.

Thus, by little and little, strangers became mixed with the Islanders, and the savage Britons grew into a wild bold people — almost savage, still, especially in the interior of the country, away from the sea, where the foreign settlers seldom went; but hardy, brave, and strong.

The whole country was covered with forests, and swamps. The greater part of it was very misty and cold. There were no roads, no bridges, no streets, no houses that you would think deserving of the name. A town was nothing but a collection of straw-covered huts, hidden in a thick wood, with a ditch all round, and a low wall, made of mud, or the trunks of trees placed one upon another. The people planted little or no corn, but lived upon the flesh of their flocks and cattle. They made no coins, but used metal rings for money. They were clever in basket-work, as savage people often are; and they could make a coarse kind of cloth, and some very bad earthen ware. But, in building fortresses they were much more clever.

They made boats of basket-work, covered with the skins of animals, but seldom, if ever, ventured far from the shore. They made swords, of copper mixed with tin; but, these swords were of an awkward shape, and so soft that a heavy blow would bend one. They made light shields, short pointed daggers, and spears — which they jerked back, after they had thrown them at an enemy, by a long strip of leather fastened to the stem. The butt-end was a rattle, to frighten an enemy's horse. The ancient Britons, being divided into as many as thirty or forty tribes, each commanded by its own little King, were constantly fighting with one another, as savage people usually do; and they always fought with these weapons.

They were very fond of horses. The standard of Kent was the picture of a white horse. They could break them in and manage

them wonderfully well. Indeed, the horses (of which they had an abundance, though they were rather small) were so well taught in those days that they can scarcely be said to have improved since — though the men are so much wiser. They understood, and obeyed, every word of command; and would stand still by themselves, in all the din and noise of battle, while their masters went to fight on foot. The Britons could not have succeeded in their most remarkable art, without the aid of these sensible and trusty animals. The art I mean, is the construction and management of war-chariots or cars, for which they have ever been celebrated in history. Each of the best sort of these chariots, not quite breast high in front, and open at the back, contained one man to drive, and two or three others to fight: all standing up. The horses who drew them were so well trained, that they would tear, at full gallop, over the most stony ways, and even through the woods, dashing down their masters' enemies beneath their hoofs, and cutting them to pieces with the blades of swords, or scythes, which were fastened to the wheels, and stretched out beyond the car on each side, for that cruel purpose. In a moment, while at full speed, the horses would stop, at the driver's command. The men within would leap out, deal blows about them with their swords like hail, leap on the horses, on the pole, spring back into the chariots anyhow; and, as soon as they were safe, the horses tore away again.

The Britons had a strange and terrible religion, called the Religion of the Druids. It seems to have been brought over, in very early times indeed, from the opposite country of France, anciently called Gaul, and to have mixed up the worship of the Serpent, and of the Sun and Moon, with the worship of some of the Heathen gods and Goddesses. Most of its ceremonies were kept secret by the priests, the Druids, who pretended to be enchanters, and who carried magicians' wands, and wore, each of them, about his neck, what he told the ignorant people was a Serpent's egg in a gold case. But, it is certain that the Druidical ceremonies included the sacrifice of human victims, the torture of some suspected criminals, and, on particular occasions, even the burning alive, in immense wicker cages, of a number of men and animals together. The Druid Priests had some kind of veneration for the Oak, and for the mistletoe — the same plant that we hang up in houses at Christmas Time now — when its white berries grew upon the Oak. They met together in dark woods which they called Sacred Groves; and there they instructed in their mysterious arts, young men who came to them as pupils, and who sometimes stayed with them as long as twenty years.

These Druids built great Temples and altars, open to the sky, of which some are yet remaining.

Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire, is the most extraordinary of these. Three curious stones called Kits Coty House, on Bluebell Hill near Maidstone in Kent, form another. We know, from examination of the great blocks of which such buildings are made, that they could not have been raised without the aid of some ingenious machines, which are common now, but which the ancient Britons certainly did not use in making their own uncomfortable houses. I should not wonder if the Druids, and their pupils who stayed twenty years, knowing more than the rest of the Britons, kept the people out of sight while they made these buildings, and then pretended that they made them by magic. Perhaps, they had a hand in the fortresses too; at all events, as they were very powerful, and very much believed in, and as they made and executed the laws, and paid no taxes, I don't wonder that they liked their trade. And, as they persuaded the people that the more Druids there were, the better off the people would be, I don't wonder that there were a good many of them. But, it is pleasant to think that there are no Druids, *now*, who go on in that way, and pretend to carry Enchanters' Wands and Serpents' Eggs — and of course there is nothing of the kind, any where.

Such was the improved condition of the ancient Britons, fifty-five years before the birth of Our Saviour, when the Romans, under their great General, Julius Cæsar, were masters of all the rest of the known world. Julius Cæsar had then just conquered Gaul; and hearing, in Gaul, a good deal about the opposite Island with the white cliffs, and about the bravery of the Britons who inhabited it, some of whom had been fetched over to help the Gauls in the war against him, he resolved, as he was so near, to come and conquer Britain next.

So, Julius Cæsar came sailing over to this island of ours, with eighty vessels and twelve thousand men. And he came from the French coast between Calais and Boulogne, "because thence was the shortest passage into Britain;" just for the same reason as our steamboats now take the same track, every day. He expected to conquer Britain easily; but, it was not such easy work as he supposed — for the bold Britons fought most bravely; and, what with not having his horse-soldiers with him (for they had been driven back by a storm), and what with having some of his vessels dashed to pieces by a high tide after they were drawn ashore, he ran great risks of being totally defeated. However, for once that the bold Britons beat him, he beat them twice; though not so decisively, but that he was very glad to accept their proposals of peace, and go away.

But, in the spring of the next year, he came back; this time with eight hundred vessels and thirty thousand men. The British tribes

chose as their general-in-chief, a Briton, whom the Romans in their Latin language called CASSIVELLAUNUS, but whose British name is supposed to have been CASWALLON. A brave general he was, and well he and his soldiers fought the Roman army! So well, that whenever in that war the Roman soldiers saw a great cloud of dust, and heard the rattle of the rapid British chariots, they trembled in their hearts. Besides a number of smaller battles, there was a battle fought near Canterbury, in Kent; there was a battle fought near Chertsey in Surrey; there was a battle fought near a marshy little town in a wood, the capital of that part of Britain which belonged to CASSIVELLAUNUS, and which was probably near what is now Saint Albans in Hertfordshire. However, brave CASSIVELLAUNUS had the worst of it, on the whole, though he and his men always fought like lions. As the other British chiefs were jealous of him, and were constantly quarrelling with him, and with one another, he gave up and proposed peace. Julius Cæsar was very glad to grant peace easily, and to go away again with all his remaining ships and men. He had expected to find pearls in Britain, and he may have found a few, for anything I know! but, at all events, he found delicious oysters, and I am sure he found tough Britons, of whom, I dare say he made the same complaint as Napoleon Buonaparte the great French General did, eighteen hundred years afterwards, when he said they were such unreasonable fellows that they never knew when they were beaten. They never *did* know, I believe, and never will.

Nearly a hundred years passed on, and, all that time, there was peace in Britain. The Britons improved their towns and mode of life, became more civilised, travelled, and learnt a great deal from the Gauls and Romans. At last, the Roman Emperor, Claudius, sent AULUS PLAUTIUS, a skilful general, with a mighty force, to subdue the Island, and shortly afterwards arrived himself. They did little; and OSTORIUS SCAPULA, another general, came. Some of the British Chiefs of Tribes submitted. Others, resolved to fight to the death. Of these brave men, the bravest was CARACTACUS, or CARADOC, who gave battle to the Romans, with his army, among the mountains of North Wales. "This day," said he to his soldiers, "decides the fate of Britain! Your liberty, or your eternal slavery, dates from this hour. Remember your brave ancestors, who drove the great Cæsar himself across the sea!" On hearing these words, his men, with a great shout, rushed upon the Romans. But, the strong Roman swords and armour were too much for the weaker British weapons in close conflict. The Britons lost the day. The wife and daughter of the brave CARACTACUS were taken prisoners; his brothers delivered themselves up; he himself was betrayed into the

hands of the Romans by his false and base stepmother; and they carried him, and all his family, in triumph to Rome.

But, a great man will be great in misfortune, great in prison, great in chains. His noble air, and dignified endurance of distress, so touched the Roman people, who thronged the streets to see him, that he and his family were restored to freedom. No one knows whether his great heart broke, and he died in Rome, or whether he ever returned to his own dear country. English oaks have grown up from acorns, and withered away, when they were hundreds of years old; and other oaks have sprung up in their places, and died too, very aged; since the rest of the history of the brave CARACTACUS was forgotten.

Still, the Britons *would not* yield. They rose again and again, and died by thousands, sword in hand. They rose, on every possible occasion. SUETONIUS, another Roman general, came, and stormed the Island of Anglesey (then called MONA), which was supposed to be sacred, and burnt the Druids in their own wicker cages, by their own fires. But, even while he was in Britain, with his victorious troops, the BRITONS rose. Because BOADICEA, a British queen, the widow of the King of the Norfolk and Suffolk people, resisted the plundering of her property by the Romans who were settled in England, she was scourged, by order of CATUS a Roman officer; and her two daughters were shamefully insulted in her presence, and her husband's relations were made slaves. To avenge this injury, the Britons rose, with all their might and rage. They drove CATUS into Gaul; they laid the Roman possessions waste; they forced the Romans out of London, then a poor little town, but already a trading place; they hanged, burnt, crucified, and slew by the sword, seventy thousand Romans in a few days. SUETONIUS strengthened his army, and advanced to give them battle. They strengthened their army, and desperately attacked his, on the field where it was strongly posted. Before the first charge of the Britons was made, BOADICEA, in a war-chariot, with her fair hair streaming in the wind, and her injured daughters lying at her feet, drove among the troops, and cried to them for vengeance on their oppressors, the licentious Romans. The Britons fought to the last; but, they were vanquished with great slaughter, and the unhappy queen took poison.

Still, the spirit of the Britons was not broken. When SUETONIUS left the country, they fell upon his troops, and retook the Island of Anglesey. The Emperor AGRICOLA came, fifteen or twenty years afterwards, and retook it once more, and devoted seven years to subduing the country, especially that part of it which is now called SCOTLAND; but, its people, the Caledonians, resisted him at every inch of ground. They

fought the bloodiest battles with him; they killed their very wives and children, to prevent his making prisoners of them; they fell, fighting, in such great numbers that certain hills in Scotland are yet supposed to be vast heaps of stones piled up above their graves. The Emperor HADRIAN came, thirty years afterwards, and still they resisted him. The Emperor SEVERUS came, nearly a hundred years afterwards, and they worried his great army like dogs, and rejoiced to see them die, by thousands, in the bogs and swamps. CARACALLA, the son and successor of SEVERUS, did the most to conquer them, for a time; but not by force of arms. He knew how little that would do. He yielded up a quantity of land to the Caledonians, and gave the Britons the same privileges as the Romans possessed. There was peace, after this, for seventy years.

Then, new enemies arose — THE SAXONS, a fierce, seafaring people from the countries to the North of the Rhine, the great river of Germany, on the banks of which the best grapes grow to make the German wine. They began to come, in pirate ships, to the sea coasts of Gaul and Britain, and to plunder them. They were repulsed by CARAUSIUS, a native either of Belgium or of Britain, who was appointed by the Romans to the command, and under whom the Britons first began to fight upon the sea. But, after his time, they renewed their ravages. A few years more, and the Scots (which was then the name for the people of Ireland) and the Picts, a northern people, began to make frequent plundering incursions into the South of Britain. All these attacks were repeated, at intervals, during two hundred years, and through a long succession of Roman Emperors and chiefs; during all which length of time, the Britons rose against the Romans, over and over again. At last, in the days of the Roman Emperor, HONORIUS, when the Roman power all over the world was fast declining, and when Rome wanted all her soldiers at home, the Romans abandoned all hope of conquering Britain, and went away. And still, at last, as at first, the Britons rose against them, in their old brave manner; for, a very little while before, they had turned away the Roman magistrates, and declared themselves an independent people.

Five hundred years had passed, since Julius Cæsar's first invasion of the Island, when the Romans departed from it for ever. In the course of that time, although they had been the cause of terrible fighting and bloodshed, they had done much to improve the condition of the Britons. They had made great military roads; they had built forts; they had taught them how to dress and arm themselves much better than they had ever known how to do before; they had refined the whole British way of living. AGRICOLA had built a great wall of earth, more than seventy miles long, extend-

ing from Newcastle to beyond Carlisle, for the purpose of keeping out the Picts and Scots; HADRIAN had strengthened it; SEVERUS, finding it much in want of repair, had built it afresh of stone. Above all, it was in the Roman time, and by means of Roman ships, that the Christian Religion was first brought into Britain, and its people first taught the great lesson that, to be good in the sight of GOD, they must love their neighbours as themselves, and do unto others as they would be done by. The Druids declared it was very wicked to believe any such thing, and cursed all the people who did believe it, very heartily. But, when the people found that they were none the better for the blessings of the Druids, and none the worse for the curses of the Druids', but, that the sun shone and the rain fell without consulting the Druids at all, they just began to think that the Druids were mere men, and that it signified very little whether they cursed or blessed. After which, the pupils of the Druids fell off greatly in numbers, and the Druids took to other trades.

Thus, I have come to the end of the Roman time in England. It is but little that is known of those five hundred years; but, some remains of them are still found. Often, when labourers are digging up the ground, to make foundations for houses, or churches, they light on rusty money that once belonged to the Romans. Fragments of plates from which they ate, of goblets from which they drank, and of pavement on which they trod, are discovered among the earth that is broken by the plough, or the dust that is crumbled by the gardener's spade. Wells that the Romans sunk, still yield water; roads that the Romans made, form part of our highways. In some old battle-fields, British spear-heads and Roman armour have been found, mingled together in decay, as they fell in the thick pressure of the fight. Traces of Roman camps overgrown with grass, and of mounds that are the burial-places of heaps of Britons, are to be seen in almost all parts of the country. Across the bleak moors of Northumberland, the wall of SEVERUS, over-run with moss and weeds, still stretches, a strong ruin; and the shepherds and their dogs lie sleeping on it in the summer weather. On Salisbury Plain, Stonehenge yet stands, a monument of the earlier time when the Roman name was unknown in Britain, and when the Druids, with their best magic wands, could not have written it, in the sands of the wild sea-shore.

ASPIRE!

ASPIRE! whatever fate befall,
Be it praise or blame —
Aspire! even when deprived of all —
It is thy nature's aim.
The seed beneath the frozen earth,
When winter checks the fresh green birth,
Still yearningly aspires,
With ripening desires,

And, in its season, it will shoot
Up into the perfect fruit;
But had it not lain low,
It ne'er had learn'd to grow.

Aspire! for in thyself alone
That power belongs of right;
Within thyself that seed is sown,
Which strives to reach the light;
All pride of rank, all pomp of place,
All pinnacles that point in space,
But show thee, to the spheres,
No greater than thy peers;
But if thy spirit doth aspire,
Thou risest ever higher — higher —
Towards that consummate end,
When Heavenward we tend.

PHYSIOLOGY OF INTEMPERANCE.

"ONE glass more," exclaimed mine host of the Garter. "A bumper at parting! No true knight ever went away without 'the stirrup-cup.'"

"Good," cried a merry-faced guest; "but the Age of Chivalry is gone, and that of water-drinkers and teetotallers has succeeded. Temperance societies have been imported from America, and grog nearly thrown over-board by the British Navy."

"Very properly so," observed a Clergyman who sat at the table. "The accidents which occur from drunkenness on board ship may be so disastrous on the high seas, and the punishment necessary to suppress this vice is so revolting, that the most experienced naval officers have recommended the allowance of grog, served both to officers and men in our Navy, to be reduced one-half. In America, as well as in our own Merchant Service, vessels sail out of harbour on the Temperance principle; not a particle of spirits is allowed on board; and the men, throughout the voyage, are reported to continue healthy and able-bodied. Tea is an excellent substitute; many of our old seamen prefer it to grog."

"That may be," exclaimed the merry-faced guest. "Horses have been brought to eat oysters; and on the Coromandel coast, Bishop Heber says, they get fat when fed on fish. Sheep have been trained up, during a voyage, to eat animal food, and refused, when put ashore, to crop the dewy green-sward. When honest Jack renounces his grog, and, after reefing topsails in a gale of wind, goes below deck to swill down a domestic dish of tea, after the fashion of Dr. Samuel Johnson, at Mrs. Thrale's, I greatly fear the character of our British seamen will degenerate. In the glorious days of Lord Nelson, the observation almost passed into a proverb, that the man who loved his grog always made the best sailor. Besides, in rough and stormy weather, when men have perhaps been splicing the mainbrace, and exposed to midnight cold and damp, the stimulus of grog is surely necessary to support, if not restore, the vital energy?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the Clergyman. "Severe labour, even at sea, is better sustained without alcoholic liquors; and the depressing effects of exposure to cold and wet weather best counteracted by

a hot mess of cocoa or coffee served with biscuit or the usual allowance of meat. In fact, I have lately read, with considerable satisfaction, a prize essay by an accomplished physician, in which he proves that alcohol acts as a poison on the nervous system, and that we can dispense entirely with the use of stimulants.

"Not exactly so," observed a Physician, who was of the party. "Life itself exists only by stimulation; the air we breathe, the food we eat, the desires and emotions which excite the mind to activity, are all so many forms of physical and mental stimuli. If the atmosphere were deprived of its oxygen, the blood would cease to acquire those stimulating properties which excite the action of the heart, and sustain the circulation; and if the daily food of man were deprived of certain necessary stimulating adjuncts, the digestive organs would no longer recruit the strength, and the wear and tear of the body. Nay, strange as it may appear, that common article in domestic cookery, salt, is a natural and universal stimulant to the digestive organs of all warm-blooded animals. This is strikingly exemplified by the fact, that animals, in their wild state, will traverse, instinctively, immense tracts of country in pursuit of it; for example, to the salt-pans of Africa and America; and it is a curious circumstance, that one of the ill effects produced by withholding this stimulant from the human body is the generation of worms. The ancient laws of Holland condemned men, as a severe punishment, to be fed on bread unmixed with salt; and the effect was horrible; for these wretched criminals are reported to have been devoured by worms, engendered in their own stomach. Now, I look upon alcohol to be, under certain circumstances, as healthful and proper a stimulant to the digestive organs as salt, when taken in moderation, whether in the form of malt liquor, wine, or spirits and water. When taken to excess, it may act upon the nervous system as a poison; but the most harmless solids or fluids may, by being taken to excess, be rendered poisonous. Indeed, it has been truly observed, that 'Medicines differ from poisons, only in their doses.' Alcoholic stimulants, artificially and excessively imbibed, are, doubtless, deleterious."

'The subject," observed the Host, filling his glass, and passing the bottle, "is a curious one. The port before us, at all events, is not poison; and I confess, that so ignorant am I of these matters, that I would like to know something about this alcohol which is so much spoken of."

"The explanation is not difficult," answered the Doctor. "Alcohol is simply derived by fermentation, or distillation, from substances or fluids containing sugar; in other words, the matter of sugar, when subjected to a certain temperature, undergoes a change, and the elements of which the sugar was previously composed enter

into a new combination, which constitutes the fluid named Alcohol, or Spirits of Wine. Raymond Lully, the alchemist (thirteenth century), is said to have given it the name of Alcohol; but the art of obtaining it was, in that age of darkness and superstition, kept a profound mystery. When it became more known, physicians prescribed it only as a medicine, and imagined that it had the important property of prolonging life, upon which account they designated it 'Aqua Vitæ,' or the 'Water of Life,' and the French, to this day, call their Cognac '*Eau de Vie.*'"

'It is a remarkable circumstance," observed the Clergyman, filling his glass, "that there is hardly any nation, however rude and destitute of invention, that has not succeeded in discovering some composition of an intoxicating nature; and it would appear, that nearly all the herbs, and roots, and fruits on the face of the earth have been, in some way or other, sacrificed on the shrine of Bacchus. All the different grains destined for the support of man; corn of every description; esculent roots, potatoes, carrots, turnips; grass itself, as in Kamtschatka; apples, pears, cherries, and even the delicious juice of the peach, have been pressed into this service; nay, so inexhaustible appear to be the resources of art, that a vinous spirit has been obtained, by distillation, from milk itself."

"Milk!" cried the merry-faced guest, "Can alcohol be obtained from mother's milk?"

"Very probably," continued the Clergyman. "The Tartars and Calmucks obtain a vinous spirit from the distillation a mares' and cows' milk; and, as far as I can recollect, the process consists in allowing the milk first to remain in untanned skins, sewed together, until it sours and thickens. This they agitate until a thick cream appears on the surface, which they give to their guests, and then, from the skimmed milk that remains, they draw off the spirit."

"Exactly so," observed the Doctor, "but it is worthy of notice, that a Russian chemist discovered that if this milk were deprived of its butter and cheese, the whey, although it contains the whole of the sugar of milk, will not undergo vinous fermentation."

"These facts," observed the Host, "are interesting, but they are more curious than useful. The alcohol, I presume, from whatever source it be derived, is chemically the same thing; how, then, does it happen that some wines, containing precisely the same quantity of alcohol, intoxicate more speedily than others?"

"The reason," explained the Doctor, "is simply this. We must regard all wines, even the very wine we are drinking, not as a simple mixture, but as a compound holding the matter of sugar, mucilaginous, and extractive principles contained in the grape juice, in intimate combination with the alcohol. Accordingly, the more

quickly the real spirit is set free from this combination, the more rapidly are intoxicating effects produced; and this is the reason why wines containing the same quantity of alcohol have different intoxicating powers. Thus, champagne intoxicates very quickly. Now this wine contains comparatively only a small quantity of alcohol; but this escapes from the froth, or bubbles of carbonic acid gas, as it reaches the surface, carrying along with it all the aroma which is so agreeable to the taste. The liquor in the glass then becomes vapid. This has been clearly proved. The froth of champagne has been collected under a glass bell, and condensed by surrounding the vessel with ice; the alcohol has then been found condensed within the glass. The object, therefore, of icing champagne — or rather, the effect produced by this operation — is to repress its tendency to effervesce, whereby a smaller quantity of alcohol is taken with each glass. Wines containing the same quantity of alcohol accordingly differ in their effects; nay, it is not to the alcohol only they contain that certain noxious effects are to be attributed, for, as Dr. Paris clearly shows, when they contain an excess of certain acids, a suppressed fermentation takes place in the stomach itself, which will cause flatulency and a great variety of unpleasant symptoms. In fact, a fluid load remains in the stomach, to undergo a slow and painful form of digestion."

But, in whatever shape you introduce it," remarked the Host, 'whether disguised as wine, or in the form of brandy, whiskey, or gin-and-water, it matters not — I wish to have a clear idea of the immediate effects of alcohol upon the living system."

"Well!" said the Doctor, "it can very easily be described. When you swallow a glass — let us say of brandy-and-water — the stimulating liquid, upon entering into the stomach, excites the blood vessels and nerves of its internal lining coat, which causes an increased flow of blood and nervous energy to this part. The consequence is, that the internal membrane of the stomach becomes highly reddened and injected, just as if inflammation had already been produced by the presence of the stimulant. Thus far you probably follow me; — but this is not all — the vessels thus excited have an absorbing power; they suck up (as it were) and carry directly into the stream of the circulation a portion (at all events) of the alcohol which thus irritates them. The result is, that alcohol is thus mixed with the blood and brought into immediate contact with the minute structure of all the different organs of the body."

"But how," asked the merry-faced guest, "can this be known? Who ever saw into the stomach of a living man?"

"Strange as it may appear to you, that has been done, and all the circumstances connected with the digestion of solids and fluids

in the stomach have been very accurately observed. It happened, in the year 1822, that a young Canadian, named Alexis St. Martin, was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket, which carried away a portion of his ribs, perforating and exposing the interior of the stomach. After the poor fellow had undergone much suffering, all the injured parts became sound, excepting the perforation into the stomach, which remained some two and a half inches in circumference; and upon this unfortunate individual his physician, Dr. Beaumont, when he was sufficiently well, made a series of very careful observations, which have determined a great variety of important points connected with the physiology of digestion. Fluids introduced into the stomach rapidly disappeared, being taken up by these vessels and carried into the system. We cannot, therefore, be surprised to hear that so subtile and penetrating a fluid as alcohol should very speedily find its way into all the tissues of the body. Its presence may be smelt in the breath of persons addicted to spirituous liquors, as well as in their secretions generally."

"But to what do you attribute the noxious effects of alcohol, allowing it to be thus carried by direct absorption into the circulation?" asked the Host.

"To the excess of carbon,' answered the Doctor, "which is thus introduced into the system; and explains why the liver, in hard drinkers, is generally found diseased."

"How so?" inquired the Host. "I have heard of the 'Gin Liver.'"

"It is well known that a long residence in India," interposed the Clergyman, "will give rise to enlargement and induration of this organ."

"And for the same reason," answered the Doctor, "the liver acts as a substitute for the lungs — just as the skin acts vicariously for the kidneys."

"Not a word of this do I understand," said the merry-faced guest.

"Well then," continued the Doctor, "I will endeavour to explain it. By a wonderful provision of Nature, which appears to come under the law of compensation, when one organ, by reason of decay, is unable to perform its functions, another undertakes its functions, and, to a certain extent, supplies its place. You all know that blind people acquire a preternatural delicacy in the sense of touch, which did not escape the philosophical observation of Wordsworth, who speaks of

> "A watchful heart,
> Still couchant — an inevitable ear;
> And an eye practised like a blind Man's touch."

Now, it is the office of the vessels of the skin to throw off by perspiration, the watery parts of the blood; the kidneys do the same; and under a great variety of circumstances which must be familiar to all, these organs frequently

act vicariously for one another. The office of the liver, and the lungs also, is in like manner, to throw off carbon from the system, and when during residence in a Tropical climate the lungs are unable, from the state of the atmosphere, to perform their functions, the liver acting vicariously for this organ is stimulated to undue activity, and becomes consequently diseased. Applying these remarks to the Spirit Drinker, it is obvious that the excess of carbon introduced into the system by alcohol is thrown upon the liver, and by stimulating it to undue activity produces a state of inflammation."

"This I understand," observed the Clergyman, "but how does it act upon the brain? Does the alcohol itself actually become absorbed, and enter into the substance of the brain?"

"The effect of an excess of carbon, in the blood-vessels of the brain, is to produce sleep and stupor; hence the drunkard breathes thick, and snores spasmodically, and after this state, ends in confirmed apoplexy and death — just as dogs become insensible when held over the Grotto del Cane, in Italy, where they inhale this deleterious gas. But in addition to this it has been clearly proved, that alcohol does enter into the substance of the brain, for it has been detected by the smell, upon examining the brain of persons who have died drunk; besides which, alcohol, after having been introduced by way of experiment, into the body of a living dog, has afterwards been procured absolutely as alcohol by distillation from the substance of the brain. It is so subtile a fluid that Liebig says, it permeates every tissue of the body."

"But how do you explain the circumstance that death sometimes happens suddenly after drinking spirits," asked the Host, "before there can be time for absorption to take place?"

"I remember, not many years ago," interposed the merry-faced guest, "a water-man in attendance at the cab-stand at the top of the Haymarket, for a bribe of five shillings, tossed off a bottle of gin, upon which he dropped down insensible, and soon died."

"This may clearly be accounted for," observed the Doctor. "The stomach as I premised, is plentifully supplied with nerves, and is connected with one of the great nervous centres in the body, so that a sudden impression produced upon these nerves, by the introduction of a quantity of such stimulus, gives a shock to the whole nervous system, which completely overpowers it. From the centre to the circumference it acts like a stroke of lightning, and the death is often instantaneous. A draught of iced water taken when the system has been over-heated by exertion, by dancing or otherwise, has been known to be immediately fatal. The physiological action — or rather the 'shock' upon the nervous system, is in both cases the same—violent

mental emotion, will in like manner, suspend the action of the heart and produce instant death. These are the terrors of alcohol, when drunk to excess; but the health of the habitual tippler is sure to be undermined; his hands become tremulous, he is unsteady in his gait, his complexion becomes sallow; and all his mental faculties gradually impaired."

"To what, may I ask," inquired the merry-faced guest, "do you attribute the circumstance of the trembling hand recovering its steadiness, after taking a glass of spirits in the morning after a debauch; 'hair of the dog,' as it is called, 'that bit overnight?'"

"Action and reaction is the great Law of the Animal Economy," replied the Doctor; "over stimulation will always produce a corresponding degree of depression; when, therefore, the nervous system has been over-excited by alcoholic liquors, the usual amount of nervous energy which is necessary to give tone to the muscular system is wanting, and then a stimulus gives a fillip to the nervous centres, which restores the nervous powers to the extremities. When this state of things, however, has been permitted to go on, and the brain has been frequently brought under alcoholic influence, its structure becomes affected, and a slow and very insidious inflammation takes place, which terminates in a softening of its substance. This mischief may proceed for a considerable period without being suspected, but on a sudden '*delirium tremens*' may supervene, which will terminate, perhaps, in paralysis — perhaps death!"

"To what, Doctor," inquired the Clergyman, "do you attribute the mental pleasures of intoxication? Can this be explained upon physiological principles?"

"Easily, I think," answered the Doctor. "All inebriating agents have a two-fold action — as I have already pointed out — first, on the circulation; and secondly, on the nervous system. There can be no doubt that the mind becomes endowed with encreased energy when the circulation through the brain is moderately quickened. This has been proved by observation. The case has been reported of a person who having lost by disease a part of the skull and its investments, a corresponding portion of brain was open to inspection. In a state of dreamless sleep, the brain lay motionless within the skull; but when dreams occurred, as reported by the patient, then the quantity of blood was observed to flow with increased rapidity, causing the brain to move and protrude out of the skull. When perfectly awake and engaged in active thought, then the blood again was sent with increased force to the brain, and the protrusion was still greater. Under all circumstances, increased circulation through the brain gives rise to mental excitement, and sometimes to an unusual lucidity of ideas. It is observed in the

early stages of fever and even in the dying — and this accounts for the clearing up of the mind which sometimes occurs in the last moments of life — what is called familiarly 'the lightening before death.'"

"That," observed the Clergyman, "is a very curious circumstance, which I firmly believe; and you account for this, if I understand your meaning, by explaining that the blood which no longer circulates in the extremities which may have become cold, flows with increased impetus through the brain."

"Exactly so," replied the Doctor, "and upon this very principle the rapidity of ideas, and the pleasurable mental excitement attending that temporary state of intellectual exaltation, depends on the increased rapidity of the flow of blood through the brain; but when this becomes carried to too great an extent, and the rapidity of the current disturbs the healthy condition of the brain, then the manifestations of the mind necessarily become impaired, the ideas are no longer under the control of the reasoning faculty, and the bodily organs, usually under the dominion of the will, no longer obey its mandates. This I believe to be the true theory of mental intoxication."

"But there are many circumstances," observed the Host, "which may accelerate or retard this excitement."

"Certainly," continued the Doctor; "persons who join the social board already elated with some good news, or cause of unusual happiness; persons who talk much, and excite themselves in argument, are apt to become affected more speedily than those who hold themselves in the midst of the convivial scene sedate and taciturn. The mind, in fact, may exercise a considerable power of resistance against inebriation; for which reason, persons in the society of their superiors, under circumstances which render it necessary they should maintain the appearance of being always well conducted, drink with impunity more than they otherwise could, if they did not impose upon themselves this consciousness of self-government. We also observe the influence of the mind, in controlling, and, indeed, putting an end to a fit of intoxication, by making, doubtless, an impression on the heart and causation, when a sense of danger, or a piece of good or bad news, suddenly communicated, sobers a person on a sudden."

"I have heard," observed the merry-faced guest, "that moving about — changing from one seat into another — will check the effects of liquor; and I have known persons who have left a social party perfectly sober, become suddenly tipsy in the open air. How is this to be explained?"

"Precisely on the same principle," answered the Doctor, "upon leaving an overheated room, on your returning homewards, you expose yourself to an

atmosphere many degrees below that you have just left. The cold checks the circulation on the surface of the body; the blood is driven inwards; it accumulates, consequently, in the internal organs; and sometimes its pressure is such on the brain, as to produce on a sudden the very last stage of intoxication. The limbs refuse to support their burthen, and the person falls down in a state of profound insensibility."

"I have recently," said the Host, "read in the Police Reports several cases of this description; and imagined that some narcotic drug must have been mixed with the liquor drunk by such persons. Adulteration of some sort must go on to a frightful extent in gin-palaces."

"Not by any means," answered the Doctor, "to the extent you suppose. It is said that the spirit-dealer makes his whiskey or gin bead by adding a little turpentine to it. Well! what then? Turpentine is a very healthy diuretic. It is given to infants to kill worms in very large doses. Then, again, vitriol is spoken of; but so strong is sulphuric acid, that it would clearly render these spirits quite unpalatable. I do not affirm that the art of adulteration may not occasionally be had recourse to, even with criminal intentions, for such cases have been brought under the notice of the authorities; but I do not believe the practice is so general as some persons suppose. I apprehend dilution is a more general means of fraud."

"It has often occurred to me," said the Clergyman, "that our municipal regulations might, on this subject, be much improved. Our Excise officers enter the cellars of the wholesale and retail spirit-dealer, only to gauge the strength of the spirit, and to ascertain how much it may be over-proof, which alone regulates the Government duty; but for the sake of the public health I would go further than this. If a butcher be found selling unhealthy meat; a fishmonger, bad fish; or a baker cheat in the weight of bread, they severally have their goods confiscated, and are fined; and so far the public is protected. But the authorities seem not to care what description of poison is sold across the counter of gin-palaces — an evil which may easily be remedied. I would put the licensed victualler on the same level with the butcher and fishmonger: and if he were found selling adulterated spirits, and the charge were proved against him by the same having been fairly analysed, he, too, should be liable to be fined, or even lose his licence. The public health is, upon this point, at present utterly unprotected."

"Some such measure," observed the Host, "might be advantageously adopted; but I confess that I do not advocate the prohibition-principle; instead of preaching a Crusade against the use of any particular article,

whether of necessity or comfort, let us educate the people, and improve their social condition by inculcating sound moral principles; they will soon learn that habits of industry and temperance can alone ensure them and their children happiness and prosperity; and in so doing, you will teach a sound, practical permanent lesson."

"But," interrupted the Clergyman, "if we continue the conversation longer, we shall ourselves become transgressors; the 'stirrup-cup' is drained: much remains doubtless to be said respecting the evils, physical and moral, which arise from intemperance; but let us now adjourn."

"With all my heart!" exclaimed the Host, "and now, 'to all and each, a fair good night!'"

LIFE IN A SALADERO.

WHENCE come the thirty-five thousand tons of ox-hides annually imported into this country? — whence a large proportion of the seventy thousand tons of tallow? — whence the twenty thousand tons of dry bones — (for sugar-refining, ornamental turnery, and fancy articles)? — whence the millions of horns? — whence do the great slave populations of Brazil, Bahia, Pernambuco, and Cuba obtain the dry and salted beef which is their staple food?

The answer to these questions is a description of a South American "Saladero."

Thousands of miles of the finest pasturage in the world are spread over the Pampas or Plains of Southern America; and upon them browse, nearly in a wild state, innumerable oxen and cows, which are dexterously caught by means of the lasso; are brought within the precincts of an "Estancia," (described in former pages of this work), and thence transferred to the "Saladero" to be killed, skinned, dissected, salted, and distributed to every commercial quarter of the globe.

A "Saladero" signifies, literally, a salting-place, from the Spanish word *sal*, salt. The chief establishments of this nature are situated on both banks of the River Plate, near the two capitals, Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. Trade and manufacture are, however, banished from the neighbourhood of the latter town, by the prolonged siege, which, emulating that of Troy, has been carried on since 1843; and commercial, and every other sort of peaceful activity, has been removed to the Southernmost province of Brazil, Rio Grande da Sul. But the Saladeros of Buenos Ayres, not having been disturbed by warfare, are the only ones in regular and constant operation. They number about twenty-four. Most of them are situated on both sides of a small river, called Riachuelo de Barracas, at a distance of about three miles from the city of Buenos Ayres. Around

them a little town has sprung up, and is gaining fresh inhabitants every day, from the increasing business of the Saladeros.

The particular establishment which I inspected was that belonging to the Spanish house of Santamaria, Llambi and Cambaceres; which is situated on a piece of ground that may have a length of four hundred yards, and a breadth of nearly two hundred and fifty yards. Its form is quadrangular, having the river on one of the longer sides. On the other three sides it is enclosed by a ditch, or *sanja*, through which the blood of the slaughtered cattle is discharged into the river. In the middle of the square stands a white flat-roofed house, with a small garden and separate yard. This serves as the residence of the *major-domo*, or manager of the whole establishment, and for counting-houses.

Entering through a gateway from the road on the South, the visitor finds himself in a large yard, surrounded on three sides by buildings. On the left is the *corral*. This is a wide but oblong inclosure, with a separate portal from the road, for the cattle to enter at. Within is a smaller *corral* or *vreté*, entirely round, and paved with wood. These inclosures are formed by closely-wedged fences of the trunks of poplar trees. From the month of November to April the great corral is always full of bellowing fat cattle, which is brought, with great trouble and often great loss, by people called *accarreadores*, or *receros*, from the Estancias in the interior. They drive the cattle, either on their own account, or on account of the house of Santamaria and Co., at the rate of from nine to fifteen miles a day.

Let us suppose a herd to have arrived; and, in order to get a clear idea of the life and activity going on in these Saladeros, follow the victims to their doom. Imagine them collected in the great corral preparing to be driven into the small one. The entrance to this is approached by a narrow lane, consisting of two rows of enormous stakes — whole trunks of trees in fact — driven into the earth. The gate between the great corral and the main road, is closed. The *receros* are pushing, and goading, and hallooing with might and main, till the beasts are wedged together as tightly as people at the pit-door of a theatre on the night of a popular play; but, unlike the pit entrance, the door of the *vreté* or smaller inclosure is of the portcullis kind; and when the performances inside are to commence, it is lifted up. The bovine victims rush in; but the moment they enter, they encounter sights and smells portentous of their coming fate, which impel them to make a sudden retreat. Alas! the instant the last tail has passed under the opening, down falls the door to oppose all egress; and the unhappy oxen find themselves as completely imprisoned as rats in a trap.

It is three o'clock in the morning of a South American summer, and a bell has already summoned the workmen to their various avocations. Several jolly figures appear, joking with each other, and smoking their paper cigars. Though so merry, they are sanguinary-looking fellows; their calico shirts, their *canzonzillas* or wide trowsers, the *chiripá* or apron, the sash which confines all these round the waist, and the handkerchief which is folded tightly round their heads, are blood-stained. Into the sash is stuck, on one side, a couple of long knives, kept in formidable order by a steel suspended from the other; such being the characteristic dress and appliances of the *desolladores* or skinners. They all make towards a large floor paved with wood, and sheltered under a roof which is supported by huge wooden pillars. This is the *playa* or butcher-house. At one corner of this playa is a communication with the *vreté*, a sort of doorway, across which is fastened midway into each post, a great bar. Upon this bar is fitted a small wheel, over the circumference of which is rove a strong and long rope of hide, with a lasso, or running noose, at one end in the *vreté*, and a couple of horses attached to the other end, in the *galpon*. Under the bar is a low carriage, into which the beast falls, when dead, to be drawn away. Sharpening their knives and arranging their implements, the executioners are soon ready for action.

Meanwhile the *Capataz de los Coralles* (Captain of the Corrals) with a half-dozen boys, are busy riding round the larger enclosure on horseback, making the most hideous noises their lungs are capable of, and galloping about in all directions, till they have frightened from eighty to a hundred of the beasts into the lesser enclosure. When that is done, the cattle are shut in, and fall under the knife of the slaughter-man by a very ingenious process. Near to the bar and wheel an *enlassador*, or lasso-thrower stands upon a railed platform — (a short gallery, in fact) — and with unerring aim throws the noose of his lasso over the horns of the nearest animal, and catches it. He then gives the word "dele!" (go on), to the horses harnessed to the other end of the lasso; they move rapidly on, the lasso travels round the wheel till the ox's head is pressed so tightly against it, that he is powerless, and forced into a position most convenient to be slaughtered. The *enlassador* then draws from his belt a short dagger, and stabs the animal in the back of the neck — its most vulnerable part — just between the skull and the spine. Death is instantaneous: after a convulsive shudder the beast drops down as if struck with lightning. This is a comparatively humane mode of slaughter, which might with advantage be adopted in this country.

In a minute the car upon four wheels which receives the animal is drawn (on the bar being lifted) into the interior of the *galpon*, on a tram. The carcase is delivered over to the skinners, and the car returns to the fatal bar and wheel for another victim. This goes on all day, with the exception of a half-hour's rest, till three or four in the afternoon; and so dexterously and rapidly is this sort of battue kept up, that during the twelve hours from four to five hundred animals are daily disposed of.

The *desollador* now proceeds to dissection. He cuts the head off in a trice. The skin is disengaged from the trunk by a series of rapid and even cuts, and then stripped. Beef is the next consideration; but only the fore part of the beast is prepared for the salting process. The skinner takes out the two shoulder pieces, the two back pieces, and two breast pieces; so that only six joints are thought worthy of preservation. The carcase is drawn away, and makes room for another animal just slaughtered, to be dealt with in like manner.

The meat having been washed, dried, and removed from the bones, is taken to another place, which is the "Saladero" proper, or salting-house. It has been cut into pieces, which are now arranged in a square pile, each layer being covered with salt. This *pila* containing the results, in beef, of the day's slaughter is afterwards removed to be dried again, and is then ready for exportation. When there is a great demand for beef the drying is done by a forced process, in three or four days; but it is best done when the piles are allowed to remain for several weeks, before dried.

While the meat is being salted and piled, the bones, fat, and intestines are hurried to another part of the yard, where two tall chimneys indicate to us where the *fabrica*, or melting-house is situated — just opposite to the *galpon*, and forming one side of the square we have just crossed. We pass under its roof — for, like none of the other sheds, it has walls — and observe two fireplaces, each surmounted by an enormous boiler. From these boilers ascend four copper tubes, through each of which is driven with the force of an engine, a powerful jet of steam into the bottom of a *tina* or vat, from fourteen to eighteen feet high, and made of thick pine staves, bound together with hoops. As each steam pipe leads to a separate vat, (of which there are eight), either capable of containing from a hundred to a hundred and fifty carcases and heads. It takes several hours "to load" each vat; but when that operation is completed, the steam is turned on and the whole is steamed incessantly from forty-eight to seventy-two hours. The cleaned and whitened bones are, at the end of that time, taken out and the tallow drawn off, purified in flat vessels and packed in barrels for shipment.

The remaining mass is so completely reduced to dry fibre, that it makes excellent fuel, and is used to heat and stew succeeding "loads." This is a great advantage in a district very scantily supplied with wood, and in which there is no coal whatever. The peculiar fuel, thus supplied, is appropriately called *carne cozida*, "boiled beef." In a Saladero nothing is ever lost, and the utility of *carne cozida* is not confined to "keeping the pot boiling." It is left in such abundance in the vats, that after the furnaces are supplied with it, the rest is heaped up in immense piles; and such as does not find a market in Buenos Ayres is set light to and left to burn till it is reduced to ashes. These ashes are used in road-making; for stones, as well as wood, are scarce on this bank of the river, and successive strata of this ash have so raised the banks of the stream that they protect the Saladeros from inundation.

The most important and profitable part of the ox is its hide. There are two ways in which hides are prepared for exportation: they are either salted or dried. While the meat is carried from the *playa* to the salting house, and the carcass to the *fabrica*, the skin is delivered over to a set of workmen called *descarnadores* or trimmers. They lay each hide on the flat of their left hands, scrape off all the beef and fat which may be adhering to the inner coating with a knife in the right hand, trim the edges, and then stretch out the hides by means of stakes driven into the ground, if the skins are to be dried. If they are to be salted, a pile is made of them with layers of salt. Dried hides require much more time and skill, than when they are only salted. In the latter case, they are packed in casks for exportation; in the former, when shipped, they are tied up in bundles.

It is thus that the principal parts of the beast are disposed of; but he yields certain minor articles of merchandise which, in the aggregate, materially increase the trade of a Saladero. The heads are detained on their way to the *fabrica* by boys whose business it is to take the tongues out. When this is done, the tongues are salted, a process which requires great skill, that the salt may penetrate the thick part as well as the tip. In order that the roots may receive the salt more readily, they are hammered on a stone.

But before the head is tossed into the vat, it has to be denuded of its horns, which are to be brought off with the frontal bone which holds them. A few days' exposure to the air, especially in wet weather, so loosens the horns that they are removed with very little effort. Millions of them are exported every year. The refuse, left behind by the *descarnadores*, is employed in glue-making. Even the tails of oxen are made into merchandise. When sufficiently dry, they are packed up in *bales*, but whether their ultimate destiny be soup or not, we have not been

able to learn. Certain it is, that from the hoofs is extracted, in a special department of the Saladero, an oil, which pays remarkably well.

The work-people are paid wages which would astonish the European operative. Even boys gain from four to five shillings a-day. While the more skilful workmen can net as much as from six to seven pounds sterling per week.

The control and business arrangements of these great establishments are confided to a foreman, or *major-domo*, who resides on the spot. Under him is a *capataz*, or overseer, for each department. These are almost always foreigners of good family. Indeed, the foreigners abound in all situations: foreigners, especially Basques and Irish, increase daily. The native workmen have been much improved in manners and intelligence by the intruders, and all work in harmony in the Saladero; though the general character of the native population is turbulent in the extreme. Nearly all the fine territories in that part of the world are periodically plunged in fierce and ruinous war, which retards civilisation, and renders commerce uncertain and hazardous. It is to be hoped, however, that with increasing intercourse with Europe, the people of South America will be convinced of the benefits of commerce, which ever brings in its train those industrious habits and moral advantages, which war has hitherto banished from the best districts.

THE CHURCH POOR-BOX.

I AM a Poor-Box! — here I stick,
Nailed to a wall of whitewashed brick,
Teeming with "fancies coming thick,"
That sometimes mingle
With solid pence from those who kneel;
While, now and then, oh joy! I feel
A sixpence tingle!

The robin on me oft doth hop;
I am the woodlouse' working shop;
And friendly spiders sometimes drop
A line to me;
While e'en the sun will often stop,
To shine on me.

I am of sterling, close, hard grain
As any box on land or main;
But age, my friends, who can sustain,
In solitude?
Neglect might make a Saint complain,
Whate'er his wood.

Heaven hath, no doubt, a large design:
Some hearts are harder grain'd than mine;
Some men too fat, and some too fine,
And some can't spare it; —
I do not mean to warp and pine,
But humbly bear it.

This is a cold and draughty place,
And folks pass by with quickened pace,
Praying, perchance, a dinner-grace;
But ever then,
I feel the comfort of His face,
Who pities men.

I saw, last week, in portly style,
A usurer coming down the aisle;
His chin a screw, his nose a file,
With gimlet eye:
He turned his head, to cough and smile —
And sidled by.

I saw the same rich man, this morn,
With sickly cheek and gait forlorn —
As feeble, almost, as when born;
He dropt some pelf,
Pitying the Poor — the weak and worn —
Meaning "himself."

I saw, last year, a courtly dame,
With splendid bust, and jewels' flame,
And all the airs of feathered game —
A high-bred star-thing:
All saw the gold — but close she came,
And dropt — a farthing.

Two days ago, she passed this way,
Heart-broken — prematurely grey —
Her beauty like its mother — clay:
She gave me gold;
"I am like thee" — I heard her say —
"Hollow and cold."

The farmer gives when crops are good,
Because the markets warm his blood:
The traveller, 'scaped from field and flood,
Endows the Poor;
The dying miser sends his mud,
To make Heaven sure.

A lover with his hoped-for bride
(Her parents being close beside)
Drew forth his purse with sleek-faced pride,
Rattling my wood:
All day I felt a pain in the side,
He was "so good."

The Captain fresh from sacking towns,
My humble claim to pity owns;
The Justice on his shilling frowns;
But, worst of all,
Arch-hypocrites display their crowns
Beside my wall.

There came a little child, one day,
Just old enough to know its way,
And, clambering up, it seemed to say
"Poor lonely Box!"
Gave me a kiss — and went away
With drooping locks.

I have to play a thankless part;
With all men's charities I smart,
But those who give with a child's heart,
From pure fount sprung: —
The rest I take, as on the mart;
Wise head — still tongue.

A BIOGRAPHY OF A BAD SHILLING.

I BELIEVE I may state with confidence that my parents were respectable, notwithstanding that one belonged to the law — being the zinc door-plate of a solicitor. The other, was a pewter flagon residing at a very excellent hotel, and moving in distinguished society; for it assisted almost daily at convivial parties in the Temple. It fell a victim at last to a person belonging to the lower orders, who seized it, one fine morning, while hanging upon some railings to dry, and conveyed it to a Jew, who — I blush to record the insult offered to a respected member of my family — melted it down. My first mentioned parent — the zinc plate — was not enabled to move much in society, owing to its very close connexion with the street door. It occupied, however, a very conspicuous position in a leading thoroughfare, and was the means of diffusing more useful instruction, perhaps, than many a quarto, for it informed the running as well as the reading public, that Messrs. Snapples and Son resided within, and that their office hours were from ten till four. In order to become my progenitor it fell a victim to dishonest practices. A "fast" man unscrewed it one night, and bore it off in triumph to his chambers. Here it was included by "the boy" among his numerous "perquisites," and, by an easy transition, soon found its way to the Hebrew gentleman above mentioned.

The first meeting between my parents took place in the melting-pot of this ingenious person, and the result of their subsequent union was mutually advantageous.

The one gained by the alliance that strength and solidity which is not possessed by even the purest pewter; while to the solid qualities of the other were added a whiteness and brilliancy that unadulterated zinc could never display.

From the Jew, my parents were transferred—mysteriously and by night—to an obscure individual in an obscure quarter of the metropolis, when, in secrecy and silence, I was *cast*, to use an appropriate metaphor, upon the world.

How shall I describe my first impression of existence? how portray my agony when I became aware *what I was*—when I understood my mission upon earth? The reader, who has possibly never felt himself to be what Mr. Carlyle calls a "sham," or a "solemnly constituted impostor," can have no notion of my sufferings!

These, however, were endured only in my early and unsophisticated youth. Since then, habitual intercourse with the best society has relieved me from the embarrassing appendage of a conscience. My long career upon town—in the course of which I have been bitten, and rung, and subjected to the most humiliating tests — has blunted my sensibilities, while it has taken off the sharpness of my edges; and, like the counterfeits of humanity, whose lead may be seen emulating silver at every turn, my only desire is — not to be worthy of passing, but simply — to pass.

My impression of the world, on first becoming conscious of existence, was, that it was about fifteen feet in length, very dirty, and had a damp unwholesome smell; my notions of mankind were, that it shaved only once a fortnight; that it had coarse, misshapen features; a hideous leer; that it abjured soap, as a habit; and lived habitually in its shirt-sleeves. Such, indeed, was the aspect of the apartment in which I first saw the light, and such the appearance of the professional gentleman who ushered me into existence.

I may add that the room was fortified, as if to sustain a siege. Not only was the door itself lined with iron, but it was strengthened by pondrous wooden beams, placed upright, and across, and in every possible direction. This formidable exhibition of precautions against danger was quite alarming.

I had not been long brought into this "narrow world" before a low and peculiar tap, from the outside of the door, met my ear. My master paused, as if alarmed, and seemed on the point of sweeping me and several of my companions (who had been by this time mysteriously ushered into existence) into some place of safety. Reassured, however, by a second tapping, of more marked peculiarity, he commenced the elaborate process of unfastening the door. This having been accomplished, and the entrance left to the guardianship

only of a massive chain, a mysterious watchword was exchanged with some person outside, who was presently admitted.

"Hollo! there 's two on you?" said my master, as a hard elderly animal entered, followed somewhat timidly by a younger one of mild and modest aspect.

"A green un as I have took under my arm," said Mr. Blinks (which I presently understood to be the name of the elder one), "and werry deserving he promises to be. He 's just come out of the stone-pitcher, without having done nothing to entitle him to have gone in. This was it: a fellow out at Highbury Barn collared him, for lifting snow from some railings, where it was a hanging to dry. Young Innocence had never dreamt of anything of the kind — bein' a walking on his way to the work'us — but beaks being prowerbially otherways than fly, he got six weeks on it. In the 'Ouse o' Correction, however, he met some knowing blades, who put him up to the time of day, and he 'll soon be as wide-awake as any on 'em. This morning he brought me a pocket-book, and in it eigh — ty pound in flimsies. As he is a young hand, I encouraged him by giving him three pun' ten for the lot — it 's runnin' a risk, but I done it. As it is, I shall have to send 'em all over to 'Ambug. Howsomever, he 's got to take one pund in home made; bein' out of it myself, I have brought him to you."

"You 're here at the nick o' time," said my master, "I 've just finished a new batch —"

And he pointed to the glittering heap in which I felt myself — with the diffidence of youth — to be unpleasantly conspicuous.

"I 've been explaining to young Youthful that it 's the reg'lar thing, when he sells his swag to gents in my way of business, to take part of it in this here coin." Here he took *me* up from the heap, and as he did so I felt as if I were growing black between his fingers, and having my prospects in life very much damaged.

"And is all this bad money?" said the youth, curiously, gazing, as I thought, at me alone, and not taking the slightest notice of the rest of my companions.

"Hush, hush, young Youthful," said Mr. Blinks, "no offence to the home coinage. In all human affairs, everythink is as good as it looks."

"I could not tell them from the good — from those made by government, I should say" — hastily added the boy.

I felt myself leaping up with vanity, and chinking against my companions at these words. It was plain I was fast losing the innocence of youth. In justice to myself, however, I am bound to say that I have, in the course of my subsequent experience, seen many of the lords and masters of the creation behave much more absurdly under the influence of flattery.

"Well, we must put you up to the means of finding out the real

Turtle from the mock," said my master. "It 's difficult to tell by the ring. Silver, if it 's at all cracked — as lots of money is — don't ring no better than pewter: besides, people can't try every blessed bit o' tin they get in that way; some folks is offended if they do, and some ain't got no counter. As for the colour, I defy anybody to tell the difference. And as for the figgers on the side, wot 's your dodge? Why, when a piece, o' money 's give to you, look to the hedges, and feel 'em too with your finger. When they ain't quite perfect, ten to one but they 're bad 'uns. You see, the way it 's done is this — I suppose I may put the young 'un up to a thing or two more?" added Mr. Blinks, pausing.

My master, who had during the above conversation lighted a short pipe, and devoted himself with considerable assiduity to a pewter pot — which he looked at with a technical eye, as if mentally casting it into crown pieces, — now nodded assent. He was not of an imaginative or philosophic turn, like Mr. Blinks. He saw none of the sentiment of his business, but pursued it on a system of matter of fact, because he profited by it. This difference between the producer and the middle-man may be continually observed elsewhere.

"You see," continued Mr. Blinks, "that these here '*bobs*'" — by which he meant shillings — "is composed of a mixter of two metals — pewter and zinc. In coorse these is first prigged raw, and sold to gents in my line of bis'ness, who either manufacturs them themselves, or sells 'em to gents as does. Now, if the manufacturer is only in a small way of bis'ness, and is of a mean natur, he merely castes his money in plaster of Paris moulds. But for nobby gents like our friend here (my master here nodded approvingly over his pipe), this sort of thing won't pay — too much trouble and not enough profit. All the top-sawyers in the manufactur is scientific men. By means of what they calls a galwanic battery a cast is made of that partiklar coin selected for himitation. From this here cast, which you see, that there die is made, and from that there die impressions is struck off on plates of the metal prepared for the purpose. Now, infortunately we ain't got the whole of the masheenery of the Government institootion *yet* at our disposal, though it 's our intention for to bribe the Master of the Mint (in imitation coin) some of these days to put us up to it all — so you see we 're obliged to stamp the two sides of this here shilling, for instance (taking *me* up again as he spoke), upon different plates of metal, jining of 'em together afterwards. Then comes the *milling* round the hedges. This we do with a file; and it is the himperfection of that 'ere as is continually a preying upon our minds. Anyone who 's up to the bis'ness can tell whether the article 's geniwine or not, by a

looking at the hedge; for it can't be expected that a file will cut as reglar as a masheen. This is reely the great drawback upon our purfession."

Here Mr. Blinks, overcome by the complicated character of his subject, subsided into a fit of abstraction, during which he took a copious pull at my master's porter.

Whether suggested by the onslaught upon his beer, or by a general sense of impending business, my master now began to show symptoms of impatience. Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he asked "how many bob his friend wanted?"

The arrangement was soon concluded. Mr. Blinks filled a bag which he carried with the manufacture of my master, and paid over twenty of the shillings to his *protégé*. Of this twenty, *I* was one. As I passed into the youth's hand I could feel it tremble, as I own mine would have done had I been possessed of that appendage.

My new master then quitted the house in company with Mr. Blinks, whom he left at the corner of the street—an obscure thorough-fare in Westminster. His rapid steps speedily brought him to the southern bank of the "fair and silvery Thames," as a poet who once possessed me, (only for half-an-hour), described that uncleanly river, in some verses which I met in the pocket of his pantaloons. Diving into a narrow street, obviously, from the steepness of its descent, built upon arches, he knocked at a house of all the unpromising rest the least promising in aspect. A wretched hag opened the door, past whom the youth glided, in an absent and agitated manner; and, having ascended several flights of a narrow and precipitous staircase, opened the door of an apartment on the top story.

The room was low, and ill ventilated. A fire burnt in the grate, and a small candle flickered on the table. Beside the grate, sat an old man sleeping on a chair; beside the table, and bending over the flickering light, sat a young girl engaged in sewing. My master was welcomed, for he had been absent, it seemed, for two months. During that time he had, he said, earned some money; and he had come to share it with his father and sister.

I led a quiet life with my companions, in my master's pocket, for more than a week. At the end of that time, the stock of good money was nearly exhausted, although it had on more than one occasion been judiciously mixed with a neighbour or two of mine. Want, however, did not leave us long at rest. Under pretence of going away again to get "work," my master — leaving several of my friends to take their chance, in administering to the necessities of his father and sister — went away. I remained to be "smashed" (passed) by my master.

"Where are you going so fast, that you don't recognise old

friends?" were the words addressed to the youth by a passer-by, as he was crossing, at a violent pace, the nearest bridge, in the direction of the Middlesex bank.

The speaker was a young gentleman, aged about twenty, not ill-looking, but with features exhibiting that peculiar expression of cunning, which is popularly described as "knowing." He was arrayed in what the police reports in the newspapers call, "the height of fashion," — that is to say, he had travestied the style of the most daring dandies of last year. He wore no gloves; but the bloated rubicundity of his hands was relieved by a profusion of rings, which — even without the cigar in his mouth — were quite sufficient to establish his claims to gentility.

Edward, my master, returned the civilities of the stranger, and, turning back with him, they agreed to "go somewhere."

"Have a weed," said Mr. Bethnal, producing a well filled cigar-case. There was no resisting. Edward took one.

"Where shall we go?" he said.

"I tell you what we'll do," said Mr. Bethnal, who looked as if experiencing a novel sensation — he evidently had an idea. "I tell you what — we'll go and blow a cloud with Joe, the pigeon-fancier. He lives only a short distance off, not far from the abbey; I want to see him on business, so we shall kill two birds. He 's one of us, you know."

I now learned that Mr. Bethnal was a new acquaintance, picked up under circumstances (as a member of parliament, to whom I once belonged, used to say in the House) to which it is unnecessary farther to allude.

"I was glad to hear of your luck, by-the-bye," said the gentleman in question, not noticing his companion's wish to avoid the subject. "I heard of it from Old Blinks. Smashing 's the thing, if one 's a presentable cove. You'd do deuced well in it. You've only to get nobby togs and you 'll do."

Mr. Joe, it appeared, in addition to his ornithological occupations, kept a small shop for the sale of coals and potatoes; he was also, in a very small way, a timber merchant; for several bundles of firewood were piled in pyramids in his shed.

Mr. Bethnal's business with him was soon despatched; although not until after the latter had been assured by his friend, that Edward was "of the right sort," with the qualification that he was "rather green at present;" and he was taken into Mr. Joe's confidence, and also into Mr. Joe's upstairs sanctum.

In answer to a request from Mr. Bethnal, in a jargon, to me then unintelligible, Mr. Joe produced from some mysterious depository at the top of the house, a heavy canvas bag, which he emptied on the table, discovering a heap of shillings and half-crowns, which, by a sympathetic instinct, I immediately detected to be of my own species.

"What do you think of these?" said Mr. Bethnal to his young friend.

Edward expressed some astonishment that Mr. Joe should be in the line.

"Why, bless your eyes," said that gentleman; "you don't suppose I gets my livelihood out of the shed down stairs, nor the pigeons neither. You see, these things are only dodges. If I lived here like a gentleman — that is to say, without a occupation — the p'lese would soon be down upon me. They 'd be obleeged to take notice on me. As it is, I comes the respectable tradesman, who 's above suspicion — and the pigeons helps on the business wonderful."

"How is that?"

"Why, I keeps my materials — the pewter and all that — on the roof, in order to be out o' the way, in case of a surprise. If I was often seed upon the roof, a-looking arter such-like matters, inquisitive eyes would be on the look out. The pigeons is a capital blind. I 'm believed to be dewoted to my pigeons, out o' which I takes care it should be thought I makes a little fortun — and that makes a man respected. As for the pigeon and coal and 'tatur businesses, them 's dodges. Gives a opportoonity of bringing in queer-looking sackfuls 'o things, which otherwise would compel the '*spots*' — as we calls the p'lese — to come down on us."

"Compel them! — but surely they come down whenever they 've a suspicion?"

"You needn't a' told me he was green," said Mr. Joe to his elder acquaintance, as he glanced at the youth with an air of pity. "In the first place, we takes care to keep the vorkshop almost impregnable; so that, if they attempts a surprise, we has lots o' time to get the things out o' the way. In the next, if it comes to the scratch — which is a matter of almost life and death to us — we stands no nonsense."

Mr. Joe pointed to an iron crowbar, which stood in the chimney-corner.

"I ses nothing to criminate friends, you know," he added significantly to Mr. Bethnal "but *you* remember wot Sergeant Higsley got?"

Mr. Bethnal nodded assent, and Mr. Joe volunteered for the benefit and instruction of Edward an account of the demise, and funeral of the late Mr. Sergeant Higsley. That official having been promoted, was ambitious of being designated, in the newspapers, "active and intelligent," and gave information against a gang of coiners; "Wot wos the consequence?" continued the narrator, "Somehow or another, that p'leseman was never more heered on. One fine night he went on his beat; he didn't show at the next muster; and it was s'posed he 'd bolted. Every enquiry was made, and the 'mysterious disappearance of a p'leseman,' got into the noospapers. Howsomnever, *he* never got anywheres."

"And what became of him?"

Mr. Joe then proceeded to take

a long puff at his pipe, and winking at his initiated friend, proceeded to narrate how that the injured gang dealt in eggs.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why you see eggs is not always eggs." Mr. Pouter then went on to state that one night a long deal chest left the premises of the coiners, marked outside, 'eggs' for exportation. They were duly shipped, a member of the firm being on board. The passage was rough, the box was on deck, and somehow or other somebody tumbled it overboard."

"But what has this to do with the missing policeman."

"The chest was six feet long and — —."

Here Mr. Bethnal became uneasy.

"Vell," said the host, "the firm 's broke up, and is past peaching upon, only it shows you my green 'un what we *can* do."

I was shaken in my master's pocket by the violence of the dread which Mr. Joe's story had occasioned him.

Mr. Bethnal, with the philosophy which was habitual to him, puffed away at his pipe.

"The fact 'o the matter is," said Mr. Joe, who was growing garrulous on an obviously pet subject, "that we ain't afeerd o' the p'lese in this neighbourhood, not a hap'orth; *we* know how to manage them." He then related an anecdote of another policeman, who had been formerly in his own line of business. This gentleman being, as he observed, "fly" to all the secret signs of the craft, obtained an interview with a friend of his for the purpose of purchasing a hundred shillings. A packet was produced and exchanged for their proper price in currency, but on the policeman taking his prize to the station house to lay the information, he discovered that he had been outwitted. The rouleau contained a hundred good farthings, for each of which he had paid two pence halfpenny.

"Then, what is the bad money generally worth?" asked Edward, interrupting the speaker. "As a general rule," was the answer, "our sort is worth about one-fifth part o' the wallie it represents. So, a sovereign — (though we ain't got much to do with gold here — that 's made for the most part in Brummagem) — a 'Brum' Sovereign - may be bought for about four-and-six; a bad crown piece for a good bob; a half-crown for about fippence; a bob for twopence halfpenny, and so on. As for the sixpenny's and fourpenny's, we don't make many on 'em, their wallie bein' too insignificant." Mr. Joe then proceeded with some further remarks for the benefit of his protégé; —

"You see you need have no fear o' passing this here money if you 're a respectable looking cove. If a gentleman is discovered at anythink o' the kind, it 's always laid to a mistake; the shopman knocks under, and the gentleman gives a good piece o' money with a grin. And that 's how it is that so much o'

our mannyfactur gets smashed all over the country."

The visitors having been somewhat bored, apparently, during the latter portion of their host's remarks, soon after took their departure. The rum-and-water which Mr. Joe's liberality had supplied, effectually removed Edward's scruples; and on his way back, he expressed himself in high terms in favour of "smashing," considered as a profession.

"O' course," was the reply of his experienced companion. "It ain't once in a thousand times that a fellow 's nailed. You shall make your first trial to-night. You 've the needful in your pocket, hav'n't you? Come, here 's a shop — I want a cigar."

Edward appeared to hesitate; but Mr. Joe's rum-and-water asserted itself, and into the shop they both marched.

Mr. Bethnal, with an air of most imposing nonchalance took up a cigar from one of the covered cases on the counter, put it in his mouth, and helped himself to a light. Edward, not so composedly, followed his example.

"How much?"

"Sixpence."

The next instant the youth had drawn *me* from his pocket, received sixpence in change, and walked out of the shop, leaving me under the guardianship of a new master.

I did not remain long with the tobacconist: he passed me next day to a gentleman, who was as innocent as himself as to my real character. It happened that slipped into the corner of this gentleman's pocket, and remained there for several weeks — he, apparently, unaware of my existence. At length he discovered me, and one day I found myself, in company with a *good* half-crown, exchanged for a pair of gloves at a respectable looking shop. After the purchaser had left, the assistant looked at me suspiciously, and was going to call back my late owner, but it was too late. Taking me then to his master, he asked if I was not bad. "It don't look very good," was the answer. "Give it to me, and take care to be more careful for the future."

I was slipped into the waistcoat pocket of the proprietor, who immediately seemed to forget all about the occurrence.

That same night, immediately on the shop being closed, the shopkeeper walked out, having changed his elegant costume for garments of a coarser and less conspicuous description, and hailing a cab, requested to be driven to the same street in Westminster in which I first saw the light. To my astonishment, he entered the shop of my first master: — how well I remembered the place, and the coarse countenance of its proprietor! Ascending to the top of the house, we entered the room, to which the reader has been already introduced, — the scene of so much secret toil.

A long conversation, in a very low tone, now took place between the pair, from which I gleaned some interesting particulars. I dis-

covered that the respectable gentleman, who now possessed me, was the coiner's partner, — his being the "issue" department, which his trade transactions, and unimpeachable character, enabled him to undertake very effectively.

"Let your next batch be made as perfectly as possible," I heard him say to his partner. "The last seems to have gone very well: I have heard of only a few detections, and one of those was at my own shop to-day. One of my fellows made the discovery, but not until after the purchaser had left the shop."

"That, you see, will 'appen now and then," was the answer; "but think o' the number on 'em as is about, and how sharp some people is getting — thanks to them noospapers, as is always a interfering with wot don't concern 'em. There's now so much of our metal about, that it's almost impossible to get change for a suff'rin nowhere without getting some on it. Everybody 's a-taking of it every day; and as for them that 's detected, they're made only by the common chaps as ain't got our masheenery," — and he glanced proudly at his well-mounted galvanic battery. "All I wish is, that we could find some dodge for milling the edges better — it takes as much time now as all the rest of the work put together. Howsomever, I 've sold no end on 'em in Whitechapel and other places, since I saw you. And as for this here neighbourhood, there 's scarcely a shop where they don't deal in the article more or less."

"Well," said Mr. Niggles (which, I learned from his emblazoned door-posts, was the name of my respectable master), "be as careful about these as you can. I am afraid it 's through some of our money that that young girl has been found out."

"Wot, the young 'ooman as has been remanded so often at the p'lese court?"

"The same. I shall know all about it to-morrow. She is to be tried at the Old Bailey, and I am on the jury as it happens."

Mr. Niggles then departed to his suburban villa, and passed the remainder of the evening as became so respectable a man.

The next morning he was early at business; and, in his capacity of citizen, did not neglect his duties in the court, where he arrived exactly two minutes before any of the other jurymen.

When the prisoner was placed in the dock, I saw at once that she was the sister of my first possessor. She had attempted to pass two bad shillings at a grocer's shop. She had denied all knowledge that the money was bad, but was notwithstanding arrested, examined, and was committed for trial. Here, at the Old Bailey, the case was soon despatched. The evidence was given in breathless haste: the judge summed up in about six words, and the jury found the girl guilty. Her sentence was, however, a very short imprisonment.

It was my fortune to pass subsequently into the possession of many persons, from whom I learnt some particulars of the after-life of this family. The father survived his daughter's conviction only a few days. The son was detained in custody; and as soon as his identity became established, charges were brought against him, which led to his being transported. As for his sister — I was once, for a few hours, in a family where there was a governess of her name. I had no opportunity of knowing more; but — as her own nature would probably save her from the influences to which she must have been subjected in jail — it is but just to suppose, that some person might have been found to brave the opinion of society, and to yield to one so gentle, what the law calls "the benefit of a doubt."

The changes which I underwent in the course of a few months were many and various — now rattling carelessly in a cash-box; now loose in the pocket of some careless young fellow, who passed me at a theatre; then, perhaps, tied up carefully in the corner of a handkerchief, having become the sole stock-in-hand of some timid young girl. Once I was given by a father as a "tip" or present, to his little boy; when, I need scarcely add, that I found myself ignominiously spent in hardbake ten minutes afterwards. On another occasion, I was (in company with a sixpence) handed to a poor woman, in payment for the making of a dozen shirts. In this case I was so fortunate as to sustain an entire family, who were on the verge of starvation. Soon afterwards, I formed one of seven, the sole stock of a poor artist, who contrived to live upon my six companions for many days. He had reserved me until the last — I believe because I was the brightest and best-looking of the whole; and when he was at last reduced to change me, for some coarse description of food, to his and my horror I was discovered!

The poor fellow was driven from the shop; but the tradesman, I am bound to say, did not treat me with the indignity that I expected. On the contrary, he thought my appearance so deceitful, that he did not scruple to pass me next day, as part of change for a sovereign.

Soon after this, somebody dropped me on the pavement, where, however, I remained but a short time. I was picked up by a child, who ran instinctively into a shop for the purpose of making an investment in figs. But, coins of my class had been plentiful in that neighbourhood, and the grocer was a sagacious man. The result was, that the child went figless away, and that I — my edges curl as I record the humiliating fact — was nailed to the counter as an example to others. Here my career ended and my biography closes.

CHIPS.

DEATH IN THE SUGAR PLUM.

At this present writing, there lie on our desk a half-a-dozen sweetmeats. They are about the size of pigeon's eggs; captivating to the eye, being of a bright red colour; tempting to the taste, being almonds encased in a sugary compound; and easy to be procured, being about a penny per dozen. They are sold in all manner of shops; and, as if they could not be sufficiently disseminated among the juvenile population at large, are very generally hawked about in poor neighbourhoods, at a great reduction in price.

They are rank poison! and we give a melancholy history connected with them, transmitted to us by a mourning father, whose name and address are appended to his letter: —

"My daughter" he says, "aged nineteen, purchased on the 19th of October (1850), and ate an ounce of a fancy sweetmeat called Burnt Almonds — (I find that she had eaten some of them previously in the course of the same week) — and during the following night she was taken with violent pains and sickness, and exhibited all the symptoms of having taken poison. She suffered intense agony until the 4th of November, when in consequence of the inflamed and weakened state of the intestines, collapse or strangulation of them took place, and after dreadful sufferings she died on the Sunday following, having about seven hours previously underwent a painful surgical operation.

"I am influenced by no personal motive. My daughter has lost her life, when a long duration of it and its enjoyments appeared before her; and it is in order that parents may escape the mental sufferings that I have experienced, and that their children may escape the agonies that my daughter endured, that I court publicity to these painful facts. These poisonous sweetmeats are sold in every street; and they not only contain poison in the colouring matter, but sulphate of barytes, a species of plaster of Paris procured from Derbyshire, enters largely into their composition in the place of sugar. I send you a sample of the burnt almonds, the same sample with Dr. Letheby's letter, and a more detailed account of my daughter's case I forwarded to the Home Office, innocently supposing that protection of life from poison might be of sufficient importance to engage the attention of Government; they were returned with a formal acknowledgment of the receipt of my letter; it therefore rests, as Dr. Letheby intimates, with the public "to put a check on the practice."

Dr. Letheby, one of our most eminent toxicologists, in his answer to the above application, communicates his analysis in the following terms: —

"In reply to your letter of yesterday, I have to state, that, on Wednesday, the 6th instant, I received, from Mr. Byles, a parcel of red-

coloured sweetmeats, which are, I believe, sold under the name of 'Burnt Almonds.' I have made an analysis of the material, and I find that it contains portions of lead; but I cannot venture to say, without learning more of the history and progress of the malady, that this metallic impregnation was the cause of the disease from which your daughter suffered. This, however, I may state, that lead is a very insidious poison, and that it cannot be taken, even in very small quantities, for any length of time, without producing serious effects on the animal economy; it ought not, therefore, to be introduced, under any circumstances, as a constituent of our food. Should the disease in question have been occasioned by the colouring matter made use of in the preparation of the sweetmeat, it is a disaster which cannot, I think, create much surprise, when we consider how recklessly the manufacturers of cheap confectionery are permitted to practise their art."

Whe have Dr. Letheby's authority for adding, that, within the last three years, as many as seventy cases of poisoning have been traced, in this country, to the deleterious pigments in fancy sweetmeats; and, unless the public themselves make some effort to put a check on the practice, more serious results will yet follow.

Although it is understood that carelessness exists in the general manufacture of confectionery, yet it is not in all sweetmeats that the existence of poison should be suspected. The playful beauty at a ball supper, who pulls a "cracker" with her simpering swain, need not be more afraid of the ruby comfit which the explosion discharges into her lap, than of the equally harmless motto that surrounds it. The colouring matter used for the best confectionery is comparatively harmless. In this, as in most similar cases, it is the poor alone who suffer. Our warning is raised more especially against cheap sweetmeats; and against these — as against poison in any form — the less educated and affluent ought to be protected; but in this country, when a deadly evil affects chiefly or wholly the poor, it is allowed to have full sway — the check, if it ever be put on, is slowly and often ineffectually applied. Hence, the poison-sold-everywhere system which we noticed in Vol. IV. page 300. is permitted to go on killing its hundreds per annum, without one member of Parliament of sufficient influence rising "in his place" to legislate a preventive measure. Even when several guests are poisoned at a mayor's feast, there is not influence or earnestness enough amongst the whole corporation, to endeavour after immunity from sickness or death for the rest of the lieges who have a taste for sweetmeats. If however, destructive "Burnt Almonds" were sold at Eton or at Harrow, and a scion of an influential house were to be taken ill in consequence of indulgence in these poisoned su-

gar-plums; a bill would speedily be carried that would shield both rich and poor.

The difficulty, if any should arise, of passing an act to prevent the dissemination of poison, either neat or confected, is very much lessened by the existence of such laws on the Continent. In France, for example, no one can sell poisonous drugs without a special licence, and even then only under strict and wise regulations. There, too, where confectionery is much more used than on this side of the Channel, the medical officials exercise a vigilant inspection over its manufacture.

THE TRUE REMEDY FOR COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.

SIR, — With great interest and curiosity I perused a letter which appeared in Vol. V. page 212 of "Household Words," purporting to supply a remedy for those lamentable colliery explosions that are unhappily so frequent.

Briefly, I beg to inform you that Artesian wells are only a partial and very uncertain method for carrying off a *portion* of the gas accumulated in the "goafs" of a mine.

In a properly managed colliery, this important object is thus effected: —The "goafs" are securely cut off from communication with other parts of the workings by *stoppings*, and the gas continually accumulating in these spaces is carried away to the "dumb-drift," which is an air-passage rising gradually, and forming a junction with the upcast shaft, about five yards above the fire of the furnace. At a glance it will be perceived that this is far more efficacious than any number of bore-holes — the draught of the furnace is powerful enough to draw off the impure air in the "goafs," while the greater space afforded by a drift, instead of a bore-hole, is another important advantage.

But it is not that we are without the means of ventilating our mines, or that we are in want of clever practical men; both are within our reach, and explosions most frequently arise from those means not being made available. You, Sir, have told us, in a few judicious remarks at the close of a "Coal Miner's Evidence," in Vol. V. page 57 of "Household Words," the best and most effectual remedy for colliery explosions.

Government Inspection — not the appointment of four gentlemen for the United Kingdom — but a searching and daily scrutiny into the system of working pursued in all fiery collieries, is the only remedy within our reach. The present arrangement adopted by Government is miserably inefficient. No four men can inspect all the collieries in the kingdom.

Not till some chemical agent is discovered capable of absorbing or neutralising carburetted hydrogen, will mines be *perfectly safe*. It may, or may not be, in the power of our chemists to achieve this, but it does not seem

impossible; and if our Faradays and Brandes can effect it, they will do more good to their fellow creatures, by such a discovery, than any that has yet been made.

S. R.

THE MODERN SOLDIER'S PROGRESS.

PART II. — FOREIGN SERVICE.

THE pleasures of a barrack-yard, which Maurice began now to enjoy, were not destined to be of long continuance — at least without further probation; for one fine day in June (1850), a letter arrived from the Horse Guards, ordering the commanding officer to hold the regiment in readiness for immediate embarkation for foreign service. The news soon spread, and a stir was visible throughout the barracks, every man eagerly asking what was "The Route?" To enhance his national importance, which stood little in need of anything out of the common, the sergeant-major made a mystery of this particular, until he had assembled the "none-commissioned" (so he called them) to whom he communicated the fact — with as much circumstance as if he had received it personally under the Duke's own autograph — that the regiment was ordered to Halifax in Nova Scotia.

In spite of the regimental school, which did not, however, at that time, attract one-twentieth part of the voluntary scholars who now flock to it, there were very few who knew exactly where Halifax, or indeed, where North America itself was situated. The prevailing idea was in favour of "Chiny," that being the region to which all *terræ incognitæ* are generally consigned by the uninitiated; but some, whose geographical notions were even less precise, associating Halifax with a proverbial expression current in the army, were inclined to think that it claimed kindred with even a warmer climate than that of "the flowery land." They found out their mistake before they had been many months on the other side of the Atlantic.

But the regiment was not left altogether to burst in ignorance, or discover, by dint of experience where Nova Scotia really was; for it happened that there was one old soldier in it — and he richly deserved the appellation — who had formerly been quartered there. This was a man of the name of Patrick Mac Manus, who had commenced his military career in the "Music" of the regiment, when he was barely ten years old, and just able to jingle the triangles, whose melody he was called upon to elicit. From the band he was transferred to the drums; and after two or three years' experience in drubbing sheep-skin, was elevated to the fifes. To what further musical eminence he might have attained, it is difficult to say; perhaps he might have expended himself on the key-bugle, or have become absorbed in the big drum; but at

the proper age for rendering efficient military service, the instrument to which he took a fancy, was the musket — and he was drafted into the battalion.

There might have been something more than mere fancy in his last choice, for Patrick was tender-hearted; and, though he would have fought any lad in the regiment of his own weight and age — or heavier and older, for that matter — as soon as eat his breakfast, he never could bring himself to handle "the cat;" and when Mac Manus was a boy, a week seldom passed without his having more than one "five-and-twenty" to administer as his share of punishment inflicted before breakfast — when the meal that followed the punishment parade was rarely swallowed.* On these occasions the drum-major's cane left tokens on Patrick's shoulders of the unwillingness with which he performed this description of "duty;" and that functionary, who was a sharp, red-faced little man, with a bandy elbow, gladly resigned his "chicken-hearted" pupil — as he called him, by a misnomer which Patrick very soon rectified. Mac Manus quickly became a smart soldier, and, being generally liked in the regiment, had as reasonable a prospect of promotion as could be desired; but, whether he were born — as some are — without ambition, or whether ill-luck, as frequently happens, predominated over his destiny, is a matter of doubt. Perhaps the real cause of his continuing in the ranks arose from the good-nature and "devil-may-care-ism" that got him into so many scrapes; which, though they did not affect his moral character, by no means elevated him in the eyes of the authorities as a model of military discipline.

But if he did not acquire distinction by rank, Mac Manus speedily gained that sound distinction which renders a man invaluable on a march or bivouack, round a camp-fire or on a recruiting party; he could tell a good story, sing a good song, had an inexhaustible fund of good spirits, and made the best of everything that was bad. "It's the rough coat that turns the wet," he used to say, "so never take sorrow to heart, boys." But if Mac Manus kept sorrow aloof he did not exclude sympathy, and it is difficult in the long run to prevent the two from uniting, only he took the

* A vast amelioration with respect to corporal punishment has taken place within the last twenty-five years. At that time the articles of war permitted, and the inclination of the commanding officer very often enforced a punishment of three hundred lashes, when such was the sentence of a Regimental or Garrison Court Martial; moreover, if the crime were desertion, or a more than ordinarily flagrant breach of military discipline, and a General Court Martial sat on the delinquent, the amount of punishment might range from five hundred to eight hundred lashes (or even more), though the latter number was the most we ever had the misfortune to witness the infliction of, on one individual. Now, the amount of corporal punishment is never permitted to exceed fifty lashes, and this only in aggravated cases; the general number being twenty-five, and those rarely inflicted, so that, practically, corporal punishment may be said to be almost abolished.

disease in a mild form, his warmth of heart preventing him from catching cold upon it. The best elements of popularity were thus in his natural disposition, and then the length of his service gave him authority, so that if any question were on foot in the regiment affecting the rights or interests of the soldier, or if any doubtful point were to be decided, an appeal was always made to Mac anus, and whatever he said was sure to give satisfaction.

Accordingly, when the route, of which we have spoken, was made known, a bevy of fellows, foremost amongst whom was Maurice Savage, hurried off to the Canteen where Mac Manus was taking a quiet pipe and pot with his friend Corporal Rattle, and "discoorsin'" on the now universal topic.

"It 's about Halifax, then, that you want to know, boys!" said the veteran. "Make a circle and keep silence, and I 'll tell you as much as will serve you all round for night-caps. I was but a gossoon when first I put my foot upon the iron-bound shores of Novy Skoshy, but I saw enough while I was there, and staid long enough to remember all about the place. It was in the Duke of Kent's time, — her Majesty's royal father — he was called Prince Edward then, and a pretty time we had of it. Och, boys, the drill was murthering entirely! The officers called it 'discipline,' — it 's harrassin' the men in quarters, not discipline in the field that *I* mane, for ye can't have too much discipline in front of the enemy — that is, in rayson. You think it hard, boys, to be handed over to the care of Corporal Rattler (here 's your health Corporal), when you hear the 'rouse and turn out,' at six o'clock on a fine summer's morning; but I should like to know what you'd have said, when the bugle blew in the middle of the night, and it was who should be first up to plaster his head with powder and pomatum, shave off his whiskers close under the cheek-bone, leaving just enough to swear by, tie his comrade's pigtail at a mathematical angle, pipe-clay his belts, heel-ball his pouch, and do fifty other things that he ought to have got ready the evening before, to be in time for the day-light parade in the climate of Novy Skoshy, with the glass down at zero, — that 's 'nothing,' boys — or may be, five or six degrees below it."

"Less than nothing!" interrupted the school-master sergeant, who was *ex-officio* the regimental Bonnycastle, and had a vile habit of taking nothing for granted till it was proved; "less than nothing! How do you make that out, Pat?"

"As pat as you plase, Sergeant, for a learned ignoramus as you are! A glass that held less than nothing would be a bad one to drink out of; wouldn't it, Corporal Rattler? — (the gallant militarist nodded, and drained his own, by way of trying the experiment) — but I 'm spaking of a weather-glass, an insthrument like my pipe

filled with quicksilver, only it 's straight up and down, like your cane, with 'nothing' scored across the belly of it, and plenty of tail to bring up the rear. But we wanted no thermometer to tell us it was could in Novy Skoshy, were the water froze over the fire; and if a man handled his piece awkwardly, he maybe left the skin of his fingers sticking to the barrel."

The majority of Mac Manus's auditors gave a furtive glance at their horny hands as he made this announcement.

"It 's clumsy work tossing Brown Bess about in gloves," continued Mac Manus; "but you must do it there if you want to keep out of hospital — ay, and wash your face in snow if you 're frostbitten; or, perhaps, you may lave your ears behind you, and wake with a blue nose like the native Haligonians! How any of us presarved a feature of our faces is more than I can tell you; for when we got outside the barrack-yard, and were marched off in the dark to Rockingham, where his Royal Highness lived, a place between five and six miles off, the Barber got a-hould of us, and —"

"Was it the barber of the ridgement?" interrupted Maurice, whose beard had not yet begun to sprout.

"Ay, and garrison too, my lad — the universal barber — he had a roving commission, as the sailors say; but I 'll tell you, boys — 'The Barber' is the name the Haligonians give to the north-wester, that cuts in them parts sharper than any razor. You 've about six months' winter, dead-on-end, in that climate, and he blows pretty nigh all the time. Well, we had this to face on our march, two hours of it, pitch dark, with creepers on our feet and heavy packs on our backs, and what for? To be overhauled by his Royal Highness and staff, almost afore they could see whether we was the soldiers they came out to inspect, or so many ridgments of half-friz Novy Skoshian bears! Faith, the bears had the best of it, for they had no tails to tie or pomatum to use — though they 're said to furnish it in plenty — and only comes out when they 're hunger-driven, but stays at home, for the most part, sleepin' and suckin' their paws. The devil a much sleep did we get, with three nights in bed for garrison duty, and two out of it every week for parade at Rockingham, at half-past six on a winter's mornin' in heavy marching order! And then the sentries, whether it war on the dockyard wharf, or in the fort, high or low, the could got at you and nipped you like a vice. Oh, there was one post on the brow of the hill, — many 's the time I never expected to be alive when the relief came round, and more than one poor fellow took his last sleep in that sentry box, not from neglect of duty, but in respect of the drowsiness which bate 'em entirely. Once give way to it, boys, and it 's all up with you!"

"And is it so cold as this all the

year round?" asked one of his hearers.

"It is *not*," replied Mac Manus with emphasis. "Thry a three hours drill on the common in summer, and see what you 'll make of it. Talk of the glass then; it 's at boiling hate, and the birds in the air fall down ready roasted. Or go into the woods, and a pumpkin's a fool to the size of your head, after being stung to death with the black flies and muskeeties, when you come out again. But these is all the accidents of climate, boys. There 's plenty to make up for them inconveniences. Speruts is dirt chape (hear, hear, from Corporal Rattler), 'specially Prince Edward's Island Whiskey; mate of all kinds is raysonable, and so is greens, and the like, and 'taties; fish is to be had for a song, and they throw the lobsters at you, if you just looked at 'em. A lad, when he 's off duty, may go out of an afthernoon and ate as many ras'b'ries off the rocks as would keep a pastry-cook in jam for a twelvemonth. Then there 's the fogs and the snow when you can't go out to drill (Barrack-room drill can always be had, suggested Corporal Rattler), and the sleigh-driving, and the snow-balling, and the sliding down hill — for it 's all down hill at Halifax — and the officers' plays, and all kinds of divarsions of which you partake, more or less. Oh, take my word for it, there 's worse places in the world than Novy Skoshy, and some of us 'll live to find that out."

In this *exposé* of Mac Manus there was enough, and more than enough, to set his audience thinking, and many were the speculations to which it gave birth; but, on the whole, the men were well enough pleased with their destination. It seldom happens otherwise, for no class is so fond of change and movement as the soldier, and that, at least, was secured by the order to march. How the march or transit was to be conducted, was another affair, and that it is our business now to describe.

Four transports were immediately taken up by government, and, as fast as they were got ready, were sent round to Liverpool, to receive the number of troops allotted to each. It will be enough for our purpose to select that which bore Maurice and his fortunes.

An embarkation, however, is never a very satisfactory performance, even in private life; but when the "small family party" consists of a couple of hundred soldiers, a good many of them not very sober, with their wives, their children, their pet dogs, their bird-cages, their arm-chests, their bandboxes, bundles, and other *impedimenta*, the pleasures of travel are not very greatly enhanced. It is pleasant enough, marching out of barracks to the tune of "The Girl I left behind me," but before your troops are fairly settled down in your transport, a variety of "disagreeables" have to be encountered.

The worst of these occur on board the transport; but it is no trifling task to get everybody fairly into the boats; and a drover's dog at Smithfield has but a slight duty to perform in getting his flock into their pen, compared with that of officers and non-commissioned officers in routing the stragglers out of the public-houses into which they *will* drop to take "the parting-glass" with each other, though their destination be identical, and the dreaded separation no greater than the distance between their respective hammocks. The ladies too — pity that we should say so — give no little trouble. The stern rules of the service admit of only six married women per company; and the selection, in this case, is guided by the good conduct of the claimants, of whom there are always more than the regulations admit of taking. Add to this, the fact, that it generally happens that promises which, no doubt, would gladly be forgotten — not to say broken — are rigidly enforced during the last week before the regiment embarks, by damsels who will not be included in the category alluded to in the pleasant tune with which the men march out of quarters. The consequence of this is, that three or four women, per company, are often added to its strength — we must not say its weakness — at the very last moment, for whom there is not the shadow of a chance that they will be permitted to go out with their husbands. Nevertheless, they marry; they climb into the baggage-waggon, "just to say good-bye," — they weep and embrace, and wave their handkerchiefs at the water-side; they scream "farewell," in accents of the wildest despair; they swoon on the beach, are carried off by compassionate individuals, and are seen no more, till some four or five days afterwards, when the transport is fairly "in blue water," when they emerge from their hiding-places, between decks, satisfied — though they are not to be provisioned, and are threatened with all sorts of pains and penalties — that it is impossible now to send them back; in spite of the declaration of the commanding officer on board, that he will hail the first vessel he meets returning to England, and trans-ship them in the middle of the Atlantic!

How these extra women manage to effect their entrance into the transport, is a mystery as great as that which puzzled George the Third in the celebrated case of the apple-dumplings; but ban and bar them as you will, seize on them when they are half-way up the side, put double sentries at each gang-way, resort to every ingenious expedient that can be thought of, and, *malgré tous*, not a "man-jack" of these Ariadnes will be left behind. Perhaps the inappropriate word we have just used may furnish some clue to the enigma in the alteration of costume; but this is a mere conjecture on our part, having no experience to recount of having de-

tected the Billy Taylor transmigration.

The distribution of the troops into their several berths; the stowing of the baggage into impossible corners — perhaps already filled by some of the prohibited women; the safe bestowal of "the inebriated;" the successful mustering of "the sick, lame, and lazy;" are strokes of art which ought alone to ensure the promotion of those who are called upon to perform them. If the people of the transport lent any kind of assistance, it would be something; but from the agent in his cabin, to the loblolly boy in the caboose, the sole occupation of each consists in damning "the sogers," and sulkily refusing to answer the simplest questions; so that they don't mend the matter, and the only thing left, is to trust to time and that providential interferenee, which is always working for our good, unseen, though we by no means recommend those in difficulties to trust to it alone.

As long as the transport is in harbour, difficulties abound; boats are always coming alongside with hecatombs of fresh meat and piles of vegetables, for the officers' and sergeants' messes: smugglers insinuate gin in bladders; an unlucky woman is discovered, and sent ashore, who comes back again somehow, like a bad penny — probably in the return boat; in short, until the Blue Peter is hoisted, the vessel is one scene of unutterable confusion. In the early days of Patrick Mac Manus, this scene was prolonged till the wind blew fair, but the steam-tugs now are the "tricksy spirits" that supersede the wind till the transports are outside.

It was by the aid of two of these nautical Effreets that the "Eliza Biggleswade" transport, with "No. 27" painted on each side of her bows, which conveyed the last division of the — Regiment, was tugged into the Channel, where Maurice Savage, and about a hundred and fifty of his comrades — to say nothing of women and children — commenced that series of involuntary evolutions which are almost invariably performed by those who have never been at sea before.

In the course of a few days, however, matters righted themselves a little. Soldiers are not allowed to be sick any longer than is absolutely necessary; and it is surprising how effective the word of command is which sends a fellow on deck to look out for his grog at the tub, or his ration at the caboose, when he knows that if he remains below he shall receive neither. "Sea legs" are not very readily found in ordinary cases; but a soldier discovers his as soon as most people, having his ranks to keep, and certain manœuvres to go through on a limited scale, in spite of the rolling or pitching of the vessel, and at the expiration of a week or so, there remained scarcely half-a-dozen on board the "Eliza Biggleswade" who had not been laughed or drill-

ed out of their "sea-sorrows." The voyage was accomplished without any remarkable casualties; there was cod-fishing by day, on the Banks of Newfoundland, to amuse the men and give them a welcome supply, and a careful watch and ward by night on the same banks to escape being run down in the heavy Newfoundland fogs.

Sable Island, dreary and inhospitable though it be, was hailed and passed with pleasure. Sambro' light was a welcome signal; the pilot, who came on board in the grey of the morning, was a messenger of glad tidings; and the beautiful harbour of Halifax a joyful sight after seven weeks' confinement in the "Eliza Biggleswade."

To land with far more regularity than they had embarked — shake hands with their comrades, who had preceded them — to march up the hill to barracks, with the air of men who had already seen some service, and were prepared to see more — and to know that they were in a new hemisphere, with no aspect materially altered of things they had been accustomed to behold — were matters on which the young soldiers congratulated themselves with no small degree of internal satisfaction; and no one amongst them more readily than Maurice Savage, heretofore the unwilling pupil of Corporal Rattler, but now by no means the least active or efficient of the light company in the Regiment.

His further and final progress will be told hereafter.

"JUDGE NOT!"

MANY years since, two pupils of the University at Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund, round whose pedestal may generally be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age: his coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad hat overshadowed a thin wrinkled face; his form was greatly emaciated, yet he walked with a firm and rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a halfpenny worth of bread, ate part of it, put the remainder into his pocket, and pursued his way towards the palace of General Zaionczek, lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar, Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other.

"I do not; but, judging by his lugubrious costume, and no less mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker."

"Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislas Staszic."

"Staszic!" exclaimed the stu-

dent, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?"

"Yet, so it is," replied his companion. "Under this unpromising exterior is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious *savants* of Europe."

The man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself — to his labours, and to his genius.

Of low extraction — he left Poland, while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipsic and Göttingen, continued his studies in the College of France, under Brisson and D'Aubanton; gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Apennines; and, finally, returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterwards, the Government wished to profit by his talents; and Staszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest. When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and detraction to aim their arrows against? Mediocrity always avenges itself by calumny; and so Staszic found it, for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister motives.

A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

"Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose grey moustaches and old-fashioned costume recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that *he* could be a minister of state? Formerly, when a Palatin traversed the Capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

"His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms."

"He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the

public schools had listened in indignant silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned towards the priest, and said: —

"A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"And pray what use *does* he make of it?"

"The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was it not Staszic!"

"Oh! yes, because he is as greedy of

Poland esteems, as her chief glory, the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown — calling the chisel of Canova to honour the memory of Copernicus?"

"It was Staszic," replied the priest, "and so all Europe honours for it the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noon-day sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life. This ostentatious miser, in the books which he publishes, groans over the lot of the peasanty, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs. Go some morning to his house — there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man who repulses her. That man is Staszic — that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relative?"

The young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend, so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

Next morning he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping, and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother.

This confirmation of what the priest had said, inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts — he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

The learned minister, seeing his favourite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him:

"Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out of my library; or instruments — order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want anything."

"On the contrary, Sir, I come to thank you for your past kind-

ness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts."

"You are, then, become rich?"

"I am as poor as ever."

"And your college?"

"I must leave it."

"Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils — it must not be!"

In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on knowing it.

"You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favours on me, at the expense of your suffering family."

The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said:

"Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel — 'JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.' Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is, in truth, an enigma, which I cannot now solve — it is the secret of my life."

Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added:

"Keep an account of the money I give you, consider it as a loan; and when some day, through labour and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As to me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

During fifty years Stanislas Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice.

On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.

The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man. His last testament fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice. His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant — his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades. A reserved fund was provided for the succour of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated serfs, was destined for purchasing, by degrees, the freedom of their neighbours, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum towards educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance

which he had given her, yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislas Staszic. A martyr to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

PLATE GLASS.

Two other gentlemen occupied the railway carriage, which, on a gusty day in December, was conveying us towards Gravesend, *viâ* Blackwall. One wore spectacles, by the aid of which he was perusing a small pocket edition of his favourite author. No sound escaped his lips; yet, his underjaw and his disengaged hand moved with the solemn regularity of an orator emitting periods of tremendous euphony. Presently, his delight exploded in a loud shutting up of the book and an enthusiastic appeal to us in favour of the writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson. "What, for example, can be finer, gentlemen, than his account of the orgin of glass-making; in which, being a drysalter, I take a particular interest. Let me read the passage to you!"

"But the noise of the train —"

"Sir, I can drown that."

The tone in which the Johnsonian "Sir" was let off, left no doubt of it. Though a small man, the reader was what his favourite writer would have denominated a Stentor, and what the modern school would call a Stunner. When he re-opened the book and began to read, the words smote the ear, as if they had been shot out of the mouth of a cannon. To give additional effect to the rounded periods of his author, he waved his arm in the air at each turn of a sentence, as if it had been a circular saw. "Who," he recited, "when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat, melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind: which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and con-

ferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself. This passion for —"

"Blackwall, gents! Blackwall, ladies! Boat for Gravesend!" We should, unquestionably, have been favoured with the rest of the ninth number of the "Rambler" (in which the foregoing passage occurs) but for these announcements.

"There is one thing, however," said the little man with the loud voice, as we walked from the platform to the pier, "which I can*not* understand. What does the illustrious essayist mean by the 'fortuitous liquefaction' of the sand and ashes. Was glass found out by accident?"

Luckily, a ray of school-day classics enlightened a corner of our memory, and we mentioned the well-known story, in Pliny, that some Phœnician merchants, carrying saltpetre to the mouth of the river Belus, went ashore; and, placing some lumps of the cargo under their kettles to cook food, the heat of the fire fused the nitre, which ran among the sand of the shore. The cooks finding this union to produce a translucent substance, discovered the art of making glass.

"That," said our other companion, holding his hat to prevent the wind from blowing it aboard the Gravesend steamer (which was not to start for ten minutes), "has been the stock tale of all writers on the subject, from Pliny down to Ure; but, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson has put it out of the power of future authors to repeat it. That indefatigable haunter of Egyptian tombs discovered minute representations of glass-blowing, painted on tombs of the time of Orsirtasin the First, some sixteen hundred years before the date of Pliny's story. Indeed, a glass bead, bearing the name of a king who lived fifteen hundred years before Christ, was found in another tomb by Captain Henvey, the specific gravity of which is precisely that of English crown-glass."

"You seem to know all about it!" exclaimed the loud-voiced man.

"Being a director of a plate-glass company I have made it my business to learn all that books could teach me on the subject."

"I should like to see glass made!" said the vociferous admirer of Dr. Johnson, "especially plate glass."

To this, the other replied, with ready politeness, "If your wish be very strong, and you have an hour to spare, I shall be happy to show you the works, to which I am going, — those of the Thames Plate Glass Company. They are close by."

"The fact is," was the reply, "Mrs. Bossle (I 'm sorry to say Mrs. Bossle is an invalid) expects me down to Gravesend to tea; but an hour won't matter much."

"And you, Sir?" said the civil gentleman, addressing me.

My desire was equally strong, and the next hour equally my own;

for, as the friend, whom a negligent public had driven to emigration, was not to sail until the next morning, it did not much matter whether I took my last farewell of him at Gravesend early or late that evening.

Tracking our guide through dock gates, over narrow drawbridges, along quays; now, dodging the rigging of ships; now, tripping over cables, made "taut" to rings; now, falling foul of warping-posts (for it was getting dusk); one minute, leaping over deserted timber; the next, doubling stray casks; the next, winding among the strangest ruins of dismantled steam-boats, for which a regular Hospital seemed established in that desolate region of mud and water; then, emerging into dirty lanes, and turning the corners of roofless houses; we finished an exciting game of Follow my Leader, at a pair of tall gates. One of these, admitted us into the precincts of the southernmost of the six manufactories of plate glass existing in this country.

The first ingredient in the making of glass, to which we were introduced, was contained in a goodly row of barrels in full tap, marked with the esteemed brand of "Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co." It is the well-known fermented extract of malt and hops, which is, it seems, nearly as necessary to the production of good plate glass, as flint and soda. To liquefy the latter materials by means of fire, is, in truth, dry work; and our *cicerone* explained, that seven pints per day, per man, of Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Company's entire, has been found, after years of thirsty experience, to be absolutely necessary to moisten human clay, hourly baked at the mouths of blazing furnaces. These furnaces emit a heat more intense than the most perspiring imagination can conceive, or the staunchest thermometer indicate. An attempt to ascertain the degree of heat was once made: a pyrometer (a thermometer of the superlative degree, or "fire-measurer,") was applied to the throat of a furnace — for every furnace has its mouth, its throat, and its flaming tongues; but, the wretched instrument, after five minutes' scorching, made an expiring effort to mark *thirteen hundred degrees above boiling point*, cracked, was shivered into bits, and was finally swallowed up by the insatiable element whose proceedings it had presumptuously attempted to register.

Having, by this time, crossed a yard, we stood on the edge of a foul creek of the Thames, so horribly slimy that a crocodile, or an alligator, or any scaly monster of the Saurian period, seemed much more likely to be encountered in such a neighbourhood than the beautiful substance that makes our modern rooms so glittering and bright; our streets so dazzling, and our windows at once so radiant and so strong.

"In order to understand our process thoroughly," said the obliging director of the seven acres

of factory and the four hundred operatives we had come to see, "we must begin with the beginning. This," picking up from a heap a handful of the finest of fine sand — the glittering pounce, in fact, with which our forefathers spangled their writing, — "is the basis of all glass. It is the whitest, most highly pulverised flint sand that can be procured. This comes from Lynn, on the coast of Norfolk. Its mixture with the other materials is a secret, even to us. We give the man who possesses it a handsome salary for exercising his mystery."

"A secret!" cried Mr. Bossle. "Every body I thought, knew — at least everybody in the dry-saltery line understands — what glass is made of. Why, I can repeat the recipe given by Dr. Ure, from memory: — To every hundred parts of materials, there are of pure sand forty-three parts; soda twenty-five and a half (by the bye, we have some capital carbonate coming forward *ex* Mary Anne, that we could let you have at a low figure); quick-lime, four; nitre, one and a half; broken glass, twenty-six. The Doctor calculates, if I remember rightly, that of the whole, thirty parts of this compound run to waste in fusing, so that seventy per cent. becomes, on an average, glass."

"That is all very true," was the answer; "but our glass is, we flatter ourselves, of a much better colour, and stands annealing better, than that made from the ordinary admixture: from which, however, ours differs but little — only, I think, in the relative quantities. In that lies the secret."

Mr. Bossle expressed great anxiety to behold an individual who was possessed of a secret worth several hundreds a-year, paid weekly. Romance invariably associates itself with mystery; and we are not quite sure from the awful way in which Mr. Bossle dropped his voice to a soft whisper, that he did not expect, on entering the chamber of pre-vitrified chemicals, to find an individual clothed like the hermit in "Rasselas," or mingling his "elements" with the wand of Hermes Trismegistus. He looked as if he could hardly believe his spectacles, when he saw a plain, respectable-looking, indifferent-tempered man, not a whit more awe-inspiring — or more dusty — than a miller on a market-day.

We do not insinuate that Mr. Bossle endeavoured to "pluck out the heart of the mystery," though nothing seemed to escape the focus of his spectacles. But, although here lay, in separate heaps, the sand and soda and saltpetre and lime and *cullet*, or broken glass; while there, in a huge trough, those ingredients were mixed up (like "broken" in a confectioner's shop) ready to be pushed through a trap to fill the crucible or stomach of the furnace; yet, despite Mr. Bossle's sly investigations, and sonorous enquiries, he left the hall of "elements" as wise as he had entered.

Passing through a variety of

places in which the trituration, purification, and cleaning of the materials were going on, we mounted to an upper story that reminded us of the yard in which the cunning Captain of the Forty Thieves, when he was disguised as an Oil Merchant, stored his pretended merchandise. It was filled with rows and rows of great clay jars, something like barrels with their heads knocked out. Each had, instead of a hoop, an indented band round the middle, for the insertion of the iron gear by which they were, in due time, to be lifted into and out of the raging furnaces. There were two sizes; one about four feet deep, and three feet six inches in diameter, technically called "pots," and destined to receive the materials for their first sweltering. The smaller vessels *(cuvettes)* were of the same shape, but only two feet six inches deep, and two feet in diameter. These were the crucibles in which the vitreous compound was to be fired a second time, ready for casting. These vessels are *built* — for that is really the process; and it requires a twelvemonth to build one, so gradually must it settle and harden, and so slowly must it be pieced together, or the furnace would immediately destroy it — of Stourbridge clay, which is the purest and least silicious yet discovered. (The clay mentioned in our recent article, "The Devonshire Dorado,"* may be worth a trial, for the manufacture of these crucibles.)

"We have now," said Mr. Bossle, wiping his spectacles, and gathering himself up for a loud Johnsonian period, "seen the raw materials ready to be submitted to the action of the fire, and we have also beheld the vessels in which the vitrification is to take place. Let us therefore witness the actual liquefaction."

In obedience to this grandiloquent wish, we were shown into the hall of furnaces.

It was a sight indeed. A lofty and enormous hall, with windows in the high walls open to the rainy night. Down the centre, a fearful row of roaring furnaces, white-hot: to look at which, even through the chinks in the iron screens before them, and masked, seemed to scorch and splinter the very breath within one. At right angles with this hall, another, an immense building in itself, with unearthly-looking instruments hanging on the walls, and strewn about, as if for some diabolical cookery. In dark corners, where the furnaces redly glimmered on them, from time to time, knots of swarthy muscular men, with nets drawn over their faces, or hanging from their hats: confusedly grouped, wildly dressed, scarcely heard to mutter amidst the roaring of the fires, and mysteriously coming and going, like picturesque shadows, cast by the terrific glare. Such figures there must have been, once upon a time, in some such scene, ministering to

* See Vol. V. page 91.

the worship of fire, and feeding the altars of the cruel god with victims. Figures not dissimilar, alas! there have been, torturing and burning, even in Our Saviour's name. But, happily those bitter days are gone. The senseless world is tortured for the good of man, and made to take new forms in his service. Upon the rack, we stretch the ores and metals of the earth, and not the image of the Creator of all. These fires and figures are the agents of civilisation, and not of deadly persecution and black murder. Burn fires and welcome! making a light in England that shall not be quenched by all the monkish dreamers in the world!

We were aroused by a sensation like the sudden application of a hot mask to the countenance. As we instinctively placed a hand over our face to ascertain how much of the skin was peeling off, our cool informant announced that the furnace over against us had been opened to perform the *tréjetage*, or ladling of the liquid *pot à feu* from the large pots into the smaller ones. "I must premise," he said, "that one-third of the raw materials, as put together by our secret friend, are first thrown in; and when that is melted, one-third more; on that being fused, the last third is added. The mouth of the furnace is then closed, and an enormous heat kept up by the *tiseur* or stoker (all our terms are taken from the French), during sixteen hours. That time having now elapsed, in the case of the flaming pot before you, the furnace is opened. The man with the long ladle thrusts it, you perceive, into the pot, takes out a ladleful, and, by the assistance of two companions, throws the vitrified dough upon an iron anvil. The other two men turn it over and over, spread it upon the inverted flat-iron, and twitch out, with pliers, any speck of impurity; it is tossed again into the ladle, and thrown into a cuvette in another furnace. When the cuvettes are full, that furnace is stopped up to maintain a roaring heat for another eight hours; and, in the language of the men, 'the ceremony is performed.'"

At this moment, the noise burst forth from the middle of the enormous shed, of several beats of a gong: so loud, that they even drowned the thundering inquiries with which Mr. Bossle was teasing one of the "teasers." In an instant the men hastened to a focus, like giants in a Christmas pantomime about to perform some wonderful conjuration; and not a whisper was heard.

"Aha!" exclaimed the director, "they are going to cast. This way, gentlemen!"

The kitchen in which the Ogre threatened to cook Jack and his seven brothers could not have been half so formidable an apartment as the enormous cuisine into which we were led. One end was occupied with a row of awful ovens; in the midst, stood a stupendous iron table; and upon it lay a rolling-pin, so big, that it

could only be likened to half-a-dozen garden-rollers joined together at their ends. Above, was an iron crane or gallows to lift the enormous messes of red-hot gruel, thick and slab, which were now to be brought from the furnaces.

"Stand clear!" A huge basin, white with heat, approaches, on a sort of iron hurley; at one end of which sits, triumphant, a salamander, in human form, to balance the Plutonian mass, as it approaches on its wheeled car — playing with it — a game of see-saw. It stops at the foot of the iron gallows. Mr. Bossle approaches to see what it is, and discovers it to be a cuvette filled with molten glass, glowing from the fiery furnace. What is that man doing with a glazed mask before his face? "Why, if you will believe me," exclaims Mr. Bossle, in the tones of a speaking-trumpet, (we are at a prudent distance,) "he is ladling off the scum, as composedly as if it were turtle-soup!" Mr. Bossle grows bold, and ventures a little nearer. Rash man! His nose is assuredly scorched; he darts back, and takes off his spectacles, to ascertain how much of the frames are melted. The dreadful pot is lifted by the crane. It is poised immediately over the table; a workman tilts it; and out pours a cataract of molten opal which spreads itself, deliberately, like infernal sweet-stuff, over the iron table; which is spilled and slopped about, in a crowd of men, and touches nobody. "And has touched nobody since last year, when one poor fellow got the large shoes he wore, filled with white-hot glass." Then the great rolling-pin begins to "roll it out."

But, those two men, narrowly inspecting every inch of the red hot sheet as the roller approaches it — is their skin salamandrine? — are their eyes fire-proof?

"They are looking," we are told, "for any accidental impurity that may be still intruding in the vitrifaction, and, if they can tear it out with their long pincers before the roller has passed over it, they are rewarded. From the shape these specks assume in being torn away, they are called 'tears.'"

When the roller has passed over the table, it leaves a sheet of red-hot glass, measuring some twelve feet by seven.

This translucent confection is pushed upon a flat wooden platform on wheels — sparkling, as it touches the wood, like innumerable diamonds — and is then run rapidly to an oven, there to be baked or annealed. The bed or "sole" of this *carquèse* is heated to a temperature exactly equal to that of the glass; which is now so much cooled that you can stand within a yard or so of it without fear of scorching off your eyelashes. The pot out of the furnace is cooled too, out in the rain, and lies there, burst into a hundred pieces. It has been a good one: for it has withstood the fire, seventy days.

So rapidly are all these casting

operations performed, that, from the moment when Mr. Bossle thought his spectacles were melting off his nose, to the moment when the sheet of glass is shut up in the oven, about five minutes have elapsed. The operations are repeated, until the oven is full of glass plates.

When eight plates are put into the *carquèse* it is closed up hermetically; for the tiniest current of cold air would crack the glass. The fire is allowed to go out of its own accord, and the cooling takes place so gradually, that it is not completed until eight days are over. When drawn forth, the glass is that "rough plate" which we see let into the doors of railway stations, and forming half-transparent floors in manufactories. To make it completely transparent for windows and looking-glasses, elaborate processes of grinding and polishing are requisite. They are three in number: — roughing down, smoothing and polishing.

"I perceive," said Mr. Bossle, when he got to the roughing down room, where steam machinery was violently agitating numerous plates of glass, one upon the other, "that the diamond cut diamond principle is adopted."

"Exactly: the under plate is fastened to a table by plaster of Paris, and the upper one — quite rough — is violently rubbed by machinery upon it, with water, sand, and other grinding powders between. The top plate is then fastened to a table, to rough down another first plate; for the under one is always the smoother."

Then comes the "smoothing." Emery, of graduated degrees of fineness, is used for that purpose. "Until within the last month or so, smoothing could only be done by human labour. The human hand alone was capable of the requisite tenacity, to rub the slippery surfaces over each other; nay, so fine a sense of touch was requisite, that even a man's hand had scarcely sensitiveness enough for the work; hence females were, and still are, employed."

As our pains-taking informant spoke, he pushed open a door, and we beheld a sight that made Mr. Bossle wipe his spectacles, and ourselves imagine for a moment that a scene from an Oriental Story-Book was magically revealed to us; so elegant and graceful were the attitudes into which a bevy of some fifty females — many of them of fine forms and handsome features — were unceasingly throwing themselves. Now, with arms extended, they pushed the plates to one verge of the low tables, stretching their bodies as far as possible; then, drawing back, they stood erect, pulling the plate after them; then, in order to reach the opposite edge of the plane, they stretched themselves out again to an almost horizontal posture. The easy beauty of their movements, the glitter of the glass, the brilliancy of the gaslights, the bright colours of most of the dresses, formed a *coup d'œil* which Mr. Bossle enjoyed a

great deal more than Mrs. Bossle, had she been there, might have quite approved.

The fairy scene is soon, however, to disappear. Mr. Blake, the ingenious manager of the works, has invented an artificial female hand, by means of which, in combination with peculiar machinery, glass smoothing can be done by steam. The last process is "polishing." This art is practised in a spacious room glowing with red. Every corner of the busy interior is as rubicund as a Dutch dairy. The floor is red, the walls are red, the ceiling is red, the pillars are red, the machinery is very red. Red glass is attached, by red plaster of Paris, to red moveable tables; red rubbers of red felt, heavily weighted with red leads, are driven rapidly over the red surface. Little red boys, redder than the reddest of Red Indians, are continually sprinkling on the reddened glass, the rouge (moistened crocus, per oxyde of iron), which converts the scene of their operations into the most gigantic of known Rubrics.

When polished, the glass is taken away to be "examined." A body of vigilant scrutineers place each sheet between their own eyes and a strong light: wherever a scratch or flaw appears, they make a mark with a piece of wax. If removable, these flaws are polished out by hand. The glass is then ready for the operation, which enables "the beauty to behold herself." The spreading of the quicksilver at the back is, however, a separate process, accomplished elsewhere, and performed by a perfectly distinct body of workmen. It is a very simple art.

The manufacture of plate glass adds another to the thousand and one instances of the advantages of unrestricted and unfettered trade. The great demand occasioned by the immediate fall in price consequent upon the New Tariff, produced this effect on the Thames Plate Glass Works. — They now manufacture as much plate glass per week as was turned out in the days of the Excise, in the same time, by all the works in the country put together. The Excise incubi clogged the operations of the workmen, and prevented every sort of improvement in the manufacture. They put their gauges into the "metal" (or mixed materials) before it was put into the pot. They overhauled the paste when it was taken out of the fire, and they applied their foot-rules to the sheets after the glass was annealed. The duty was collected during the various stages of manufacture half-a-dozen times, and amounted to three hundred per cent. No improvement was according to law, and the Exciseman put his veto upon every attempt of the sort. In the old time, the mysterious mixer could not have exercised his secret vocation for the benefit of his employers, and the demand for glass was so small that Mr. Blake's admirable polishing machine would never have been invented. Nor could plate glass

ever have been used for transparent flooring, or for door pannels, or for a hundred other purposes, to which it is now advantageously and ornamentally applied.

Thanking the courteous gentleman who had shown us over the works, we left Mr. Bossle in close consultation with the Manager. As, in crossing the yard, we heard the word "soda!" frequently thundered forth, we concluded that the Johnsonian dry-salter was endeavouring to complete some transaction in that commodity, which he had previously opened with the director. But, it is not in our power to report decisively on this head, for our attention was directed to two concluding objects.

First, to a row of workmen — the same we had lately seen among the fires and liquid glass — good-humouredly sitting, with perfect composure, on a log of timber, out in the cold and wet, looking at the muddy creek, and drinking their beer, as if there were no such thing as temperature known. Secondly, and lastly, to the narrow passages or caves underneath the furnaces, into which the glowing cinders drop through gratings. These looked, when we descended into them, like a long Egyptian street on a dark night, with a fiery rain falling. In warm divergent chambers and crevices, the boys employed in the works love to hide and sleep, on cold nights. So slept DE FOE'S hero, COLONEL JACK, among the ashes of the glass-house where *he* worked. And that, and the river together, made us think of ROBINSON CRUSOE the whole way home, and wonder what all the English boys who have been since his time, and who are yet to be, would have done without him and his desert Island.

A GUILD CLERK'S TALE.

THE office of clerk of the Carvers' Company has been filled by members of my family for one hundred years past. My great-grandfather was elected in the year 1749. After him, came his younger brother; and, when he died, my grandfather was chosen by nine votes out of twelve; after that, all opposition vanished. Our dynasty was established. When my grandfather died, my father went through the ceremony of calling upon the members of the Court of Assistants, and soliciting their votes; and, afterwards, the formality of a show of hands being passed, he was declared, as every one knew he would be who was aware of the existence of the Carvers' Company, the successor of his father. The transition from him to myself was so easy as to be hardly felt. When I threw aside my yellow breeches, and came out of the "Blue Coat School," with some knowledge of Greek, and very small skill in penmanship, I was at once transplanted to a stool at my father's desk; which stood railed off, in a corner of the great

hall, under the stained-glass window. The master and twelve senior liverymen, who formed what is called the Court of Assistants, say me there when they met together; and one patted me on the head, and prophesied great things of me, while I sat, very red in the face, wondering who had been talking to him about me. Another, who had himself worn the girdle and blue-petticoats, some half a century previously, examined my classical knowledge; and, finding himself somewhat at fault, remarked that he was not fresh from school, like me. At length, my father and I attended their meetings alternately; and, as he became old and infirm, the duties devolved entirely upon me. When he died, therefore, there was no change. The twelve liverymen held up twelve of their four-and-twenty hands, and my election was recorded on the minutes.

Carvers' Hall was a place not very easy to find out, for any but the warder and twelve liverymen: but, as few people else ever had occasion to find it out, that was not of much consequence. The portion of the city in which it stood had escaped the Fire of London, which took a turn at a short distance, owing, perhaps, to a change in the wind, and left the Hall and some adjacent courts untouched. In order to arrive there, it was necessary, first, to pass through a narrow passage running up from Thames Street; then, along a paved yard, by the railing of a church; and, lastly, down an impassable court, at the bottom of which stood the antique gateway of Carvers' Hall. Over the doorway was a curious carving of the Resurrection, in oak, which must have cost some ancient member of the Worshipful Guild considerable time and trouble. There were represented graves opening, and bald-headed old men forcing up the lids of their family-vaults — some looking happy, and some with their features distorted by despair. Out of others, whole families, mother, father, and several children, had just issued, and were standing hand-in-hand. Some, again, were struggling, half-buried in the ground; while others, already extricated, were assisting their kinsmen in their efforts to disinter themselves. The scene was made a section, in order to give the spectator a view of an immense host of cherubim above, sitting upon a massy pile of cloud; through which — the middle point of the picture — the summoning angel was throwing himself down, with a trumpet in his hand; which, according to the relative scale of the work, must have been several leagues, at least, in length. Having passed under this gateway, you entered a small square yard, paved with black and white stones, placed diamond-wise; and facing you was the Hall itself, up three stone steps, and with a wooden portico.

This solitary building, silent and retired, though in the heart of a crowded city, has been my home for nearly sixty years. I have become assimilated to the

place by long usage. I am myself silent, retired, and tenacious of old habits; though I do not think this is my natural disposition. But why do I talk of natural disposition? Are we not all moulded and made what we are by time and outward influences? However, when I was at school I was a cheerful boy, though the monastic life of Christ's Hospital is not calculated to improve the spirits. It was only on entering my father's office that I began to be subdued to the formal being which I have since become. The portraits of my predecessors hang in the Hall; they are exactly alike, both in features and in dress, except that the first two wore hair-powder. It was my father's pride that he clung to the style of dress which was prevalent when he was a young man, which he considered to be, in every way, superior to all modern inventions. I was only released from the absurd dress of the blue coat boy to be put into garments equally provocative of remarks from impertinent boys. The family costume is, *imprimis*, a pair of knee-breeches with buckles; then a blue coat with metal buttons; and a large white cravat, spread out over the whole chest, and ornamented in the middle with a cornelian brooch. The same brooch appears in every one of the portraits. I have worn this dress all my life, with the exception of a short period, when I changed it to return to it shortly again.

If happiness consists in having many friends, I ought to have been a happy man. Old carvers, neighbours, pensioners of the Company, every one down to the housekeeper, and Tom Lawton, my only clerk, spoke kindly of me. Theirs was no lip service. I knew they liked me in their hearts. The world, too, had gone smoothly with me. I knew nothing of the struggles for bread, the hardships and wrongs which other men endure. They appeared to me even fabulous when I read them. The means of getting my living were put into my hands. The Company seemed almost grateful to my father for bringing me up to the office. My income was two hundred pounds per annum, as well as the house to live in, and coals and candles, which was more than I needed for my support, though I always found means of disposing of the surplus, and never saved anything. I was not, however, a happy man. I had always the feeling of a spirit subdued to a life to which it was not suited. I do not say that in another sphere I should have led a boisterous life. My mind was, perhaps, more prone to reflection than to action, although I felt that if I had been more in the world, if I had known more of life and change, I should have been a happier man. But from my earliest days the vanity of life, and the virtue of keeping aloof from temptation, were instilled into me. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," was the first proverb which I heard from my father's

mouth. These principles, implanted early, took deep root, though, perhaps, in an unfavourable soil. Living also under the same roof with my father, I felt alarmed at every whispering of my own inclinations which was opposed to his wishes, and strove to subdue them, as if I were struggling with the evil portion of my nature. Thus, in course of time, I became what I am; not a misanthrope, thank God, but a timid and somewhat melancholy man. We had no mirth-making in our household, except at Christmas-time, when we feasted in good earnest. My father loved at that time to display a rough hospitality. We had generally two or three nights of merry-making, at which were both young and old people — all carvers or the children of carvers — and after his death I continued the custom. Often, as I sat with my happy friends about me, some sweet young woman would give me a sly hit upon my obdurate determination to die an old bachelor; little thinking that her heedless words could give me pain, though they cut me deeply, and set me looking at the fire with a thoughtful face. I might have married, perhaps, if I had found a partner; my income was not large, but many men run the risk of a family with less means to support than I had; but, somehow, I found myself at forty-five years of age unmarried, slim, and prim — the very type of an old bachelor. It was not from indifference, for I was by nature sensitive and affectionate. For women I had a kind of reverence. I pictured them to myself all that is noble and good: yet, in their presence, I only looked upon them timidly, speaking little, but thinking of them, perhaps, long afterwards when they were gone.

One result of my reputation for gravity was a number of executorships which had been imposed upon me by deceased friends. Any one would have thought that there was a conspiracy abroad to overwhelm me with proofs of confidence. My stock of mourning rings is considerable. The expression, "Nineteen guineas for his trouble," had to me an old familiar sound with it. At length, I was obliged to hint to any old carver who waxed sickly, that my duties in that way were already as much as I could fulfil. There was, however, an old grocer of my acquaintance, named Cawthorne, who would make me executor of his will, in spite of my remonstrances, relieving my scruples by assuring me that he had named another friend for my colleague, who, it was understood, was to undertake, if we survived him, the greater part of the duties, including the guardianship of his daughter Lucy. We did survive him; and the other executor entered upon his office, seldom troubling me except when absolutely necessary. Thus he went on for some years. The daughter had become a fine young woman of nineteen, with blue eyes and fair hair, rippled like the sunlight

upon waters touched by a light wind. I saw her often in the house when he was taken ill, and thought her very beautiful. I fancied, sometimes, how she would look robed in pure white, and holding in her hand an olive branch, as I had seen some angels carved in stone. I have met her ascending the stairs with a candle in her hand, the light striking upward, like a glory on her face, and she seemed to me not to mount from step to step, but slowly to ascend without a movement of the feet. My feeling with regard to her almost amounted to a superstitious awe; for I seldom spoke many words to her, and I think, at first, she thought me harsh and cold. At length her guardian died, and although I had known from the first that in that event his duty would devolve upon me, the fact seemed to take me by surprise. I could hardly believe that henceforth, for some time, she would look to me as her sole protector. However, in a short time, the affairs of my deceased colleague were set in order, and she came to reside with me in the old hall.

She soon forgot her first antipathy, and we became good friends together. I took her over the old place, and showed her the library and the paintings, and everything there that was quaint and curious. We had a garden at the back of the Hall, in which she sat at work on fine days. It was not large, but it was, nevertheless, a garden, and in the midst of London. It was planted with shrubs, and contained two or three large trees, as well as a rustic seat upon a grass-plot; though the grass was not very thriving, on account of the trees shutting out the sun and air. However, sitting here, the back of the Hall had a picturesque look, half covered with the great leaves of a fig-tree nailed against the wall, and with its worn stone steps guarded on each side by an aloe in a green tub. This was her favourite place. She worked or read there in the morning, and in the afternoon she taught two little nieces of the housekeeper to read and write. Sometimes, in the evening, I got an old book from the library, and read to her, and made her laugh at its quaintness. I remember one translation of a Spanish novel in folio, printed in the seventeenth century, which amused her very much. The translation occupied one half of the book, and the prefaces the other. There was the Translator's "Apology for his labour;" "A declaration for the better understanding of the book;" an address "To the learned Reader;" another "To the discreet and courteous Reader;" and another "To the vulgar Reader," with some others; and, finally, the Spanish novel itself was ushered in by a number of verses in English and Latin, laudatory of the book and the translator, by celebrated men of the period.

On Sunday we sat at church, in the same pew, and often I forgot my own devotions in listening to

the earnest tones with which she said the prayers. I thought that she, of all that congregation, was best fitted to speak those words of christian love. I was vexed to hear an old overseer of the parish, whom I knew to be a bad and worldly man, in the next pew, repeating the same words in a drawling tone; and I could almost have requested him to say them to himself.

Thus, ours was not a very cheerful way of life for a young maiden; but she seemed always happy and contented. For myself, although I was sorry for the death of my co-executor, I blessed the day when she came into the house; and I grieved that I had objected to become her guardian from the first, that she might have grown up from childhood with me, and learnt to look up to me as a father. Living with her daily, and noting all her thoughts and actions sometimes even when she did not suspect that I observed her, I saw her purer than the purest of my own ideals. My feeling was almost an idolatry. If I had, at forty-five years of age, still any thoughts of marrying, I renounced them for her sake, and resolved to devote all my care to her, until such time as she should find a husband worthy of her.

By an ancient bequest to the Company, we distributed, on the day before Christmas Day, to twenty-four poor people, a loaf of bread, a small log of wood, or bavin, as we called it, and the sum of two shillings and ten pence to each person. The recipients were all old decrepid men and women. There was an ancient regulation, still unrepealed, that they should all attend on the following court-day, at noon precisely, to "return thanks for the same;" though that performance of mechanical gratitude had been allowed to fall into disuse by a more philosophical generation. The first Christmas after Lucy came there, she begged me to let her distribute these gifts, and I consented. I stood at my little desk at the end of the hall, with my face resting upon my hand, watching her, and listening to her talking to the old people. Next to the pleasure of hearing her speak to little children, I delighted to hear her talk with very aged folks. There was something in the contrast of the two extremes of life — the young and beautiful maiden, and the bent and wrinkled old people — that pleased me. She heard all their oft-repeated complaints, their dreary accounts of their agues and rheumatics, and consoled them as well as she could; and, with some of the very old, she took their brown and sinewy hands in hers, and led them down the steps. I did not know what ailed me that day. I stood dreaming and musing, till I seemed to have lost that instinctive dexterity with which we perform the simple operations of our daily life. Some accounts lay before me which I was anxious to cast, but several times I essayed, and seemed incapable of doing so. As the

simple words of our daily language, which issue from our lips simultaneously with the thought, become vague and indistinct if we muse upon their origin, and repeat them several times to ourselves; so by dwelling long upon the idea of the work before me, it seemed to have become confused, and difficult to realise. I handed them over to my clerk, Tom Lawton, who sat opposite to me.

Poor Tom Lawton! I thought I saw him looking anxiously at me, several times, when I raised my eyes. No being upon earth ever loved me more than he. It is true, I had done him some acts of kindness, but I had often done as much for others, who had forgotten it since; whereas his gratitude became a real affection for me, which never failed to show itself each day that he was with me. He was a fine young man, and a great favourite with the housekeeper, who said "she liked him because he was so good to his mother, just as she thought her poor son would have been if he had lived." Tom was fond of reading, and sometimes wrote verses, of which he made copies for his friends in a neat hand. He was a shrewd fellow, in some things, but in others he was as simple as a child. His temper was the sweetest in the world — the children knew that. No diving into his coat-pocket ever ruffled him; no amount of pulling his hair could ever induce him to cry out.

Tom was to spend his Christmas Eve with us, and to make "toast and ale," as was our custom; so, when the gifts were all distributed, he left me, and ran home to dress himself smartly for the occasion. I stood at my desk, still musing, till the evening closed upon the short and wintry afternoon. Lucy came and called me, saying the tea was on the table.

"We thought you were fallen asleep," said she. "Mr. Lawton is come."

We sat round a large fire in the old wainscoted sitting-room, while Lucy made the tea — and would have made the toast, too; but Tom said he would sooner burn his eyes out than suffer her to do so. The housekeeper came up; and afterwards came an old carver and his daughter. We sat till after midnight. The old carver told some anecdotes of people whom my father knew; and Tom told a ghost story, which kept them all in breathless terror, till it turned out, at last, to be a dream. But I was restless, and spoke little. Once, indeed, I answered the old carver rather sharply. He had patted Lucy on the head, and said he supposed she would be soon getting married, and leaving us old people. I could not endure the thought of her leaving us; though I knew that she would do so, probably, one day. She had never looked to me more interesting than she did that evening. A little child, worn out with playing, had fallen asleep, with its head upon her lap; and, as

she was speaking to us, her hand was entangled in its hair. I gazed at her, and caught up every word she spoke; and when she stopped, my restlessness returned. I strove in vain to take part in their mirth. I wanted to be alone.

When I sat that night in my little bed-room, I was thinking still of Lucy. I heard her voice still sounding in my ear; and, when I shut my eyes, I pictured her still before me, with her dear kind face, and her little golden locket hung upon her neck. I fell asleep, and dreamed of her. I woke, and waited for the day-light, thinking of her still. So we passed all the Christmas holidays. Sometimes it was a happy feeling which possessed me; and sometimes I almost wished that I had never seen her. I was always restless and anxious; I knew not for what. I became a different man to that which I had been before I knew her.

When, at last, I concealed from myself no longer that I loved her fondly, deeply — deeper, I believe, than ever man has loved —I became alarmed. I knew what people would say, if it came to be known. She had some property, and I had nothing; but what was worse, I was forty-five years of age, and she was only twenty. I was, moreover, her guardian; and she had been consigned to my care by her dying father, in confidence, that if she came under my protection, I would act towards her as he himself would have acted, if he had lived, not dreaming that I should encourage other thoughts than those of a protector and a friend. I knew that I should have been jealous, angry, with anyone who evinced a liking for her; and yet I asked myself whether it was right that I should discourage any man who might make her happy; who, perhaps, would love her nearly as much as I did, and be more suited for her, by reason of his youth and habits; not like mine, sedate and monkish. Even if I eventually gained her affections, would not the world say that I had exerted the undue influence of my authority over her; or that I had kept her shut up from society; so that, in her ignorance of life, she mistook a feeling of respect for a stronger sentiment? And, again, if all these things were set aside, was it not wrong that I should take a young and beautiful girl and shut her up in that old place for ever—checking the natural gaiety of youth, and bringing her by slow degrees to my old ways? I saw the selfishness of all my thoughts, and resolved to strive to banish them for ever.

But they would not leave me. Each day I saw something in her that increased my passion. I watched her as she went from room to room. I walked stealthily about the place, in the hope of seeing her somewhere, unobserved, and hearing her speak, and stealing away again before she saw me. I walked on tiptoe once, and saw her through the

open door, thoughtful — looking at the candle — with her work untouched beside her. I fancied to myself what thoughts possessed her: perhaps the memory of a friend, no longer of this world, had touched her suddenly, and made her mute and still; or, perhaps, the thought of some one dearer. The idea ran through me like a subtle poison, and I shuddered. I thought she started. I believe it was a fancy; but I stole away again hurriedly, on tiptoe, and never looked behind me till I reached my corner in the Hall.

Every one remarked a change in me. Lucy looked at me anxiously sometimes, and asked me if I was not ill. Tom Lawton grieved to see me so dejected, till he became himself as grave as an old man. I sat opposite to Lucy sometimes, with a book in my hand. I had ceased to read aloud; and she seeing that I took no pleasure in it, did not press me to do so. I looked at the pages, without a thought of their contents, simply to avoid her looks. I thought, at last, that she grew vexed with my neglect. One night I suddenly threw down my book, and looking at her boldly and intently, to observe the expression of her features, I said —

"I have been thinking, Lucy, that you grow weary of my dull ways. You do not love me now, as you did some months ago"

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "indeed I do. I do not know what makes you talk like this, unless I have offended you in something. But I see it now," she said. "I must have said something that has given you pain; though it was never in my thought to do so. And this is why you treat me coldly, day by day, and never let me know what I have done."

She came over to me, and took my hand in hers; and, with tears in her eyes, begged me to tell her what it was.

"I know," she said, "I have no friend more kind and good than you. My father died before I knew how great a friend I had in him; but had he lived, I never could have loved him more than I love you."

"Well, well, Lucy," said I, "I did not mean to hurt you. I know not why I reproached you. I am not well; and when I feel thus, I know not what I say."

"Kiss me, then," said she, "and tell me you are not angry with me; and do not think, now, that I am tired of living here with you. I will do everything to make you happy: I will not ask you to read. I will put away my work, and read to you in future. I have seen you silent, looking unhappy, and have said nothing — thinking that was best, as I did not know what it was that made you so; and you have thought, perhaps, that I was vexed with you, and wished to show it by a sullen air. But now I will strive to make you cheerful. I will read and sing to you, and we will play at draughts, sometimes, as we used to do. Indeed, I like this old place, and all that

live in it, and never was so happy in my life as I have been since I came here."

I placed my hand upon her head, and kissed her on the forehead, saying nothing.

"You are trembling," she exclaimed; "this is not merely illness. You have some sorrow on your mind that haunts you. Tell me what it is that ails you; perhaps I may be able to console you. I have not so much experience as you; but sometimes a young mind can advise the oldest and the most experienced. Perhaps, too, you magnify your trouble by brooding over it; you think upon it till your mind is clouded, and you cannot see the remedy, which I, looking at it for the first time, might see directly. Besides," she said, seeing me hesitate, "if you do not tell me, I shall always be unhappy—imagining a hundred evils, each, perhaps, more serious than the truth."

"No, Lucy," said I, "I am unwell; I have felt thus for some time, and to-night I feel worse. I must go to bed; I shall be better after a night's rest."

I lighted a candle, and, bidding her good night, left her and stole up to bed — afraid to stay longer, lest I should be tempted to reveal my secret. Oh, how could I endure the thought of her kind words, more painful to me than the coldest scorn! She had said she loved me as a father. In the midst of all her kindness, she had spoken of my age and my experience. Did I, then, look so old as that? Yes. I knew that it was not my years which made me old; it was my staid manners, my grave and thoughtful face, which made me look an old man, even in my prime. Bitterly I complained of my father, who had shut me out from the knowledge of all that makes life beautiful; who had biassed me to a belief that such a life as his was best, by hiding from me all comparison; till now, when I perceived my error, it was too late to repair it. I surveyed my antiquated garments with disgust; my huge cravat; the very hair of my head, by long training, become old-fashioned beyond all reclaiming. My whole appearance was that of a man who had slept for half a century, except that I was without a speck or soil. I believe they would have admitted me to a masquerade in such a dress, without a single alteration, and think that I had hired it for the occasion. But a new hope sprang up within me. I would change my way of life — I would try to be more cheerful; I would wear more modern clothes, and endeavour, at least, not to make myself look older than I was.

I had known nothing like the peace of mind which these thoughts brought me, for many days. I wondered that what was so obvious had not occurred to me before. I had gone about dreaming in my absent way, brooding unprofitably over my troubles, instead of devising

something practical and useful. But I would act differently — I would not despair. Five-and-forty years was, after all, no great age. I recalled to my mind many instances of men marrying long after that time with women younger than themselves, and living afterwards very happily. I remembered one of our Wardens who married at sixty a young and very beautiful woman, and every one saw how happy they were, and how she loved her husband for years, till a rascal, by slow and artful steps, won over her affections, and she ran away with him. But Lucy would not do that; I knew too well the goodness of her nature to have any fear of such a result. Then I thought how kind I would be to her — studying every way that could amuse and please a youthful mind; till she, seeing how all my life was devoted to her, would come to love me in the end. I planned out minutely our way of life. I would invite more friends to visit us, and we would go out and visit others. We would play at our old game of draughts together in the winter evenings, and sometimes I would take her to the theatre. In the summer we would go into the country — lingering all day long in quiet shady places, and returning about dusk. Sweet thoughts, that held my mind until I slept, and lingered, breeding pleasant dreams!

The next day I visited my tailor, who took my orders with evident astonishment. My clothes were brought home in a few days, and I threw off my knee-breeches, as I thought, for ever. I felt a little uneasy in my new attire — my legs had been so long used to feel cool and unrestrained that the trousers were irksome. However, I supposed I should soon become accustomed to them; and they really made me look some years younger. What would my father have said if he had visited the earth that day and seen me? My hair, however, was less manageable — in vain I parted it on the right side, and brushed it sideways, instead of backward, as I had hitherto done. For five-and-forty years it had been brushed in one direction, and it seemed as if nothing but five-and-forty years' daily brushing in the other, could ever reverse it. I descended my room, trying to look unconscious of anything unusual in my appearance. It was court-day: the Warden and Assistants stared at me, and would have laughed, no doubt, if most of them had not left off laughing for many years. Some of them, however, coughed; and one addressed to me some simple questions, evidently intended to test my sanity. I felt a little vexed; for I thought it was no concern of theirs, if I chose to adopt some alterations in my dress. However, I said nothing, but went quietly through my duties. Tom Lawton was there. It should have been a joyful day for him; for they increased his salary at that court. But he looked at me compas-

sionately, and evidently thought, like the rest, that I was going mad. I was, however, amply consoled — for Lucy was pleased to see the change in my dress and manners. I laughed and chatted with her, and she read to me, and sang, as she had promised. Thus I went on for some time; when something of my old restlessness came back. I saw how little she suspected that I loved her more than as a friend; and fearing still to let her know the truth, I felt that I might go on thus for years to little purpose. So, by degrees, I returned to my former sadness, and became again reserved and thoughtful.

One night, I descended from my little room into the garden, and walked about with my hat in my hand, for I felt feverish and excited. Night after night, my sleep had been broken and disturbed by dreams, that glided from my memory when I woke, but left a feeling of despondency that followed me throughout the day. Sometimes, I thought, myself, that my reason was deserting me. We were very busy at that time, and Tom Lawton and I were to have worked together all the evening, but I had left him; utterly unable to fix my attention upon what I set before me. I paced to and fro several times, when passing by the window where I had left him at work, I heard him speaking with some one. A word, which I fancied having caught, made me curious, and I mounted upon a stone ledge and listened; for the sliding pane of glass which served to ventilate the Hall had been pushed back, and I could hear distinctly when I applied my ear to the aperture. The light being inside, I could not be seen, although I could see his desk. The lamp was shaded, and the window was of stained glass, so that I did not see very clearly. But I had a quick vision for such a scene as that before me.

That form standing beside Tom Lawton, with its hand in his, was Lucy's! The blood rushed to my head. A thousand little lights were dancing before my eyes. I felt myself falling, but I made an effort, and clutched the window-sill, and listened. It was Lucy's voice that I heard first.

"Hush!" she said, "I heard a noise; there is some one coming. Good night! Good night!"

"No, no," said Tom, "it is the wind beating the dead leaves against the window."

They seemed to listen for a moment, and then he spoke again,—

"Oh, Miss Lucy, do not run away before we have talked together a little. I see you now so seldom, and when I do there are others present, and I cannot speak to you of what is always uppermost in my thoughts. I think of you all day, and at night I long for the next morning, to be in the same house with you, in the hope of seeing you before I go; though I am continually disappointed. I think I am unfortunate in all but one thing, though that consoles me for the rest — I think you love me a little, Lucy."

"Yes, Tom, I do; a great deal. I have told you so many times, and I am not ashamed to repeat it. I would not hide it from any one, if you did not tell me to do so. But why do you tease yourself with fancies, and think yourself unfortunate? I do not know why we should not tell him all about it. He is the kindest being in the world, and I know he would not thwart me in anything that could procure my happiness; and then, again, you are a favourite of his, and I am sure he would be delighted to think that we loved each other."

"No, no, Lucy; you must not say a word about it. What would he think of me, with nothing in the world but my small salary, encouraging such thoughts towards you, who are rich; and going on like this — laying snares, as he would say, for months, to gain your affections, and never saying a word about it; bringing, too, disgrace upon him, as your guardian, that he had suffered a poor clerk in his office to find opportunities of speaking to you alone, and at last persuading you to promise to become his wife one day?"

"All this you have told me many a time; but indeed this need not be an obstacle. I wish that I had not sixpence in the world. My money is become a misfortune to us, instead of a blessing, as it should be. I wish I might give it away, or renounce it altogether. I am sure we should be as well without it, one day; and if we had to wait a long time, we should still be able to see one another openly, and not have to watch for secret opportunities, as if we were doing wrong. You do not know, Tom, how unhappy the thought of all this makes me. I never had a secret before, that I feared to tell before the whole world; and now I sit, night after night, with him from whom I should conceal nothing, and feel that I am deceiving him. Every time he looks at me, I fancy that he knows all about it, and thinks me an artful girl, and waits to see how long I shall play my part before him. Many times I have been tempted to tell him all, in spite of your injunction, and beg him not to be angry with me because I had not dared to tell him before. I would have taken all blame upon myself, and said that I had loved you secretly before you had ever spoken to me about it — anything I would have said, rather than feel myself deceitful, as I do!"

"Lucy!" exclaimed Tom, in a broken voice, "you must not — you must not, indeed, ever give way to such an impulse. I know not what might come of it, if he knew. It would ruin us — perhaps, be the cause of our being separated for ever — make him hate us both, and never pardon me, at least, while he lives. Oh, Lucy! I have not told you all. Something yet more serious remains behind."

"Tell me — what it this, Tom? — you alarm me!"

"Come here then, and bring

your ear closer. No; I will not tell you. Do not ask me again. It is, perhaps, only a fancy, which has come into my head because I am anxious about you, and imagine all kinds of misfortunes that might arise to make us wretched. But, oh! if I am right, we are, indeed, unfortunate. No misfortune that could befal us could be equal to this."

Lucy's eyes were filled with tears. "I do not like to go back into the parlour," she said, "lest he should be there, and ask me why I have been crying. He was in his room, up stairs, I think, just now, and he may have come down, and I am sure I could not stand before him as I am. You have, indeed, made me miserable. Oh! Tom, Tom, do tell me what this is?"

"I *cannot* tell you," he replied, "it would not be right to breathe a word about it till I have surer ground for my suspicion. Let me dry your eyes, and now go back into the parlour, or your absence will be observed."

Twice he bade her "good night" before she left him, and each time I saw him put his arms about her, and kiss her; then he called after her —

"Lucy!"

She turned back, and ran up to him.

"I hardly know why I called you back. Only, I may not see you again for some time, and it may be many, many days, before I can speak to you alone."

"Well?"

I trembled for what he was about to say, and in my anxiety to catch his words, I put my ear closer, and, in so doing, struck the door of the ventilator.

"Hark! I thought I heard something moving. Go, go!" said Tom. "Good night! Good night!" And she glided across the hall, and was gone in a moment.

In the eagerness with which I had listened to their conversation, I had not had time to feel the terrible blow which I had received. It was only when the voices ceased, that I felt how all my hopes had been shattered in a moment. I relaxed my hold; and, alighting on the ground, walked again to and fro—but more hurriedly than before. I had never dreamed of this: Tom Lawton!

I sat down upon the garden-seat, and wept and sobbed like a child — the first time for many years. I could not help feeling angry with them both. "Oh!" thought I, "Tom Lawton, you were right in thinking that I should never pardon you for this. You have taken away the one hope of my life. I shall hate you while I live. Lucy, also, I blame; but my anger is chiefly with you. In order to shield you, she would have told me, poor child, that she only was to blame; but I know better. You have laid snares for her, and inveigled her; your heart told you that you had, when you put the words into my mouth."

I walked about and sat down again several times. I groaned

aloud, for my heart was swelled almost to bursting. So I continued for some time fiercely denouncing my rival to myself; but that night, upon my bed, when I was worn out with my passion, a better feeling came upon me. I grew more calm and resigned to my misfortune. I saw how useless — nay, how wrong, would be all persecution; and I felt that it was natural that the young should love the young before the old. So, with a sorrowful and humbled spirit, I resolved to encourage them and bring about their union. God knows how much the resolution cost me; but it brought with it a certain peace of mind — a consciousness of doing rightly — which sustained me in my purpose. I would not delay a day, lest my resolution should waver. In the morning I walked into the parlour, and bidding Tom Lawton follow me, stood there before him and Lucy. Tom looked pale, as if he dreaded my anger.

"I expect," said I, "a direct answer to what I am going to ask you. Have you not given your faith to one another?"

Tom turned paler still; but Lucy answered before he could say a word, and confessing all, said she took the blame upon herself; but Tom interrupted her, exclaiming that he only was to blame.

"There is no blame attached to either," said I, "except for a little concealment, for which I pardon you."

Thus far I had done the duty which I had set before me; but I did not feel it to be completed till they were married.

About three months after I gave my permission, and the day was fixed. I saw them the happiest creatures upon earth. They never knew my secret. That Tom had suspected it, and that it was to that he referred when he was speaking to Lucy in the Hall, I had never doubted; though the readiness with which I had befriended them had deceived him. He had taken a small house, and everything was ready. But, on the day before their wedding, my heart failed me. I knew then that I had never ceased to love her, and I could not endure the thought of her marriage. I felt that I must g[illegible]y until the day was past; so I gave out that I had suddenly received a summons to go into the country, and that it was my wish that the marriage should not be delayed on that account. That night I went away, not caring whither.

I know what were my thoughts in those two days that I was absent. When I returned, the Hall was silent — Lucy was gone; and I was again alone in the old place.

I remain there.

MERCY.

GOD looked, and smiled, upon the wakening earth —
In form, power, motion, wondrous and complete —
Which, in the flush and beauty of new birth,
Breasted the seas of ether at His feet;

Earth with companion-worlds, that
throbbed and shone
With warmth and light transmitted from
His throne,
On noiseless axles ever spinning round,
And moving evermore along the vast
profound.

He called to Him three ministers, who wait
Unceasing on His wise and sovereign will,
Servants, and yet partakers of His state,
And watchers of all human good and ill;
An Angel-shaped Triumvirate they seemed,
Whose lofty-throned foreheads ever
beamed,
August in presence as they are in name,
And clothed in flowing robes of many-
coloured flame.

Justice was one, in aspect calm and cold,
With a severe, yet not oppressive mien;
Another, Truth, with brow sublimely bold,
And onward looks, all radiant and
serene;
The last was Mercy, whose consoling eyes
Caught the reflection of celestial skies,
With a benignant and beseeching face,
And wedded hands upraised with suppli-
cating grace.

"Let us make man, for lo! you lovely
sphere,
Which in its amplitude of orbit rolls,
Shall be — ye bright Intelligences, hear! —
Place of probation for immortal souls;
There shall he dwell, there shall he rule
and reign,
Yet not exempt from sinfulness and pain,
But destined, 'mid his struggles and his
storms,
To people boundless heaven with count-
less angel-forms."

"Oh, make him not!" cried Justice; "I
foresee
That he will trample on Thy sacred
laws —
Doubt, question, violate, Thy great decree,
Feel his own being, yet deny its Cause."
"Oh, make him not!" cried Truth, "for
he will toil
'Gainst Thee and me, and ruthlessly
despoil
Thy sanctuaries; grow corrupt and vain,
Worship himself, and scorn Thy ever-
lasting fane."

"Create this unseen being, gracious Lord!"
Said gentle Mercy, with imploring look —
'And I will guide him by thy precious
Word,
The precepts of Thy yet unwritten
Book;
My voice shall move him with mysterious
power,
My wings shall shield him in the perilous
hour;
I 'll check, subdue, inspire, as best I can,
The soul which Thou wilt breathe into
the form of Man."

'Even so be it!" And Man straightway
was born,
Richly endued, and full of joy and trust;
Serene, pure, happy, was his early morn,
Till the dread Tempter bowed him to
the dust;
Then, shame and sorrow, and recurrent
sin,
Shook his best nature, soiled the shrine
within;
But Mercy pleaded, and God sent him
light
To cheer his darkling soul, and lead his
steps aright.

Then, take the Angel to thine home and
heart,
And with her walk along the paths of
life;
List to her teachings; learn the exalted
art
Which conquers hatred, prejudice, and
strife.
Not Truth, not Justice, must we put away,
But lean towards Mercy whensoe'er we
may;
Forgive our brother, be ourselves for-
given,
And thus, by gentle deeds, draw down the
smile of Heaven.

FATHER THAMES.

It was a dusky evening in the latter end of autumn, with a mizzling rain, when I passed up the Strand, and turned into the gloomy archway-entrance of old smoke-dried Somerset House. I was in a meditative mood. Having nothing to do, which is a circumstance that constitutes

(though I do not by any means recommend it as a general rule), one of the best Aids to Reflection, I began very slowly — over-coat buttoned close up — arms folded eyes bent upon the moist flag-stones — with heavy, pausing paces, to perambulate the quadrangle. How long I continued doing this, or what was the main subject of my thoughts, it is not necessary to relate; suffice it to say that, almost unconsciously, I stopped beside the parapet wall beneath the great stone figure of Father Thames, who is pointing down into the dark depths of the semi-circular vault, pit, or basement, beneath. With closed hands, and elbows lodged against the edge of the parapet, I leaned my head upon my hands, quietly crushing in the front of my hat, until I had attained the thinking attitude I meditated. This being accomplished, and no policeman chancing to pass near, who might have thought himself justified in taking charge of me as a gentleman in an "abnormal" state of mind, my meditation progressed at a great rate.

The duration of this is immaterial to my story; all I know is, that I was aroused by a sound — soft and trickling at first, and then bubbling and pouring, and falling with a quick succession of splashes. A warm vapour at the same time began to steal underneath my hat, and bedew my cheek-bones. I raised my head. The great smoke-black recumbent figure of Father Thames was evidently looking at me with a grim, gaunt smile, while out of the mouth of his huge, bent-down urn, a thick hot stream of no definite colour was now rapidly pouring forth, and falling with a loud noise to the bottom of the deep and dark semi-circular area below.

To this his great fore-finger pointed with more than usual significance. The clock of St. Mary-le-Strand now tolled six, and while the echo in the court below was still vibrating, a great voice, very like the distant sound of a captain on deck calling out through his speaking trumpet to somebody on shore — exclaimed "Good evening, Mr. Beverage! will you take a cup of tea with Old Thames!"

I sank backward a pace at this address. I am a great tea-drinker, it is true, but I could not feel otherwise than overcome, at the moment, by the tremendous cordiality of this invitation. I looked upward at the shadowy countenance of the giant. The grotesque features had relaxed into a good-humoured though still a very grim smile; and, while his inverted *urn* still continued to vomit forth the stream, a strong odour of various kinds, in which that of *tea* might be detected — or, at any rate, imagined — rose in clouds of vapour from the deep semi-circular abyss to which his forefinger so significantly pointed. If, indeed, I did not take a draught, I certainly found it impossible to avoid inhaling a considerable portion of

the infusion. It was by no means to my liking.

Again, the great, distant-sounding speaking-trumpet voice echoed over the quadrangle — "Mr. Beverage, will you take a jolly good cup of tea?"

The stupendous familiarity of this renewed invitation did not place me, by any means, so much at my ease as was intended; I, however, summoned sufficient boldness to reply, — "Oh, Father of Rivers! I am, indeed, a very considerable tea-drinker, and I thank you for the high and unlooked-for favour of this your invitation; but, pardon me, most venerable of River-deities, if I add, that, having already inhaled a good 'taste of your quality,' a certain little scruple interferes with my availing myself of further favours."

"Speak it aloud to the Metropolis!" said Father Thames.

"Do not think me ungrateful," said I, "nor by any means insensible of the honour you do me; but the truth is, that, although I drink more tea than most men, probably than any other gentleman in London, I am rather scrupulous as to the water I make it with."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the River-god; "then come with me, and I will show you the magnificent broad stream from which my urn is constantly filled."

A great torch flashed before my eyes! — then another! — then three or four! — then a dozen were dancing round me, and waving me onward, and along with them — now this way, now that, now up, now descending slippery steps — till I found myself seated in a huge dark barge, with Father Thames, and floating slowly down the stream by torch-light.

"How black and solid stands the forest of shipping on each side! — how large and black lie their shadows on the water! — how the lights glance from the windows on the shore! — how fast the current runs! Commerce — commerce! — but, what is that floating by? — pah! it 's a dead dog, or something — 'a sort of not-of-the-newest poor-john!' How very thick the water is hereabouts, Father Thames; and, pray, may I inquire what that black, sluggish stream may be which I see pouring into you from a wide, bricked archway, yonder?"

"Oh, that 's one of my sewers," replied the Father of Rivers, without turning his head, "my Blackfriars sewer-outlet; and a fine, generous, open fellow, he is."

"So he seems," said I; "have you any more of them?"

"Oh, yes: one generally near every bridge, with here and there another, and another, just as the quantity of sewage in a neighbourhood has determined. They all come to me. I have, in fact, a hundred and forty-one sewers between Battersea and London Bridge. All come to me, Sir."

"That 's very kind of them. But what are those smaller mouths that send forth strange party-

coloured currents to mingle with your waters?"

"That one belongs to a soap-boiler — a particular friend of mine; the next to it, is from a slaughter-house, kept by a very estimable friend indeed, who wouldn't allow a particle of the refuse and drainage of his yards to run anywhere else, on any account. From Brentford down to Blackwall, everybody presents his compliments to me. Those other agreeable little outlets you are looking at, or will shortly see, on both sides of my banks, are from gas-factories, brewhouses, shot-factories, coal-wharfs, cow-houses, tan-pits, gut-spinners, fish-markets, and other cheerful and odoriferous tributaries; while the inky flood yonder which your eyes are now fixed upon, is from a very populous grave-yard, which produces so large a quantity of liquid every four-and-twenty hours, that it has to be drained off by regular arrangement, and made to flow into my convenient, all-embracing bosom. Some people affect to turn up their noses at this; but the City Corporations are more wise than nice, and *they* know better."

I was silent for some time, as well I might be, after such a dose of "information for the people;" and during this pause in the conversation, I had unconsciously dangled one arm over the side of the barge, till presently my hand, by a swell of the current, was immersed above the wrist. I drew it up, and found it covered — coated, I may say — with a thick, dingy, slimy liquid of an offensive odour. Gazing on the water around, as we proceeded, I saw that we were surrounded by whole acres of it. I looked at the imperturbable countenance of Father Thames.

"What in the world is all this?" said I.

"The mess we are passing through?" responded the giant cooly; — "oh, it 's only a little scum derived from barges, and lime-works, and colliers, and the shipping around us, and bone-grinders, and tar-works, and dredging-machines, and steamers, and back-gardens, and floating remains of creatures from knackers' yards, and rotting vegetables, and what not."

"And what *not*, indeed, Father Thames!" cried I, starting up, quite unable to endure it any longer; "is *this* the water you make your tea with?"

"And do all my cooking with," continued Old Thames, taking no sort of notice of my dismay and excitement; "and all my washing. I have done so, you must know very well, for years and years — my water being in just the same state as you now see it. Don't all our ships, bound to foreign ports, fill their tanks with it? and don't they find it keep good a wonderful length of time? It has, to be sure, to putrify once, during which time sailors who are thirsty on a hot day in the tropics, have to go into a dark corner to drink it, straining it through their teeth

as it goes down; but after all the queer stuff has sunk to the bottom of the tanks, and settled for good, everybody says there 's no water like it. So now — about barge — we 'll return home to Somerset House to tea!"

"Father Thames," said I, firmly, though with every respect; "Father Thames, if I drink a single cup of your tea, then — to quote the words of the immortal Falstaff, who knew a trick worth two of it — 'fillip me with a three-man beetle.'"

"Why, how now, Mr. Beverage! —what is the meaning of this?"

"You really must excuse me — I *can't* drink your tea."

"Why not?"

"I may be thought too scrupulous by my City friends, as to the water, but in truth I can't — in short, I won't."

"Oh, Sir Beverage, of Rockwell! this fine gentleman must be your fanciful descendant! Scrupulous about the water you drink!" exclaimed Old Thames; "of course, then, you are not a Londoner — *they* don't mind *what* they drink. A genuine Londoner can stand anything, and for any number of years."

"I am fully persuaded of it," answered I; "but there must be changes in all things. Even Londoners — and let me assure you that I am one — even Londoners will some day or other come to a determination to have a purer stream to their kettles and urns, than is at present furnished by your Rivership's noble current. We live in a time of changes, and even *you* cannot much longer escape them."

"Changes!" exclaimed the Father of Rivers — "there you touch me to the very mud; for what changes have I not undergone, of which this generation, and the one before it, have not only no memory, but no idea. I, however, know it too well."

"Ah, do you so? — pray unbosom yourself, Great River!"

"Changes, Mr. Beverage! — there you reach the bottom of my proud old heart, and make me confess how much of my indifference, however I may be hardened by long habit, is assumed. I, in some measure, pretend not to care for those abominations, because I cannot help them. The City loves them; the seven District Commissioners of Sewers, long cherished them; the West-end turns up its nose at mention of them, and walks away; aldermen scream out against innovation and purification — *what* hope have I? I don't pretend that I was ever a pellucid stream — a crystal current such as pastoral poets delight to describe — no great river, with much shipping or other water-traffic upon it, ever can be clear; but it may be a vast deal clearer than my present condition — ay, purer beyond all comparison as beyond all doubt."

"Pardon me, venerable River," said I, "if I ask how this could be; for did not the sewers empty themselves into you formerly as they do now?"

"Yes," said Old Thames, "they certainly did; but then their stream was not what it now is. Formerly, the sewers were rain-courses — mere land and surface drains; they were for water only, and if anybody threw a dead cat into me, an old pair of boots, a bullock's offal, or any other refuse, he was punishable by the law."

"Where then did the house-drains have their outlets?" I anxiously inquired.

"House-drains — our ancestors' house-drains! — ha! ha! ha!" laughed Father Thames — "why, they had none. The very idea had never occurred to them."

"An extensive system of cess-pools, then," said I, "like our own, till very recently?"

"Not even so decent as this. Every house took care of itself, after its own sweet will, and the passengers in the streets, especially at night, had also to take care of themselves, and run sometimes, for their lives, when they heard a window opened above them."

"Very much in the same way as in some parts of Scotland at the present time," said I.

"I know nothing of the Scotch water-works," said Old Thames: — "I have always had enough to do with my own affairs. What with one tributary and another, each bringing fresh trouble into my waters, I am sometimes almost sick of my life — especially in the dog-days — when — a painful subject that of dogs, for they suggest cats and kittens, and other varieties, with or without brickbats round their necks. One hot summer's day, half a horse, that used to draw the Lord Mayor's coach, came float — but I shall spoil your tea; let 's change the current of our discourse."

I now proposed that we should converse a little on the different Water Companies of the Metropolis. At mention of these, Father Thames sank back against a bulkhead and laughed aloud. "Where do you think the Water Companies derive their supplies from?" said he.

"From beautiful, unpolluted, clear rivers, rising in the rural districts," answered I, with frank innocence.

"Shall I give you the source and derivation of each of them?"

"I shall feel exceedingly obliged to you," answered I, in some little trepidation, for I began to fear that my tea-drinking was likely to be troubled by his information.

"Then, behold in me that source," said Father Thames. "*I*, Sir, *I* am that beautiful, unpolluted, clear river, from which the greatest part of them derive their supplies. Some of these are peculiarly favoured by circumstances. The Southwark Company, and the Vauxhall Company take their stock in trade from me near Vauxhall, — a neighbourhood which constantly presents me with so abundant a supply of the most objectionable contributions, that it is no wonder the water of these two companies should

furnish the mass of microscopic monsters which have recently occupied the attention of Mr. Arthur Hill Hassall. The Lambeth Company fills its pipes from me at Lambeth, famous for the grand outlet of a capacious sewer, hard by. In this way do the Water Companies wisely cater for the London public. You see, they know your taste."

"Taste!—I beg, Father Thames, you will make me an exception to any such taste. My heart resents — I may say, rises at it."

"Well, well—I don't very much wonder. You are not so well seasoned to it as some people. As for me, I am well-nigh grown callous, being hopeless of amendment amidst the insincere and prevaricating process of all Government legislation on the matter. To what end are all the elaborately prepared reports of the Board of Health; — to what end do the Commissioners of Sewers lay their heavy heads together, lay down pipes, and listen while their secretary lays down the law; — to what end do surveyors and clerks carry each other pick-a-back through the main sewers once a week, to guage, and weigh, and sniff, and snuff about, at their lives' peril, — if, after all, my Lord Do-nothing sits in the highest chair, wiping his spectacles and clearing his throat, and reducing everybody to his own condition of inactivity?"

"But surely, in your remarks on the Water Companies, you except the New River?"

"The New River Company derives its supply from springs, called its 'Head,' which may be simply described as a small pool, filled from a narrow ditch full of weeds and half-animated plants, and swarms of animalculæ in great variety of ugly shapes, which often rise from the surface and display themselves in clouds along the margin. Indifferent as these springs must therefore be, as to purity, the supply is not limited to them, but assisted from the River Lea. It has also an accession to its volume from a well and two reservoirs at Cheshunt (cleared out and cleansed once in twelve years), and it used to derive a final supply in aid from my waters along Upper Thames Street (convenient to Billingsgate), where they still keep up their 'works,' in case of need, and people *do* say, &c. The long *canal*, ingeniously denominated New River, is also a famous place at numerous spots for bathing. There 's nothing unwholesome in bath-water, is there?"

"May I request, Father Thames, that you will put me ashore?"

"To tea — well, you need not make so shocking a grimace, Mr. Beverage. You can get no better tea-water in London. But I 'll add a word or two. The East London Company takes its supply from the Lea, which is joined by several small rivers; and in its course runs through three-and-twenty small towns and villages, most of which use the water for various purposes of washing and bathing; and some of them drain their sewers into it.

Moreover, the Lea is a barge-river; and as bargemen and their families are proverbial for the elegance and refinement of their habits, nobody but your over-nice people could object to drink after them. The Lea reaches my stream near Blackwall, and half of its water is in fact derived from me. Stop! I have not done. The Hampstead — — What 's the matter?"

"Oh, Father Thames!" cried I, "it 's a wonder and a mercy we are not all poisoned. We Londoners have, for the most part, a very pale look — and here 's the cause, I do believe."

As I said this, a strange expression lighted up the face of the River-god; and rousing himself from his indolent recumbency in the barge, he suddenly exclaimed, "Vengeance! yes, vengeance, Mr. Beverage! It is true that I have become hardened to all these outrages, and almost callous; but, Sir, I have some feeling left; and though I would not myself condescend to be vindictive on the populations whom I have so long reared in commercial prosperity, yet you cannot expect me to shed tears over the punishment which they bring upon themselves. For every dead dog and cat that is flung into my bosom, there 's a typhus patient — perhaps a dozen; for every slaughter-house, fish-market, or graveyard near my banks, there 's a dozen scarlet fever patients — perhaps a hundred; — for every main sewer draining into me, there is a legion of cholera patients, in due season. I have been deeply injured, but I am amply avenged."

The barge was again nearly abreast of Somerset House, and the time was at hand for me to go ashore. The grand tone of melancholy which Old Thames had now fallen into, with the absence of any personal anger at all his years of ill-usage, gave me an additional interest in him. Though I certainly could not take tea with him, I yet did not like to lose his company.

"We are now about to part, Mr. Beverage," said the River-god, shouldering his urn — "I return to my broad pedestal in the gloomy quadrangle — you to your equally solitary tea."

"Nevertheless, oh Father of Rivers," said I, "there is no immediate hurry. Besides — I am thinking."

"Of what, Mr. Beverage? Why do you stand and muse thus? On what imaginary cup of perfect tea, or toast-and-water, do you speculate?"

"On one made with exquisite spring-water, of which I have recently been reading."*

"That is easily found — enough for you and I, and a friend or two; but for my people, my throngs of London people, my commercial offspring — where shall we find enough pure water from rock or well, or land-spring, to supply all their necessities?"

"That very thing is asserted by

* See Sir William Napier's Report on the Bagshot Springs.

scientific men who have recently been to make tea there. Boiled some beef also — and made a bowl of punch. But tea 's the best test."

"And a good draught of the water itself the best of all — and the only safe guide?"

"*Shall* we go there?"

"Be it so;" said the River-god, "I have nothing else to do, but pour up, and pour down currents, and my time will be as well spent in this visit, as in lying along my stone pedestal pointing down into the deep basement."

So, again, the torches flashed around us, for the night was far advanced, and up the stream we went, the tide having just turned.

Father Thames remained silent for some time. He had fallen into a profound meditation, which I could not venture to interrupt. At length he brocke forth into the following strain: —

"To pour up, and pour down currents for ever — nothing else remained for me, did I say? Nothing! — oh yes, there is the Memory of the Past, with all its mighty images. Where are all my city walls, and gates, and embattled towers, of olden time? Fallen — vanished. Excepting a few of the oldest fragments of the Tower of London, scarcely a stone remains of the edifices that adorned me four or five hundred years ago. Where are the numerous barges, of royal state and high nobility, that constantly moved up and down my breast, — now in the centre of my stream, (then comparatively pure, and never offensive,) now gliding beneath the huge overhanging gables of houses on my banks? Where is burly old Harry, in his barge — where resolute Queen Bess in hers — coming down the stream with flags flying, and trumpets, shawms, harps, and divers instruments of minstrelsy? I ask not for these, or such like sovereigns to live again, but where are their representatives? Where are all my fleets of snow-white swans? Choked — sunk. How often did I see William Shakespeare and his *troupe* coming along in his boat to play at the palace! And *now* all this is over. I ask not again to see a condemned king or queen, or noble, all in black array, sit pale in a creeping barge to the Tower dungeon, or to the axe on Tower Hill; but where are the festive river-throngs to replace those gloomy scenes with those of better times? Where are my palaces, each with its landing-place, and steps — its barges and boats, worthy of all the romance of Venice? Transformed to wharfs for boxes, bales, and coal-barges. Where is the Strand — with its flourishing trees, its sloping gardens, its turrets, and pinnacles? All its ancient beauty is jammed into brickwork and shop-windows. Where are the forty thousand watermen who belonged to me? * Transmogrified into cabmen and omnibus-drivers. Where are all their songs? Forgotten — lost — all excepting those of my dear son John Taylor,

* See Knight's *London*, Vol. I., "The Silent Highway."

the water-poet, who for so many years rowed a wherry on my stream, and wrote a volume of poems to my honour. The decrease of his calling by the gradual innovation of coaches, is well recorded by my son, where, in 1662, he sayeth —

'When Queen Elizabeth came to the crown,
A coach in England then was scarcely known.'

But if, in his day, the melancholy transformation of boats into land carriages had commenced, how must I observe the desertion now? Still, let me say, I am not ungrateful to fate—I do not repine that instead of meeting a queen, or a noble or a dramatist and his players, a gentleman's barge to church, or a fleet of apricot-boats to market, I now encounter a succession of steamers, several men-of-war, great merchant ships, or a fleet of colliers. No — I feel that I am not only the Father of Rivers — I am the Father of English Commerce. This supports me — this consoles me; and the glories of the present (though I cannot forgive — I cannot patiently bear the pollution of my waters) rewards me for all my labours, and enables me to look back upon the past without too deep a sorrow."

By this time we had arrived at the entrance of the river Wey. The torch-bearers were now dismissed; they returned rapidly down the stream, flashing out, one by one, — and with a gentle swerve, the great black barge passed through the mouth and went rippling onward, while the banks and borders seemed gradually to close in as we proceeded.

It was a fine clear night. The stars were out in myriads. Following the windings of the river — now between ranks of dwarf willows — now between green grassy banks and slopes — here coming close among colonies of osiers — there brushing against squadrons of bulrushes, or between lengthy marginal fringes of rustling sedge, the barge of Old Thames pursued its course. It was the same barge as at first, and yet it seemed a smaller one; for, somehow, it had imperceptibly contracted, narrowing and shortening itself to accommodate its form and size to the changeable width and windings of the river. At length it came to a stop. Its dark broad bows were buried in a low green bank.

"We can go afloat no further here," said Father Thames. "But come; I know the place you have mentioned, and have been curious to visit it for some time. If all be true that I have heard, it will be the saving of me, as it will of the lives of millions who drink me. So, jump out of the barge and follow me."

I did so; and in the morning twilight, with stars still shining, and the moon still visible, though pale and very high, Father Thames led the way along green marshy patches, and over wet grassy fields, and moist fallow land, and through long oozy plots of rushes, till finally we arrived at a sandy district,

interspersed with large heaths and stony tracks, and then more sands, — and finally a region of fresh water springs, all glancing, and bubbling, and rippling along, like pure crystal, or liquid silver, or rivulets of clear light, according to the light and shade that fell upon them!

The Father of Rivers stopped — looked down at the bright spouting springs, following their several courses with his eye — now in one direction, now in another; then clasping his hands, and raising his face to the blush of morning now tinging the east, he exclaimed aloud, "Heaven and Earth be praised! — there 's some hope for Old Thames, and for all London at last! Look here! — and look yonder! — and yonder! and yet again there! and there! and yonder! and beyond! There *are* fifty millions of gallons a-day!"

He paused a moment; then added, "My dear Mr. Beverage do you see this?"

"I do! I do! venerable River-god!" I exclaimed. "Fifty millions of gallons of pure spring water a-day! There 's tea, and salubrious drinks, and wholesome cooking for all London at last! No more emulsion of dead dogs and what-not — no more Water Company monopolies — no more qualms of nose and eye, and others to follow within — but water, such as Nature intended man to drink, not only savage man, but civilised man, too, if he will but have the sense to value the blessing.

"I breathe fresh life," ejaculated the River-god, devoutly; "I rejoice in my civilisation, and in the science that will govern it, when Thames, being free of his pollutions, shall be himself again!"

CHIPS.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

THE voice of one of the fair sex has not yet been heard from the land of gold; but, we are now able to print extracts from a letter written by a young woman resident there, to her sister. She is married, and first went out, it would appear, with her brother, to New Zealand, in the service of a family whose fortunes she, her husband, and her brother, followed to Stockton, in California. The epistle is dated in August, 1849. "Dear Rachael," it begins, "You see we have arrived at the very place that Christopher read to you and me about, in one of the London papers. At the time he read it, you know, I said I did not believe in it; but I only wish we had come here twelve months sooner; we should have saved a fortune. This is indeed a money-making place, if a person will work. You will be surprised to know how much money we can earn. I do my own work, and the washing and cooking for Mr. T. and Mr. S., and draw from eight to ten pounds per week, which is a great deal for a woman to do; but if I had any

one to help me, I could do treble the work I now do. I have refused a great deal of good work; and to get a woman or girl here to help me — I may as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay. Now, my dear sister, all I want is your consent to come here to us. Brother and Mr. T. have long since advised me to send for you; and we would open a shop — go to San Francisco to buy our goods, haberdashery, &c. — and you would soon see the money we should make! I would open a shop now, only I have so much work, I could not manage it myself. I don't suppose you are married; but if this is the case, and you come here, you would soon make a fortune, there is so few females here. I am treated with the greatest respect by the gentlemen; as they say it is such a treat to talk to a lady, and particularly to an English lady. They touch their hats, and shake hands with me, and treat me as though I was quite the lady. 'Madam' is a vast word when they speak to me. I never was treated with more civility in my life.

"We have done as well or better than any who came out in our ship. We intend staying in this country, if we are spared, for some time, as we are doing well; and should we make much money, we intend going to New Zealand, as we like that, much, for cheap living, though we may change our minds. We have never yet wished ourselves back in England; though, at the same time, we should very much like to see you all, and often wish you here. We are only thirty miles from the gold diggings; I have had several pieces of gold in my hand, and expect to have some more soon."

The brother, in another letter, gives a glowing account of the labour market; and corroborates, — by way of per contra, — all that has been hitherto stated as to the high prices of food and rent:

"I am working at the carpentry, and get twelve pounds per week, and L. (the sister) gets more than I do some days; but our intention is to go into some kind of business shortly. Provisions are dear here, but not so dear in proportion as in England, considering the price we are paid for labour; but all sorts of labour is so well paid, that a man will hardly open his mouth under a dollar. Some chickens was sold here on Saturday last, at three pounds per couple; eggs, new-laid, two shillings each; milk, two shillings per quart; butter, four shillings per pound; cabbages, four shillings each; cucumbers, one shilling each; but potatoes are a penny per pound — though they have been a shilling; onions, five shillings per pound; good beef, tenpence; flour, fourpence; tea, four shillings; sugar, one shilling; coffee, three shillings; veal, one shilling; mutton, two shillings; hams, one shilling and sixpence; dried apples, two shillings; and other dried fruits about the same. House-rent, extravagantly dear; a small, one-roomed house, two

pounds per week; and in some parts of the town, the ground-rent is twelve to twenty pounds per week."

The kind of lodgings made shift with, to avoid such high rents, is thus described:

"We have a large tent, which Mr. T. had made in New Zealand. It is put up in a large field, free of expense; it is twenty-four feet long, and sixteen feet wide, and is very comfortable. As we have no rain here for six or seven months, living in a tent is not inconvenient; but we intend to have a nice house before winter sets in."

In urging his sister to join them, he continues:

"We do not know whether you are married or not, but if you are, we hope you are both well and happy. If you were here, you could save as much money in one month as you could in twelve months in England. With downright hard drudgery and rigid economy, a man and wife may save from twelve to twenty pounds per week here, if they have any luck at all; but you must not think you get it without working for it. You have to work, and work hard, but you get good pay. I have seen scores of people that have been here twelve and eighteen months, that have not saved a dollar — they gamble it all away as they get it. People go to the gambling houses every day till they get into such a loose habit. They are opened all day on Sunday, and some are never closed, neither night nor day. Some men will come from the mines, and put a pound of gold on the table at a time, and in less than an hour lose a fortune."

THE MODERN SOLDIER'S PROGRESS.

PART III.

At the period when Maurice arrived in Halifax, the Lieutenant-Governor of the province was in England, on leave, and during his absence the command of the garrison devolved on the senior officer for the time being, with additional pay and allowances, and the title of "Commandant." In this office the Lieutenant-Colonel of Maurice's regiment found himself invested at the moment of his arrival; not, however, to his surprise, for he was aware of the Lieutenant-Governor's absence, and had embarked in the first transport, in order to profit by his seniority as soon as possible.

Colonel Stormy was a man who, in the course of a tolerably long military career, had seen some service, here and there, though none of the most brilliant kind; a circumstance partly owing to the nature of the expeditions in which he had served, and partly to the natural wrong-headedness that distinguished him. It was not his fault, to be sure, that Flanders should first have called for the display of his abilities; but if he had not been so obstinately bent on mistaking a celery bed for the trenches before Courtray, he

would not have received that shot through his left leg which gave him an agreeable limp for the rest of his days. It was through no mistake of his that Whitelock's army surrendered at Buenos Ayres; but if he had followed that prudent General's example, he certainly might have escaped the *lasso* which would either have strangled or made him prisoner, in a skirmish there, if a friendly sword had not severed the obnoxious cord. It was not he who was responsible for the failure at Walcheren; but he might, perhaps, have avoided the fever, if he had followed the advice of the regimental surgeon, and not have gone to bed in his wet boots, after reconnoitring all day in a fog, without orders to that effect. Unfortunate expeditions, in short, were the scenes of all his exploits, and it was his peculiar fate to illustrate them to his own disadvantage. We are wrong, however, in saying "all," — for, at the battle of Moose Island, in the Bay of Fundy (which was not recorded on the regimental colours, and is, indeed, remembered by few, having been somehow eclipsed by Waterloo) where Colonel Stormy was *not* present — at the battle of Moose Island, he carried a village of wigwams, at the head of his grenadiers, in very gallant style; and had the capture of that island made him master — as he supposed — of the key to the whole American continent, he might possibly have received the Order of the Bath, which he always considered his due, and grumbled at the Horse Guards for withholding it. But, if he did not obtain that merited distinction, he held Moose Island with his regiment, against all comers, for full six months after peace had been agreed on, and during that time acquired the taste for absolute government which he never afterwards lost an opportunity of developing.

This taste was aided by the pecuniary recommendations of "a command," and, as a soldier and a Scotchman, he had a keen appetite for all the loaves and fishes that came in his way. His talents for civil government were on a par with his military qualifications, and hot water was, consequently, the element in which he chiefly resided. Colonel Stormy did not deserve the entire application of Dryden's celebrated lines, but he laid claim to one which he made peculiarly his own; and nobody who had the fortune to serve under him, was slow to discover that the Commandant was not only "stiff in opinion," bus most assuredly also "ever in the wrong." To complete this outline of the man, whose position enabled him to sway the destinies of so many of his fellows, it must be added that he was excessively passionate, but — as a set-off to the less amiable traits of his character — he was quick to forgive, of a jovial temperament, and sufficiently good-natured when not particularly thwarted. As all persons in authority in the army have their *sobriquet*, we may as well mention

that the colonel was familiarly known as "Mad Jock."

A regiment, under the command of an officer such as we have described Colonel Stormy to have been, was not likely to maintain a very high reputation for discipline, in spite of the exertions of two steady-going majors and an adjutant, whose strictness bordered very closely on severity; and as long as Colonel Stormy had no other object to engage his attention, the regiment was knocked about like a shuttlecock — at one moment all work and at another all play. But the commandantship of a garrison, composed of three complete regiments, besides Artillery and Engineers, and a numerous local staff, gave Mad Jock a wide field for interference, and left his own corps comparatively undisturbed, while it afforded its more responsible officers an opportunity of getting the regiment in order.

Amongst those profited by the new state of things was Maurice Savage. The pride which he had originally felt in wearing a red coat, had not been discouraged; and he had learnt from Mac Manus that to be "smart" was the first step towards the promotion which the old soldier had, all along, so unambitiously neglected. Maurice, therefore, took pains with his personal appearance, and it was not long before he attracted the adjutant's attention at guard mounting, and, instead of being told off for the usual tour of duty, was very frequently ordered to fall out as an orderly for the day, in which situation a private soldier enacts at humble distance the part of aide-de-camp — without any increase of pay, but with a little more personal liberty than if he had his eight hours' sentry to perform. As an "orderly," his attendance on the adjutant, who sometimes selected Maurice specially to convey his orders, led him to observe the advantages which accrued to those men who were most regular in their attendance at school.

This was even then an optional course, and in the earlier days of Mac Manus and a few of the old soldiers of the regiment, had no existence; but when Maurice joined the service, the acquirement of education was every day becoming more widely extended, and at the present time, happily, we have it to say, the most effectual step towards advancement in the army lies through the school-room doors.

The Limited Enlistment Bill is a vast improvement, moreover, on the old system, which was generally for life; for now, a young man may enter the service at eighteen, and be dismissed at twenty-eight a perfectly educated man. This phrase is no hyperbole, for education in the army is not confined at present, as it was of yore, to the mere rudiments, sufficient to render the possessor of them capable of writing out the orders or of paying a company — but embraces a well grounded knowledge of history and geo-

graphy (leaving the locality of "Novy Skoshy" no longer a matter of doubt), and a competent acquirement, not only of arithmetic and mathematics, but of geometry, algebra, mensuration and fortification; so that, on returning to "civil life," the soldier is not compelled to fall back on the little mechanical knowledge which, peradventure, he owned before he exchanged the cobbler's awl, or the tailor's needle, for the musket and bayonet, but may earn an honourable existence by teaching those sciences which he has acquired in his military capacity.* The difficulty which the schoolmasters of regiments now have, is, not the task of employment in teaching, but positive overwork, the consequence of the avidity with which the men who have joined the battalion attend the classes. The barrack library — successful rival of the barrack canteen — towards the support of which the soldier now cheerfully pays his penny per month, convincingly proves that the desire for education has taken root in the British service, and we trust the time is not far distant when the reproach will be removed from our army of being, in point of intellectual cultivation, so far behind the armies of France and Prussia.

We have said, that when the spirit of emulation awoke in the breast of Maurice Savage, the education of the men was in no wise compulsory; they were not then required, even as recruits, to attend school for two hours a-day, and afterwards continue at their own will and pleasure to be students; but, still, it frequently happened that a man preferred the request to be allowed to pick up the crumbs of knowledge that fell from the schoolmaster's table, — and Maurice Savage was one of these. It followed, in proportion to his assiduity, not that he became estranged from his comrades, but that he rose superior to the greater part of those by whom he was surrounded. His newly awakened desire for study brought with it another notable advantage; it kept him from those haunts of idleness and vice where nothing is learnt but that which tends to degradation and leads to crime.

It is the misfortune of most of our colonies that spirits are ex-

* That genius will make its way in spite of every obstacle, is too trite a theme for us to insist upon in this place, but during the two hundred years' existence of a standing army in England, how few have been the instances of private soldiers elevated to distinction by the force of education. Coleridge is not an example, for he owed his advancement to the accidental discovery of his being an educated man before he enlisted in the dragoons; but the late Mr. William Sturgeon, of Manchester, was one of those rare exceptions. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and disliking that employment, at the age of nineteen entered the Westmoreland Militia, and two years later enlisted in the Royal Artillery. "While in this corps," says a recent biographical notice of him, "he devoted his leisure to scientific studies, and appears to have made himself familiar with all the great facts of electricity and magnetism, which were then opening on the world. His subsequent career has created for him a name in the annals of scientific discovery."

cessively cheap, and that even the little pocket-money which comes to the soldier may, if he is so disposed, at any moment, purchase liquor enough to make him "the worse for it." When once he gets a taste for the rum and whiskey, which are so abundant in the North American garrison towns, his demoralisation becomes as complete as that of the Red Indian, who is now seldom seen in quarters except as an object for men to make sport withal as he exhibits his drunken antics. The vice of drinking, growing by that it feeds on, cannot continue to be indulged in by the soldier, out of the pittance which, if saved, might, in the course of time, accumulate, in the Regimental Savings' Bank, to a respectable sum; his own respectability being insured the while. To obtain the unhallowed gratification, he runs in debt at the low grog-shops; and to pay his debt—for the villainous storekeeper threatens to complain, though he knows he cannot claim the amount, the credit of the troops having been "cried down,"—the drunkard sells his necessaries. He is confined, and put under stoppages for this; but his downward career is too often only arrested for a time, and when the opportunity offers of getting out of barracks, he again frequents the grog-shop, spends more than he can call his own, and, anticipating severer punishment, makes up his mind to commit the worst crime in the catalogue of military offences, by deserting.

Halifax is, in many respects, an excellent military station; but the fatal facility of procuring cheap spirits is only too patent there. We know not whether the nest of abomination is yet to be found, which, when Maurice first went out to the colony, was still in existence, and from the frequency of the disturbances which took place there, went by the name of "Knock-me-down Street;" but if not "put down," it is a crying infamy that calls for immediate extirpation. The inhabitants of the hovels that formed this appropriately-named spot, were a small colony of black people of both sexes, originally brought from one of the remote West India islands, by the admiral on the station, and permitted to settle in Halifax, as a compensation for some loss or damage experienced by them, in the course of the war. Their notions of colonisation were of a peculiar kind, and consisted in drinking, and making others drunk, in fiddling, dancing, singing, shouting, and fighting. The squeaking tones of the kit, the shrill laughter, and shriller screams of the women, and the occasional report of fire-arms, showed that the place was not only disorderly, but dangerous, and that whoever had a reputation worth procuring, or a life he was not quite tired of, would do well to shun the disgusting dens of Knock-me-down Street. This "Suburra" was, unluckily, situated exactly between the barracks, where different regiments were quartered, and those

who passed from one to the other, were obliged to pass through it. Its external hideousness was insufficient to repel visitors from the orgies which were held within, though by day-light no soldier ever dared to enter; but the case was different after dark, and many a man lived to rue the time when his foot first crossed the threshold of one of these haunts of licentiousness and crime.

Amidst the various blunders, practical and theoretical, which occupied the time of Mad Jock, was an occasional resolve to "look up" his own regiment, the discipline of which he would have acted wisely in leaving altogether to the senior major. We do not mean to say that the cares of his new station ought to have withdrawn Colonel Stormy from the paramount duty of superintending his own corps; on the contrary, he might have exercised a constant regimental superintendence, and at the same time have neglected none of the staff occupations of the garrison. But it was his misfortune to do everything by fits and starts; at one moment he would delegate the entire control of the regiment to the officer next in seniority; and at another he would, without any previous warning, resume the command, enter into the minutest details, order and counter-order, revise and find fault with everything to which he had previously given his sanction. Because he was not there to look after everything, he would say the regiment was going to the devil: everyone neglected his duty; the officers thought of nothing but balls and plays, and shooting parties, and gallivanting after the ladies — he knew what they were about when they little dreamt he was watching them; the non-commissioned officers were a pack of ignorant beasts — "lazy dromedaries," — (this was his favourite phrase), and deserved "to be broke," every one of them; as to the men, they were, one and all, a set of drunken blackguards; nothing but flogging would do them good; and straightway he would order a parade in heavy marching order, where, without giving time for the regiment to appear properly under arms, he would stalk up and down the ranks, prancing, and taking snuff, and brandishing his cane, and swearing at everything and everybody that came in his way. The usual result of one of these sudden "inspections" (as he called them) was the ordering of half-a-dozen courts-martial on as many unlucky fellows for unsoldierlike conduct in not appearing properly dressed at parade; or for some other offence equally slight—or, it might be, altogether fanciful. He would then call for the defaulters' book, fasten on the words "drunk on duty," hurry to the front some three or four scapegraces of the regiment whom, in spite of the standing orders to the contrary, he had ordered to be "logged," and read the entire regiment a lecture on drunkenness, so worded, as to include everyone present, and lead a bystander to

suppose, that from the senior officer to the smallest drummer-boy on parade, they were all a parcel of Helots; and that it was his mission to expose and punish everyone alike; his constant peroration being —

"But I 'll take the rum out of you, Gentlemen! Demmee, I 'll take the rum out of you!"

And the plan he adopted to effect this laudable object, was forthwith to call for his horse, and, riding in front, order the regiment out to the Common, where he would put it through a series of manœuvres, executed in "double time," till the men and officers were ready to drop with fatigue: nor cease from his exertions till he had clubbed the battalion and rendered himself inaudible between rage and hoarseness. He would then call the officers to the front, desire the Adjutant to extricate the men from the confusion into which he had thrown them, and march them home; counter-order the court-martial; and, after a few pinches of snuff, taken with a sort of grim unction, resume his ordinary manner, satisfied that he had given the regiment a lesson which would not be forgotten in a hurry.

Nor were these lessons thrown away; but their result was to render the officers dissatisfied, and the men discontented: the former felt that all their efforts were held as nought, and the latter that no amount of good conduct made them safe, when Mad Jock gave way to one of his indiscriminate fits of passion; for on such occasions the best man was as likely to suffer as the worst. In short, these ill-considered visitations on the part of Mad Jock had a precisely contrary effect to that which he intended; they caused him to be held up to ridicule by the men; neutralised the authority of the officers in general; and drove more than one man to desertion.

It was in the midst of troubled waters like these that Maurice Savage had to steer his way, to avoid punishment, and acquire approbation; that he succeeded in doing so, was owing to more causes than one. The counsel of Mac Manus, whose motto was, "Do your duty first, Maurice, and complain afterwards," proved of no slight service; not less so was the spectacle of Corporal Rattler, whom nothing could keep from coming drunk to parade, for which he was reduced to the ranks — flogged — sent to hospital — and finally sent home with *phthisis pulmonalis*, an incurable invalid; nor was the example thrown away of two or three men, little older than himself, but who had been better prepared before they joined for the education they now received, and were already making their way upward; but, without doubt, the most serviceable thing for Maurice, as well as for the whole regiment, was the displacement of Colonel Stormy from his command, by the sudden return of the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, who had been hastily ordered out by the Horse

Guards, when the consequence of certain indiscretions on the part of Mad Jock became only too apparent at head-quarters. A private letter from a friend in office, to the last named gallant but blundering individual, advising retirement, and showing where good terms might be had, induced Colonel Stormy to apply for leave of absence as soon as the General arrived; and, after taking farewell of "his boys," with tears in his eyes and something that sounded very like "dromedaries" on his lips, he recrossed the Atlantic, was gazetted a few months afterwards, as having sold out, pocketed a heavy sum by the transaction, and was never heard of afterwards.

The regiment, left in the mean time to the care of the steady-going Major, began once more to hold up its head, and by the time the new Lieutenant-Colonel joined, was in a fit state to profit by the measures which the latter had been instructed by the Commander-in-Chief to adopt, in anticipation of general improvements which "the Duke" then meditated.

This officer was discriminating, just and liberal; he knew how to make allowances for the temptations to which a soldier is exposed; he was able to forbear when, more from thoughtlessness than wilful misconduct, a man got into trouble; he saw clearly what was fairly to be expected from the troops under his command, and refrained from exacting impossibilities; and he was endowed with that accuracy of judgment which made all his rewards worthily bestowed. Thus qualified, he was quick to discover that Maurice Savage was not the least undeserving of the care with which he regarded all, and the recommendation of the young man to the probationary rank of lance-corporal was favourably received. The advice which he gave on the occasion, was not thrown away, and five years had not passed by from the time when Maurice Savage "took the shilling" from Sergeant Pike, before he became that worthy's superior in rank; indeed the last reports from the regiment, now stationed in Upper Canada, make mention of the early retirement of the Sergeant-Major who is about to claim his discharge and settle in that country, and the letter which conveys this intelligence adds, that when this event takes place it is almost certain he will be succeeded by Colour-Sergeant Savage.

At his age, with the testimonials of good conduct which he has already received, and the prospect which now opens before him, there is nothing improbable in the expectation, that in a few years he may be recommended for a commission. He has always invested his spare money in the Regimental Savings' Bank, where it is as safe and as lucrative to him as if in the Bank of England. His increased pay enables him constantly to add to the amount; and, should the expectation be realised, which has become a legiti-

mate goal for the soldier's hopes, Maurice Savage will scarcely stand in need of the hundred pounds which is now presented to every non-commissioned officer, to enable him to bear the expenses and assist him in supporting the rank to which he has wisely been permitted to attain.

A word on parting about Patrick Mac Manus. The new system was introduced too late for him to profit by it to any extent. He was "too ould," he said, "to learn from books and them kind of things, but he didn't see that they did the boys any kind of harrum." He thought, perhaps, that "he might have cut more of a figure, if, instead of powthering the outside of his head when he first entered the service, he had been made to put something into it. He was thankful, too," he added, "for the warrant that gave him an extra sevenpence a-day pension for good sarvice, after knocking about for more than thirty years; and anyhow he'd be happy to drink long life to them as made it their study now to care for the soldier's wants, and give him a man's chance of gettin' on in the world, as if he had a body worth presarvin' and a sowl worth savin'."

These sentiments he constantly repeated, after he had obtained his discharge, when he used to pitch his quarters as near the barracks as he could get a place to put himself into; where, on a fine summer's evening, when the men were off duty, he would gather a knot round him, as he sat on a log smoking his pipe, and tell them long stories about "His R'yal Highness Prince Edward," and the long list of martinets, which ended "let us hope, boys, in Mad Look!"

PEACE AND WAR.

SAID War, "I pray thee my playthings see: —
See warriors gliftering in the sun;
They 're all automatons, moved by me,
The proudest, the lowliest — every one.
At my beck or nod they rush to death;
Rush — ay, with frantic cries of joy —
To the cannon's mouth. But, then, above
I strew bits of laurel, by way of decoy."

Said Peace, "I pray thee my playthings see: —
See harvests ripening under the sun;
List to the shuttle's whirr. With me
The yeoman's happy battle is won.
Cheered by me, they toil till death,
While maids and matrons their linen weave
The earth is not damp'd with their parting breath,
And I smooth their pillow as they take leave."

Said War, "I pray thee my triumphs see: —
See now how nobly my chosen fall;
List to the cannon's roar, and their glee,
When the enemy's blood bespatters them all.
The warrior's head is upturn'd to the stars;
The warrior's plume lies soil'd in the dust;
But a halo of glory flits round his scars,
And with the blood of the enemies shall his sword rust."

Said Peace, "I pray thee my triumphs see: —
See roses creep up the cottager's wall;
The children crowd round the father's knee;
The mill-wheel turns, to grind food for all.

I gather his friends round the poor man's bed,
When Death, 'the lean fellow,' seizes his prey;
I call blessings down on the orphan's head,
And point to the flowers of the bright May-day."

Said War, "My triumphs are won with blood,
The bravest and best with which veins e'er throbb'd."
Said Peace, "I triumph in yielding food
To the famished widows whom war hath robb'd."
Said War, "I am worshipp'd in every land;
My trophies bedeck every sacred dome."
Said Peace, "Mine are raised by the small white hand
Of Truth — and I'm honoured in every home."

HOW TO BE IDOLISED.

THE hyperbole of being "idolised" was never, perhaps, made a literal truth in so striking a manner as is shown in the following story; for which we are indebted to a French author.

In 1818, the good ship "Dido" left the Mauritius, on her voyage to Sumatra. She had a cargo of French manufactures on board, which her captain was to barter for coffee and spice with the nabobs of the Sunda isles. After a few days' sail, the vessel was becalmed; and both passengers and crew were put on short allowance of provisions and water.

Preserved meats, fruits, chocolate, fine flour, and live-stock, were all exhausted, with the exception of one solitary patriarchal cock, who, perched on the main-yard, was mourning his devastated harem, like Mourad Bey after the battle of the Pyramids.

The ship's cook, Neptune, a Madagascar negro, received orders, one morning, to prepare this bird for dinner; and, once more, the hungry denizens of the state-cabin snuffed up the delicious odour of roast fowl. The captain took a nap, in order to cheat his appetite until dinner-time; and the chief mate hovered like a guardian-angel round the caboose, watching lest any audacious spoiler should lay violent hands on the precious dainty.

Suddenly, a cry of terror and despair issued from the cook's cabin, and Neptune himself rushed out, the picture of affright, with both his hands twisted, convulsively, in the sooty wool that covered his head. What was the matter? Alas! in an ill-starred hour the cook had slumbered at his post, and the fowl was burnt to a cinder.

A fit of rage, exasperated by hunger and a tropical sun, is a fearful thing. The mate, uttering a dreadful imprecation, seized a large knife, and rushed at Neptune. At that moment, one of the passengers, named Louis Bergaz, interposed to ward off the blow. The negro was saved, but his preserver received the point of the steel in his wrist, and his blood flowed freely. With much difficulty the other passengers succeeded in preventing him, in his turn, from attacking the mate; but, at length, peace was restored, the aggressor ha-

ving apologised for his violence. As to poor Neptune, he fell on his knees, and kissed and embraced the feet of his protector.

In a day or two the breeze sprang up, and the "Dido" speedily reached Sumatra. Four years afterwards, it happened, one day, that Louis Bergaz was dining at the public table of an English boarding-house at Batavia. Amongst the guests were two learned men who had been sent out by the British Government to inspect the countries lying near the equator. During dinner, the name of Bergaz happening to be pronounced distinctly by one of his acquaintances at the opposite side of the table, the oldest of the *savants* looked up from his plate, and asked, quickly.

"Who owns the name of Bergaz?"

"I do."

"Curious enough," said the *savant*, "you bear the same name as a god of Madagascar."

"Have they a god called Bergaz?" asked Louis, smiling.

"Yes. And if you like, after dinner, I will show you an article on the subject, which I published in an English scientific journal."

Louis thanked him; and afterwards read as follows:

"The population of Madagascar consists of a mixture of Africans, Arabs, and the aboriginal inhabitants. These latter occupy the kingdom of the Anas, and are governed by a queen. The Malagasys differ widely from the Ethiopian race, both in their physical and moral characteristics. They are hospitable and humane, but extremely warlike, because a successful foray furnishes them with slaves. It is a mistake to believe that the Malagasys worship the devil, and that they have at Teintingua a tree consecrated to the Evil One. They have but one temple, dedicated to the god Bergaz (*beer*, source, or well, in the Chaldean, and *gaz*, light, in the Malagasy tongue). To this divinity they are ardently devoted, and at stated periods offer him the sacrifice of a cock, as the ancient Greeks did to Æsculapius. So true it is that the languages and superstitions of all lands and ages are linked together by mysterious bonds, which neither time nor distance can destroy."

Louis Bergaz thought the latter philosophical reflection very striking.

"You can scarcely imagine," said his companion, "how important these remote analogies, traced out by us with so much labour and fatigue, are to the advancement of science!"

Bergaz bowed, and was silent.

The cares of a busy commercial life soon caused him to forget both the philosopher and his own idol namesake.

After the lapse of about two years, Bergaz set out to purchase ebony at Cape St. Maria, in Madagascar; but a violent tempest forced the vessel to stop at Simpaï on the Avas Coast. While the crew were busy refitting the ship,

Bergaz started off to explore the interior of the country. There are no carnivorous wild beasts in Madagascar; but, there is abundance of game to tempt the sportsman: and Lewis, with his gun on his shoulder, followed the chase of partridges, quails, and pheasants, for several miles, until he reached the border of a thick bamboo jungle.

There, he saw a number of the natives prostrate before the entrance of a large hut. They were singing, with one accord, a monotonous sort of hymn, whose burden was the word "Bergaz!" so distinctly pronounced, that Louis immediately recollected the account given him by the philosopher in Batavia.

Impelled by very natural curiosity, he stepped forward, and peeped into the temple. No attempt had been made to ornament its four walls, built of bamboo, cemented with clay; but, in the centre of the floor stood, on a pedestal, the statue of the god Bergaz, and Louis was greatly struck with his appearance.

The idol, although far from being a finished work of art, was yet far superior in form and workmanship to the ordinary divinities of savage nations. The figure represented a man, dressed in European costume, with a wide straw hat on his head, and a striped muslin cravat round his neck. He was standing in the attitude of one who is intercepting a blow, and his right hand was stained with blood. There was even an attempt, Louis Bergaz thought, to imitate his own features; and the god had thick black whiskers meeting under his chin, precisely such as Louis had worn in 1818. The dress, too, resembled his own; and the cravat, marked in the corner L. B., was one which he had given Neptune the cook. In a few minutes, a procession of natives entered the temple; they kindled a fire in a sort of chafing-dish; and, placing on it a dead cock, burnt the sacrifice before their god, amid loud acclamation. Bergaz, unluckily, was not able to preserve his gravity during this pious ceremonial. He burst into a fit of laughter, and was instantly seized by the offended worshippers. With shouts of rage they were about to sacrifice him to their outraged deity, when a noise of cymbals announced the approach of the Chief of the tribe. The high priest met him at the door, and announced the sacrilegious conduct of the stranger. The incensed chieftain seized a Malayan *crease*, and ran to take vengeance on the offender. Bergaz turned and looked at him; each uttered a cry of surprise; the next moment, the chief was embracing the feet of Louis.

"Neptune, old fellow! what is all this?" asked Bergaz pointing to the figure, "Bergaz is my god!" cried the negro, striking his breast. Then, to the unbounded astonishment of all present, the European and the chief walked

off lovingly together towards the palace of the latter.

On their way thither, Neptune related his history to his friend. The powerful Radamas, sovereign of Madagascar, had concluded a treaty of peace with his enemy Réné. The wife of the latter, being a woman of genius, was named queen of the Anas, by an edict of Radama; and this lady was the sister of Neptune, ex-cook of the Dido.

No sooner was she seated on the throne than she released her brother from his menial situation, and gave him absolute authority over the small province of Simpaï.

Neptune's first act was an endeavour to manifest his gratitude, after the strange fashion of his people, to his protector Bergaz; and we may fancy how cordial was the reception, how warm and affectionate the welcome, bestowed on the living benefactor, whose wooden semblance he and his people worshipped as a god. The grateful negro loaded him with presents, and sent his most skilful workmen to assist in repairing the ship. Probably, to this day, the god Bergaz may still be worshipped in Simpaï; and the Æsculapian cock may still excite the wonder, and fill the note-books of travelling philosophers.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.

It is slippery walking up Ludgate Hill, early on a mid-winter morning, with an atmosphere well mixed with Thames fog and sea-coal smoke, after a week of rainy days. Look up for the dome of St. Paul's, and so much of it as you can see looks unusually magnificent, half-hidden in its bath of London yellow clouds. You can scarcely see the large clock-face, with the hands full six feet long, and everything looks so dim and dark, that when you hear it strike six, you fancy it must have made a mistake, and gone too fast in the night, in its desire to get through the cold season as quickly as possible. Still, six at night it cannot be, for the shops are all shut, and there are no well-dressed people about, hurrying on their way for business or pleasure. A policeman sauntering, three bricklayers' labourers hurrying, and one fishmonger's boy in a cart, driving the horse within an inch of a general smash, have this part of the thoroughfare all to themselves. Turn to the left up the Old Bailey, and the scene changes. Newgate is there, hard, nubbly, and black as usual, and St. Sepulchre's, with its tall tower and bells that toll men to execution below, — both stern, calm. But round about them both there is a very whirlpool of life. Noise of all kinds — bellowings, bleatings, the rattle of wheels, the barking of dogs, the sound of blows, many and fast, the clatter of hoofs, the tramp of hurrying feet, with ever and ever rising above all a running chorus of

execrations, rude oaths launched by brutalised men against infuriated over-driven brute-beasts. Pass on from the Old Bailey towards Smithfield, and the crowd thickens and thickens, and, at each step you take, up splashes the thick yellowish-black slush that, literally, floats on all sides. Thousands of oxen are packed in rows, as close as so many soldiers in a line, shoulder to shoulder, whilst acres of sheep are panting away the little span of life now left in them, as butchers and salesmen are making terms, and drovers are yelling to dogs, and dogs plunging amongst herds yet unpenned. Every animal you see has heaving sides, and open mouth, and panting breath; and, had they human voices, their thousand drouthy throats, and lolled out parching tongues, would join in one long, loud wail, drowning all cries in one for Water! Water!

Take care of your toes, or they will be trodden down by drovers' hobnailed shoes; take care of your eyes, or they may be probed by the iron goads at the end of drovers' sticks; take care of your head, or it may be broken by blows meant for an unlucky ox; take care of your pockets, for all the thieves are not inside the building you have just passed, and where canvas money-bags are seen, there nimble fingers often congregate. The human throng is as thick almost as the quadruped one; and for blows or losses, there is at Smithfield, on market morning, little time either for sympathy or redress.

Look out upon the army of sheep, oxen, calves, and pi there drawn up, all full of life, and remember, then, that all this is not three days' meat for London; that within a week all these living things will have been killed, cooked, eaten, and digested — their skins in the tan-yards, their horns in the turner's workshop, and their hoofs in the glue-pot. Gone; used up; to help feed London for just a few days, and you will have one element for making up a notion of how vast an affair this same London is. —

But Smithfield is not a safe place for abstraction.

A rush, and a shriek, and a heavy fall, and a new shower of oaths — and straightway part of the crowd proceeds to pick up a wretched woman who is trying to cross the way to her work, just as an ox which had been driven and goaded all night, makes a grand tilt at his tormentors. The drovers had driven him to mad fury, and the poor charwoman comes in for the punishment.

"Take her to the hospital," grumbles a fat salesman, whose proceedings are interrupted by the thickening of the crowd round about. Her bonnet has fallen off, and, as they lift her up, her grizzled hair escapes from her cap and hangs down, dabbled in the slush. Her thin, poverty-stricken clothing offers little resistance to the horn of the ox, and

the blood shows that the blow took effect on her side.

"Take her to the hospital," repeats the fat salesman; and straightway, as by one consent, and with very few words, a policeman and three beggars bear her off to the doors that stand ever open, close by, for the victims of accident or heavy sickness.

Saint Bartholomew's Hospital now stands just where it stood centuries ago, in days when Smithfield was the scene of holiday makings and executions; of tilts and tournaments before kings and princes at one time, and of death agonies of political criminals and religious martyrs at another. The present building has no remnant of the old one in its construction; indeed, the hospital has grown to five times its original extent. Patients now-a-days are admitted at a gate under the colonnade, where proper persons wait night and day to receive sufferers by accidents and other urgent cases; and to this gate the victim of a Smithfield ox is brought.

The handle of the bell hangs near, and one pull brings a porter to the gate. The words "An Accident," are enough to open the portal without further parley, and the old woman in a few more minutes has been examined by the house surgeon of the night, and — her injuries being severe — is placed in a kind of sedan, and carried off to a bed in the female ward, allotted to such cases. Following her, brings us into the square of the hospital, and whilst she is being tenderly borne across it, and up the noble wide oak stairs that lead to the wards, let us stay to notice the peculiarities of the place.

The buildings of the Hospital, abutting on Smithfield, give no idea of the real character, or exact extent of the place. They are, indeed, a kind of outworks to the main structure, placed where they are, partly to give increased accommodation, but chiefly to occupy a space formerly covered by tradesmen's tall houses, which some years ago, shut out the air and light from the main body of the Hospital. These were pulled down to let in the air from the open space of Smithfield — for it must be remembered that the market has its quiet hours, and that plenty of indifferent air is better than a scarcity of air altogether. To look at the main building, then, to which these more recent structures have been added, we stand within a quadrangle. In the centre of the enclosed space there is an ugly circular pump, which looks like a slice of a worn-out steam boiler with a lamp on the top, whilst on each side rises a large and handsome stone building, many stories in height, with long rows of windows, and each side having a central door and hall of entrance, from which oak staircases ascend. Each floor is divided into two wards, usually one medical and one surgical, and each ward has

its little body of resident officers under the command of a matronly woman, called the "Sister." All the wards are christened; some after benefactors of the Hospital, some after the names of the virtues, some after the characters of Bible history. Indeed, it may be said, there are wards with Christian names, and wards with mercenary names — the one given from pious motives, the others from pecuniary ones. The names are all written on the sides of the doors, just as lawyers put up their cognomens on the sides of dingy portals in the Temple or Lincoln's-Inn. There, on one side we see written "Darker," "Sitwell," "Harley," and "Kenton" wards, named after persons who have done service to the place; whilst on another — the Christian side — we have "Lazarus," "Job," "Luke," "Hope," "Faith," and "Charity." The resident officer of each of these is named after her ward — the captain, as it were, is christened after the ship — and we hear nothing of Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith, but only "Sister Darker," and "Sister Sitwell," "Sister Hope," "Sister Job," "Sister Luke," "Sister Faith" and "Sister Charity." Many of these women are models in their way; full of patience, experience, kindness, and firmness, having withal the modes of good management requisite for preserving order, cleanliness, quiet, and an air of comfort in places where disease in its worst forms, and with its most unpleasant accompaniments, is ever present. Each sister has a little box — perhaps more like a little ship's cabin than anything else — fixed up in one corner of the ward. This is her sanctum, having its tiny fire-grate; its bed and table, and chairs. To this Sister Hope can retire to speak with the doctor, or to take her quiet cup of tea, and from this she issues to rule over her little kingdom of sick patients, and hard working nurses, and to keep all under her sway in as much comfort as their condition will permit. Each ward has its bath and other conveniences; and each its speaking-pipes, through which orders are given and received from the hall; each has also three nurses, in addition to the sister, with the power of calling for additional aid when requisite, from the well-filled ranks of servants attached to the place. This female staff has ordinarily twenty-six patients under its care; and day and night there is always one nurse at least on duty, to attend to the needs of the sick. The nurses, indeed, have their watches like seamen in a ship, the night nurse going on duty at eleven o'clock, and being on watch till six in the morning, when the hospital life of the day is commenced by the medicines being given to those patients who are to receive physic more than once in twenty-four hours. Soon after the clock strikes six, there is a great shaking of bottles, and a great array of wry faces amongst the five hundred sick people who tenant Bartho-

lomew; and within the next half-hour how many pounds' weight of pill, and how many quarts of "house physic" are swallowed, we may know more about by-and-bye, when we come to look into the Apothecary's proceedings.

Having described thus far the special staff of one ward, we have only to multiply by twenty, and the whole hospital may be, thus far, understood. One ward may be appropriated to medical cases, in charge of physicians; and another to accidents, and other visible injuries and diseases entrusted to surgeons: but each has the knot of resident attendants we have described. The patients in the building may at one time number only five hundred; and at another, may amount to nearly six hundred: but, be the number what it may, they are arranged in companies, controlled and attended as we have seen.

How this large sick family, with the needful servants, are fed, and physicked, and tended, let us spend a day in the place to see.

Our poor old acquaintance, the woman gored by the ox, now lies in bed; and the house-surgeon having satisfied himself of the nature of her injuries, and applied the requisite means for her relief, re-crosses the square to his domicile. Let us go with him to the quadrangle, and look and inquire about us.

London, by half-past six, is but very partially astir; and though the din of Smithfield is, we know, close by, the hospital has an air of stillness and repose. As we walk round, we see outside the square, on one hand, the low line of buildings forming the medical school, the room for prescribing for out-patients, the apothecaries' laboratory and shop, the lecture theatre, the dissecting-rooms, the library, the museum, the dead-house (which through the year has an average of one tenant for its still walls each day), and the receptacle for coffins. On another side we find, still outside the noble central quadrangle, the collegiate part of the establishment, including the house in which a portion of the students live, their dining-hall, and the residence of the ever-present, ever-working warden and assistant-surgeon, Mr. Paget; and in the near neighbourhood, the surgery, some surgical wards for special cases, and the operating theatre. On a third flank, we find within the hospital boundary nothing less than the church of St. Bartholomew the Less; and the reason of a parish church being shut up, as it were, within the confines of a special establishment, is explained by the fact, that the hospital itself covers the whole parish, with the exception of some three or four houses! So that the place has its own parochial jurisdiction, its own parish church, its own parish meetings, its own parish vestries, and its own parish rates. It stands, indeed, a little principality, as it were, of its own, — with the laws of charity for its institutions; doctors and surgeons, and almoners, for its ministers

and chief officers; stewards, and matrons, and ward-sisters, for its officers; nurses, and surgery men, and cooks, and cellar-men for its subordinates; and the sick and poor of the modern Babylon for its subjects.

To feed the large family residing in the huge hospital is a serious affair. It being now seven in the morning, and the physicking being over, the nurses pay their first visit for the day to the buttery, to fetch the allotted quantities of food served out in the morning. The patients are, of course, on different scales of diet, according to their bodily condition. Here is one day's list of how five hundred and thirteen sick folks were ranked on the diet list: — One hundred and sixty-two on "full diet," a hospital term which means the following ample allowance for each day — one pint of milk porridge, fourteen ounces of bread, meat weighing half a pound when cooked, half a pound of potatoes, beer, two pints for men and one pint for women, and one ounce of butter. Next comes "half-diet" which would be thought blissful abundance by many folks outside the walls, for it means the pint of milk porridge, twelve ounces of bread, a quarter of a pound of cooked meat, half a pound of cooked potatoes, a pint of beer, and three quarters of an ounce of butter. In "Broth-diet," broth and gruel are substituted for the meat and beer, the other items being nearly the same, with the addition that the potatoes are mashed, and made more acceptable to sick stomachs. "Milk-diet" almost explains itself, it being chiefly milk, with the addition of rice, sago, arrow-root, and bread.

The zero of this feeding scale, "Low Diet," means those thin comforts — gruel, or barley-water. Patients needing them have extra allowances, when ordered by the medical officers, such as mutton-chops, beef-tea, eggs, pudding, jelly, porter, ale, wine, brandy, and — hear it, Oh, Father Mathew — *gin!* No wonder that the poor who have once tasted the comforts of Bartholomew's in days of sickness and tribulation should wish for them again. The following scale is for one day in December 1850: — On full diet, 162 patients, 66 of them with extra allowances; 148 on half diet; 157 on milk; the remainder being fed on broth, beef-tea, rice-milk, arrow-root, and sago.

The meat used on the same day in the hospital for patients and nurses, weighed three hundred and four pounds, besides half-a-hundred weight of beef for beef-tea, making together three hundred and sixty pounds. With this noble dish of mutton and beef, four hundred and forty pounds' weight of bread was eaten, accompanied by about one hundred and fifty pounds' weight of potatoes, thirty pounds of butter, fifty eggs, washed down by fifty gallons of milk, and the butler only knows how many gallons of beer. Not a bad day's eating for a sick house!

A month's butcher's bill comes to one hundred and fifty pounds; and a year's consumption makes a very strong array of figures. Here they are —

24,000 pounds of beef;
35,200 pounds of mutton;
16,760 gallons of milk;
12,000 eggs.

This is a glimpse of the sunshiny side of the hospital fare. We shall presently find some startling facts connected with the apothecaries' department, one of which, however, we may give here as an addendum to the above items of yearly consumption. It is this:

1352 gallons of black draught!

It would surely take a whole statistical society to discover how many wry faces are drawn over the swallowing of such an ocean of salts and senna.

Whilst we have been going over this summary of hospital dietetics, all the beds have been made, the hospital breakfast has been got through, and another half hour of our visit has slipped by. The sound of the clock striking eight, quickens the steps of certain tardy students, who are now seen hurrying away to prayers in the church, whence they emerge in about twenty minutes to meet at breakfast, in the collegiate dining hall, such of their companions as eschew the early service. The morning meal having been discussed, the future doctors trudge off at nine o'clock to the Lecture Hall, to begin their scholastic day with anatomy and physiology. Whilst all this goes on, the Apothecary, or the "House Doctor," as he is familiarly called, is going through the physician's wards, and the "dressers" are busy with strappings, bandages, ointments, and rollers, amongst the surgical patients; attending to wounds, and making all "ship-shape" against the arrival of the superior medical staff, by and by. The "Clinical clerks" are also busy at bed-sides, taking down notes of symptoms, of the action of remedies, and the progress of special cases — all remarkable instances of disease, having their chroniclers, who watch each stage of the patient's progress from the day of admission to the hour of cure, or death — adding to each, when the result is fatal, the after-death appearances. By ten o'clock the students are seen leaving the anatomical theatre for the neighbouring one, where chemistry reigns supreme amongst a host of bottles, retorts, crucibles, test-glasses, and the thousand and one philosophical nicknacks, making up the chemist's tools. Whilst a great deal of difficult talk is going on here about oxygen, that giant amongst elemental things, and his companions hydrogen, and nitrogen, and carbon, the nurses are off to the store for arrow-root, and sago, and other good things, in one place, and another part of the establishment is rapidly filling with the large class of patients who are relieved with advice and medicine, but not received into beds in the hospital. On Thurs-

days this class of applicants is most numerous, because on that day a certain number of the most serious cases are selected from their ranks, to fill any beds that may have become vacant. This being known, poor people are often seen amongst the throng who have come ten, twenty, thirty, and sometimes fifty miles in the hope of obtaining the help of the institution.

The patients enter by the colonnade seen from Smithfield. Passing the outer portal, there are two doors; one for women, and one for men; and these lead to two separate rooms. By eleven o'clock the forms with which these apartments are filled, are lined with people of all ages, from the baby a month old, sickening with measles or hooping cough, to the old crone of seventy, groaning with old age, which she declares to be "roomatiz, which the doctors can cure." Such a collection of sickly, unhappy faces, and such a variety of dirty, dilapidated clothes, with here and there a dash of faded finery, must only be looked for in the waiting-room of a large hospital. Here and there you may see a handsome face, and here and there an interesting one; but the majority of these poor waiters for help belong to the class upon whom falls the general weight of the work, and of rough usage, and of the risks of injury of a great city; and their physiognomy, though full of character, has but small claim to good looks. The crowd of patients becomes thicker and thicker as eleven o'clock draws near. Rows of mothers are seen seated with rows of children with measles, children with hooping coughs, children teething, and, above all in number and discomfort, mothers and children with cough and colds in all stages of that popular English disorder. Scarcely anybody talks to a neighbour, but all sit waiting for the man who is to tell their doom — the doctor. In one part of the room enormous earthen pitchers decorate a corner filled up as an appendage to the surgery, where salves, and plasters, and "house physic," and cough mixtures, are dispensed with great readiness, when wanted. At eleven o'clock the apothecary enters the scene, with a handful of tickets differently marked. Beginning at the end of the first form, he commences his first examination of the out patients — a task that looks enough to occupy the whole day. "What is it?" is the rapid inquiry; and while these words come with a jerk, as it were, from his tongue, his rapid practised eye is scanning the face of the patient, and his finger is feeling a pulse. The few first words of the patient tell him all he needs; and in another second he has, if it be a trifling case, selected one of the tickets, with the injunction, "Get that medicine. Take a dose twice a-day. Come here again the day after to-morrow." In half a moment more — "What is it?" startles the next on the form. Another tongue is out; another

face has been scanned; and the ticket and direction given; and "What is it?" assails patient No. 3; and so the work goes on more rapidly than this description has been written.

When a case of injury is amongst a throng, the patient is sent off to the surgery, close by, from whence groans and screams every now and then sound out to startle and horrify those whose turn is yet to come. More than a thousand people are seen and prescribed for every week in this place; this sick multitude affording the main bulk of the applicants, from whose ranks the greater part of the in-patients, that is, the people taken into the house, are recruited. Diseases have their seasons here, in Smithfield, just as fruits and flowers have theirs in Covent Garden, and are expected with almost the same punctuality; the two great staple facts being that winter enormously increases the coughs and chest affections, whilst summer brings diarrhœa, and other affections of the bowels.

During rapid examination of patients in the reception-room, those who require something more than an off-hand physic ticket, or a trifling operation, are kept back to be prescribed for by the surgeon or apothecary; the worst cases of all receiving letters, and being sent to another apartment, called the admission-room, in which they undergo another and more deliberate examination, after which the worst of all are admitted to the wards, to be there kept till they are well.

One ingenious plan, amongst many adopted in this hospital, may be here named. The letters are printed in different coloured inks. Some are yellow, some black, some red, some green, brown, and blue. These six colours indicate, at a glance, to the officials the name of the medical officer under whose charge the patient is; and simple as such a matter may at first seem to be, its practical value is really very great. Thus, suppose red, blue, and black, are physician's colours, and yellow, green, and brown, surgeon's colours, the general character of the disease of the patients is known at once. But more than this, red means a particular physician, say Dr. Roupell, then blue may mean Dr. Burrows, whilst yellow means, not only surgeon's case, but Mr. Lawrence's case, and green Mr. Stanley's or Mr. Lloyd's. With a dozen or a hundred sick people such distinctions may be unnecessary, but where, as in Bartholomew's Hospital in 1849, seventy-seven thousand seven hundred and ten patients ask relief in one year, all and every means for obtaining rapid modes of classification become most important.

But the clock says it wants but a quarter to twelve, and the receiving, or casualty rooms, being cleared of the crowd that thronged it an hour ago, let us pass to the Admission-Room — the second stage of the patient's progress into hospital. Here the more

serious aspects of disease begin to present themselves. The large, and rather noble looking old room has forms like the other, but they have backs to them, against which the sick and weary may lean. The gaping look that was manifest amongst the "casuals" is not seen here. The very sick have little time for curiosity. Pale-faced women are seated on the one side; men, with heads bandaged and arms in slings, on the other. Moans come out from what seem to be mere masses of clothes, great coats, wrapping handkerchiefs and shawls; crumpled-up forms lie on the seat, still and silent, oblivious of all save the constant pain that brings them here; up in the corner yonder is a young girl with a cheek blooming like peach blossom, and eye bright as that of the fabled Houri; but the long thin fingers, with their filbert shaped nails — and, hark! the cough—tell plainly enough that she is blooming only for the grave. Near her see that girl's shawl rise on her breast — you may count the pulses of her heart. Go near her, and listen, and you may hear them. She too, cheerful as she seems, in her youth and her sin, is sure to pass away suddenly and soon, and without the time for thought and preparation vouchsafed to her consumptive neighbour, for she has disease of the heart — the most frightful, perhaps, of all the diseases of our modern civilisation, because so sure to slay with little warning. But the almoners and the doctors are coming, and, as they approach, we have just time for a glance at the arrangements made for them. The room is large, with heavy panneled sides, looking old and solid. The walls are well dotted about with scripture texts, speaking of religion and charity. On the shelf is an old carved wooden figure of a cripple, in the costume of two or three centuries ago; and in one corner of the room another and larger wooden model of a cripple, painted in imitation of life. This, in former days, when each house had its sign, was hung out in front of the hospital in Smithfield, to tell the unlettered crowd the nature of the building, and probably to excite, in favour of its inmates, the charitable feelings of passers by. One corner of the room has a portion converted into a small distinct apartment, or large closet, into which patients are, when needful, taken for private examination; whilst opposite this, and on the other side of a noble sized fire-place (with fire enough in it, in winter time, to roast a sheep), is a portion partitioned off and enclosing desks for the almoner and medical officers employed in admitting patients. It is soon evident that the absolute presence of serious disease is sufficient to secure a bed, at all times, for those who greatly need it, though an ancient form of petition is still kept up — and it is *but* a form. This the sufferer is supposed to fill up and present. It runs as follows: —

"To the Worshipful the President, Treasurer, and Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. — The humble Petition of —, residing at —, in the parish of —, and belonging to the parish of —, showeth, that your petitioner is afflicted with —, and is likely to perish without the charitable assistance of this house; therefore humbly prays to be admitted into the said Hospital for cure, and, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

A note in the corner says, "Here state the name and address of any relation or friend of the petitioner;" — but this signature is not insisted upon.

At twelve o'clock the ceremony of wry faces and physic swallowing goes forward in all directions, and precisely at that hour on these important Thursday mornings, the almoner, and physician, and surgeon, enter the admission-room from the hall, attended by the beadle, and usually by matron and steward. About eighty to a hundred patients are usually present, the majority being males. The number of vacant beds being reported, the medical officers begin the task of inspection. One after another the names of the patients most in need are written on the petitions. This done, the names of the applicants, to whom beds have been allotted, are read aloud, the list of women being called over first; the men next. The number thus selected for treatment "in the house" varies very much, but being settled for the day, the words "No more beds vacant" are shouted out, and those still waiting receive letters as out-patients. The sisters of the ward next enter the room to muster the cases allotted to each. The names of the patients for Hope are called out by Sister Hope, when off she marches, with them in the rear, to Hope Ward. Sister Charity then goes through her list, which done, off she walks with her flock of sick behind her, and so on until all are drafted towards their respective places in the building. Those unable to walk are carefully taken by *chaise à porteur*. Before being taken to their respective beds they are put into warm baths, and those who need it have suitable garments lent them; though almost all, as a rule, comply with the usual requirements of a hospital, and bring with them the clothing requisite for a sick bed.

As the patients thus file off, a balance of rejected candidates are seen being lifted into cabs, or being led by their friends through the hospital gates. About six thousand in-patients are admitted every year, but even Bartholomew's, large as it is, cannot hold all who ask admission to its wards.

By about half-past twelve all this selection, separation, and allocation of the sick has been finished; and as many of them reach the wards, the first sound they hear is a voice up the speaking tubes that tells it is dinner-time. One porter makes

this known in a very few minutes through all the rooms in an entire wing, for, in the hall, ranged side by side, are mouth-pieces communicating with each ward. Up comes the voice, and off file the nurses with their cards and tickets showing how many dinners they are to *draw*, and of what kind.

The food for five hundred people having been served out, taken to bed-sides, and ward-tables, and arranged, another half-hour has gone, and by this time the neighbourhood of the Apothecary's shop is besieged by hosts of out-patients waiting to see the assistant-physicians, and assistant-surgeons, and, when they have been prescribed for, waiting for the physic they are to take.

The Apothecary's shop and that physic factory — the laboratory — which adjoins it are amongst the most curious portions of the entire establishment. Passing through the throng of patients — who (women in one room and men in the other) are ready, each in turn, to pass through the turnstile which prevents crowding, by allowing only one or two at a time to reach the counter where the medicines are served out — we cross the dispensing-room, and descending a step or two, find ourselves in the laboratory. The floor is stone and the roof high. On one side fumes a steam-engine; next it are large coppers fixed in brickwork, and having most capacious coverings, looking like huge copper night-caps large enough to cover the heads of a whole family of giants. Each of these is moved up from the simmering, steaming mass within by means of pulleys, and other machinery. Mr. Wood, who, like Mr. Paget, is one of the omnipresent people of Bartholomew's, reigns chief magician over this region of stills, funnels, crucibles, evaporating pans, and potent things. He raises one lid just an inch, when out gushes a fragrant aromatic steam of boiling sarsaparilla; he lifts another, and we note the soporific fumes of syrup of poppies. A little further on we see an assistant mixing up gallons of treacle for syrups and confections, and another opening casks full of the pulp of hips, and mixing it with large masses of sugar; an early process in the preparation of a popular tincture for coughs. How many millions of wild roses must have blossomed in quiet country hedgerows before even one of five casks could be filled with the pulp of hips; how many bright autumn days must have been spent in gathering the ripe fruit of those wild flowers from the rural English banks where they grew! They come chiefly from Hertfordshire, and are plucked by children, who take out the seeds and store up the pulp, which comes here by the hundred-weight.

But the things in this alchemist-looking place are not all so pleasant to think of, or so harmless to smell as the rose fruits and the sarsaparilla. The men in the corner there, are preparing and

extracting the poisonous juices of henbane and foxglove, and monkshood. The fumes come off, and, hardened as they are to the work, they will all suffer more or less from their task, before they have done. They are always, more or less, sick after it, and were they always so employed, it would doubtless cost them their lives. Happily a little poison goes a long way, and tomorrow, or next day, they will be engaged in the more harmless duty of mixing the thirteen gallons of black dose, which the house requires regularly twice a week, and sometimes thrice! All round the place run pipes containing hot distilled waters, and others conveying steam, by means of which a boiling heat can be got under the evaporating pans, or in the coppers. The evaporating dish in the corner is made of solid tin, and though holding about a gallon only, the metal for it cost fifteen pounds. Next this dish stands a hydrostatic press, by which a weight of one hundred tons can be brought down upon any drugs to squeeze out the last drops of their useful juices, for economy goes hand in hand with abundance in this part of the establishment, as the well and elaborately kept books show. Next the laboratory is a kind of store-room, full enough of physic to frighten a dyspeptic man into health — and that 's saying a great deal. The drugs come here in their raw state, and are made up in the laboratory, on one side, to be dispensed in the apothecary's shop on the other. In this place, in a year they use enormous quantities of drugs, and some of the single bottles and drawers, hold an amount of value, surprising to recount. One bottle holds, in solution, as much iodide of potass — a thing largely used — as cost at wholesale price, fifteen pounds. In the drawers you may see sixty or seventy pounds worth of bark — about a year's consumption, besides which, above one hundred and fifty pounds a year is spent upon quinine! As all this is got from the smaller branches of a particular kind of South American oak, what forests must be needed to keep up the supply for this one hospital alone!

Between two and three hundred pounds are spent, every year, for strong sound port wine, for the sick poor. It is bought in pipes and drawn off as needed. Nearly two thousand pounds weight of castor oil; two hundred gallons of spirits of wine, at seventeen shillings a gallon; twelve tons of linseed meal; a thousand pounds weight of senna; twenty-seven hundred-weight of salts; are items in the annual account for drugs. The grand total spent upon physic, in a twelve month, being two thousand six hundred pounds. Five thousand yards of calico are wanted for rollers, for bandaging; to say nothing of the stouter and stiffer fabric used for plaisters. More than half a hundred-weight of sarsaparilla is used every week, a sign how much the constitution

of the patients requires improvement. In a year twenty-nine thousand seven hundred leeches were bought for the use of the establishment — an invasion of foreigners without parallel, until we have the influx of the Great Exhibition — for the leeches brought to bite and die in this London Hospital are gathered in France and Poland, in Africa and Spain. A ton and a half of treacle is annually used to make some kinds of syrup; the five casks of hips, which, mixed with a cask of sugar, makes linctus for coughs, has been already mentioned, but one little fact, in addition, respecting it should not pass unnoticed. This preparation for coughs is red in colour, and looks fruity, and tastes somewhat sweet, having still, however, an acid dash. As winter comes the coughs increase, and the demand upon the stock of linctus becomes heavier and heavier. This is expected and provided for; but one season it had been larger even than usual. The same children and the same women came again and again, most perseveringly; when, in consequence of some inquiries, it was found that one of the most urgent claimants for the favourite physic lived by selling little sweets and pies to children, in a back street, near Smithfield, and that she used the favourite linctus *to make fruit tarts of!*

But we have been a long time with Mr. Wood, the apothecary, and must return to the wards. By half-past one the ward dinners are all over, and all the inmates are expecting the visit of the chief surgeons and physicians of the day. The approach of these is known by the tramp of many feet up the stairs — for the medical officer is medical teacher also, and comes surrounded by the bevy of students who are "walking the hospitals." Tall and short, fat and lean, young and middle-aged, in black, green, brown, and gray, but all displaying a certain grave, inquiring seriousness, on comes the crowd.

You may always know the medical repute of a man by the number of his pupils; and somehow, the surgeons always have most. There is something certain and exact; something free from doubt and humbug about anatomy and surgery, which commends itself to young and ingenuous inquirers; and hence, partly, perhaps, the greater throng round the chief surgeon, as he makes his way through the wards of a hospital, than round any of his merely medical brethren.

Whilst this company of surgeons that are and surgeons that hope to be, are going from bed to bed, examining and questioning and prescribing for patient in surgical ward after surgical ward, the physicians are performing a similar duty in the medical wards; for the uninitiated should know that a great merit of a large hospital, lies in the opportunities it has for classifying the sick. The timid patient with disease of the heart, or the delicate woman suffering

with still more critical maladies, in a good-sized establishment can be separated from the contact, and be away from the groans of any sufferer by accident or from operations.

The rapidity with which the old medical practitioners detect the peculiarities of a case, is marvellous. The size, strength, complexion, general aspect, tone of voice, brightness or dullness of eye displayed by the sick, tell as much, or more, than any verbal story of aches and pains. The glance, a few questions, a pen and ink scratch of some half-dozen pharmaceutical hieroglyphics upon a card handed from the bed-head by the attendant nurse, and on go the crowd to the next bed, and the next, until all have been seen. The last stairs are descended; and as the surgeons and physicians get into certain yellow chariots, and bright blue broughams, which have been waiting all the while in the hospital square, the students trudge off round the angle of the building to the half-past two anatomical lecture.

Again, there is a gathering up of physic bottles, and a collection of prescription cards, and a voice is heard up the speaking tubes, shouting the word "shop." Off jog nurses and sisters, in haste, to the apothecary's shop, and then there comes such a filling of vials, and a pouring out of pints and quarts of odd smelling fluids, and a counting out of pills, as can be seen in few places else. Drawers full of pills, hundreds of printed labels, and gallons of physic are served out, and, at last, one by one, the nurses all march off, with each her unsavoury but serviceable burthen. By the time they are back in the wards, on the three open days in the week, "Visitors are admitted," and then arises many a scene. Husbands come to see bed-ridden wives, and children to see bed-ridden mothers, and, often more sad still, wives and little ones to see dying husbands and fathers. Many a tragedy of humble life have these old hospital walls seen in their time; many a death-bed of remorse, and many a smothered shriek of agony, as the living have parted from their dead. Could we but hear the revelations of a hospital pillow, what a story it must be: of aching heads, and breaking hearts, and souls just passing from their clayey tenement, yet yearning for scenes and people far far away beyond reach, and beyond hope, — of sons prodigal and truant, dying here unknown, whilst parents grieved for them in distant homes they shall never see again, — of daughters sin-stained and lost, weeping out their last breath, not that life is going, but that a mother's forgiveness may not be implored, and a mother's voice once more be heard to pray, — of fathers brought in to die, fallen from scaffoldings, or crushed by machinery, whilst wives are waiting their return from work, and children wonder why father is so late.

As the friends of the sick are

leaving the hospital, soon after four o'clock, the students are thinking about leaving their books and scalpels; and forsaking the gossip in the library to see about dinner. Those attached to the place congregate, at five o'clock, in the College dining-hall, where Mr. Paget rules the roast very satisfactorily. By six, there is a stroll round the square, if the evening is fine, for the students, and the less pleasant occupation of face-making, and pill and potion-swallowing for the patients. By seven, the surgical lecture commences, and by the same hour the afternoon cup of tea has been enjoyed in the wards, and all who were able to be out of bed, have returned to it. The outer gates are closed; the work of the day begins to slacken; the men of many labours and great usefulness, the assistant surgeon, and warden, and the "house-doctor," begin to think of sitting down to rest; but before this can be done the wards must be gone through, to see that all is right. Sister Rahere (for a ward and a sister are still called after the name of the kindly founder of the hospital) — Sister Rahere "wishes Mr. Paget would just look at the accident in her ward." Mr. Paget paces off of course. "The accident" is our poor old acquaintance of the morning. She is evidently worse. In each ward there are a few useful things, such as calomel, laudanum, wine, and brandy; but something else is needed, so Mr. Wood is sent for, and the doctor's shop, only locked an hour ago, is re-opened, and what is needful for the sick sufferer is obtained, and administered.

The wards are quiet enough now. The noble old fire-places throw out a cheerful light that warms the room. Most of the patients are sleeping, but some lie restless with pain, and some turn a curious eye towards the one bed by the side of which the surgeon stands watching, with a nurse beside him who evidently thinks at this moment how hard it is that accidents to some people will interfere with other people's rest. But there she stands also — and, hark! how much stiller the place has grown, for there 's the great clock of St. Paul's striking ten. But still the poor victim of the furious ox gets worse, and, after careful thought, and still more careful examination, the assistant-surgeon — who, since eight this morning, has been at work, talking, writing, advising, walking up-stairs and down-stairs, and across the courts and back again, and seeing patients all day, (saving just eleven minutes and a quarter for luncheon, and half an hour at dinner,) — makes up his mind that the only hope is in an operation. And as "capital" operations must be done by chief surgeons, away in a cab he sends a porter to fetch a chief surgeon from a family party which it so happens is being given this very night. But family parties, and birth-nights, and wedding-days are all alike to doctors when life

is in danger. The messenger being gone and a few more orders given, off trudges Mr. Paget across the court to the Operating Theatre. It is still quieter here, in this out-of-the-way corner of the building. The chair there has supported hundreds in their moments of greatest human trial; and the tier above tier of seats for students, have been the places where thousands have learnt their chief lessons in practical surgery. The moon now shines through the broad skylight at the top, and down upon the benches, and the pullies, and the instrument-cases, as placidly and as calmly quiet as if there were no pain or mortal agonies in the world. By its light the assistant-surgeon finds what he wants, and as he re-crosses the square, St. Paul's tolls eleven; and, at the same moment, a Hansom's Patent Safety (no time or need to get out one's own horses at this hour of night) whirls into the square with the chief surgeon. Up the stairs the two doctors go together, and in five minutes the suffering woman has inhaled chloroform, the delicate operation has been completed, and the sufferer, relieved from present pain, sighs out her thanks as the surgeon goes off again to his family party, and the assistant surgeon goes off at last to his midnight bed.

A night nurse has been set to watch by the bedside they have left, and as she does so, she counts the hours — these long still watches of the night — wearily enough. St. Paul's Clock speaks audibly from hour to hour. *One*; *two*; still all quiet; *three*, and there is a hum from Smithfield; *four*, and the hum has grown into a noise of distant rumbling wheels mingled with the sounds of an increasing throng; *five* is less heard, for other noises of roused and awakening London begin to absorb the sounds of the clock in themselves; *six!* — the hour we entered yesterday. We have completed the circle of one day of the life that is led in Bartholomew's, from year's end to year's end, amongst the throng of sick, and the labours of those who wait on them in their affliction. Walk out again into Smithfield. The cattle are all gone. It is a different market to the one we saw last, for the smell of new hay comes gratefully towards us, suggesting memories of quiet pleasant spots in the country, trebly pleasant to think of after spending Twenty Four Hours in a Hospital.

A CONFIDENT PREDICTION.

In one of the defiles of the range of mountains that divides Valencia from New Castile, stands the ruin of an ancient monastery. Many years had elapsed since this monastery had been in prosperous splendour; but its crumbling walls had not been finally deserted until the ravages of war, during the French Invasion, having reached even this barren and secluded spot, the few remaining monks were partly driven away by terror,

and partly by force, from their spoliated cloisters and demolished cells. At the period when this tale commences, the edifice was not only quite deserted, but was in a state of mouldering dilapidation and ruin. The grass was growing between the stone pavement of the church; the roof was blown off in many parts; the altar was dismantled, and bare of ornament; and alone, amidst the general solitude and decay of the building, a large figure of Christ, in black marble, yet stood, surveying, as it were, the ruins and desolation that surrounded it on all sides.

On a gloomy evening, in the spring of 1812, a regiment of French hussars rode cautiously up the defile in which this deserted monastery stood. They had had a long and weary march, and gladly hailed the sight of the ruins, as a convenient place for a more comfortable bivouac than the open air afforded. The troop drew up before the front of the church, surveyed its capabilities, and, after some anxious deliberation, decided that the encampment for the night had better be arranged outside the tottering walls, as the bivouac fires would be better sheltered there, than in the ruined church, through which gusts of wind rushed on all sides; as well as on account of the possibility of a surprise, should the ruins be already occupied by some of the enemy placed in ambush for that purpose. The night also threatened to be stormy, and the broken and demolished roof of the church did not look as if it could stand a tempest.

The fires were lighted in the most sneltered spot; the troop supped, and wrapping themselves in thin travelling cloaks, and such blankets as they had, extended themselves on the ground round the various fires, to take their night's rest. Léon Felner, the captain of the troop, was the last to lie down by the fire prepared for him. He had visited the sentinels, and the horses, and surveyed the environs, and seen to the general comfort of his men, before he thought of his own repose. Satisfied with every precaution that had been taken, he, at length, wearied out, wrapped his cloak closely around him, and resting his head on his horse's saddle, prepared for sleep.

But sleep was not to be obtained. His busy thoughts rambled from scene to scene of his active life, and the recollections of his home, family, and friends, arose vividly his memory. Two years had he been away from all he most loved. Latterly, even communication with them had been impossible. The image of Gabrielle, to whom he was betrothed, at length rose, in vivid distinctness, above his other thoughts. He could dwell with pleasure on this remembrance, for his loyaltly to her had never swerved. The charms of the far-famed Spanish women had not shaken his fidelity; they might be more beautiful, but had not Gabrielle's candour and modest

grace; and he longed for the conclusion of the war, that he might be once again by her side.

While thus pondering upon his country, home, and love, he began to doze; insensibly he was dropping asleep, when a rude blast of wind, accompanied by a driving sleet, and heavy peal of thunder, aroused him. The fire was nearly extinguished. Léon arose, and looked about for a shelter from the storm, which now no longer merely threatened. Opposite to him was the unclosed door of the ruined church. He pushed it wider open, and entered.

The church was damp and gloomy; flashes of lightning illuminated, at intervals, the few panes of painted glass that yet remained in the broken windows, and brought into view the stone tombs of ancient knights and abbots, as well as the dismantled altar. The black image of the Saviour stood out in bold relief during these transitory gleams, and added to the sensation of awe and desolation that the whole scene called up. In spite of his better reason, the young soldier shuddered at the loneliness of this gloomy place; and even felt a slight emotion of terror as the sound of the echo of his own footsteps, and clank of his spurs and sabre, sounded through the vast nave, disturbing the profound silence that otherwise reigned there. He did not advance far into the church, but stopped against the first column he met; for the cracking of the walls, as the gusts of the tempest drove against them, added to the uneasiness that was beginning to creep over him, and caused him to doubt the prudence of the shelter he had sought. He began to retrace his steps, as well as the darkness would permit, when, loud amidst the howlings of the wind, and clatter of the fierce rain, the old bell of the church sounded. Léon involuntarily stopped to count the strokes, and he numbered twelve.

As the last stroke resounded, a dim light pervaded the church, and the creaking of the hinges of a door slowly opening made Léon turn in the direction of the sound. The door of the sacristy was opening, and a dark figure was seen emerging from it. Léon fixed a steady gaze upon it, and saw, as it approached, that it was a priest, dressed in a black chasuble with a white cross embroidered on the breast. In his hands he bore the sacramental cup and consecrated host. With very slow and solemn motion, he advanced in the direction of the altar. His tread was so light, that he passed across the pavement, and up the stone steps, without awakening any echo in the sonorous ruin. With solemn dignity he placed on the altar the holy cup, and turned his pale, emaciated face towards Léon, fixed a steady gaze upon him, and raising his finger, beckoned to him to approach.

Instinctively, the young soldier obeyed; he had not power to re-

sist. The little reverence he had had for church performances when he quitted college for the army, had been quite obliterated by the painful scenes of the campaign in which he had been actively engaged. The mysterious influence, therefore, that drew him passively obedient to the steps of the altar confounded him. The nearer he approached the figure standing at the altar, the more solemn and shadowy it appeared. At a given sign Léon knelt, and covered his eyes with his hand. A deep sepulchral voice, in slow and measured accents, recited the Service for the Dead. The recollections of childhood vividly arose, and, as the service proceeded, the young officer found himself giving the responses almost as accurately as the deacons and sub-deacons are wont to do. The sound of his own voice, filling up the intervals of the awful looking priest's, formed such a strange contrast, as to make Léon's blood curdle. What was he doing? Whose funeral rites was he thus celebrating? All power of volition seemed annihilated, and, as the ceremony proceeded, the young man became in such a state of mental agony as to be a passive instrument in the hands of the mysterious influence which was commanding him. He almost doubted if he were alive.

When the ceremony was ended, the priest pronounced the farewell benediction, as if a numerous con- ation filled the church; and then, for the first time, addressing Léon, he said to him, "Young stranger, the pious service you have just rendered has helped to redeem my soul from purgatory. For centuries, by this nocturnal penitence, have I been expiating a sin committed against the severe laws of our monastery. For centuries have I waited for the assistance of a living being to aid me in the holy sacrifice. For centuries the hour of midnight mass has tolled every night, but no human being has appeared. You alone have come to kneel before the altar of God, and have released me from some of the bonds which chained my soul in purgatory, and deterred its entering into the heavenly abode. Your piety shall have its reward. Ask any one question before I go, and I will answer you."

The unearthly tones of the speaker penetrated and roused the half paralysed Léon. Shuddering, and shrinking from the gaze of the lustreless eye that was fixed upon him, the young man involuntarily asked — "Whose funeral service is this?" — "Alas! my son," returned the mysterious priest in a sad and subdued voice, "three years hence, at the same hour, and the same day, your de- arting spirit will restore your ody to the dust. Be ready at the hour. The funeral service is THINE OWN!"

As he uttered these words, the old man disappeared without any noise, without leaving any trace of his presence, or indication whether he had returned to the tomb, or mounted to heaven! —

and the church was again in total darkness.

Oppressed by amazement and awe, Léon remained at the altar. The words of the old priest were indelibly impressed on his memory. The sensation that overwhelmed him was not fear of death. Over and over again, he had confronted the possibility of that catastrophe on the field of battle. The gallant deeds that had won his promotion, had not been performed without great personal risk of life. Yet alone in this old gloomy church, the doom he had heard pronounced, had chilled him to the heart. He could not contemplate the annihilation of all the golden promises and hopes of his youth with resignation.

By degrees the horror subsided into melancholy, and a furious blast of wind slamming the church-door, with violence, aroused him. He arose from his kneeling position, and fancying he might be under a delusion, stamped with his iron-heeled boot on the pavement, to convince himself he was awake.

The darkness was becoming less intense; a faint, almost imperceptible, grey light began to steal gradually through the building. The dawn was breaking through the clouds of night, the storm without was evidently less violent. Léon strode down the aisle with nervous haste. Alas! he could no longer doubt his presence in the church. He had then received a real warning!

With some difficulty he pulled open the church door, which the wind had violently closed, and inhaled the fresh breeze with feverish impatience. His men answered to his agitated call as he emerged from the church-porch. Léon joined them. The troop were preparing to depart, and, as soon as all were ready, left the inhospitable ruins where, without exception, the whole party had passed a most uncomfortable night. The hopes of soon reaching dry quarters and warm breakfast hastened their movements, The gloomy silence of their leader they attributed to the same causes as were affecting themselves — wet, cold, and hungry men, are seldom disposed to be merry.

Animation, however, was ere long restored to the troop; for before they were able to reach the village where they expected to join the rest of the detachment, they fell in with the advanced guard of the opposing army, and a sharp skirmish ensued. Felner, with intrepidity and coolness, and at unsparing personal exposure, preserved his troop from destruction by effecting an adroit retreat.

The war continued with unabated rigour. But little time was left for reflection to men engaged, day by day, in the perils of the retreats which the French had to effect, as the successes of the English troops roused the natives also to action. Léon saw his friends fall, but himself seemed to bear a charmed life. His immunity from the fate of his comrades scarcely surprised him. The monk's pre-

diction had taken such firm hold on his mind, that it was hardened with the conviction that he was safe for the rest of the three years. But in the intervals of active combat, a brooding melancholy took possession of him. Life had lost its charms. He had almost hoped to die on the field; he would have preferred to end his existence amidst the horrors of the battle field, than to wait the slow coming of the death ordained.

On the return of peace, he delayed his journey homeward. The fatal visit to the monastic ruin had quenched his ardent desire to rejoin the nearest and dearest of his kindred. The many years of domestic happiness he had so long anticipated to pass with Gabrielle were never, he believed, to be realised. He would only be united to her to be, in a short space, torn from her by death.

At length, the urgent solicitations of his friends grew into reproaches, and he could no longer refuse to return; but he turned his face towards his home with a heavy, aching heart, resolutely determined to keep his fatal secret to himself. The sight of that happy home, the old, dear, and familiar faces, the cordial reception of his beloved Gabrielle, made him doubly melancholy. Nothing aroused him to happiness, not even promotion, so dear to the soldier's heart. His military skill and undaunted courage were not unrequited. Just before his marriage he had been made colonel, with the promise of having a responsible command confided to him when next called to the field.

Still his sufferings did not abate, but the cause no one could extract from him. For some time Gabrielle doubted whether he did not repent his engagement to her. But he assured her that he loved her even more ardently than before; and to quiet her doubts, urged the preparations for his marriage, but in heavy-hearted tones more characteristic of the mourner than the bridegroom.

Two years had nearly passed since the fatal bivouac at the monastery. All things were arranged for the marriage. At the altar, when pronuncing the vow of life-long love and protection, Léon hesitated; for a conviction that the oath was a mockery — that it would be broken by death in a little more than a year — weighed heavily upon him.

Marriage caused no change in his habitual melancholy. People wondered; for Léon Felner ranked high in military honours, had ample fortune, and possessed a good and beautiful wife, whom he loved, and who was fondly attached to him. Wherefore this despondency and distaste of life? Tears were often observed to fill his eyes, as he gazed upon the young bride from whom he felt he was so soon to be parted. He became more and more gloomy, and sadness fell upon the cherished wife.

A son was born. Gabrielle had hoped this event would restore his cheerfulness. Vain hope! His des-

pondency increased, for only a month now remained — to live. As yet no persuasion had wrung from him the fatal secret. With surprise and unutterable grief, Gabrielle saw him making preparations for an early death. He arranged all his affairs, settled his property, declared his wishes. Was he intending suicide? Night and day his wife, or his mother, watched by him.

Meanwhile, history was crowding its page with great events. Napoleon's escape from Elba, Fontainebleau, the hundred days, the concentration of the grand army to the Belgian frontier. It had already been intimated to Léon, that his services would be required, and he only awaited final orders from head-quarters — not to lead his old comrades as their colonel — but to take the head of a division.

The excitement such news was calculated to produce took no effect upon Felner. He knew that the last day of life approached, and he awaited it with the despondency of despair. It came; and after sunset, Léon summoned his wife and mother to his chamber. Here he revealed the fatal secret, and took an affecting farewell of them. It is impossible to describe their anguish. The first part of the night was spent in bewailing the expected fulfilment of the warning; and then, exhausted by grief and watching, Léon, with his weeping wife, and with his desolate mother seated beside him, awaited the death that was to come with the dawn.

The first faint streak of day appeared in the eastern horizon! Léon shuddered convulsively — — a cold shiver seized his limbs; and a confused murmur sounded in his ears. He tried to rise; but the effort seemed to overcome him, and he sank motionless in the arms of his wife.

Did he still breathe? Madame Felner the elder, who still retained her self-possession, could not ascertain. Her daughter did everything to restore consciousness that despair suggested.

Amidst this dreadful uncertainty, the blast of a trumpet, the hoofs of horses, and clanging of arms, was heard in the court-yard. To this, Gabrielle was insensible; she clung to her inanimate husband with frantic grief. Madame Felner, however, ran to the window; a troop of hussars was drawn up in the form of a guard of honour. At the same instant an officer rushed into the room, and without heeding the ladies, shook the dying man by the hand with the rough energy of an old campaigner.

"Felner! Felner!" he shouted; "awake. You have not a moment to lose." A tremor passed over the prostrate man's frame. His wife shrieked for joy at this sign of animation.

The hussars in the court-yard now presented arms, and the "salute" was blown lustily by the trumpeters. This was followed by

a loud shout "Long live the General!"

At these words the dying man rose slowly as if still in a trance. He stood for a moment transfixed. He pressed his hands to his head; his eyes slowly opened.

"General Felner!" began the officer.

"General?" repeated Léon, like a man in a dream. His wife and mother looked on in much amazement.

"Yes; here is your commission, and the Emperor's orders under his own hand.

Léon took the paper like a somnambulist; but at the sight of Napoleon's writing, consciousness appeared to return; and he began to give orders for his own immediate departure, with the habitual precision and promptitude of an officer on active service.

Meanwhile, the cause of Léon's malady was explained to Major Angarde. The major smiled.

"Why, that monk," he said, "is an old ally of *mine!* Four years ago I was in the hospital in the same monastery; and even then the same monk played the farce which so deluded the General. He carries it on to this day. He is stark mad. He is possessed by the idea that he is dead, and had, by an earthly penance, to redeem his soul from purgatory, by performing a certain number of services, in which he was continually asking us to help him, and as continually dooming whoever was wise enough to comply, to death, in three years."

Léon was not slow in reviving from his delusion. Further explanations completely dispelled it, and he hid his shame in the embraces of his wife, whose grief was now awakened from another cause; that of his departure to the field of battle.

Léon Felner passed through the battle of Waterloo scatheless, although he performed his part bravely and well, and lives to this day to smile at having made himself for three whole years the hero of a Modern Monkish Legend.

THE NINEVEH BULL.

To the honour of the Unapproachable, and of his Ministers, the Fires of Heaven and Earth, be it spoken: —

I am the Bull of Nineveh. I was born in the quarries beside the river, the great river, in the birthplace of my Creator, Man. My early existence I know but dimly; my memory is as the figures in morning's mist. Thus much I recollect. As a shapeless block was my substance borne to its place; there did the hands of cunning workmen fashion me; and as my shape was formed, so did I gain a knowledge of things around: the chisel carved my ear, and I heard; the tool opened mine eyes, and I saw; I stood on my pedestal and gazed around me. Beside me was a companion like myself; we two guarded the threshold. It was a hall of royal magnificence. From a floor of alabaster rose walls of like sub-

stance; their height was as mine own height, and above them were gaudy patterns, textures of silver, gold, and brilliant dyes: over all was a roof fretted with the odorous cedar, the lithe poplar, and the pillared palm.

But who can tell the glory of the sculptured wall? I beheld it with no ignorant gaze, for as was my body, so was there given me a mind; with my wings I could soar like the Eagle, my feet bore me as the Bull; I was decked in royal apparel, and above I had the lineaments, the head, and the mind of man. I gazed and wondered. Here raged the battle; there, in exulting pomp, moved the solemn triumph; there was the strong warrior, here the sad captive. I beheld the awful rites of worship, the forms of holy men, the symbols of mighty gods. There were figures as of kings before me; they bent the warrior's bow, or hurled the hunter's lance, or knelt in humble adoration before the mystic tree, or fell prostrate to the Almighty Seven, the rulers of the heavens, the fates of men below. They were a voiceless company around me, and yet they had an utterance, not by the passing sound of tongues, but with the enduring memorial of the glittering characters that shone forth among them. I felt myself the guardian of a nation's history, the emblem of its power, and the thought stamped itself on my features in a smile which has endured till now, proud at once and solemn, showing a consciousness not unpleasing of my might and glorious destiny.

And now the living forms of my companions throng around me; a thing exceeding glorious to behold proudly sits on the throne of the Great Hunter. About him are his subject princes. They speak of new conquests, of spreading empire; and the heaped-up treasures of many a captive nation bear witness to their words. With wealth comes luxury; and ere an hour of the world's great week has passed, the sound of music strikes my ear, singing, and the voluptuous dance; no more the battle-car, the crash of armies, and the shout of victory; Ashur's monarchs, sunk in an inglorious ease, make me a spectator of such revels as were misery to see, and shame to chronicle.

Anon there is a rush of feet, a clash of arms, a troubled surging of unknown tongues amidst our halls, already ancient to ephemeral man; "Cyaxares! Cyaxares!" rings loud and triumphant. It tells a mournful tale. Ashur is fallen — the conqueror is conquered — the destroyer, destroyed!

Long did the foreigners hold us; and by degrees the beauty of ancient work faded: walls crumbled, roofs decayed, but I and my companions stood firm. At length, the building tottered and fell; elsewhere, fire had completed the work of the conqueror; we were left to silent ruin; a heap of earth covered all in, and no vestige of our magnificence remained, save

a stray stone, or a crumbling clod.

From this time, I remember little but at intervals, as in the breaks of a heavy slumber; the spring rain sometimes uncovered part of our dwelling; I felt the greenness of the moist season, the drought and fervid glare of summer. Travellers came, at long periods; one I heard speak gloriously, in a foreign tongue, of tales gathered from many climes, of a fair land beneath the northern star: many a story of our ancient grandeur he told, and of the history he would write of all our wonders. He passed away, and again I slept until the same tongue echoed among our halls, now masses of shapeless ruin. Their rude speech named our home Larissa; they spoke of Cyrus and of Xenophon, and again left us in our gloomy silent abode, watching in ruins over our forgotten nation.

Once more a mighty concourse passed, crying "Alexandros;" they looked at us with ignorant eye, and never dreamed that these shapeless mounds had seen armies more noble, kingdoms more vast, and men more brave than they.

Again I slept; as one dreaming the fitful visions of illness I felt the hours, days, and years roll on, countless and dreary; at times a dark figure flitted by, cursing me as the unbelievers' idol, or a cry of misery rose from the dwellers in the village hard by: all else was stern and desolate.

But my sleep was not to be ever. I had long heard the sounds of spade and mattock around me; I had little heeded them; at length the shrouding earth fell from before me, and, for the first time after many an age, I gazed with waking eye on the scene around me. And what a change was there! I was in a deep pit, from the bottom of which rose my head; around me were half-clad wild seeming men, viewing me with wonder and awe. Presently came one who seemed a lord among them; his dress was strange, unlike what I had seen before. Joy was in his face as he gazed on me, and I rejoiced in spirit, for I saw he knew me and my history; I was again awake and restored to the world. Meanwhile men dug and laboured near me, as I had seen them do in the days when I was young. Soon I rose in my ancient dignity, standing over the ruins. Often would the man of strange aspect, but of noble and enterprising countenance, contemplate me, as one whose mind is in the ages passed away; methought he spake to me as doth a child to one many of years; he asked me of the days of yore; I seemed to answer with mine own thoughts, and I said, "I am the guardian of the house of Ninus, protector of nations, reverence of kings; to me are known the secrets of our mystic worship, the sacrifices of our dread altar; Father am I of many generations; ruler of the world!" Thus boasted I in the weakness of my heart; for, in his silent steady gaze, I read my changed condition; I called to

mind my long slumber, my inglorious waking, and I felt my fallen state. Thrice had the world's great wheel rolled on to its close; four more days were added since I fell asleep; and he said, "Behold the change around thee; where once thou sawest a mighty nation standing in its pride, where thou gloriedst in wealthy temples, in the riches of great cities, in the mastery of the world, now look upon the misery and ignorance of barbarian hordes, see around the ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Where was thy noble palace, now passes the rude plough, now waves the yellow corn!

And my shame was clear in mine own eyes; I was sad, for my pride was fallen. Why need I tell more, the tale is grievous to me; I was borne down beside my own ancient river, amidst strange voices and shouts — "Layard! — Layard!" they seemed to cry. I saw my country desolate, my dwelling a prey to strangers, I was tossed many days on the heaving waters. Now I stand in a strange land, the wonder of earth's younger children. They say I am far from my violated home, in a city prouder, greater, more glorious than my native realm; but boast not, ye vainglorious creatures of an hour. I have outlived many mighty kingdoms, perchance I may be destined to survive one more.

WEALTHY AND WISE.

LITTLE he loseth, who, for greater gain
Of wisdom, letteth fall the golden clue
By which he should unto those hoards attain,
Of treasure which the feet of men pursue.
Small toll of sorrow to the bar is due
Of him who, on the pathway to success,
Pauses, and passes not beyond the True,
Content an inward pleasure to possess
In God, whose worship is Man's noblest worldliness.

No human wealth is worthy to be won
That sums mean hours of flattery or guile.
Repayment for the labour we have done —
Does this demand the sycophantish smile?
Measure and watch thy words, more than the pile
Of perishable gold they may beget.
Take care of thy soul's deeds, and wait awhile;
Although they may not suit the law courts yet,
When the last bill falls due, they are to meet the debt.

Arrested by the tearless bailiff, Time,
Locked in the debtor's prison of the grave,
Upbraided with a balance-sheet of crime,
The terrors of the Judgment who can brave?
Of talents lent and squandered, he who gave
No heed to his soul's work, yields no account,
Bankrupt hereafter. Bitter flows the wave
Of water that was bitter at the fount;
And he who crawls through life, through death will never mount.

Yet worthy produce of our upright toil,
Is wealth well earned with honourable pain;
Hands that are clean, from gold receive no soil —
There needs a mordant to complete a stain.
Men seek the rich: is he then rich in vain,

Whose goodness makes him worthy to be sought?
Wealth to the good to all the world is gain.
So count we not this life's rewards as nought,
But work for them like men, and use them as we ought.

SLEEP.

Our health and happiness depend very much on the way in which we regulate our lives. Strange, as it may appear, there is a discipline which should be observed in our sleeping, as well as in our waking hours. But after all, what is sleep? "It is so like death," said Sir Thomas Browne, "that I cannot trust myself to it without my prayers." Our medical philosophers puzzle themselves in vain to account for it; and move about in a circle of truisms, reminding us of the kitten described by Goethe, everlastingly playing with its own tail. There is no better description given of the approach of sleep than that which we find in one of Leigh Hunt's papers in the "Indicator."

"It is a delicious moment certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come — not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; — 't is closing — 't is more closing — 't is closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds." But what is the immediate cause of sleep? — Let us explain.

There can be no doubt that a certain amount of nervous energy is necessary to support the activity of the body; and when this is exhausted by the exertions of the day, the organs of animal life become fatigued, and unable any longer to perform their functions. Hence their prostration, arising from the want of their usual nervous stimulus, superinduces a state of sleep. The perception of external objects becomes confused; the eyes grow dim; the lids drop, in spite of every effort to uphold them; then the muscles of the back and neck relax their tension; the head falls forwards, or to one side or the other, and the body sinks, as far as circumstances will permit, into a horizontal position. But the sense of hearing remains for a period after that of sight; so that we may hear the conversation of persons around us, long after we are able to perceive their gestures, and discriminate the object of their remarks. In this half-waking, half-sleeping condition, which the French call "*demi-sommeil*," we may remain, as in a pleasing reverie, for some time, until sleep

absorbs the last glimmering of consciousness. Now, if this state arise, as we believe it does, from a deficiency or exhaustion of nervous energy, the more perfectly developed we shall find the nervous system, the greater will be the amount of sleep required to recruit the animal strength. Let us take a glance through the different gradations of the Animal Kingdom.

If we begin with Insects we shall find that although many, like the common housefly, remain for months in a state of torpidity, yet they may continue wakeful and cheerful throughout the year — in fact, they scarcely sleep at all. We shall next observe that in fishes the nervous system is only imperfectly developed, therefore they require little sleep, and when asleep, they may be observed motionless in the water, with the exception of a gentle movement of the tail, in which state they may be easily netted, or even taken with the hand; but, if suddenly touched, they start in an instant, and swim away in evident alarm. The Serpent tribes, which rank somewhat higher in the scale of organisation, remain awake many days and nights, and then have long periods of repose. The Boa Constrictor, after gorging itself to repletion, will remain for many days or weeks motionless and insensible. But this should be regarded as a state of lethargy, consequent upon over distension, rather than one of natural repose.

As we proceed higher in gradation, we shall find that birds sleep much more than fish or reptiles; but the slightest noise or movement will awaken them, as was evinced by the cackling of the sacred geese which saved the Capitol of Rome from the soldiers of Brennus, when the watchdogs and sentries were sleeping at their posts. When we arrive at the different orders of quadrupeds, the brain and spinal marrow appear more fully developed; and the consequence is, that in obedience to their instincts, those which are active by day, sleep by night, and those which roam abroad in quest of prey during the night, sleep by day. It is a curious circumstance, however, that this order of their nature is reversed in those animals which are kept in captivity; thus it may be observed that the lions, tigers, hyænas, &c., in the Zoological Gardens, remain awake during the day, and sleep by night. They accommodate themselves, so far, to the uses of "civilisation." The Monkey tribes — particularly the ringtails and smaller species, are very restless; but the great baboon or Chimpanzee, the organisation of whose brain very closely resembles that of Man, will take his six or eight hours' sleep, if undisturbed. We therefore come to the conclusion that the more fully developed the nervous system is — the greater being the amount of nervous energy that is successively generated and exhausted, as it were, from its electrical bat-

tery — the greater will be the quantity of sleep required; hence it has been truly remarked, that "Man sleeps longer than any of the larger animals."

Let us now draw near to the bedside, and consider more attentively this mysterious state; — let us examine the phenomena of Sleep.

It will be observed that the breathing is slower than it is when we are awake; the inspirations are fuller and deeper, and there is a greater interval between them. They also take place with an increased sound; and, when very forcible, the most "unmusical" of instruments, viz., the nose, is "called upon" for a song — and snoring occurs; more especially if the tongue touch the palate, or the mouth remain partially open. In these cases the inspired and expired air encounters an obstruction; and when the soft palate at the back of the mouth is thrown thereby into a state of vibration, a louder and more discordant noise is produced. Many persons, however, particularly young people who are delicate, breathe very gently; their respiration, during sleep, is sometimes scarcely audible.

We have known a lady in extreme grief lie in a kind of trance, breathing so feebly for nearly a fortnight, that her respiration was scarcely perceptible to the ear. It is the same in infancy; and under the exhaustion produced by many diseases, there would appear to be no manifest boundary between sleep and death. Like the respiration, the circulation also diminishes in rapidity; the pulse becomes slower and fuller. The vessels of the skin relax; and it has been proved that a person sleeping healthfully and without any artificial means to promote it, will during an undisturbed sleep in a given space of time, perspire insensibly twice as much as a person awake. The temperature of the body, under such circumstances, falls somewhat below its waking standard; which, in the management or discipline of sleep, is a matter of considerable importance. On this account, during sleep, there is less resistance to the cooling power and morbid effects of cold than when we are awake. "Therefore," says Dr. Elliotson, "persons cover their heads before going to sleep; and when habit has not overcome the necessity for this, cold is continually caught from its neglect. A draught of air is far more dangerous in the sleeping state, and the back of the body appears less vigorous than the front, as a draught at the back is much more dangerous than in front." The cause of this is obvious: the cold strikes directly on the spinal column — the backbone having, unlike the chest, very little muscular protection. It is important, therefore, that during sleep the back should be well covered. Dr. Elliotson adds, that "agues are caught more readily if persons fall asleep;" which may be explained by this simple fact,

that although the muscular system is relaxed and prostrate, and the organs of sense veiled, as it were, from communion with the external world, the processes of absorption, digestion, and nutrition go on with increased activity. The function of absorption is particularly active, which explains the danger of sleeping in marshy places, or where there is a succession of palludal exhalations. Already we have observed, that during sleep — when the nervous system is in repose, the temperature of the body is reduced — there is less animal heat generated; hence arises the danger of yielding to sleep when exposed to cold. "The power of intense cold in producing sleep," as Dr. Macnish observed, is very great in the human subject; and nothing in the winter season is more common than to find people lying dead in the fields and the highways from such a cause. When Dr. Solander was crossing the mountains which divide Sweden from Norway, in company with Sir Joseph Banks and several other gentlemen, he warned them, saying, "Whoever sits down will sleep; and whoever sleeps will wake no more." Shortly afterwards Dr. Solander was the first who felt an irresistible inclination to lie down, and one of his fellow travellers, Mr. Richmond, persisted in doing the same, declaring that "he desired nothing better than to lie down and die." Both lay down. Finding it impossible to proceed with them, Sir Joseph Banks and the rest lit fires with brushwood around them; having done which, Sir Joseph endeavoured to wake Dr. Solander, and happily succeeded; but though he had not slept five minutes, he had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the muscles were so shrunk, that the shoes fell from his feet. He consented to go forward with such assistance as could be given him; but no attempts to relieve Mr. Richmond were successful — he died on the spot. In severe winter weather, when the poor suffer much from cold, blankets are almost as indispensable to them as food. There is also one very interesting and important fact connected with this subject; it is that sleep promotes the cure of all diseases. What the physicians of old called "*the crisis*" occurs in this state, and it is not, therefore without reason that the afflicted relatives watching round a sick bed await with painful anxiety the awaking of their patient. In a state of health, sleep not only contributes to the prolongation of life, but enhances the conscious pleasure even of our existence; indeed, it frequently happens, after a refreshing night's rest, that the mind experiences a high degree of unwonted buoyancy, particularly after pleasant dreams, although the details of them may not be remembered — a circumstance which Shakespeare has admirably described, where Romeo says, in a tone of exultation,

"If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams portend some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts."

In order, however, that we may enjoy these advantages it behoves us to consider in what manner sleep should be disciplined, for when we consider "how use doth breed a habit in a man," it is obvious that even this "wide blessing" may be strangely abused. We may, therefore, fairly ask what is the quantity of sleep which a reasonable man should be contented with?

This is somewhat a difficult question. Tall and bulky people require more sleep than short and thin people; men than women; and all animals sleep longer in winter than in summer. Age, constitution, climate, occupation, and a variety of incidental causes must be taken into consideration. During the first three months of life nutrition and sleep constitute the whole sum of existence; the infant awakes when hungry to take nourishment, when satisfied it falls asleep again. As the development of the nervous system, in particular, goes on at this period, with remarkable rapidity, the more it sleeps the better. In extreme old age much sleep is also required. The famous Dr. Thomas Parr, who died at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months, latterly slept away the greater part of his existence. We knew an old lady, one hundred and five years of age, in Essex, who slept nearly twenty out of the twenty-four hours. Youth and young adults sleep, habitually, very soundly: and it is during this period of life that lazy and sluggish habits are easily engendered. The faculty of remaining asleep longer than is necessary cannot be indulged in without impairing the strength both of the body and mind. The continued depression of the nervous system and excessive transpiration occasion physical debility, while the intellectual faculties, from constantly slumbering in a state of inactivity, become gradually enfeebled. Valengin relates the case of a young man, who, in consequence of too much sleep, became lethargic, and died at the age of twenty-three years. Boerhaave gives an account of a physician, who, from excessive sleep, became mentally imbecile, and perished, miserably, in a hospital. The somnolency of the fat boy in Pickwick is, by no means, an exaggeration. Persons have existed who have almost dozed away their entire existence. One Elizabeth Oven, Dr. Macnish says, spent three-fourths of her life in sleep. Another woman, Elizabeth Perkins, would sleep for ten or eleven days at a time, and then spontaneously awake, and go about as usual. The "Sleeping Lady of Nismes" (as she was called) had attacks of somnolency which lasted sometimes for days — and even months. Her sleep was remarka-

ble. During the brief interval of her wakefulness she hurriedly swallowed small quantities of broth, which was kept ready prepared for her. When the somnolency had continued for six months, it left her suddenly for six months, and then attacked her again, leaving another interval of six months. At length the affection gradually disappeared altogether, and she lived to the age of eighty-one, and eventually died of dropsy. Sleep, therefore — too prolonged sleep — may become a disease; nay more, persons, from habit, may bring themselves to sleep when they will and wake when they will. Quin, the celebrated comedian; Napoleon; the philosopher Reid; and Captain Barclay, the great pedestrian, are said to have commanded this faculty.

On the other hand, some persons have lived in a state of constant wakefulness, and scarcely slept at all; we frequently, indeed, meet with individuals of an active, nervous temperament, who habitually require very little sleep. The celebrated General Elliot never slept more than four hours of the twenty-four; his food consisting wholly of bread, water, and vegetables. Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the eminent John Hunter, never slept more than five hours during the same period. Dr. Gooch gives an instance of a man who slept for only fifteen minutes out of the twenty-four hours. Sir Gilbert Blanc states, that General Pichegru informed him that, in the course of his active campaigns, he had, for a whole year, not slept more than one out of every twenty-four hours. There can be no doubt that mental activity, accompanied by anxiety, will keep up an excitement of the brain which will produce a state of constant watchfulness. Boerhaave says, that after his mind, on one occasion, had been greatly over-worked, he could not sleep for six weeks; and it is well known that sleeplessness is one of the most ordinary symptoms of insanity. In a state of health the amount of sleep required to restore the nervous energy averages, we conceive, from six to eight hours. Jeremy Taylor insisted that three hours sleep was sufficient; Baxter, four; and Wesley recommends the standard to be limited to six out of the twenty-four hours. We believe that six hours is, with many, sufficient; it is so with the Duke of Wellington, and few statesmen, engaged in active business, allow themselves a longer period of repose. Three or four hours, we have heard, is all that Lord Brougham, in his best days, required, and he always rose sufficiently refreshed; but literary men need more sleep perhaps than others. We are informed, by Lockhart, that Sir Walter Scott, both as a young man and in more advanced age, required "a good allowance of sleep;" and he, on principle, indulged in it, saying "he was but half a man if he had not full *seven* hours of utter un-

consciousness." We have already premised that tall and bulky people require more sleep than short people; and Sir Walter, besides being a large boned, was, it may be said, a tall man. It is a curious circumstance, we do not remember to have met with in his Biography, that, being desirous of joining an athletic club, which existed in Edinburgh, he was proposed as a candidate. This was called "The Six Feet Club," and it was a *sine quâ non* that every member should be of that stature. We believe the Earl of Errol became the patron of this club, the object of which was to promote athletic exercises and the sports and pastimes of the "Highland Games." When Sir Walter Scott presented himself to be measured there was some doubt about his being eligible; but, when he had taken off his shoes and placed himself under the measuring ordeal-post, it was found that he exactly reached the requisite height. His head just scraped the mark, and he was, therefore, admitted a member of the "Six Feet Club," with all the honours.

To return. Whatever may be the quantity of sleep required, early rising is essential to health, and promotes longevity. Almost all men who have distinguished themselves in Science, Literature, and the Arts have been as Mr. Macnish states, early risers. The industrious, the active minded, the enthusiast in pursuit of knowledge or gain, are up betimes at their respective occupations, while the sluggard wastes the most beautiful period of life in pernicious slumber. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, are all represented as early risers; the same was the case with Paley, Franklin, Priestley, Parkhurst, and Buffon; the last of whom ordered his servant to awaken him every morning, and compel him to get up by force if he evinced any reluctance, for which service he was rewarded with a crown each day, which recompense he forfeited if he did not oblige his master to get out of bed before the clock struck six. Bishops Jewel and Burnet rose every morning at four o'clock. Sir Thomas More did the same thing. Napoleon was an early riser, so were Frederick the Great and Charles the Twelfth: so is her present Majesty; and so are almost all the nobility in attendance upon the Court. That early rising tends to prolong life, appears to be clearly proved. One of our most eminent Judges, Lord Mansfield, was at the pains of collecting some curious evidence on this subject. When he presided in his judicial capacity over the court, he questioned every very old person who appeared at the Bar, respecting his habits. "What age are you?" "What sort of life have you led — often drunk, eh?" "Please God," answered a man upwards of ninety, "I have seldom gone to bed sober," and in fact it turned out that while some of these veterans pleaded guilty to habitual intemperance, and others on the contrary, attested their uni-

form sobriety, all agreed on one point — that of having been early risers. Nevertheless, the morning snooze, has we confess, its temptations. Our readers will remember Burns' pleasant little song.

"Up in the morning's, no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly."

Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," passed a great portion of his time in bed.

Dean Swift, we are told, lay in bed until eleven o'clock every morning, to think of wit for the day.

Sir Walter Scott observed, "I like to lie *simmering* over things for an hour or so before I get up — and there 's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de Chapitre*, and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily." We have always considered the morning toilette should be gone through very methodically, and very deliberately; it is a ceremony that should not be too hastily performed; during the operation of shaving in particular, which ought always to be performed slowly, many strange fancies, and thoughtful suggestions may flit across the mind. It should, however, be added that Sir Walter Scott during the greater part of his life, rose by five o'clock, and that his literary work was chiefly accomplished before breakfast.

Early rising, if inculcated in youth, will in after life become a habit; hence many persons at whatever hour they retire to bed, will awaken at the same hour the next morning. The influence of habit on the discipline of sleep is very remarkable. Persons accustomed to sleep in the noisy thoroughfares of a town are disturbed by the quietude of the country, and complain that they cannot sleep for the silence. The story is related of a miller, who being very ill, his mill was stopped that he might not be disturbed by its noise; but this so far from inducing sleep prevented it altogether, and it was not until the mill was again set going, that he could compose himself to sleep at all. So also the manager of some vast Iron Works, who slept close to them amid the din of hammers, forges, and blast-furnaces, always awoke if there were any cessation of the noise during the night. If a person fall asleep listening to the ringing of a church bell, he may remain conscious, while sleeping, that it continues ringing, and will be aroused by its suddenly stopping. We also remember the anecdote of an old admiral's wife who was awakened by *not* hearing the morning gun go off. It is certain that by habit a person may bring himself to awake at any given hour. Seamen and soldiers on duty do so constantly. When the British troops returned into cantonments, after bivouacking in the Peninsula, and sleeping constantly on the ground, they preferred sleeping on the

floor in the barracks and hospitals, even to the palliasses, or matressed beds provided for them. Hence, persons accustomed to sleep on a matress cannot endure what others conceive to be the luxury of a feather bed. How differently our ancestors fared, in respect to these comforts will be found detailed in many an old chronicle. "Our fathers," says Holinshed, "and we ourselves have lain full often upon straw pallettes, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets made of dagswain, or hoperlots (I use their own terms) and a good round log under their heads, instead of a bolster. If it were so that the father or the good man of the house had a matress, or a flock bed, and thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the town. So well were they contented. Pillows, said they, were thought meet only for women. As for servants, if they had any sheet above them, it was thought well; for seldom they had any under their bodies to keep them from the prickling straws that ran oft through the canvas, and pared their hardened hydes." There can be little doubt that the tendency of over-civilisation, is to produce effeminacy; and many of our fashionable young aristocrats resemble, now-a-days, the delicate youth, who could not sleep because, forsooth, a rose-leaf was doubled under him.

There is one very curious fact connected with this subject, that merits particular attention — it is the periodicity of sleep. The laws of nature may be tampered with, but they cannot be subverted; we may step out of the paths she has prescribed, but we cannot go far beyond them with impunity. It needs scarcely any evidence to prove that the day was intended for exercise, and the night for repose; yet many persons, forgetting that this is the order of nature, endeavour to what is familiarly called "turn day into night." The votary of pleasure retires to his couch frequently after sunrise, and the university student, not unfrequently, remains poring over his books all night, abridging the amount of repose which is necessary to recruit the exhausted energies of his brain. The result of this bad custom is sooner or later severely felt; study becomes more and more difficult, and, at last, impossible. The over-worked brain can toil no longer; its intimate structure gives way, and the most distressing symptoms — extreme debility of body, and prostration of mind, ensue. Many of the most talented and promising young men in our universities, have thus fallen victims to their not having properly disciplined the hours of their sleep. That night cannot, with impunity, be converted into day, has been proved by a variety of observations. Two colonels of horse in the French army had much disputed, which period of the twenty-four hours was fittest for marching, and for repose; and

it being an interesting question in a military point of view, they obtained leave from the commanding officer to try the following experiment. One of them, although it was in the heat of summer, marched in the day and rested at night, and arrived at the end of a march of six hundred miles without the loss of either men or horses; but the other, who thought it would be less fatiguing to march in the cool of the evening and part of the night, than in the heat of the day, at the end of the same march had lost most of his horses, and some of his men. Another remarkable circumstance has been observed. It is more unhealthy to get up before the sun has risen, and burn candles until day-light, than it is to sit up by candle-light after sunset. "I have no doubt," says Sir John Sinclair, "of the superior healthiness, in the winter time, of rising by day-light, and using candle-light at the close of the day, instead of rising by candle-light and using it some hours before day-light approaches."[1]

But, it may be said, "All this is very well," Mr. Philosopher, "but supposing that we cannot sleep, and that with all appliances and means to boot, we toss about our bed, beat our pillow, and adjust and re-adjust our bed clothes, counterpane, blankets, and sheets, in vain. What then is to be done?" Our answer is, emphatically, avoid having recourse to narcotics, for although they may produce a temporary repose, the sleep will not be refreshing, and the following morning the deleterious effects, whether of opium or henbane, will still linger in the system. We believe, speaking generally, that the more the mind can be brought to dwell on any single impression, the sooner the attention will be fatigued, and sleep induced. It is upon this principle that monotonous sounds produce sleep: but other sensations, monotonously excited and repeated, produce the same effect. A common blister, by fatiguing the attention, often brings on sleep; so also will frictions, particularly along the course of the spine. It is a common practice with Spanish women to put their children to sleep by rubbing the spine along the vertebræ of the back. It is quite certain, also, that the waving of the hands before the face and body during the operation of animal magnetism, produces a very profound sleep, followed by hysterical symptoms which are sometimes extremely perplexing. "We have seen boys at school," says Dr. Binns, "fall asleep by fixing their eyes steadily on a candle, or a hole in the shutter." A few years ago a Mr. Gardner, in London, professed to have discovered the art of teaching people to procure sound and refreshing sleep at will, and among the number of his converts was Dr. Binns, just quoted, who gives the following description of this mysterious process. The sleepless sufferer having duly tossed about his bed, as restless and unanchored as a ship at sea, is directed to "turn on his right side,

place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle, a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form, and then slightly closing his lips, take rather a full inspiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. This, however, is not absolutely necessary, as some persons breathe always through their mouths during sleep, and rest as sound as those who do not. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action — that is, the respiration is not to be accelerated or retarded too much, but a very full inspiration must be taken. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he *sees* the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant; thought ceases; and sleep supervenes. It will happen, sometimes, that the patient does not succeed on the first attempt, but he must not be discouraged. Let him persevere in taking full inspirations and expirations without attempting to count them, for if he does, the act of numeration will keep him awake; and even should he not succeed in inducing very sound sleep, he will, at least, fall into that state of pleasing delirium which is the precursor of repose, and which is scarcely inferior to it. Many trials have satisfied us of this." We do not pledge ourselves, be it observed, for the success of this experiment, which reminds us of an observation once made to us by a poor lunatic. "Ah!" said he, "everything is now done by steam; we live by steam, — breathe by steam, — and pray by steam, which is the reason that my aunt, who is a very devout woman, although she robbed me of my snuff-box, has a turn-up nose. The steam, always ascending, gave it an upward twist." Poor fellow! he was full of fancies; and we can easily conceive that if any person *could* (which is the difficulty), exhaust his attention by watching his own breathing until it emitted visible steam, he would fall into a sound slumber long before the phenomenon became apparent. The best preparatives for sleep at night are healthy exercise and occupation — bodily and mental, during the day — but it should be remembered that over-fatigue produces a state of irritability and restlessness. Once, however, asleep, wrapt in deep unconscious slumber, how is it that we again awake?

This, we apprehend, may be accounted for in the following manner: — As we have already endeavoured to explain, sleep arises from exhaustion of the nervous energy; and when during repose, it is regenerated in sufficient abundance, the nerves are stimulated to renewed action. Hence, in the early part of the night, our sleep is more profound

than it is afterwards; it becomes lighter and lighter as this nervous power is gradually restored, until at length we are awakened by its stimulus. Ought then a person who is in a natural placid and profound sleep to be unnecessarily awakened? As a general rule, we think not. We conceive that sleep is a provision of Nature to restore the exhausted energies of the animal system — physical and mental — and as such it should be dealt with kindly, gently, and gratefully. The mind, too, as Sir Thomas Browne premised, should compose and prepare itself for slumber by proper discipline; "the virtuous thoughts of the day lay up good treasures for the night." But we are now touching upon the land of Dream, and must pause 'ere we venture to explore its mysteries. We shall return to it anon; and then, as we draw aside the curtain, it will be made manifest that "Our life is twofold — Sleep hath its own World."

CHIPS.

THE INVITED INVASION.

When, O provincial or foreign visitor! you look down at midday upon Ludgate Street from the outer gallery of the dome of St. Paul's, you behold four currents of hats with a variegation of bonnets here and there, (like flowers floating in an inky river) flanking two more streams of vehicles. These trails move in alternate rows eastward and westward without intermission and without end. Upon that gilded and giddy height, you get an idea of a dense population. It is there that you fully understand that two millions and a quarter of us are congregated upon this out-of-the-way corner of the earth, which is on terrestrial globes labelled "London." It is there that you smile at the stories of ancient Babylon and its fabulous census of Assyrians, and laugh the vaunted population of Pekin to scorn. It is there that, straining your eyes to the right and to the left, while circumambulating your airy perch, you feel some hesitation in descending; lest, there being no room even for your moderate corpus, you should be pushed aside like a straw in a torrent. Yet this traffic is not so great as that which passes under the ugly clock which protrudes from the elegant spire of Bow Church, like a misshapen tumour on the neck of a beauty. Into Cheapside are disgorged, not only the east-going thousands now passing under your eye; but an equal multitude from Holborn and Newgate Street. These concentrate and thicken at Bow Church — to be born within earshot of whose belfry constitutes a Cockney. Ethnologically therefore Bow Church is the centre of London.

You may, perhaps, suppose, O innocent provincial! that the moving manifestation of to-day is exceptional. Like the other coun-

tryman, who waited at the threshold of Goldsmith's publisher (whose house is just below you) for half a day, and then enquired "when the crowd would have done passing," you imagine that some extraordinary attraction has brought the people into the streets. But, be assured, you behold the ordinary average. Hear the secretary of the City of London police on the number of foot, omnibus, cab, carriage and coach passengers who daily traverse the City thoroughfares: — During every twenty-four hours throughout the year, he says, an average of one hundred and nineteen thousand, six hundred and two individuals pass Bow Church, and only a little more than half of them are foot passengers, the rest being riders. In the Month of May, he adds, the number of persons who enter the City daily, on foot and in carriages, is little less than four hundred thousand persons! two-thirds more than the entire population of Edinburgh; and four times greater than the number of lieges who own the sway of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz!

With these facts before you and the moving masses below you, do you not tremble when told that from May next ensuing to September, the narrow necks of the swarming thoroughfares will be throttled with one-third more passengers! — not mere population, including the infantine, aged, and disabled; but sturdy, trudging, untiring sight-seeing pedestrians — regular beaters of pavements and throngers of shop fronts. You box the compass on your elevated balcony, and see little or no preparation for this Invited Invasion. The new Cannon Street opening will hardly draw off much traffic from Cheapside; for, although the street may be ready in time, its attractions will not have been put forth. There will be no shops—it has no public buildings — nothing but London-stone to divert our visitors from the highway to the Mansion House, the Bank, the Royal Exchange, Gog and Magog, and the New Post Office. Then, northwestward the new Farringdon Street opening, which is to lead, some day or other, to Clerkenwell, can scarcely be made worthy of foreign or provincial patronage in time; despite Sharp's Alley on the one side, and Field Lane on the other. It follows, therefore, that from whatever quarter visitors may arrive, in order to get at the great centres of City attraction they must pass Bow Church.

Come down, then, O, half-frozen stranger! from your gusty place of contemplation, and battle with me to the Old Jewry, that we may look in at the City Police Office, and examine its returns on the matter a little more closely. We will glance over a "Report of the Number of Vehicles which passed Bow Church, Cheapside, between the hours of six p.m. on Thursday, the eighth day of August, and six p.m. on Friday, the ninth day of August, one thou-

sand eight hundred and fifty; and the Number of Persons in and with the said vehicles. Also the Number of Foot Passengers who passed during the same time."

Here is the history of a City thoroughfare on an autumn day. 'T is "post meridian halfpast six." Most of the public and merchants' offices are cleared of their clerks. The principals are at home, dining at the West End, or are miles away at their villas; yet during the hour between six and seven, eight hundred and fifty-one vehicles, with three thousand three hundred and twenty-three persons riding in or guiding them, and four thousand and forty foot passengers (total seven thousand three hundred and sixty-three) have passed Bow Church. At eleven, when every retailer and every assistant has finished his day's work, the numbers have dropped off to three hundred and fifty-two vehicles and three thousand and seventeen persons. After bed-time the traffic subsides, though it never ceases. The hour between three and four in the morning, is that of the greatest repose; for then, only thirty-five wheeled carriages and one hundred and fifteen individuals pass the Church.

Circulation increases gradually from four o'clock until after breakfast time. During the hour which ends on the stroke of nine, the numbers are — vehicles, four hundred and eleven; persons, three thousand nine hundred and fifty. The business begins in earnest; the public and merchants' offices are to be filled by ten, hence, for that, the figures are nearly doubled, standing thus: — carriages, nine hundred and twenty-nine; individuals, eight thousand and seventy-five. The culminating point of traffic is reached at noon, the hour previous to which one thousand and eighty-two vehicles, and nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-five persons stream through Cheapside. Then a subsidence takes place until between three and five in the afternoon. During the last of those hours upwards of a thousand carriages and eight thousand eight hundred and eighty individuals are crowding once more towards their houses, their villas, or their lodgings.

What, then, will be the condition of Cheapside, about twelve o'clock, on the eighth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-*one?* The lowest estimate we have seen — (we do not pledge ourselves to put our trust in it) — computes that there will be an extra million of people in the Metropolis, during the most part of the time that the Great Exhibition remains open. These would augment the passengers through the City's centre to *fifteen thousand;* and, as the new comers will have to be fed with food carried from place to place on wheels, the passage of vehicles will be increased in number to upwards of fifteen hundred! What they will do when they try to push through

the Poultry, the Lord Mayor only knows!

Upon this, another consideration supervenes: — if there will be a deficiency of walking and riding room for the welcome invaders, how are they to be housed?

Although a great pressure of business is being forced upon house agents, by persons living in more affluent neighbourhoods, who hope to make harvests of profit from the influx of strangers; yet, such strangers as can afford good accommodation and high rents, will, we apprehend, form but a small minority. The bulk of visitors will be of the artisan and humbler classes; yet, for such persons, has any temporary accommodation been planned, upon a comprehensive scale? Londoners in their own rank are not so circumstanced as to be able to turn out of their houses to oblige, even to their own profit, the coming strangers. Tents are not particularly adapted for an English climate; still, as few of the class we advert to will be able to afford to remain long at the multitudinous Congress, slightly-constructed buildings would suffice. These ought to be set about without loss of time.

THE ACE OF SPADES.

HONEST John Sillett solves, by the most satisfactory of all tests — that of fact and personal experience — one of the most momentous problems of social economy. He demonstrates that spade husbandry is not only the most productive, but the most *profitable* system of agriculture. His theory is, that small farms will not only maintain large families in comfort and independence, but leave a much larger proportionate margin than the most approved system of "high farming under liberal covenants," on a great food manufactory; that in this country, at the present, and even lower prices, the tiller of the soil may "earn a good living," and that the establishment and extension of peasant proprietories could not fail to promote the virtuous industry and happiness of the people, and, consequently, the greatness and good order of the State.

John Sillett's history is that of the pursuit of digging under difficulties. He ended in the calling which Adam began, but by no means in a Paradise.

"I served my apprenticeship," quoth John, "to a grocer and draper, and at the expiration of my time I went to London. I lived in different situations as a linen-draper, and a short time at Birmingham, in the same trade. I afterwards returned into the country, and went into business as a general shop-keeper, in a village called the 'Garden of Suffolk;' but it proved a very unproductive garden to me, for after a six years' struggle, I was placed on the wrong side of fortune." He returned to London, carried

on the business of haberdashery, &c., was compelled by bad health to restore the country-bred lungs of his family to Suffolk once more, and there, in the old line, to keep still on the lee-shore of bad luck — Jack of all trades, hitherto master of none — although the profitless slave of each.

Like the highly-respectable father of Young Norval,

"His constant care was to increase his' store,"

but he couldn't manage it; and so he longed, like Norval junior, to "follow to the *field*" not some warlike lord — but a plough.

"Having a natural taste for a rural life, and reading works on Husbandry," he continues, "I was always anxious to catch hold of any books or articles in the newspapers on the subject. The first thing that particularly struck my attention was an article in a newspaper, headed, 'How to keep a Cow and a Pig upon an Acre of Land.' Delighted with this account, I purchased, on the demise of my mother, two acres of land sold under my father's will. I gave one hundred and eighteen pounds per acre (two hundred and thirty-six pounds), besides the expenses incurred upon the purchase. This same piece of land my father purchased, thirty years before, for one hundred and thirty pounds. Our present agricultural distress exhibits, therefore, itself in doubling the price of land. This land is freehold, tithe-free, and land-tax redeemed, and, consequently, entitles me to a vote for the county. I was afterwards offered four hundred and eighty pounds per acre for my purchase; but by and bye I proved that I could turn it to better account by keeping it, and tilling it."

The "article in the newspaper" was soon "topped" by John's cabbage Mentor, William Cobbett, who in his "Cottage Economy," showed him "how to keep a cow off a *quarter* of an acre of land." His freehold has a northern exposure. It had no buildings on it. He had to become his own architect, bricklayer, and builder. He "could not afford brick buildings," so he "erected them on a wooden frame, and covered them in with pan-tiles, and enclosed them with walls of clay;" which he "collected from his ditch, and hedge ditch." In this way he raised a good cow-house, two piggeries, a shed for keeping roots, a brick laid drain and tank, and keeps "adding as he requires" buildings, of which, even for two acres, he finds himself still deficient. It is with excusable pride, that he says, "This I did with my own hands at leisure times."

How he was called "mad" for breaking up his pasture; how he keeps cows, and fattens and rears calves; how he manages his "dairy;" and how he produced four crops from the same piece of ground within the year; he discourses with the authority derived from actual experiment.

"I had not long begun my la-

bours," he continues, "before I was beset by my neighbours. They were quite sure I did not know what I was about; and that I should soon get tired of it. I am proud to say that by adhering to the principles of temperance, frugality, and industry, I have for the last seven years been enabled to support myself and my family, in a comfortable and respectable manner." And all upon two acres of land, entirely managed by his own head, and cultivated by his own hands.

His family have as many potatoes as they can eat. They annually use up sixteen bushels of wheat. This he explains is consumed in brown bread, in his family, instead of white — that is whole meal bread, just as the wheat is ground, without the coarse bran being taken out. "I do not practise this from necessity, but from choice, feeling convinced that it is more beneficial to my health, and more wholesome than the finest flour." By this expedient, he adds sixteen stone of meal to the whole quantity he consumes. Unstinted in their consumption of butter, vegetables, and milk, his family yearly consumed, besides, one of their two pigs weighing eight stone, and a portion of the "fatted calf," they kill in the house, and sell among the neighbours.

"I can hardly express in terms sufficiently strong," observes this village patriarch, "the pleasure I feel in subsisting upon all the necessaries of life — manufactured, as it were, by my own hands — pure, fresh, and free from adulteration. I am proud to say, that I am in possession of an abundance of all the good living that any rational man ought to wish for."

By this mode of life our Suffolk sage escapes all indirect taxes — and to show how much he thus saves, he quotes the weekly expenditure of William Blaxland, a working man of Birmingham, who, out of an outlay of seven shillings and seven-pence halfpenny, hands over to the Government no less a proportion than five shillings and three-pence. "I was," continues John, "so astounded at this statement, that I thought if I could see the time when I should be enabled to produce my own food, and be content with Adam's ale, what a considerable sum I should be saving in taxes, in the course of a year. I have lived to accomplish my purpose, to the full extent I can desire."

But now for the two acre budget — the most surprising particulars of ways and means that, probably, ever Chancellor of Exchequer exhibited.

"The following is a correct statement of the produce sold after the family's consumption, keeping two cows, fattening one calf and rearing one, and fattening two pigs, besides reserving seed for next year's cropping. The calf I fatted weighed nine stone of fourteen pounds to the stone, at seven weeks' old, which

I had killed in the house, and sold it amongst my friends and neighbours; the price I made of it was seven-pence per lb., or eight and two-pence per stone of 14 lbs.

SOLD, PRODUCE OF THE YEAR 1847.

Produce of two cows, *after family's consumption*, fattening one calf, and weaning one	£29	12	8
One calf fatted—weighed 9 stone, at 8*s.* 2*d.* per stone of 14 lbs. . . £3 12 6			
Skin, head, feet, &c. . 0 16 0			
	4	8	
One year old heifer	5	0	0
One fat pig of 8stone at 8*s.* per stone	3	4	0
Twenty sacks of potatoes at 8*s.* .	8	0	0
Twelve bushels early ditto at 5*s.*	3	0	0
Seven thousand cabbages at one halfpenny	14	11	
Twelve pecks of onions at 1*s.* .	0	12	0
Various seeds, vegetables, &c. .	5	15	0
	£74	3	10
Deduct rent for land, at five per cent. on purchase money (including expenses) 250*l.* £12 10 0			
Rent of House . . . 8 0 0			
Rates, Taxes, &c. . . 2 12 0			
	23	2	0
Net profit for the year .	£51	1	10

This statement is an under, rather than over estimate of the actual annual results of this experiment. In fact, it is not an account of what John's ten fingers and two acres of land produce, but of what is left over after feeding, housing, and taxing the family. The rent is extravagant in the extreme. The best land in England may be rented at forty shillings per acre, so that there is here an overcharge of eight pounds ten shillings. The rent of the house is no charge upon the land. The consumption of the family should, of course, be added to the credit side of the account; and therefore the real net produce stands thus: —

As before stated	£74	3	10
One fat pig consumed by family	3	4	0
Two quarters of wheat at 45*s.* per quarter	4	10	0
Potatoes, butter, milk, vegetables, &c., say	10	0	0
Manure of two cows, two pigs, and two calves; no credit being taken for straw, hay, or food	6	0	0
	97	7	10
Deduct rent, 4*l.*, Taxes 1*l.* 6*s.*	5	6	0
Net profit of the year of two acres	£82	11	10

Here is the proof of the "might that 's in a peasant's arm;" not that all peasants are John Silletts. Since the age of the Peripatetics, the world has seldom produced such a practical philosopher. Indeed, while the Greek sages but talked, the English Wise Man has acted all his own precepts, and proved them to be such as man can live by. He has solved the vexed problem of the economies of small farms, and spade husbandry. He shows that the system is not only the most productive in the gross yield, but also in the real profit. While the large farmers, and extensive proprietors, protest that they cannot afford to farm at present prices, even if they got the land for nothing, here is a man, bred a haberdasher, and so ignorant of agriculture, that, until he resorted to it in despair, *late in life*, he tells the reader that "he never saw a sow have a litter, till he had

his own," who can afford a fair rent, pay all taxes, and have a return of forty guineas per acre for his labour.

THE FOREST TEMPLE.

WHY hath man raised to thee his crumbling temples?
Which pass away like drifting clouds above!
When thy pure worship were in bright examples
Of holy Charity, sweet Peace, and Love!

For there is, deep within the heart's recesses,
Devotion, thy all-seeing eye defines,
Unbreathed, O God, which thy observance blesses
Before the pomp of consecrated shrines!

Will tapers, temples, priests in robes that glisten
With jewelled splendour — pageantry's array,
Incline thine ear, O God, the more to listen,
Than to the simplest prayer without display?

Let man go forth to the primeval forests,
Their cloistered solitudes, their leafy aisles,
And list the voices of thy feathered choirists,
Their grateful hymn, in which no art beguiles!

Vistas, adorned with gorgeous fringe and tassel
Of glowing blossom — graceful, pendant flower,
Where truant thought becomes a *willing* vassal,
And owns the wondrous glory of thy power!

Their floors, encrusted with brocaded splendour
Of golden, silver, azure, purple bloom,
Their velvet verdure to the knee more tender
Than all the cushioned pomp of cunning loom;

In their green glades is many a "niche," whose beauty
Nor saint adorns in quaintly-carven stone,
Where, may be paid — *unspoken* — all the duty
The contrite spirit feels, unseen, unknown!

There, are meet shrines amid their pomp cathedral,
And rich mosaics where the reverent knee
May bend, O God, in faithful fervor federal,
In homage pure, with prostrate heart to thee!

In the still night, amid thy giant altars,
Thy everlasting hills — all silent — where,
Trembling on the lip, weak language falters, —
Each glance is worship — every thought a prayer!

The stars that tesselate the vault of heaven,
Their chastened glory on those altars pour,
Lighting the soul from paths of earthly leaven,
To those bright shrines where angel eyes adore!

Bright, everlasting lamps, celestial tapers,
Twinkling and beaming from the dome of night,
Till upward roll the silver-clouded vapours
To curtain, Lord, thy realms of living light.

On their white wings they bear, to thee ascending,
The grateful incense of earth's fairest bowers,
The heart's pure orisons — in silence — blending
The morning breath of thy sweet censer-flowers.

PLEB-BIDDLECUMB EDUCATION.

ON looking at the History of the County of Scrubshire, by Squancy (who has devoted twenty

pages out of ninety-four, to the Squancys of Blutter), you find honourable mention of the little village of Pleb-Biddlecumb. The people down here, call it more romontically a "hamlet;" and I am bound to say that it has "rude forefathers" enough to please Gray, or any of Gray's admirers. They rather pride themselves on their simplicity. They have no lamp on the green, and there is a fine homely rusticity in the extent to which you tumble over the pigs at night, which is highly rural. The railway which threads the county a few miles off (the trains look just like volleys of musketry in the distance), has no station at all accommodating Pleb-Biddlecumb. The county town is only accessible by very narrow lanes, which it is awkward to have to pass, in election time.

Elections are managed very simply (like everything else) at that county town. The whole population are drunk for three days, and some gentleman of fortune is declared duly returned at the expiration of that period. This gave rise, once, to a fine piece of humour. The Honourable Mr. Banneret, having spent about twenty thousand pounds in contesting a county against a peer, and being determined to be more economical for the future, came down and bought our county town, out of hand, for a fourth of the money. On the hustings, when returning thanks, this gentleman (who is what is called "eccentric,") said:

"Gentlemen, you are the most disinterested and independent body of electors in the empire; for you 'll vote for any man who gives you five pounds more than his rival." The people applauded the new member vociferously, and drank his health (at his expense) with much cordiality.

Pleb-Biddlecumb social, tallies exactly with Pleb-Biddlecumb topographical. It lets improvement pass by it — just as it lets the train pass; it sees, in fact, smoke, where other people see progress. The Sunday attendance in the little old flinty-towered church, averages fourteen, besides certain old alms-people of the neighbouring almshouse (built by Mr. Priggby of Priggby Park, as you can read on the outside of it, half a mile off), whose stipend depends on the rather hard condition of their never missing a single service. The curate has preached, for the last year or two, some sermons bearing on the controversy between Horsly and Priestley, which took place in the time of his grandfather, the dean, and which were left as an heirloom for the use of that learned man's family. Some time ago, it was resolved to have an organ; but, although three men can bring an organ (of our size) to the church, ten can't make it play! It was set up, but couldn't be set going. The handle (it being of the barrel description) turns briskly enough; the sound, however, is a distracted hubbub, and that 's all. And I live in daily

dread of being called on for a subscription to keep it in repair.

With public business we do not much concern ourselves in Pleb-Biddlecumb. Occasionally, we send up a petition, signed by six, for a duty on grain; and several old ladies in the neighbourhood have got up one for the removal of Rubens' Graces from the National Gallery. Though how in the name of goodness these Graces can injure the said old ladies (whom they nowise resemble) I — Pleb-Biddlecumbian as I am — have not yet been able to make out!

In this sort of way, Pleb-Biddlecumb has been jogging on ever since the Reformation. But, I clearly perceive a change to be at hand. The demon of intelligence is among us. Not that we have *much to fear* from him, however, — as you will agree when I describe our "Mutual Improvement" Society.

Some time ago, the neighbouring village of South Slumms got a North of England curate in among them. This gentleman arrived, armed with a galvanic battery, an air pump, microscopes, and other instruments of war. At first, he kept himself perfectly quiet. But he soon began to break out — showing hideous chemical preparations to the farmers, which he recommended as manures — with which none of them would have anything to do. Then, he delivered a lecture, at the school-room, on the "circulation of the blood." This threw the whole parish into a state of excitement, for nobody knew that his blood did anything in the circulating way, before. One farmer wanted to know what his blood was to him? But the intrepid curate persisted. Week after week, he perched himself before a large board, armed with a piece of chalk, whereon he described the interior arrangements of the entire parish (as a cottager remarked to me with a look of admiration), and demonstrated everything he chose. To say, when he was disserting on the heart, that he made a joke, applicable to his female audience, thereon, is but to say that he was human.

This went on. The North of England Curate became a greater and greater man. A certain air of importance marked the *savant*. Occasionally, he gave dim hints that the mysteries of nature were not quite insoluble. No; South Slumms might yet see. Here, he would fall into a fit of musing before the wondering rustics; and then, awaking suddenly, "exhaust" a frog, with severe determination, and look round, as much as to say, "what do you think of that!"

At last, we in Pleb-Biddlecumb, in emulation of the progress of South Slumms (which we detest in our hearts), and in fulfilment of a magnificent resolve to beat South Slumms out of the field at one blow, and without any preparation of ourselves, formed a "Mutual Improvement Society." The rustics were to assemble in the school-room, every Thursday

evening, to "converse." Our Curate; Mr. Hobby, a retired doctor; and Squire Snubb, took their seats. The villagers sat round on benches, and everybody began to improve himself, mutually, out of hand. *I* was there, as a spectator. *I* am a mere, quiet, old reading-man, who pass among the neighbours as a harmless "natural."

Fancy the benches crowded with the farmers, and fancy the graceful air of condescension majestically blowing round the curate and his friends, while the outsiders look awfully on.

Curate. Pray, Mr. Snubb, have you, of late, paid much attention to the phenomena of the malady which has affected our potatoes? *(Rustics, understanding the word "potatoes," prick up their ears.)*

Squire Snubb. Some attention, Sir.

Curate. Atmopheric in origin; or a leguminous decadence from unavoidable causes?

Squire (himself hazy as to clause last). Atmospheric, I think.

Curate (to Respectable Farmer). What say you, Sir?

Respectable Farmer (very red about the ears). I agree with the Squire, Sir. *(Rustics look at each other — male Rustics draw in their legs.)*

Doctor Hobby. I remember, when I was in practice, the case of a patient of mine being seriously injured by eating potatoes *(Rustics frightened.)*

Curate. Since the disease, of course?

Doctor. Why, no —

Omnes (not seeing at all what his remark has to do with the subject). Exactly so!

Curate (looking benevolently round). We should all study those objects which have antiseptic qualities. *(Doctor nods knowingly. Female rustic, who is timid, uses her pocket-handkerchief largely).*

And so the company go on to improve themselves, and the poor country folks are very puzzled and sleepy, and think the curate and his friends have a "mortal lot o' larning—they have." There is something very touching to a speculative man in seeing how very anxious our labouring people are to get knowledge, and what a reverence they have for those who seem to possess it. But, down in Pleb-Biddlecumb, our teachers (unlike the North of England Curate, who has studied the science of teaching) serve them as they do the frogs they illustrate by — pump the natural air out of their life, to show the ingenuity of their apparatus — and leave them to gasp at leisure!

I think (if ever I overcome my natural bashfulness) I shall get up a petition to the Directors of the Great Boreas Railway, for a station near us. I wish somebody would only persuade our neighbouring peer to pull down his gamekeeper's lodge in those quarters, and take to "preserving" his tenantry.

RED TAPE.

YOUR public functionary who delights in Red Tape — the purpose of whose existence is to tie up public questions, great and small, in an abundance of this official article — to make the neatest possible parcels of them, ticket them, and carefully put them away on a top shelf out of human reach — is the peculiar curse and nuisance of England. Iron, steel, adamant, can make no such drag-chain as Red Tape. An invasion of Red Ants in innumerable millions, would not be half so prejudicial to Great Britain, as its intolerable Red Tape.

Your Red Tapist is everywhere. He is always at hand, with a coil of Red Tape, prepared to make a small official parcel of the largest subject. In the reception room of a Government Office, he will wind Red Tape round and round the sternest deputation that the country can send to him. In either House of Parliament, he will pull more Red Tape out of his mouth, at a moment's notice, than a conjuror at a Fair. In letters, memoranda, and dispatches, he will spin himself into Red Tape, by the thousand yards. He will bind you up vast colonies, in Red Tape, like cold roast chickens at a rout-supper; and when the most valuable of them break it (a mere question of time), he will be amazed to find that they were too expansive for his favourite commodity. He will put a girdle of Red Tape round the earth, in quicker time than Ariel. He will measure, from Downing Street to the North Pole, or the heart of New Zealand, or the highest summit of the Himalaya Mountains, by inches of Red Tape. He will rig all the ships in the British Navy with it, weave all the colours in the British Army from it, completely equip and fit out the officers and men of both services in it. He bound NELSON and WELLINGTON hand and foot with it — ornamented them, all over, with bunches of it — and sent them forth to do impossibilities. He will stand over the side of the steamship of the state, sounding with Red Tape, for imaginary obstacles; and when the office-seal at the end of his pet line touches a floating weed, will cry majestically, "Back her! Stop her!" He hangs great social efforts, in Red Tape, about the public offices, to terrify like evil-minded reformers, as great highwaymen used to be hanged in chains on Hounslow Heath. He has but one answer to every demonstration of right, or exposition of wrong; and it is, "My good Sir, this is a question of Tape."

He is the most gentlemanly of men. He is mysterious; but not more so than a man who is cognisant of so much Tape ought to be. Butterflies and gadflies who disport themselves, unconscious of the amount of Red Tape required to keep Creation together, may wear their hearts upon their sleeves; but he is another sort of person. Not that he is wanting

in conversation. By no means. Every question mooted, he has to tie up according to form, and put away. Church, state, territory native and foreign, ignorance, poverty, crime, punishment, popes, cardinals, jesuits, taxes, agriculture and commerce, land and sea — all Tape. "Nothing but Tape, Sir, I assure you. Will you allow me to tie this subject up, with a few yards, according to the official form? Thank you. Thus, you see. A knot here; the end cut off there; a twist in this place; a loop in that. Nothing can be more complete. Quite compact, you observe. I ticket it, you perceive, and put it on the shelf. It is now disposed of. What is the next article?"

The quantity of Red Tape officially employed in the defence of such an imposition (in more senses than one) as the Window-Tax; the array of Red Tapists and the amount of Red Taping employed in its behalf, within the last six or seven years; is something so astounding in itself, and so illustrative of the enormous quantities of Tape devoted to the public confusion, that we take the liberty, at this appropriate time, of disentangling an odd thousand fathoms or so, as a sample of the commodity.

The Window-Tax is a tax of that just and equitable description, that it charges a house with twenty windows at the rate of six shillings and twopence farthing a window; and houses with nine times as many windows, to wit a hundred and eighty, at the rate of eightpence a window, *less*. It is a beautiful feature in this tax (and a mighty convenient one for large country-houses) that, after progressing in a gradually ascending scale or charge, from eight windows to seventy-nine, it then begins to descend again, and charges a house with five hundred windows, just a farthing a window more, than a house with nine. This has been, for so many years, proved — by Red Tape — to be the perfection of human reason, that we merely remark upon the circumstance, and there leave it, for another ornamental branch of the subject.

Light and air are the first essentials of our being. Among the facts demonstrated by Physical Science, there is not one more indisputable, than that a large amount of Solar Light is necessary to the development of the nervous system. Lettuces, and some other vegetables, may be grown in the dark, at no greater disadvantage than a change in their natural colour; but, the nervous system of Animals must be developed by Light. The higher the Animal, the more stringent and absolute the necessity of a free admission to it of the Sun's bright rays. All human creatures bred in darkness, droop, and become degenerate. Among the diseases distinctly known to be engendered and propagated by the want of Light, and by its necessary concomitant, the want of free Air, those dreadful mala-

dies, Scrofula and Consumption, occupy the foremost place.

At this time of day, and when the labours of Sanitary Reformers and Boards of Health have educated the general mind in the knowledge of such truths, we almost hesitate to recapitulate these simple facts: which are as palpable and certain as the growth of a tree, or the curling of a wave. But, within a few years, it was a main fault of practical Philosophy, to hold too much herself apart from the daily business and concerns of life. Consequently, within a few years, even these truths were imperfectly and narrowly known. Red Tape, as a great institution quite superior to Nature, positively refused to receive them—strangled them, out of hand — labelled them Impositions, and shelved them with great resentment.

This is so incredible, that our readers will naturally enquire, when, where, and how? Thus. In the Spring of 1844, there sat enthroned, in the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Downing Street, London, the Incarnation of Red Tape. There waited upon this enshrinement of Red Tape in the body and flesh of man, a Deputation from the Master Carpenters' Society, and another from the Metropolitan Improvement Society: which latter, comprising among its members some distinguished students of Natural Philosophy, took the liberty of representing the before-mentioned fact in connexion with Light, as a small result of Infinite Wisdom, eternally established before Tape was. And, forasmuch as the Window Tax excluded light from the dwellings of the poor in large towns, where the poor lived, crowded together in large old houses; by tempting the landlords of those houses to block up windows and save themselves the payment of duty, which they notoriously did — and, forasmuch, as in every room and corner thus made dark and airless, the poor, for want of space, were fain to huddle beds — and, forasmuch, as a large and a most unnatural per-centage of them, were, in consequence, scrofulous, and consumptive, and always sliding downward into Pauperism — the Deputation prayed the Right Honourable Red Tape, M.P., at least so to modify this tax, as to modify that inhuman and expensive wrong. To which, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M. P., made reply, that he didn't believe that the Tax had anything to do with scrofula; "for," said he, "the window-duties don't affect the cottager; and I have seen numerous instances of scrofula in my own neighbourhood, among the families of the agricultural peasantry." Now, this was the perfection of what may be called Red Tapeosophy. For, not to mention the fact, well known to every traveller about England, that the cottages of agricultural labourers, in general, are a perfect model of sanitary arrangement, and, are in particular remarkable for the capacious dimensions of

their windows (which are usually of the bay or oriel form: never less than six feet high, commonly fitted with plate glass, and always capable of being opened freely), it is to be carefully noticed that such cottages always contain a superabundance of room, and especially of sleeping-room: also, that nothing can be farther from the custom of a cottager than to let a sleeping-room to a single man, to diminish his rent: and to crowd himself and family into one small chamber, where by reason of the dearness of fuel he stops up crevices, and shuts out air. These being things which no English landlord, dead or alive, ever heard of, it is clear — as clear as the agricultural labourer's cottage is light and airy — that the exclusion of light and air can have nothing to do with Scrofula. So, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M. P., gave the lie (politely) to the Deputation, and proved his case against Nature, to the great admiration of the office Messengers!

Well! But, on the same occasion, there was more Red Tape yet, in the back-ground, ready, in nautical phrase, to be paid out. The Deputation, rather pertinaciously dwelling on the murderous effects of a prohibition of ventilation in the thickly-peopled habitations of the poor, the same authority returned, "You *can* ventilate them, if you choose. Here is Deputy Red Tape, from the Stamp Office, at my elbow; and he tells you, that perforated plates of zinc, may be placed in the external walls of houses, without becoming liable to duty." Now, the Deputation were very glad to hear this, because they knew it to be a part of the perfect wisdom of the Acts of Parliament establishing the Window Tax, that they required all stopped-up windows to be stopped, up with precisely the same substance as that of which the external walls of a house were made; and that, in a variety of cases, where such walls were of stone, for example, and such windows were stopped up with wood, they were held to be chargeable with duty: though they admitted no ray of light through that usually opaque material. Besides which, the Deputation knew, from the Government Returns, that, under the same Acts of Parliament, a little unglazed hole in a wall, made for a cat to creep through, and a little trap in a cellar to shot coals down, had been solemnly decided to be windows. Therefore, they were so much relieved by this perforated-zinc discovery, that the good and indefatigable Doctor Southwood Smith (who was one of the deputation) was seen, by Private John Towler of the Second Grenadier Guards, sentry on duty at the Treasury, to fall upon the neck of Mr. Toynbee (who was another of the deputation) and shed tears of joy in Parliament Street.

But, the President of the Carpenters' Society, a man of rule and compasses, whose organ of Veneration appears (in respect of

Red Tape) to have been imperfectly developed, doubted. And he, writing to the Stamp Office on the point, caused more Red Tape to be spun into this piece of information, "that perforated plates of zinc would be chargeable if so perforated as to afford light, but not if so as to serve the purpose of ventilation only!" It not being within the knowledge of the Carpenters' Society (which was a merely practical body) how to construct perforations of such a peculiar double-barreled action as at once to let in air and shut out light, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M.P., himself, was referred to, for an explanation. This, he gave in the following skein, which has justly been considered the highest specimen of the manufacture. "There has been no mistake, as the parties suppose, in stating that openings for ventilations might be made which would not be chargeable as windows, and I cannot think it at all inconsistent with such a statement to decline expressing, beforehand, a general opinion as to whether certain openings when made would or would not be considered as windows, and as such liable to charge."

To crown all, with a wreath of blushing Tape of the first official quality, it may be briefly mentioned, that no existing Act of Parliament made any such exception, and that it had no existence out of Tape. For, a local act, for Liverpool only, was *afterwards passed*, exempting from the Window Tax circular ventilating apertures, not exceeding seven inches in diameter; provided, that if they were made in a direct line, they should be protected by a grating of cast-iron, the interstices thereof not exceeding one quarter of an inch in width.

One other choice sample of the best Red Tape presents itself in the nefarious history of the Window Tax. In July of the same year, LORD ALTHORP — whose name is ever to be respected, as having, perhaps, less association with Red Tape than that of any Minister whomsoever — made a short speech in the House of Commons, descriptive of an enactment he then introduced, for allaying something of the indignation which this tax had raised. It was, he said, "a clause, enabling persons to open fresh windows in houses at present existing, without any additional charge. Its only effect is, to prevent an increase of the revenue, in the case of houses already existing." On the faith of this statement, numbers of house-occupiers opened new windows. The instant the clause got into the Government offices, it was immeshed in a very net of Red Tape. The Stamp Office, in its construction of it, substituted existing occupiers, for existing houses; into the clause itself were introduced, before it became law, words, confining this privilege to persons "duly assessed for the year ending 5th April, 1835." What followed? Red Tape made the discovery that no one who took advantage of that clause, and opened new windows,

WAS duly assessed in 1835 — the whole Government Assessment: made, be it remembered, by Government Assessors: having been loosely and carelessly made — and all those openers of new windows, upon the faith of that plain speech of a plain gentleman, were surcharged; to the increase of the revenue, the dishonour of the public character of the country, and the very canonisation of Red Tape.

For the collection and clear statement of these facts, we are indebted to an excellent pamphlet reprinted, at the time, from the "WESTMINSTER REVIEW." The facts and the subject are worthy of one another.

O give your public functionary who delights in Red Tape, a good social improvement to deal with! Let him come back to his Tape-wits, after being frightened out of them, for a little while, by the ravages of a Plague; and count, if you can, the miles of Red Tape he will pile into barriers, against — a General Interment Bill, say, or a Law for the suppression of infectious and disgusting nuisances! O the cables of Red Tape he will coil away in dispatch boxes, the handcuffs he will make of Red Tape to fetter useful hands; the interminable perspectives of Exchequers, Woods and Forests, and what not, all hung with Red Tape, up and down which he will languidly wander, to the weariness of all whose hard fate it is, to have to pursue him!

But, give him something to play with — give him a park to slice away — a hideous scarecrow to set up in a public place, where it may become the ludicrous horror of the civilised earth — a marble arch to move — and who so brisk as he! He will rig you up a scaffolding with Red Tape, and fall to, joyfully. These are the things in which he finds relief from unlucky Acts of Parliament that are more troublesome improvements than they were meant to be. Across and across them, he can spin his little webs of Red Tape, and catch summer flies: or, near them, litter down official dozing-places, and roll himself over and over in Red Tape, like the Hippopotamus wallowing in his bath.

Once upon a time, there was a dusty dry old shop in Long Acre, London, where, displayed in the windows, in tall slim bottles, were numerous preparations, looking, at first sight, like unhealthy macaroni. On a nearer inspection, these were found to be Tape-worms, extracted from the internal mechanism of certain ladies and gentlemen who were delicately referred to, on the bottles, by initial letters. Doctor Gardner's medicine had effected these wonderful results; but, the Doctor, probably apprehensive that his patients might "blush to find it fame," enshrined them in his museum, under a thin cloud of mystery. We have a lively remembrance of a white basin, which, in the days of our boyhood, remained, for eight or ten years, in a conspicuous part of the museum, and

was supposed to contain a specimen so recent that there had not yet been time for its more elaborate preservation. It bore, as we remember, the label, "This singular creature, with ears like a mouse, was last week found destroying the inside of Mr. O— in the City Road." But, this was an encroachment on the province of the legitimate Tapeworms. That species were all alike except in length. The smallest, according to the labels, measured, to the best of our recollection, about two hundred yards.

If, in any convenient part of the United Kingdom, (we suggest the capital as the centre of resort,) a similar museum could be established, for the destruction and exhibition of the Red-Tape-Worms with which the British Public are so sorely afflicted, there can be no doubt that it would be, at once, a vast national benefit, and a curious national spectacle. Nor can there be a doubt that the people in general would cheerfully contribute to the support of such an establishment. The labels might be neatly and legibly written, according to the precedent we have mentioned. "The Right Honourable Mr. X— from the Exchequer. Seven thousand yards." "Earl Y— from the Colonial Office. Half as long again." "Lord Z— from the Woods and Forests. The longest ever known." "This singular creature," — not mentioning its ears — "was found destroying the patience of Mr. John B— in the House of Commons." If it were practicable to open such an Institution before the departure of All Nations (which can scarcely be hoped) it might be desirable to translate these abstracts into a variety of languages, for the wider understanding of one of our most agreeable and improving sights.

THE BROKEN CHAIN.

CAPTIVES, bound in iron bands,
Have well-nigh learned to love their chain;
Slaves have held up ransomed hands,
Praying to be slaves again;
So, doth usage reconcile,
Soothing even Pain to smile;
So, a sadness will remain
In the breaking of the chain.

But, if chains were woven, shining,
Firm as gold, and fine as hair,
Twisting round the heart, and twining,
Binding all that centres there,
In a knot that, like the olden,
May be cut, yet ne'er unfolden —
Would not something sharp remain
In the breaking of the chain?

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BODGER.

SCENE THE FIRST.

IN the year 1832, on the 24th December, one of those clear bright days, that sometimes supersede the regular snowy sleety Christmas weather, a large ship lay off Plymouth; the Blue Peter flying from her mast-head, quarters of beef hanging from her mizzen-booms, and strings of cabbages from her stern rails; her decks crowded with coarsely-clad blue-

nosed passengers, and lumbered with boxes, barrels, hen-coops, spars, and chain-cables. The wind was rising with a hollow, dreary sound. Boats were hurrying to and fro, between the vessel and the beach, where stood excited groups of old people and young children. The hoarse impatient voices of officers issuing their commands, were mingled with the shrill wailing of women on the deck and the shore.

It was the emigrant ship, "Cassandra," bound for Australia during the period of the "Bounty" system, when emigration recruiters, stimulated by patriotism and a handsome per centage, rushed frantically up and down the country, earnestly entreating "healthy married couples" and single souls of either sex to accept a free passage to "a land of plenty." The English labourers had not then discovered that Australia was a country where masters were many and servants scarce. In spite of poverty and poorhouse fare, few of the John Bull family could be induced to give heed to flaming placards they could not read, or inspiring harangues they could not understand. The admirable education which in 1832, at intervals of seven days, was distributed in homœopathic doses among the agricultural olive branches of England, did not include modern geography, even when reading and writing were imparted. If a stray Sunday School scholar did acquire a faint notion of the locality of Canaan, he was never permitted to travel as far as the British Colonies.

To the ploughman out of employ, Canaan, Canada, and Australia, were all "*furrin parts;*" he did not know the way to them; but he knew the way to the poorhouse, so took care to keep within reach of it.

Thus it came to pass that the charterers of the good ship "Cassandra," were grievously out in their calculations; and failing to fill with English, were obliged to make up their complement with Irish; who, having nothing to fall upon, but the charity of the poor to the poorer, are always ready to go anywhere for a daily meal.

The steamers from Cork had transferred their ragged, weeping, laughing, fighting cargoes; the last stray groups of English had been collected from the western counties; the Government officers had cleared and passed the ship. With the afternoon tide two hundred helpless, ignorant, destitute souls were to bid farewell to their native land.

The delays consequent on miscalculating the emigrating tastes of England, had retarded until mid-winter, a voyage which should have been commenced in autumn.

In one of the shore-boats, sat a portly man — evidently neither an emigrant nor a sailor — wrapped in a great coat and comforters; his broad brimmed beaver secured from the freezing blast, by a coloured bandanna tied under the chin of a fat whiskerless

face. This portly personage was Mr. Joseph Lobbit, proprietor of "The Shop," farmer, miller, and chairman of the vestry of the rich rural parish of Duxmoor.

At Duxmoor, the chief estate was in Chancery, the manor house in ruins, the lord of it an outlaw, and the other landed proprietors absentees, or in debt; a curate preached, buried, married, and baptised, for the health of the rector compelled him to pass the summer in Switzerland, and the winter in Italy; so Mr. Lobbit was almost the greatest, as he was certainly the richest man in the parish.

Except that he did not care for anyone but himself, and did not respect anyone who had not plenty of money, he was not a bad sort of man. He had a jolly hearty way of talking and shaking hands, and slapping people on the back; and until you began to count money with him, he seemed a very pleasant liberal fellow. He was fond of money, but more fond of importance; and therefore worked as zealously at parish-business, as he did at his own farm, shop and mill. He centered the whole powers of the vestry in his own person, and would have been beadle, too, if it had been possible. He appointed the master and matron of the workhouse, who were relations of his wife; supplied all the rations and clothing for "the house;" and fixed the prices in full vestry (viz., himself, and the clerk, his cousin), assembled. He settled all questions of out-of-door relief, and tried hard, more than once, to settle the rate of wages too.

Ill-natured people did say that those who would not work on Master Lobbit's farm, at *his* wages, stood a very bad chance if they wanted anything from the parish, or came for the doles of blankets, coals, bread, and linsey-woolsey petticoats; which, under the provisions of the tablets in Duxmoor Church, are distributed every Christmas. Of course, Mr. Lobbit supplied these gifts, as chief shop-keeper, and dispensed them, as senior and perpetual churchwarden. Lobbit gave capital dinners: plenty smoked on his board, and pipes of negro-head with jorums of gin punch followed, without stint.

The two attorneys dined with him — and were glad to come, for he had always money to lend, on good security, and his gin was unexceptionable. So did two or three bull-frog farmers, very rich and very ignorant. The doctor and curate came occasionally; they were poor, and in his debt at "The Shop," therefore bound to laugh at his jokes — which were not so bad, for he was no fool — so that, altogether, Mr. Lobbit had reason to believe himself a very popular man.

But there was — where is there not? — a black drop in his overflowing cup of prosperity.

He had a son, whom he intended to make a gentleman; whom he hoped to see married to some lady

of good family, installed in the Manor House of Duxmoor, (if it should be sold cheap, at the end of the Chancery suit), and established as the squire of the parish. Robert Lobbit had no taste for learning, and a strong taste for drinking, which his father's customers did their best to encourage. Old Lobbit was decent in his private habits; but, as he made money wherever he could to advantage, he was always surrounded by a levee of scamps, of all degrees — some agents and assistants, some borrowers, and would-be borrowers. Young Lobbit found it easier to follow the example of his father's companions than to follow his father's advice. He was as selfish and as greedy as his father, without being so agreeable or hospitable. In the school-room he was a dunce, in the play-ground a tyrant and bully; no one liked him; but, as he had plenty of money, many courted him.

As a last resource his father sent him to Oxford; whence, after a short residence, he was expelled. He arrived home drunk, and in debt; without having lost one bad habit, or made one respectable friend. From that period he lived a sot, a village rake, the king of the tap-room, and the patron of a crowd of blackguards, who drank his beer and his health; hated him for his insolence, and cheated him of his money.

Yet Joseph Lobbit loved his son, and tried not to believe the stories good-natured friends told of him.

Another trouble, fell upon the prosperous churchwarden. On the north side of the parish, just outside the boundaries of Duxmoor Manor, there had been, in the time of the Great Civil Wars, a large number of small freehold farmers; each with from forty to five acres of land; the smaller, fathers had divided amongst their progeny; the larger had descended to eldest sons by force of primogeniture. Joseph Lobbit's father had been one of these small freeholders. A right of pasture on an adjacent common was attached to these little freeholds; so, what with geese and sheep, and a cow or so, even the poorest proprietor with the assistance of harvest work, managed to make a living, up to the time of the last war. War prices made land valuable, and the common was enclosed; though a share went to the little freeholders, and sons and daughters were hired, at good wages, while the enclosure was going on, the loss of the pasture for stock, and the fall of prices at the peace, sealed their fate. John Lobbit, our portly friend's father, succeeded to his little estate, of twenty acres, by the death of his elder brother, in the time of best war prices, after he had passed some years as a shopman in a great seaport. His first use of it was to sell it, and set up a shop in Duxmoor, to the great scandal of his farmer neighbours. When John slept with

his fathers, Joseph, having succeeded to the shop and savings, began to buy land and lend money. Between shop credit to the five-acred and mortgages to the forty-acred men, with a little luck in the way of the useful sons of the freeholders being constantly enlisted for soldiers, impressed for sailors, or convicted for poaching offences, in the course of years, Joseph Lobbit became possessed, not only of his paternal freehold, but, acre by acre, of all his neighbours' holdings, to the extent of something like five hundred acres. The original owners vanished; the stout and young departed, and were seen no more; the old and decrepit were received and kindly housed in the workhouse. Of course it could not have been part of Mr. Lobbit's bargain to find them board and lodging for the rest of their days at the parish expense. A few are said to have drunk themselves to death; but this is improbable, for the cider, in that part of the country, is extremely sour, so that is more likely they died of colic.

There was, however, in the very centre of the cluster of freeholds which the parochial dignitary had so successfully acquired, a small barren plot of five acres with a right of road through the rest of the property. The possessor of this was a sturdy fellow, John Bodger by name, who was neither to be coaxed nor bullied into parting with his patrimony.

John Bodger was an only son, a smart little fellow, a capital thatcher, a good hand at cob-house building — in fact, a handy man. Unfortunately, he was as fond of pleasure as his betters. He sang a comic song, till peoples' eyes ran over, and they rolled on their seats; he handled a single-stick very tidily; and, among the light weights, was not to be despised as a wrestler. He always knew where a hare was to be found; and, when the fox-hounds were out, to hear his view-halloo, did your heart good. These tastes were expensive; so that when he came into his little property, although he worked with tolerable industry, and earned good wages, for that part of the country, he never had a shilling to the fore, as the Irish say. If he had been a prudent man, he might have laid by something very snug, and defied Mr. Lobbit to the end of his days.

It would take too long to tell all Joseph Lobbit's ingenious devices — after plain, plump offers — to buy Bodger's acres had been refused. John Bodger declined a loan to buy a cart and horse: he refused to take credit for a new hat, umbrella, and waistcoat, after losing his money at Bidecot Fair. He went on steadily slaving at his bit of land, doing all the best thatching and building jobs in the neighbourhood, spending his money, and enjoying himself without getting into any scrapes; until Mr. Joseph Lobbit, completely foiled, began to look on John Bodger as a personal enemy.

Just when John and his neighbours were rejoicing over the defeat of the last attempt of the jolly parochial, an accident occurred which upset all John's prudent calculations. He fell in love. He might have married Dorothy Paulson, the blacksmith's daughter — an only child, with better than two hundred pounds in the Bank, and a good business — a virtuous, good girl, too, except that she was as thin as a hurdle, with a skin like nutmeggrater, and rather a bad temper. But instead of that, to the surprise of every one, he went and married Carry Hutchins, the daughter of Widow Hutchins, one of the little freeholders bought out by Mr. Lobbit, who died, poor old soul, the day after she was carried into the workhouse, leaving Carry and her brother Tom destitute — that is to say, destitute of goods, money, or credit, but not of common sense, good health, good looks, and power of earning wages.

Carry was nearly a head taller than John, with a face like a ripe pear. He had to buy her wedding gown, and everything else. He bought them at Lobbit's shop. Tom Hutchins — he was fifteen years old — a tall spry lad, accepted five shillings from his brother-in-law, hung a small bundle on his bird's-nesting stick, and set off to walk to Bristol, to be a sailor. He was never heard of any more at Duxmoor.

At first all went well. John left off going to wakes and fairs, except on business; stuck to his trades; brought his garden into good order, and worked early and late, when he could spare time, at his two little fields, while his wife helped him famously. If they had had a few pounds in hand, they would have had "land and beeves."

But the first year twins came — a boy and girl; and the next another girl, and then twins again, and so on. Before Mrs. Bodger was thirty she had nine hearty, healthy children, with a fair prospect of plenty more; while John was a broken man, soured, discontented, hopeless. No longer did he stride forth eagerly to his work, after kissing mother and babies; no longer did he hurry home to put a finishing stroke to the potato patch, or broadcast his oat crop; no longer did he sit whistling and telling stories of bygone feats at the fireside, while mending some wooden implement of his own, or making one for a neighbour. Languid and moody, he lounged to his task with round shoulders and slouching gait; spoke seldom — when he did, seldom kindly. His children, except the youngest, feared him, and his wife scarcely opened her lips, except to answer.

A long, hard, severe winter, and a round of typhus fever, which carried off two children, finished him. John Bodger was beaten, and obliged to sell his bit of land. He had borrowed money on it from the lawyer; while laid up with fever, he had silently allowed his wife to run up a bill at "The

Shop." When strong enough for work there was no work to be had. Lobbit saw his opportunity, and took it. John Bodger wanted to buy a cow, he wanted seed, he wanted to pay the doctor, and to give his boys clothes to enable them to go to service. He sold his land for what he thought would do all this, and leave a few pounds in hand. He attended to sign the deed and receive money; when, instead of the balance of twenty-five pounds he had expected, he received one pound ten shillings, and a long lawyer's bill *receipted.*

He did not say much; for poor countrymen don't know how to talk to lawyers, but he went towards home like a drunken man; and, not hearing the clatter of a horse behind him that had run away, was knocked down, run over, and picked up with his collar bone and two ribs broken.

The next day he was delirious; in the course of a fortnight he came to his senses, lying on a workhouse bed. Before he could rise from the workhouse bed, not a stick or stone had been left to tell where the cottage of his fathers had stood for more than two hundred years, and Mr. Joseph Lobbit had obtained, in auctioneering phrase, a magnificent estate of five hundred acres within a ring fence.

John Bodger stood up at length a ruined, desperate, dangerous man, pale, and weak, and even humble. He said nothing; the fever seemed to have tamed every limb — every feature — except his eyes, which glittered like an adder's when Mr. Lobbit came to talk to him. Lobbit saw it and trembled in his inmost heart, yet was ashamed of being afraid of a *pauper!*

About this time Swing fires made their appearance in the country, and the principal Insurance Companies refused to insure farming stock, to the consternation of Mr. Lobbit; for he had lately begun to suspect that among Mr. Swing's friends he was not very popular, yet he had some thousand pounds of corn stacks in his own yards and those of his customers.

John Bodger, almost convalescent, was anxious to leave the poor-house, while the master, the doctor, and every official, seemed in a league to keep him there and make him comfortable, although a short time previously the feeling had been quite different. But the old rector of Duxmoor having died at the early age of sixty-six, in spite of his care for his health, had been succeeded by a man who was not content to leave his duties to deputies; all the parish affairs underwent a keen criticism, and John and his large family came under investigation. His story came out. The new rector pitied and tried to comfort him; but his soothing words fell on deaf ears. The only answer he could get from John was, "A hard life while it lasts, Sir, and a pauper's grave, a pauper widow, pauper children: Parson, while this is all

you can offer John Bodger, preaching to him is of no use."

With the wife, the clergyman was more successful. Hope and belief are planted more easily in the hearts of women than of men, for adversity softens the one and hardens the other. The rector was not content with exhorting the poor, he applied to the rich Joseph Lobbit on behalf of John Bodger's family, and as the rector was not only a truly Christian priest, but a gentleman of good family and fortune, the parochial ruler was obliged to hear and to heed.

Bland and smooth, almost pathetic, was Joseph Lobbit: he was "heartily sorry for the poor man and his large family; should be happy to offer him and his wife permanent employment on his Hill farm, as well as two of the boys and one of the girls.

The eldest son and daughter, the first twins, had been for some time in respectable service. John would have nothing to do with Mr. Lobbit.

While this discussion was pending, the news of a ship at Plymouth waiting for emigrants, reached Duxmoor.

The parson, and the great shopkeeper were observed in a long warm conference in the rectory garden, which ended in their shaking hands, and the rector proceeding with rapid strides to the poor-house.

The same day, the lately established girls' school was set to work sewing garments of all sizes, as well as the females of the rector's family. A week afterwards, there was a stir in the village; a waggon moved slowly away, laden with a father, mother, and large family, and a couple of pauper orphan girls. Yes, it was true; John and Carry Bodger were going to "Furrin parts," "to be made slaves on." The women cried, and so did the children, from imitation. The men stared. As the emigrants passed the Red Lion there was an attempt at a cheer from two tinkers; but it was a failure; no one joined in. So staring and staring, the men stood until the waggon crept round the turn of the lane and over the bridge, out of sight; then bidding the "wives" go home and be hanged to 'em, their lords, that had two-pence, went in to spend it at the Red Lion, and those who had not, went in to see the others drink, and talk over John Bodger's "bouldness," and abuse Muster Lobbit quietly, so that no one in top boots should hear them; — for they were poor ignorant people in Duxmoor — they had had no one to teach them, or to care for them, and after the fever, and the long hard winter, they cared little for their own flesh and blood, still less for their neighbours. So John Bodger was forgotten almost before he was out of sight.

By the road-waggon which the Bodgers joined when they reached the highway, it was a three days' journey to Plymouth.

But, although they were gone, Mr. Lobbit did not feel quite

satisfied; he felt afraid lest John should return and do him some secret mischief. He wished to see him on board ship, and fairly under sail. Besides, his negotiation with Emigration Brokers had opened up ideas of a new way of getting rid, not only of dangerous fellows like John Bodger, but of all kinds of useless paupers. These ideas he afterwards matured, and although important changes have taken place in our emigrating system, even in 1851, a visit to Government ships, will present many specimens of parish inmates converted, by dexterous diplomacy, into independent labourers.

Thus it was, that, contrary to all precedent, Mr. Lobbit left his shopman to settle the difficult case of credit with his Christmas customers, and with best horse made his way to Plymouth; and now for the first time in his life, floated on salt water.

With many grunts and groans he climbed the ship's side; not being as great a man at Plymouth as at Duxmoor, no chair was lowered to receive his portly person. The mere fact of having to climb up a rope ladder from a rocking boat on a breezy, freezing day, was not calculated to give comfort or confident feelings to an elderly gentleman. With some difficulty, not without broken shins, amid the sarcastic remarks of groups of wild Irishmen, and the squeaks of barefooted children — who, not knowing his awful parochial character, tumbled about Mr. Lobbit's legs in a most impertinently familiar manner — he made his way to the captain's cabin, and there transacted some mysterious business with the Emigration Agent over a prime piece of mess beef and a glass of Madeira. The Madeira warmed Mr. Lobbit. The captain assured him positively that the ship would sail with the evening tide. That assurance removed a heavy load from his breast: he felt like a man who had been performing a good action, and almost cheated himself into believing that he had been spending *his own* money in charity; so, at the end of the second bottle, he willingly chimed in with the broker's proposal to go down below and see how the emigrants were stowed, and have a last look at "his lot."

Down the steep ladder they stumbled into the misery of a "bounty" ship. A long, dark gallery, on each side of which were ranged the berths; narrow shelves open to every prying eye; where, for four months, the inmates were to be packed, like herrings in a barrel, without room to move, almost without air to breathe; the mess table, running far aft the whole distance between the masts, left little room for passing, and that little was encumbered with all manner of boxes, packages, and infants, crawling about like rabbits in a warren.

The groups of emigrants were characteristically employed. The Irish "coshering," or gossiping; for, having little or no baggage to look after, they had little care;

but lean and ragged, monopolised almost all the good-humour of the ship. Acute cockneys, a race fit for every change, hammering, whistling, screwing and making all snug in their berths; tidy mothers, turning with despair from alternate and equally vain attempts to collect their numerous children out of danger, and to pack the necessaries of a room into the space of a small cupboard, wept and worked away. Here, a ruined tradesman; with his family, sat at the table, dinnerless, having rejected the coarse, tough salt meat in disgust: there, a half starved group fed heartily on rations from the same cask, luxuriated over the allowance of grog, and the idea of such a good meal daily. Songs, groans, oaths: crying, laughing, complaining, hammering and fiddling combined to produce a chaos of strange sounds; while thrifty wives, with spectacle on nose, mended their husbands' breeches, and unthrifty ones scolded.

Amid this confusion, under the authoritative guidance of the second mate, Mr. Lobbit made his way, inwardly calculating how many poachers, pauper refractories, Whiteboys, and Captain Rocks, were about to benefit Australia by their talents, until he reached a party which had taken up its quarters as far as possible from the Irish, in a gloomy corner near the stern. It consisted of a sickly, feeble woman, under forty, but worn, wasted, retaining marks of former beauty in a pair of large, dark speaking eyes, and a well carved profile, who was engaged in nursing two chubby infants, evidently twins, while two little things just able to walk, hung at her skirts; a pale, thin boy, nine or ten years old, was mending a jacket; an elder brother, as brown as a berry, fresh from the fields, was playing dolefully on a hemlock flute. The father, a little round-shouldered man, was engaged in cutting wooden buttons from a piece of hard wood with his pocket-knife; when he caught sight of Mr. Lobbit he hastily pulled off his coat, threw it into his berth, and, turning his back, worked away vigorously at the stubborn bit of oak he was carving.

"Hallo, John Bodger, so here you are at last," cried Mr. Lobbit; "I 've broken my shins, almost broken my neck, and spoilt my coat with tar and pitch, in finding you out. Well, you 're quite at home, I see: twins all well? — both pair of them? How do you find yourself, Missis?"

The pale woman sighed and cuddled her babies — the little man said nothing, but sneered, and made the chips fly faster.

"You 're on your way now to a country where twins are no object: your passage is paid, and you 've only got now to pray for the good gentlemen that have given you a chance of earning an honest living."

No answer.

"I see them all here except Mary, the young lady of the family. Pray has she taken rue,

and determined to stay in England after all; I expected as much —"

As he spoke, a young girl, in the neat dress of a parlour servant, came out of the shade.

"Oh! you are there, are you, Miss Mary? So you have made up your mind to leave your place and Old England to try your luck in Australia; plenty of husbands, there, ha, ha!"

The girl blushed, and sat down to sew at some little garments. Fresh, rosy, neat, she was as great a contrast to her brother, the brown ragged ploughboy, as he was to the rest of the family, with their flabby, bleached complexions.

There was a pause: the mate having done his duty by finding the parochial dignitary's protégées, had slipped away to more important business; a chorus of sailors "yo heave ho-ing" at a chain cable had ceased, and for a few moments, by common consent, silence seemed to have taken possession of the long dark gallery of the hold.

Mr. Lobbit was rather put out by the silence, and no answers; he did not feel so confident as when crowing on his own dunghill, in Duxmoor; he had a vague idea that some one might steal behind him in the dark, knock his hat over his eyes, and pay off old scores with a hearty kick: but parochial dignity prevailed, and, clearing his throat with a "hem," he began again —

"John Bodger, where 's your coat? — what are you shivering there for, in your sleeves? — what have you done with the excellent coat generously presented to you by the Parish — a coat that cost, as per contract, fourteen shillings and fourpence — you have not dared to sell it, I hope?"

"Well, Master Lobbit, and if I did, the coat was my own, I suppose?"

"Wat, Sir?"

The little man quailed; he had tried to pluck up his spirit, but the blood did not flow fast enough. He went to his berth and brought out the coat.

It was certainly a curious colour, a sort of yellow brown, the cloth shrunk and cockled up, and the metal buttons turned a dingy black.

Mr. Lobbit raved; "a new coat entirely spoiled, what had he done to it?" and as he raved, he warmed, and felt himself at home again, Deputy Acting Chairman of the Duxmoor Vestry. But the little man, instead of being frightened, grew red, lost his humble mien, stood up, and, at length, when his tormentor paused for breath, looked him full in the face, and cried, "Hang your coat! — hang you! — hang all the parochials of Duxmoor! What have I done with your coat? Why I 've dyed it; I 've dipped it in a tan-yard; I was not going to carry your livery with me. I mean to have the buttons off before I 'm an hour older. Gratitude you talk of; — thanks you want, you old hypocrite, for sending me away. I'll tell you what sent me, — it was that poor

wench and her twins, and a letter from the office, saying they would not insure your ricks, while lucifer matches are so cheap. Ay, you may stare — you wonder who told me that; but I can tell you more. Who is it that writes so like his father the Bank can't tell the difference?"

Mr. Lobbit turned pale.

"Be off!" said the little man; "plague us no more. You have eaten me up with your usury; you've got my cottage and my bit of land; you've made paupers of us all, except that dear lass, and the one lad, and you'd well-nigh made a convict of me. But never mind. This will be a cold, drear Christmas to us, and a merry, fat one to you; but, perhaps, the Christmas may come when Master Joseph Lobbit would be glad to change places with poor, ruined John Bodger. I am going where I am told that sons and daughters like mine are better than 'silver, yea, than fine gold.' I leave you rich on the poor man's inheritance and poor man's flesh and blood. You have a son and daughter that will revenge me. 'Cursed are they that remove landmarks, and devour the substance of the poor!'"

While this, one of the longest speeches that John Bodger was ever known to make, was being delivered, a little crowd had collected, who, without exactly understanding the merits of the case, had no hesitation in taking side with their fellow-passenger, the poor man with the large family. The Irish began to inquire if the stout gentleman was a tithe-proctor or a driver? Murmurs of a suspicious character arose, in the midst of which, in a very hasty, undignified manner, Mr. Lobbit backed out, climbed up to the deck with extraordinary agility, and, without waiting to make any complaints to the officers of the ship, slipped down the side into a boat, and never felt himself safe, until called to his senses by an attempt on the part of the boatman to exact four times the regular fare.

But a good dinner at the Globe (at parochial expense) and a report from the agent that the ship had sailed, restored Mr. Lobbit's equanimity; and by the time that, snugly packed in the mail, he was rattling along toward home by a moonlight Christmas, he began to think himself a martyr to a tender heart, and to console himself by calculating the value of the odd corner of Bodger's acres, cut up into lots for his labourers' cottages. The result, fifty per cent., proved a balm to his wounded feelings.

I wish I could say that at the same hour John Bodger was comforting his wife and little ones; sorry am I to report that he left them to weep and complain, while he went forward and smoked his pipe, and sang, and drank grog with a jolly party in the forecastle — for John's heart was hardened, and he cared little for God or man.

This old, fond love for his wife and children seemed to have died

away. He left them, through the most part of the voyage, to shift for themselves — sitting forward, sullenly smoking, looking into vacancy, and wearying the sailors with asking, "How many knots to-day, Jack? When do you think we shall see land?" So that the women passengers took a mortal dislike to him; and it being gossipped about, that when his wife was in the hospital, he never went to see her for two days, they called him a brute. So "Bodger the Brute" he was called until the end of the voyage. Then they were all dispersed, and such stories driven out of mind by new scenes.

John was hired to go into the far interior, where it was difficult to get free servants at all; so his master put up with the dead-weight encumbrance of the babies, in consideration of the clever wife and string of likely lads. Thus, in a new country, he began life again in a blue jersey and ragged corduroys, but the largest money income he had ever known.

SCENE THE SECOND.

In 1842, my friend Mrs. C. made one of her marches through the bush with an army of emigrants. These consisted of parents with long families, rough country-bred single girls, with here and there a white-handed, useless young lady — the rejected ones of the Sydney hirers. In these marches she had to depend for the rations of her ragged regiment on the hospitality of the settlers on her route, and was never disappointed, although it often happened that a day's journey was commenced without any distinct idea of who would furnish the next dinner and breakfast.

On one of these foraging excursions — starting at day-dawn on horseback followed by her man Friday, an old *lag* (prisoner), in a light cart to carry the provender — she went forth to look for the flour, milk, and mullet, for the breakfast of a party whose English appetites had been sharpened by travelling at the pace of the drays all day, and sleeping in the open air all night.

The welcome smoke of the expected station was found; the light cart, with the complements and empty sack despatched; when musing, at a foot-pace, perhaps, on the future fortune of the half-dozen girls hired out the previous day, Mrs. C. came upon a small party which had also been encamping on the other side of the hills.

It consisted of two gawky lads in docked smock frocks, woolly hats, rosy sleepy countenances; fresh arrivals, living monuments of the care bestowed in developing the intelligence of the agricultural mind in England. They were hard at work on broiled mutton. A regular hard-dried Bushman, had just driven up a pair of blood mares from their night's feed, and a white-headed brisk kind of young old man, the master of the party, was sitting by the fire trying to feed an infant with some sort

of mess compounded with sugar. A dray heavily laden with a bullock-team ready harnessed, stood ready to start under the charge of the bullock-watchman.

The case was clear to a colonial eye; the white-headed man had been down to the port from his Bush-farm to sell his stuff, and was returning with two blood mares purchased, and two emigrant lads hired; but what was the meaning of the baby? We see strange things in the bush, but a man-nurse is strange even there.

Although they had never met before, the white-headed man almost immediately recognised Mrs. C.—, for who did not know her, or of her, in the Bush? — so was more communicative than he otherwise might have been, and so he said,

"You see Ma'am, my lady, I have only got on my own place this three years; having a long family, we found it best to disperse about where the best wages was to be got. We began saving the first year, and my daughters have married pretty well, and my boys got to know the ways of the country. There 's three of them married, thanks to your ladyship; so we thought we could set up for ourselves. And we 've done pretty tidy. So, as they were all busy at home, I went down for the first time to get a couple of mares and see about hiring some lads out of the ships to help us. You see I have picked up two newish ones; I have docked their frocks to a useful length, and I think they 'll do after a bit; they can't read, neither of them — no more could I when I first came — but our teacher, (she 's one my missis had from you,) will soon fettle them; and I 've got a power of things on the dray; I wish you could be there at unloading; for it being my first visit, I wanted something for all of them. But about this babby is a curious job. When I went aboard the ship to hire my shepherds, I looked out for some of my own country; and while I was asking, I heard of a poor woman whose husband had been drowned in a drunken fit on the voyage, that was lying very ill, with a young babby, and not likely to live.

"Something made me go to see her; she had no friends on board, she knew no one in the colony. She started, like, at my voice; one word brought on another, when it came out she was the wife of the son of my greatest enemy.

"She had been his father's servant, and married the son secretly. When it was found out, he had to leave the country; thinking, that once in Australia, the father would be reconciled, and the business that put her husband in danger might be settled. For this son was a wild, wicked man, worse than the father, but with those looks and ways that take the hearts of poor lasses. Well, as we talked, and I questioned her — for she did not seem so ill as they had told me — she began to ask me who I was, and I did not want to tell; when I hesi-

tated, she guessed, and cried out, 'What, John Bodger, is it thee!' — and with that she screamed, and screamed, and went off quite light-headed, and never came to her senses untilshe died.

"So, as there was no one to care for the poor little babby, and as we had such a lot at home, what with my own children and my grandchildren, I thought one more would make no odds, so the gentleman let me take it, after I'd seen the mother decently buried.

"You see this feeding 's a very awkward job, Ma'am — and I 've been five days on the road. But I think my missis will be pleased as much as with the gown I 've brought her."

"What," said Mrs. C., "are you the John Bodger that came over in the 'Cassandra,' — the John B.?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"John, the Brute?"

"Yes Ma'am. But I 'm altered sure-*ly*."

"Well," continued John, "the poor woman was old Joseph Lobbit's daughter-in-law. Her husband had been forging, or something, and would have been lagged if he 'd staid in England. I don't know but I might have been as bad if I had not got out of the country when I did. But there 's something here in always getting on; and not such a struggling and striving that softens a poor man's heart. And I trust what I 've done for this poor babby and its mother, may excuse my brutish behaviour. I could not help thinking when I was burying poor Jenny Lobbit (I mind her well, a nice little lass, about ten years' old); I could not help thinking as she lay in a nice cloth covered coffin, and a beautiful stone cut with her name and age, and a text on her grave; how different it is even for poor people to be buried here. Oh, Ma'am! a man like me with a long family can make a-head here, and do a bit of good for others worse off. We live while we live; when we die, we are buried with decency. I remember, when my wife's mother died, the parish officers were so cross, and the boards of the coffin barely stuck together, and it was terrible cold weather, too. My Carry used to cry about it uncommonly all the winter. The swells may say what they like about it, but I 'll be blessed if it be'ent worth all the voyage to die in it."

Not many days afterwards Mrs. C. saw John at home, surrounded by an army of sons and daughters; a patriarch, and yet not sixty years' old; the grandchild of his greatest enemy the greatest pet of the family.

In my mind's eye there are sometimes two pictures. John Bodger in the workhouse thinking of murder and fire-raising in the presence of his prosperous enemy; and John Bodger, in his happy bush home, nursing little Nancy Lobbit.

At Duxmoor the shop has passed into other hands. The ex-shopkeeper has bought and rebuilt the manor-house. He is the

squire, now, wealthier than ever he dreamed; on one estate a mine has been found; a railway has crossed and doubled the value of another; but his son is dead; his daughter has left him, and lives, he knows not where, a life of shame. Childless and friendless, the future is, to him, cheerless and without hope.

CHIPS.

DEGREE DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

NONE but those who have been educated at Cambridge can wholly understand the excitement which pervades that old university town on "Degree Day." Graduates, solicitous about the honour of their respective colleges, and their own credit as tutors; undergraduates, anxious for their friends' success, as prophetic of their own; incepting bachelors, dreading, yet nervously expecting, the decree which shall decide their university fate for good or for evil; town-residents, actuated by feelings of local interest, and perhaps connected by ties of friendship or otherwise with the collegiate world; look out, with equal curiosity, for the Friday morning's list. This is hung within the Senate House upon one of the pillars that support the east gallery, and is supposed to be proclaimed aloud by the Senior Moderator at the fixed hour, 9 A. M. It is true that he begins to read the list simultaneously with the opening of the doors, but, almost before he has pronounced the first name, he is swept back into the hall by the resistless crowd of men which pours in. The scene of confusion; the struggling and crushing, on the steps and at the doors; the complete discomfiture of all hats, caps, and gowns; the shouts and cheers that arise as each man catches the name and place of a friend, from some one who, for a moment, has gained access to the suspended placard; the vain efforts of individuals to extricate themselves from the crowd, and to pass out with the intelligence which they have obtained — set all powers of description at defiance.

At Cambridge, the examination for Mathematical Honours takes place but once a year — in January, when, upon an average, about one hundred and ten men pass creditably. Their names are divided into three classes, Wranglers, Senior Optimes, and Junior Optimes; and, in each class, are arranged in order of merit. The first place among the Wranglers, the Senior Wrangler as it is termed, is the very highest honour which the University can bestow; he who earns it, may indeed be proud of his position. These three classes complete the Friday morning's list; the hubbub attendant upon its publication soon subsides; and the quieter business of mutual congratulation and letter-writing, takes its place. In the evening of the same day, is made known the list of successful can-

didates for ordinary degrees; this list contains about one hundred and sixty names, and is also divided into three classes; but in these the names are arranged alphabetically, in order to take away all appearance of honour.

But, the morrow is the true "Degree Day." At ten o'clock, the Senate House doors are thrown open, and its beautiful hall is speedily filled with a most brilliant assemblage. Along the sides, and far into the body of the room, are tiers of gaily dressed ladies; fair faces fill a portion of the galleries; caps and gowns innumerable take possession of the remainder; while the floor is occupied by Doctors, Masters of Arts, &c., in their various dresses; and last, not least, the heroes of the day, or, as they are called, Incepting Bachelors, wearing their picturesque hoods. The ceremony of conferring the degrees is somewhat long and tedious; but, omitting details, it may be observed that each man is led up, by the proper officer of his College, to the Vice-Chancellor of the University, who sits in state at the head of the hall — and that he returns, a Bachelor of Arts.

The Senior Wrangler has the distinguished honour of receiving his degree before any proceedings are taken with his less successful rivals; the deafening and universal applause which thereupon breaks forth from all parts of the building, is almost overpowering in its heartfelt earnestness; it is a worthy tribute to youthful talent and perseverance, and goes far to reward the happy student for his years of toil and drudgery.

A WELSH WEDDING.

THE ancient festivities connected with marriage are still retained in the rural parts of Wales. When the day for that ceremony has been fixed, "bidding papers" are dispatched to all friends, within possible distance. The Squire generally finds one laid on his table, and usually responds to the pecuniary part of the invitation. The following is a specimen of one of these papers: —

'CARMARTHENSHIRE, *Nov. 15th*, 1850.

"As we intend to enter the MATRIMONIAL STATE, on WEDNESDAY, the 4th day of December next, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a BIDDING on the occasion, the same day, at the Young Woman's Brother's House, at which time and place the favour of your very good and most agreeable company is respectfully solicited; and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us then, will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid, whenever called for on a similar occasion,

"By your most obedient Servants,
"DAVID PRICE,
"ELIZABETH JONES.

"The Young Man, with his Brother and Sister (Richard and Mary Price), desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful, together with his Uncle, and his Brothers-in-law and Sisters, and their Wives, for all additional favours.

"The Young Woman and her Sister (Anne Jones) desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful, together with her Brothers and Sisters-in-law, and her Uncles and Aunts, for all favours granted."

As soon as the heroine of the day makes her appearance in bridal array among the assembled guests at her father's house, her friends proceed to hide her in the most unattainable place possible. Should the dwelling not afford such accommodation, the cow-house and stables are invaded, or even a neighbour's domicile. When hidden, notice is given to the bridegroom's chosen representatives, who are four or five in number; they advance to the door, and demand the fair prize from her father. The bride's chosen spokesmen reply to those outside. All the stock of wit possessed by either party is exchanged, amidst general hilarity, until the claimants are admitted to seek the lost one. Sometimes, she is so hopelessly concealed, that time creeps most alarmingly near twelve. When matters assume this serious aspect some kind friend is found to act as guide, and she is found, amidst universal acclamations. The bride's perils are, by no means, over; for, instead of going quietly to church, where the bridegroom has been waiting, his delegates make an attack upon her appointed body-guard. The poor girl often gets very rough handling, between the combatants; and, should the opposing one be victorious, she is carried off to some place of concealment, until again rescued. When, at last, the lady reaches the church gate, her betrothed comes forward, attended by two girls, determined, apparently, to make the most of his last unfettered minutes. He then, having shaken hands with his future father-in-law, receives and conducts his bride to the altar.

The instant the ceremony is over and the names registered, a furious scene of racing commences — very dangerous at a "horse wedding." The fleetest courier wins the pint of ale awarded to the bearer of the first intelligence from church to those at home.

On the arrival of the new couple they are seated at a table, each holding a plate for the reception of "bidding money;" and beside them a friend with a little book, in which are entered the names of the lenders, and the amount — for the promise to return, in kind, is taken *au pied de la lettre*. The debt is strictly one of honour, and if not repaid on the marriage of the creditor, is sure to be demanded. This ceremony over, the bride retires to change her dress — or make some alterations in it — and, on her return, attends upon her guests. A table is laid out with a very simple cold collation — bread, cheese, and butter — of which all partake, who choose. This may seem but poor hospitality, especially when we add that the beer and ale are *sold* to the guests; but, any reader, who knows the poverty of the Welsh peasantry, and their simple habits, will find excuse sufficient. The beer is supplied by the young woman's father, and the profits form part of her dower.

Drinking is kept up, until a late hour, amid singing and music.

Welsh *vocal* melodies are generally rather dismal. Few get beyond psalms, which are pretty enough, set to Ar-hyd-y-nos, &c., but national psalmody partakes very much of the cow-killing tune of general notoriety. Dancing is often indulged in. When the bride retires to rest, if a wary woman, she investigates the arrangements of her bed-room, for her friends consider it their duty to conclude the amusements with a practical joke.

A melancholy catastrophe is said to have been the result of one of these practical jokes. On the afternoon of a wedding-day, what was supposed to have been a dead viper was put into the bride's bed. Her husband, on joining her, found her a corpse! The viper lay in her bosom, with its head elevated to her mouth. She had not been stung, but had died, it was thought, from fear.

SAINT VALENTINE.

I THINK if old Saint Valentine but knew
The way his fête day now 's commemorated;
And if the strange productions met his view
That fill our picture-shops, at any rate he 'd
Be much amused, and, no doubt, marvel too,
At fame he surely scarce anticipated —
A fame as great as any of the sages
Of Greece, or Rome, or of the Middle Ages.

I wonder what his Saintship had to do
With flaming hearts, or with the cooing dove,
With little bows and arrows, and the true
Entangled lover's knot (fit type of love);
With chubby, flying Cupids, peeping through
The leaves of roses, or through clouds above,
Daintily sketched on paper, with lace edges,
To be perhaps of timid love the pledges.

The Sacred Nine, by many a youthful poet,
Are now invoked, and many a wasted quire
Of cream-laid note-paper will serve to show it,
Covered with scraps of wild poetic fire,
And bursts of eloquence! No doubt you know it,
By observation, or experience dire.
What crooked stanzas will be perpetrated
By Bards and Rhymesters uninitiated!

They 'll scarce improve upon the doggrel verse,
That tells of "roses red and violets blue;"
And ends by saying in a style most terse,
That the "carnation's sweet, and so are you."
I have seen modern rhymes that are much worse,
But then I have seen better, it is true;
Exquisite songs and sonnets bright and pure,
The gems of minstrelsy and literature.

How many hearts are throbbing with emotion,
How many eyes are sparkling with love-light,
As loving words are read; and what commotion
When postmen knock! What ill-concealed delight,
When these mysterious tokens of devotion,
Tinted and scented meet the dear one's sight!
But I 'm on dangerous ground and rather blundering,
So I 'll return to where I left off wondering.

Wondering about Saint Valentine's connection
With all this sort of thing so unmonastic,
Suggesting something like a dereliction
From the prescribed high roads ecclesiastic,

'T would seem his heart was in the wrong direction,
And for an ancient Bishop far too plastic;
He 's certainly the Cupid of Theology,
Rivalling the rosy boy of Old Mythology.

Perhaps he had a taste for wedding-cake,
Or orange blossoms in a white chip bonnet;
Perhaps the marriage fees he liked to take;
At least he never did (depend upon it),
Treat marriage like St. Paul, who seemed to make
A point of throwing ice-cold water on it.
I wonder whether, too, he wrote epistles,
Or spent his time illuminating missals?

If he did write at all, it was a lecture
On love I think, or something of the kind;
And much less calculated to correct your
Follies and foibles, than distract your mind:
But this is only founded on conjecture,
For not a line of his can I yet find,
Though I have searched through many darksome pages
Of the Church Hist'ry of the Middle Ages.

And there I read, that, in the Eternal City,
Now nearly one thousand six hundred years ago,
Saint Valentine, the subject of my ditty,
Was doomed to death by Claudius Cæsar, — so
Our Saint was martyred! — what a dreadful pity!
What it was for, I don't exactly know,
(*He* didn't know perhaps); indeed his history
Remains to me a most intricate mystery.

Long live thy mem'ry, Great St. Valentine!
Still lend thy ancient name to lovers' lays,
And with thy spirit animate each line,
And still may poets celebrate thy praise,
And yearly help to make that name of thine
"Familiar in our mouths," as Shakespeare says,
"As Household Words." — (This wish is loyal too,
For Valentines increase the Revenue.)

THE MARTYRS OF CHANCERY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

SYDNEY SMITH, with his wise wit, remarked that there never was a great abuse brought to light in England, but there certainly arose some men prepared to contend not only that it was no abuse at all, but that it was something to be admired, and glorified, and boasted about. Such folks are tender, we presume, even of the Court of Chancery.

In Vol. V. p. 66 et seqq. we published an article bearing the above title. It was a statement of facts, respecting certain individuals imprisoned in the Queen's Bench by the Court of Chancery, for contempt of its decrees. A month afterwards, a letter appeared in the Times newspaper, the object of which was to deny the truth of the *historiettes* we published; to prove that the Court of Chancery is blameless in such matters; and that Chancery prisoners, though incarcerated by that Court in the first instance, become

> "So pleased with ruin and in love with *jail*,"

that "the great difficulty" always has been to tear them away from their beloved cells! This, we believe, was, more than once, the case in the Bastille of Old France, also.

"When the Fleet Prison was cleared," says Sir Edward Sugden, in this letter to the Times, "the great difficulty was to compel the prisoners to leave the prison.

They filled the offices of cook, hotel-keeper, &c., and it was absolutely necessary, when their costs had been paid for them, and their discharges obtained, to turn them out of the Fleet; and some, after having been sent comfortably home to their friends, returned after a time, and, knocking at the Fleet gates, begged to be re-admitted! One man who had a large room, which he let out in lodgings, resorted to many contrivances to remain in prison, and when at last his discharge was obtained in spite of his resistance, several detainers for debt were lodged against him, which upon inquiry turned out to be fabrications: no such persons as the attorneys or creditors could be found. He contrived to remain in the Fleet for a considerable time longer, and, when ejected by force, was found to have amassed a considerable sum of money. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering how long many of them had been there, and that, in fact, it had become *their home!*"

It would seem to be nearly impossible, according to Sir Edward Sugden's plea, for any Chancery prisoner to remain long in prison, except from his own wilfulness. Sir Edward Sugden, to his honour, framed, in 1830, chapter 36 of 1 William IV. He says of it: —

"The object of that act was to render it impossible for any man to be detained in prison for contempt from poverty or ignorance, and to enable every man, by paying his debts as far as he could, to obtain his liberty. For this purpose the act provides that every person shall, within thirty days, be brought to the bar of the Court of Chancery for his contempt, or in default thereof the gaoler is at once to discharge him out of custody without payment of the costs of contempt, which are to be paid by the person who issued the process. This was an effectual remedy against the abuse of leaving a poor man to die in a county gaol. The act then provides, that if a person being brought before the Court shall make oath in court that he is unable, by reason of poverty, to employ a solicitor to put in his answer, the Court may appoint a solicitor and counsel for him to put in his answer, and may pay the costs out of the suitors' fund. This, therefore, fully provided for the poor man. The act then provides for a visitation by one of the Masters of the Court of Chancery of the Fleet every three months, who is to examine the prisoners for contempt and report on their respective cases to the Court, and the Court itself is authorised to direct the costs of the contempt of every such prisoner to be paid out of the suitors' fund, and to assign a solicitor and counsel to such prisoner for putting in his answer and defending him *in formâ pauperis*, and to direct any such prisoner, having previously done such acts as the Court shall direct, to be discharged out of custody."

This thorough purgation of Chancery prisoners, provides for the expulsion of those, even, who are afflicted with a morbid love of confinement: —

"The act goes still further; for in any other case of commitment for contempt not specially provided for, the Court may discharge the prisoner upon such terms, and making any costs, costs in the cause, as the Court may deem proper. And, which is not the least valuable part of the act, when any contempt prisoner shall be entitled to his discharge upon applying to the Court, but shall omit to make such application, the Court may compulsorily discharge him from the contempt and from custody."

Nothing can be plainer, more humane, or more summary. "There is no class of prisoners," says Sir Edward Sugden, farther on, "of whose liberty the law is so tender." His Ejectment Act reaches the prisoner, whether he be poor, or ignorant of his offence, or in love with imprisonment.

If Sir Edward Sugden's facts had supported his arguments, he would have made out a case

against us; but, they do not. In October last, he visited the Queen's Bench Prison. "I found," he narrates, "*twenty-four* prisoners for contempt!" The dates of most of the committals, he adds, range from 1827 to 1841, and a few from that year to last October. The fact of twenty-four persons being still in prison for contempt, in spite of Sir Edward Sugden's excellent Act, confutes him; and makes in direct contradiction to his assertion, that "the Court of Chancery appears to be free from all blame, as regards the legislative provisions of the poor, unwary, and ignorant, and even as regards the obstinate and dishonest debtor."

The vice of Sir Edward Sugden's plea for the Immaculate, is simply this: — he confounds the law with its administrator. He borrows the lustre of his own statute to blind us to the mal-administration of it in the Court of Chancery. The truth is, that Sir Edward Sugden's Act is nearly inoperative in the present condition of that "hell" (Lord Brougham); of that "scourge to the country" (the Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce); of that arena of torture "in which the unhappy suitor is tossed from judge to master, and from master to judge, often terminating the game by despair, insolvency, and death" (Mr. Commissioner Fane); that system which "not merely operates to delay justice, but gives rise to fraud and oppression" (Lord Langdale); by whose decrees "estates are destroyed, according to law" (Vice-Chancellor Shadwell).

Were the High Court of Chancery the purest and promptest fount of justice, on this side of Lord Brougham's Hades, the provisions of the Sugden Act, if carried out, would yet demand an amount of leisure, gratuitously employed, which the High Court of Chancery would not probably have the power to bestow. In January last, a nightmare of arrears sat upon the Lord Chancellor, of eighty-two appeals; the Master of the Rolls was haunted by four undelivered judgments and one hundred and twenty-five "matters of all sorts" undisposed of. Five hundred and twenty-eight "matters of all sorts" in arrears oppressed Mr. Knight Bruce; whilst Lord Cranworth came into a residuary legacy of two hundred and twenty-one "matters of all sorts" then to be dealt with.* These arrears go on increasing! The Masters in Chancery, whose alternate duty it is to visit the prisons, four times a year, to investigate each prisoner's case (which has perhaps lasted through four successive reigns), are described as working harder than day labourers. The appointment of two extra Vice-Chancellors, caused

* By "matters of all sorts," is meant causes for original hearing; causes which having been once heard and referred to the Master, are to be re-heard upon the Master's Report on further directions; Exceptions to such Reports, Exceptions to Answers, Pleas, Demurrers, Petitions, &c.

fifty per cent. additional "references to the master." Yet, no additional masters were appointed. Subsequently, the working of the Joint Stock Companies Winding-up Act was thrown on the same shoulders. It has, therefore, happened that, with the ordinary avenues to Chancery justice thus choked up, the provisions of Sir Edward Sugden's measure have not been complied with, upon his own showing, in at least twenty-four cases.

The case of a gentleman, who attracted public attention about Christmas, by his discharge from the Queen's Bench and a subsequent indulgence in intoxication, explains how it is that Chancery prisoners become so much more attached to prison walls than mere prisoners for debt. Sir Edward Sugden tells us, that this man was committed in 1835, but that his contempt was, in effect, purged in 1837. Here, were two years' isolation from friends and connexions, to the severance of every tie, to the destruction of every chance of livelihood without the walls. Meanwhile, he had found, perhaps, means, by industry within the walls, to earn money; and objected to be released. His counsel, in applying, at last, for his emancipation, said he had remained in custody so long, "from ignorance, and the oversight of those who visited the prison under Sir Edward Sugden's Act." Sir Edward answers, that it was of no use for the Court to cause the contempt to be purged, because there were detainers for debts. Why of no use? Had the Court discharged the contempt, is it not possible that the creditors might have ejected the man under the compulsory clause of the Insolvent Act, and obtained his assets? But their answer to such a suggestion would naturally have been Sir Edward Sugden's answer to the converse of their case — "No use. What will it avail us, to make such an application to the Insolvent Court, against a prisoner for contempt?" His case was "no doubt regularly reported fifty-six times," says Sir Edward; yet, it appears that the contempt had been effectually satisfied in 1837, and that the merest form was only necessary, to discharge its victim any day afterwards! How searchingly the visitors, and the court, must have done their duty under Sir Edward's Act, in their fifty-six visitations and their fifty-six reports!

Some seventeen years ago, a cavalry officer drove up to the Fleet Prison in great style. He was in contempt, and remained so for five years. During that time, his commission, his friends, his hopes, his ordinary means of obtaining an existence "outside" had worn away. He might have been free; but, having, meantime, kept life and soul together by performing menial offices for his fellow-prisoners, he preferred a sure crust, in gaol, to an uncertain subsistence out of it. For the last twelve years, he has made a living by cleaning boots and shoes!

Some of the "twenty-four" are similar cases. Even the committals after the passing of the 1st William IV., c. 36, engender the same kind "fondness" for gaol life. A man in humble circumstances is thrust into durance for contempt, and remains long enough, in spite of the most vigilant visitation, and the quickest subsequent (Chancery) proceedings, to be utterly ruined, from mere absence from his connexions and means of livelihood. Is not he a Chancery martyr? Is it not special pleading to urge that, because the whole duration of his confinement be not due to Chancery, it was not Chancery that struck him down, and destroyed him?

But, there are cases in which the old grievance of "Chancery delays," locks the door upon the prisoner for years. We mentioned, in our former article, that an individual who had been recently discharged, had been confined, for seventeen years, upon a mistake. Captain Hudson, the Governor of the Queen's Prison, informed Sir Edward Sugden, that he knew of no such case. We will now particularise the case, as an instance how thoroughly the intentions of the Sugden Act are defeated by the mere force of delay,

Mr. George Pyne Andrews, himself a solicitor in the Court of Chancery, and Notary Public, residing in Birchin Lane, had a dispute with the owners of the premises in which he carried on his business, and filed a bill in Chancery against them. In June 1831, the Vice-Chancellor decreed against him, on a matter of form, with costs: expressing, that but for such bar, he thought the plaintiff's agreement with the defendants gave him the right he sought. Mr. Andrews appealed to the Lord Chancellor, who also decreed against him; subsequently, he carried his appeal to the House of Lords, where it at present remains, still undecided.

In January, 1833, Mr. Andrews was attending at the Register Office, for settling minutes of the order on appeal, by appointment of the solicitors of the defendants, when they caused him to be arrested there, on a Middlesex writ. This is, in itself, a high contempt; the person of a solicitor being, while in an office of the Court on the business of a suit, held sacred. The attachment was for one hundred and seven pounds; but, on the 16th of the same month, whilst the plaintiff was preparing to apply to the Court for immediate release, on the above ground, a discharge, in the usual form, from the Sheriff's Office, was brought, and plaintiff's liberation (freely, voluntarily, and unconditionally), followed. In March, the plaintiff was again arrested, for the same costs, on a London writ, which ran concurrently with the Middlesex one, returnable at the same time as the writ from which he had been discharged. The prisoner petitioned for his discharge continually, until July, 1834, when he got himself brought up before

Lord Brougham; who part heard him in person, stopped him to keep an official appointment, and, soon afterwards, went out of office. Mr. Andrews renewed this application, repeatedly, before the succeeding Lord Chancellor, Lyndhurst — then, before the Lords Commissioners — then, before Lord Chancellor Cottenham — next, before Lord Lyndhurst, again — and, finally, (several times) before Lord Cottenham. All to no purpose; until, on the 24th December, 1849, Mr. Andrews was set at large, with all his rights about him; these rights being, liberty to carry on certain appeals to the House of Lords, which are still pending. He could have been liberated some time earlier, had he chosen to forego an appeal upon an injunction to restrain him from bringing an action against his opponents for false imprisonment. This he declined to do; for, by that time, his ruin had been completed.

The inability of some prisoners to obtain their liberation by any "acts or concessions of their own," is well illustrated by another case we previously stated. Sir Edward Sugden furnishes some notes made by himself during a recent visit to the Queen's Prison. The first case he mentions, is that of the gentleman committed for the non-transfer of certain stock, and for not delivering up certain deeds; — in fact, the unhappy individual who invested his legacy in Spanish Bonds. "For this case," Sir Edwards remarks, "as matters at present stand, there appears to be no remedy." In spite of Sir Edward Sugden's own statute.

This gentleman then cannot liberate himself "by any acts or concessions of his own." We apprehend this to be not a solitary case. We repeat, therefore, that he is in the catalogue of the doomed, and is doomed accordingly, and cannot be restored to society.

Sir Edward Sugden lays great stress on the expression in our former article, that there is no Insolvent Debtors' or Bankrupts' Court to release the martyr of Chancery. There lies before us a letter to the "Times" newspaper, signed "George Stephen;" the writer of which declares that he was for some time appointed solicitor to pauper Chancery prisoners. Amongst other things, he tells us that it has sometimes occurred "that prisoners were detained in contempt for non-payment of costs, and, though reported by the master as fit objects for relief, being paupers not worth five pounds, they were left to obtain their discharge by the Insolvent Debtors' Court, as provided by the act, but were unable to resort to the Insolvent Court because that involved payment of fees to the amount of six pounds." Does Sir Edward Sugden term these men "self-elected" martyrs?

Great good was, doubtless, effected during the earlier years of the operation of Sir Edward Sug-

den's Act: and to Sir Edward Sugden, as its author, we render all due commendation; but, it is rather a curative after mischief done than a preventive measure. The power of the Court of Chancery for committing for contempt will, we trust, be abridged. There is no reason why the non-payment of a Chancery lawyer's bill, for instance, should bring down condign punishment on the head of the defaulter, any more than any other debt.

A PRISON ANECDOTE.

In the year 1834, a widow lady of good fortune (whom we shall call Mrs. Newton) resided with her daughter in one of the suburbs nearest to the Metropolis. They lived in fashionable style, and kept an ample establishment of servants.

A very pretty young girl, nineteen years of age, resided in this family in the capacity of lady's-maid. She was tolerably educated, spoke with grammatical correctness, and was distinguished by a remarkably gentle and fascinating address.

At that time Miss Newton was engaged to be married to one Captain Jennings, R.N.; and Miss Newton (as many young ladies in the like circumstances have done before), employed her leisure in embroidering cambric, making it up into handkerchiefs, and sending them and other little presents of that description, to Captain Jennings. Unhappily, but very naturally, she made Charlotte Mortlock, her maid, the bearer of these tender communications. The captain occupied lodgings suited to a gentleman of station, and thither Charlotte Mortlock frequently repaired at the bidding of her young mistress, and generally waited (as lovers are generally impatient) to take back the captain's answers.

A strange sort of regard, or attachment (it is confidently believed to have been guiltless) sprung up between the captain and the maid; and the captain, who would seem to have deserved Miss Newton's confidence as little as her maid did, gave as presents to Charlotte, some of the embroidered offerings of Miss Newton.

It happened that a sudden appointment to the command of a ship of war, took Captain Jennings on a trans-Atlantic voyage. He had not been very long gone, when the following discovery threw the family of the Newtons into a state of intense agitation.

In search of some missing article in the absence of her maid, Miss Newton betook herself to that young woman's room, and, quite unsuspiciously, opened a trunk which was left unlocked. There she found, to her horror, a number of the handkerchiefs she had embroidered for her lover. The possibility of the real truth never flashed across her mind; the dishonesty of Charlotte seemed to be the only solution of the incident. "Doubtless," she reasoned,

"the parcels had been opened on their way to Captain Jennings, and their contents stolen."

On the return of Charlotte Mortlock, she was charged with the robbery. What availed the assertion that she had received the handkerchiefs from the captain himself? It was no defence, and certainly was not calculated to soften the anger of her mistress. A policeman was summoned, the unhappy girl was charged with felony, underwent examination, was committed for trial, and, destitute of witnesses, or of any probable defence, was ultimately *convicted*. The judge (now deceased) who tried the case, was unsparingly denounced by many philanthropic ladies, for the admiration he had expressed for the weeping girl, and especially for his announcement to the jury, in passing sentence of one year's imprisonment with hard labour, "that he would *not* transport her, since the country could not afford to lose such beauty." It was doubtless, not a very judicial remark; but an innocent girl was, at all events, saved from a sentence that might have killed her.

Consigned to the County House of Correction, Charlotte Mortlock observed the best possible conduct — was modest, humble, submissive, and industrious — and soon gained the good-will of all her supervisors. To the Governor she always asserted her innocence, and told, with great simplicity, the tale of her fatal possession of those dangerous gifts.

She had been in prison a few months, when the Governor received a visit from a certain old Baronet, who with ill-disguised reluctance, and in the blunt phraseology which was peculiar to him, proceeded to say, that "a girl named Charlotte Mortlock had quite bewitched his friend Captain Jennings, who was beyond the Atlantic; and that a letter he produced would show the singular frame of mind in which the Captain was, about that girl."

Assuredly, the letter teemed with expressions of anguish, remorse, and horror at the suffering and apparent ruin of "a dear innocent girl," the victim of his senseless and heartless imprudence. However, the Baronet seemed to be anything but touched by his friend's rhapsodies. He talked much of "human nature," and of "the weakness of a man when a pretty girl was in the case:" but, in order to satisfy his friend's mind, asked to see her, that he might write some account of her appearance and condition. Accordingly, he *did* see her, in the Governor's presence. After a few inappropriate questions, he cut the interview short, and went away, manifestly disposed to account his gallant friend a fool for his excitement.

The incident was not lost upon the Governor, who listened with increased faith to the poor girl's protestations. In a few months more he received a stronger confirmation of them. Apparently unsatisfied with the Baronet's ser-

vices, Captain Jennings wrote to another friend of his, a public functionary, formerly a Captain in the renowned Light Division; and that officer placed in the Governor's hands a letter from the Captain, expressing unbounded grief for the dreadful fate of an innocent young woman. "He could not rest night or day; she haunted his imagination, and yet he was distant, and powerless to serve her." His second messenger was touched with pity, and consulted the Governor as to the proper steps to pursue. However, under the unhappy circumstances of the case, Captain Jennings being so far away, no formal document being at hand, and the period of the poor girl's release being then almost come, it was deemed unadvisable to take any step. Charlotte Mortlock fulfilled the judgment of the law.

She had been carefully observed, her occupation had been of a womanly character; she had never incurred a reproof, much less a punishment, in the prison; and her health had been well sustained. She, consequently, quitted her sad abode in a condition suitable for active exertion. Such assistance as could be extended to her, on her departure, was afforded, and so she was launched into the wide world of London.

She soon found herself penniless. Happily, she did not linger in want, pawn her clothes (which were good), and gradually descend to the extreme privation which has assailed so many similarly circumstanced. She resolved to *act*, and again went to the prison gates. Well attired, but deeply veiled, so as to defy recognition, she inquired for the Governor. The gate porter announced that "a lady" desired to speak to him. The stranger was shown in, the veil was uplifted, and, to the Governor's astonishment, there stood Charlotte Mortlock! Her hair was neatly and becomingly arranged about her face; her dress was quiet and pretty; and altogether she looked so young, so lovely, and, at the same time, so modest and innocent, that the Governor, perforce, almost excused the inconstancy (albeit attended with such fatal consequences) of Captain Jennings.

With many tears she acknowledged her grateful obligations for the considerate and humane treatment she had received in prison. She disclosed her poverty, and her utter friendlessness; expressed her horror of the temptations to which she was exposed; and implored the Governor's counsel and assistance. Without a moment's hesitation, she was advised to go at once to a lady of station, whose extensive charities and zealous services, rendered to the outcasts of society at that time, were most remarkable. She cheerfully acquiesced. She found the good lady at home, related her history, met with sympathy and active aid, and, after remaining for a time, by her benevolent recommendation, in a charitable

establishment, was recommended to a wealthy family, to whom every particular of her history was confided. In this service she acquitted herself with perfect trustfulness and fidelity, and won the warmest

The incident which had led to her unmerited imprisonment, broke off the engagement between Captain Jennings and Miss Newton; but whether the former had ever an opportunity of indemnifying the poor girl for the suffering she had undergone, the narrator has never been able to learn. This is, in every particular, a true case of prison experience.

THE CHEMISTRY OF A PINT OF BEER.

At a late meeting of a very useful little Metropolitan Mechanics' Institution, which it is not necessary to our present purpose to name, a discourse on the subject above-mentioned was delivered by Mr. James Saunders, practical plumber and glazier, amateur chemist and natural philosopher.

Mr. Saunders commenced his lecture by observing, that much ado was being made just now about the Papal Aggression. This remark might appear foreign to his subject, but, in fact, led up to it; for the Pope of Rome had occasioned a fermentation in this country; and without fermentation there could be no such thing as that which he was about to have the pleasure of discussing — a pint of beer. He should say no more on the fermentation caused by the Pope, except that he hoped it would be followed by the usual results of that process as observed in brewing — a sinking of the dregs; a going off of flighty volatile gas; and strength communicated to the good stuff in the barrel.

"For many of the observations I 'm about to make, Ladies and Gentlemen," continued Mr. Saunders, "I shall have to apply to my notes; for which I 'm beholden to our worthy Doctor, who is now amongst us; and I hope he 'll excuse me for any mistakes I may make in pronouncing some of his words.

"In the first place, what is a pint of beer? 'Twopence,' says some of you, 'and a deal too much!' That 's not the question. There 's a great many beers. There 's porter, there 's heavy, or brown stout, and there 's strong beer, and ales of ever so many sorts, and, then, there 's swipes. Which is it to be? Well; please to take beer as meaning malt-liquor in general — a fermented drink made out of malt and hops. In a chemical sense, it don't much matter what tap it is. Here I may be asked, perhaps, what chemistry has to do with beer? Everything. Brewing 's a regular chemical operation. Of course, I haven't time to go into the whole art and mystery of brewing. I shan't attempt more than to give you some sort of notion of the science of that beautiful process. Well; now

then we 'll begin by inquiring what beer is made of?

"The answer most of you would make to this question, I take it, would be, 'Malt, hops, and water.' Some would add, perhaps, 'and a little isinglass, for finings.' That's what it ought to be made of, to be sure. But there 's more things in ale and beer, ladies and gentlemen, than is dreamt of in your society — However, let us take beer as brewed simply of water, malt, and hops — what you may call Utopian Entire; though, mind, 't is in the power of all of us to realise this salubrious and agreeable beverage, if so be as we 've got the means, and will take the trouble ourselves, for to brew the same.

"We 'll say, then, that beer is made of malt, hops, and water. Very good. But now comes another query. What is water, and hops, and malt made of?

"First, what is water made of? Ah! — there was a time when heads, with big wigs on 'em, would have been shook at me for asking that question. I should have been thought mad — perhaps worse. But we live in better times, thanks be. You 've been told afore, most of you, no doubt, that water, when quite neat, which you can't get except by distilling of it, is made of oxygen and hydrogen, which are two sorts of gas; that is, when separated one from the other, as can be done by galvanism and other ways and means, and collected apart. Rain-water, fresh from the clouds, contains a little fixed air besides; the same air that comes out of soda-water and ginger-beer: what they call carbonic acid; namely, carbon, the same thing as charcoal, turned into gas by being combined, as the word is, with oxygen. What river-water contains depends a good deal on what goes into the river; the idea whereof may be left to imagination, with the hope it won't disorder the stomach. Same with well-water drawn from nigh sewers and churchyards. Besides these things, which have no business in water, both river and well-water contain various salts, more or less. There 's carbonate of lime in 'em, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of potash, now and then sulphate of iron, and so on, according to the soil they run through, or spring out of. Sulphate and carbonate of lime (in other words, plaster of Paris and chalk) cause water to be, what is called, hard; which is bad and wasteful for making tea; but whether it is the worse or no for brewing beer is a dispute among brewers; and who 's to decide when brewers disagree. It stands to reason that the quality of the water must have more or less effect upon the quality of beer; so, no doubt, the difference between the beers of different places depends, for one thing, on the kind of water they are brewed from.

"Next, as to the hops. The hop-flower, belonging to the vegetable creation, is made of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. Besides,

there's a bitter extract in it, and likewise a drowsifying sort of principle, something like what there is in opium, called *Humulin*.

"Now for the malt. What is malt? Not many of you, I suppose, are such Cockneys as not to know that malt is barley, steeped in water, laid out on a floor, let be there till it is just about to sprout, and then dried on a kiln, at a heat high or low, according to the colour you want it to be; pale, or amber, or brown. Here begin the chemical manœuvres required to produce a pint of beer. Malting is a process of chemistry that goes on in each grain of barley inside of the husk. What are the chemical ingredients of barley? Carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and a little nitrogen. Malt has the same. But the difference between barley and malt is, that the carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen in the barley are in the shape of starch; whereas, in the malt they are in the state of sugar. In going to sprout, the barley gets sweet. The starch in it changes into sugar. Both sugar and starch have the same proportions of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; twelve of carbon, ten of oxygen, and ten of hydrogen, in each — that is to say, water and charcoal. The difference between starch and sugar is thought to depend on the carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen in the one, being ranged together in a different way from what they are in the other. The 'ultimate particles' of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, being 'grouped together,' as the phrase is, in one way, form starch, and in another, sugar. So with gum, and several other things, that have the same elements — as chemitsts say — and in the same proportions as sugar, but differ from it in look and taste, and feel, and some other properties. It seems as though, whilst they are the same in point of chemical ingredients, they differ as to chemical texture. So they are the same things in different forms. All these things turn very easily into sugar. You can make sugar of linen rags, by boiling them gently in oil of vitriol. Dame Nature makes the sugar for us in malting. She always does make sugar in grain for the young sprout to start from. The change of starch into sugar goes by the name of the 'saccharine fermentation;' about which there 's a curious fact I have to mention presently.

"The rest of the carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen in the malt is in the shape of gum or mucilage, and colouring-matter. In the barley, before it became malt, there was a small quantity of a substance called *diastase*. This contains the other chemical element of things that live and grow; animals and plants: nitrogen. There is very little *diastase* in barley: not more than one part in five hundred; but without it the change of starch into sugar could not be set a going.

"Now, Chemistry says, that there are such and such things in malt; but it does not follow that there may not be more. Those niceties in the composition of

things that make flavours and perfumes, most of them, are not to be laid hold of or shown up by the art and instruments of philosophers, at least at present, and all we know about them, is by their effect on our palates and our noses: as the Doctor says, 'on our gustatory and olfactory nerves.' But, however, all this does not signify for our present purpose; and to understand the chemical part of brewing, we need only to look upon malt as so much grain turned into so much sugar.

"Seeing then that we know, in a general way, what water, and malt, and hops, are made of, and that we 've got them to make beer with: the question is, how to use them for that important purpose. As I said before, I am not going to describe the process of brewing. Talking as I am to the wives and daughters of England, which latter will of course, become the former in good time, I should as soon think of lecturing on the darning of stockings or sewing of buttons on; to say nothing of the *crochet* which is so favourite a fancy just at present. No: I trust that the practice of brewing, and let me add of baking, and of cookery in all its branches, is as familiar to all young ladies as geography, astronomy, and the use of the globes, callisthenic exercises, elocution, dancing, and deportment; and if I pretended to teach them how to brew, the next piece of conceit I should be guilty of, would probably be, in the words of my learned friend the Doctor, 'instructing my parent's maternal parent in the art of applying the power of suction, in order to extract the contents of gallinaceous ova.' After which trying quotation, ladies and gentlemen, you 'll perhaps allow me to take a sip of a beverage, which by name comes under the head of this discourse; however 't is only the celebrated Adam's Ale: and no bad thing neither, when genuine, which is hard to get in these times, except in your cottage near a wood, if you happen to be so fortunately situated, in a sanitary point of view."

Having refreshed himself with a glass of water, the lecturer proceeded: —

"The first step in brewing consists in making an infusion of malt. Never mind about the physicky sound of this phrase. In other words, we will say mashing, if you like. But I use it because, in doctors' language, the word infusion means a liquor made by steeping a thing in hot water, to soak the goodness out of it, as counter-distinguished from boiling out the virtue; which last process is called decoction. Infusion is enough to extract the goodness from malt; the goodness being the sweet, or sugar, whereinto the starch of the barley was turned, when it was changed to malt. It is a great point to make the infusion properly. The water ought to be of the right degree of heat, which, to make good beer, in a general way, is one hundred and seventy degrees by Fahrenheit's

thermometer to begin with. A mistake in this particular may occasion the beer to turn sour, or become *blinked*, which when it used to be afore the thermometer was known, was often set down to witchcraft by the wisdom of our ancestors, in the times of priestcraft and superstition.

"Water enough to stir and separate the malt, is first poured into a proper vessel — that is, a mash-tub; — the malt is now put into it and stirred about: more water is then added at a greater heat; the mash, or mixture of malt-and-water, is let stand for two hours, at the end of which it is drawn off, and is now called wort, or sweet-wort, in the vulgar tongue, and infusion of malt, or 'solution of the saccharine and extracted matter of malt,' by the learned.

"Now, to make wort it is not necessary that the grain used should all have been malted. About one part of malt mixed with two of raw grain in the mash-tub, will communicate the nature of malt to the whole quantity of goods. The raw grain or barley, must be cut into fine meal; meal powdered to dust, does not answer the purpose. This is a curious instance of 'saccharine fermentation,' and is the fact, concerning it, that I alluded to just now: how to account for it, nobody knows, I believe, further than that through contact with the sweet of the malt, a movement takes place in the starch of the grain, between its particles of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; they altering their places with respect to each other, in such a way as to take that form of vegetable matter which we call sugar. But this is little more than merely stating a circumstance we can't explain.

"The starch in rasped potatoes even, may be turned into sweet or saccharine stuff, in the same way, by means of mashing or steeping with malt; and then a sort of beer may be made from it, and was made from it, so Mr. Booth says, in his Treatise on the Art of Brewing,' published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. By his account, beer was so brewed from potatoes by a Monsieur Dubrunfaut, a Frenchman; and we are told it 'resembled the beer which is made in Paris.' Perhaps it may resemble, and something more, not a little of the beer that is sold in London, too.

"Brewers seem to approve of brewing from raw grain; though I believe that, on their part, is against the laws, which however don't prevent private persons from so doing, if they choose. But one, who was a tolerable authority on the subject, William Cobbett, doesn't hold with it at all. He says, 'As to using barley in the making of beer, I have given it a full and fair trial, twice over; and I would recommend it to neither rich nor poor. The barley produces *strength*, though nothing like the malt; but the beer is *flat*, even though you use half malt and half barley; and flat beer lies heavy on the stomach, and of course, be-

sides the bad taste, is unwholesome.' Cobbett's 'Cottage Economy,' page 26, paragraph 38. How the truth may be, I can't say; but I can easily understand how the sort of sugar made in the sprouting of a seed, or 'germination,' may yield beer, different in point of taste and flavour from what that does which is produced in the mash-tub; the principles of flavour and taste being so very delicate, and perhaps, also, roasting or drying the malt may have some influence in the same particulars. I should be inclined to apply these remarks, likewise, to beer brewed from sugar and treacle, as it may be, and under certain circumstances is sometimes allowed to be, by the Excise. For the subject of a chemical discourse such beer is just as good beer as any other, and I 've no objection to it whatever, as a lecturer; but, as a consumer, if I am to have a choice, I should say, 'If you please, I should rather prefer the genuine original commodity, provided it 's all the same to you.'

"When you have got your wort, or sweet-wort, the next step in brewing is to boil the hops with it: thereby making a decoction of hops in infusion of malt. By this operation you get out the bitter principle of the top; and there is no chemical change in it requiring particular notice.

"The liquor, strained from the hops, having been brought down in the coolers to the proper temperature, which is about seventy degrees, is now put into the tun-tub. In that respect it undergoes the great change that converts it into beer. This is called, fermentation. The process of fermentation is set a-going, as you know, by mixing yeast with the wort.

"Now, for fermentation to take place, it is necessary, that besides carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, there should be nitrogen present in the liquor or substance to be fermented. Wort, from the small quantity of nitrogen still left in the malt, may be made to ferment of itself with some trouble; but, to save that, the yeast is mixed with it. Yeast is the froth of a previous fermentation; and contains nitrogen enough to make the fermentation sufficiently quick. It is a sort of stuff in which you see a continual motion is going on. According to the German chemist Liebig, yeast causes fermentation by communicating its own motion, in a mechanical manner, to the particles of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, that compose sugar, dissolved in the wort, for instance. The hydrogen and oxygen, in sugar, as I said above, stand, in sugar, each to each, in the proportions of twelve, carbon; ten, hydrogen; and ten, oxygen — though some reckon the two last at eleven. In fermentation these elements are dislodged, so to speak, from the position they hold, one to another, and then a rearrangement of them takes place. Part of the carbon of the sugar unites with most of the oxygen so as to form carbonic acid, which

flies off in gas. The rest of it combines with all the hydrogen and some of the oxygen, and becomes alcohol, or spirit, the production whereof in infusion of malt, converts it into that generous and invigorating beverage on the philosophy of which I have now the honour of addressing you. Alcohol consists of four proportionals of carbon, six of hydrogen, and two of oxygen. The proportions of these elements one to another in sugar and alcohol, as well as other things, are made out by separating one from the other according to art, in ways which it would take too long to describe, called Analysis. Well; you see fermentation is a sort of inward commotion ending in a new constitution; a sort of natural revolution in point of fact. Alcohol is formed in making wine, and all strong drinks, in the same manner as in brewing. A certain quantity of it, perhaps you may know, is even produced in fermenting bread. This is mostly lost in the baking; but some years ago there was a company formed to supply the Public with cheap bread, in the hopes of being enabled to afford to sell it at a lower price by collecting the spirit that is generally wasted. Whereupon a baker, who was up to snuff a great deal more than to chemistry, set up a shop where he professed to sell bread at the same rate as the company, with the gin in it!

"The carbonic acid given off from beer while fermenting, is what makes it so dangerous to go down into vats, and sometimes occasions death by this being done without precaution.

"The proper plan is to send a candle down first; if there is much carbonic acid it puts it out. So, if you let a light down into the tun-tub, over the fermenting liquor. All the inside of the tub, above the liquor, while it is working, is full of carbonic acid gas; and if you dip a cup into the gas gently, you can ladle it out, and then if you turn the cup upside down over a candle you extinguish it as completely as if you were to pour water upon it, by that means astonishing the weak minds of spectators in a considerable degree.

"When the froth, or yeast, ceases to be formed on the surface of the liquor in the tun-tub, your wort has become beer, which you allow to get cold, and then put it into the cask or barrel. Here the fermentation still goes slowly on, as is shown by the yeast, that keeps gradually working out of the cask, till all the sugar, or as much of it as can be, is changed into spirit. Beer that tastes sweet, owes its sweetness to containing sugar not decomposed, or changed into spirit. Bottled beer is beer in which the carbonic acid, made by the decomposition of the sugar, or other vegetable matter in the beer, is prevented from escaping by being corked down.

"A liquor, to ferment, requires a certain amount of heat, not lower than between fifty-five and sixty-

five degrees. It likewise grows hotter during fermentation; and as carbonic acid gas is thrown off at the same time, as from a fire, this makes fermentation seem somewhat like a burning or combustion. Only this, which is called the vinous fermentation, is a sort of burning independent of the air, the oxygen that feeds it being contained in the liquor.

"All fermentation in beer — or wine either — ought to stop with the change of sugar into spirit. But by being exposed to the air, or to the action of electricity, and some other causes, a second fermentation is set up in it. The alcohol takes in oxygen from the air, and is changed into acetic acid, or vinegar. This is the reason why it is so necessary to have beer-casks thoroughly air-tight; for though what is called the acetous fermentation is interesting as a matter of science, to have one's beer turn sour is a great misfortune, in a domestic and economical point of view. What is termed hard beer is beer in which vinegar, or acetic acid, has begun to form.

"Good beer, then, is a mixture of alcohol and water, more or less undecomposed sugar, mucilage, and other extractive matter, carbonic acid, in greater or less quantity, and those delicate principles on which flavour depends, besides the bitter of the hop. To these things there is added colouring-matter, which is given by the malt. In porter this is got by malt that has been roasted almost to charcoal. The carbonic acid in beer is what its briskness depends upon. The little bubbles you see in sparkling ale are composed of this gas, and without it the beer tastes flat. Old beer is beer wherein the vegetable matter has been wholly or mostly decomposed. In mild beer the decomposition has not been quite completed. It is a pleasing relish to a pot of beer to reflect on the chemical facts which that particular taste in it, which you fancy, depends upon.

"So much, ladies and gentlemen, for the chemistry of beer. Now for a word or two about the *druggistry* of it. Instead of malt, sugar, treacle, honey, and other sweet things may be used — though contrary to law in the case of brewers — and are so, I fancy, more or less; without much harm. Wormwood, quassia, and other bitters, may, in like manner, be employed in lieu of hops, without poisoning the consumer. Buck-bean, or *Menyanthes trifoliata*, is another substitute — to be marked 'dangerous.' Aloes has likewise been used for the same purpose; but, being physic, I think it had much better be confined to regular medicinal purposes and not used to doctor beer with.

"I won't say, however, that beer may never require a little doctoring. It is apt to be rather indisposed at times; that is, to turn somewhat sour. When slightly afflicted with this complaint, a few egg-shells, which, in fact, are so much chalk, to absorb the acidity,

may not be injurious. A little salt is supposed to make beer keep: there can be no great harm in that. Some have given their beer jalap, in the proportion of two or three ounces to twenty barrels; the reason for which proceeding is unknown; it may not do harm; but I don't see that it can do much good. Copperas is used for the sake of giving porter a frothy top. For this purpose, there need not be used more than would lie on a half-crown piece for a barrel. But I, for my part, should be disposed to think that so much copperas as would affect the head of a pot of beer, would be not unlikely also to affect the human stomach; and I would, therefore, prefer not to have any copperas in my beer, if I knew it.

"However, this copperas, or sulphate of iron, is found in a great many springs of water, which the Excise does not prevent brewers from brewing from, although it forbids them to put the same quantity of copperas as what there is in those springs into the common water which they use. But this only proves that the law knows nothing about chemistry; and I 'm afraid it don't know much more about philosophy and science of any sort.

"The root of the sweet flag, coriander and carraway seeds, orange-peel, and other aromatics, are also used to give beer that flavour, which, if properly made, it would derive, without any such medical treatment, from malt and hops.

"Lastly, there are drugs which are put into beer merely to increase its fuddling power — *Cocculus Indicus*, *St. Ignatius's Bean*, *Nux Vomica*, or Ratsbane, *Opium* and *Tobacco*. Concerning which, I shall only make the brief remark, that though in this age of enlightenment and civilisation, we must be naturally averse to capital punishments, I wish every brewer who puts any such stuff into his liquor, was condemned to drink his own beer, and nothing else, till he died — which I fancy he would in no very long time.

"I feel that I have not exhausted the subject of beer; but I am afraid I may have exhausted your patience. However, if my discourse has occasioned on your parts a feeling of dryness, the subject of it no doubt will suggest to you a ready means of relieving that uncomfortable sensation."

The lecture of Mr. Saunders was listened to with marked attention by a crowded auditory. At its conclusion, a teetotaller stepped forward, and begged to ask the lecturer's opinion on the relation of beer to health and morality? To which Mr. Saunders replied, that he considered it highly favourable to both, provided moderation — a virtue in itself — was observed in the use thereof. Too much of any good thing was bad; and this remark was as true of tea as of any malt liquor.

A SALT GROWL.

— SALT, because I am an Old Salt. I am brine, from head to foot. I am an officer of old standing, and, by a singular chain of circumstances, one of the most unlucky men in the profession. I can compare myself to nothing but a cat that has been sent up by an experimentalist in a balloon. I have been a victim to Admiralty experiments all my life. Sir CharlesNapier's book, "TheNavy: Its Past and Present State," has set all my wounds bleeding, by touching up my memory — and here goes for a spell of lamentation!

I am all over grievances. I represent wrongs in my proper person — as the South Sea Islanders do the customs of their country by the nature of their tattoo. I mean no personal offence to any one, but to those who feel themselves aggrieved, I present my card (that card which I have left so often at an official's when unable to get an interview) — Captain Jeremiah Jigger, R.N.

First of all, I entered as a mere boy, during war; and, when still unable to tolerate the birch with anything like Spartan patience, was armed with a sword, and expected to resist that of a ferocious enemy! Our captain, who was subject to gout (being *ætat.* sixty when he got the "Bruiser") was a noted Tartar. Men would not enter his vessel; consequently we were obliged to resort to rigorous impressment. You moderns don't know what impressment really was. I have lived a good deal in the country since; and I tell you what it is exactly — it is *poaching*. Poaching for men! You set snares for them in public houses, just as you set snares for hares in hedges. You catch them asleep, as you would catch a pheasant on a tree at night, and sulphur him. Many a time we pinned an outward-bound merchantman on the wing. We were resisted, wounded, execrated; nevertheless, *no* system of manning the Navy is adopted to this day; and if we have a war again we must press. What will the sea-ports say to that?

The "Bruiser" went to sea in a hurry — some guns short, and with a hundred landsmen among the crew — in the thick of the American war. Jonathan was, just then, beginning to pick up our frigates — with better manned, better armed, and bigger frigates of his own. What did the Admiralty do? They issued secret orders not to engage the large American frigates — which was a capital remedy. I wish you had seen our skipper, reeking with indignation and rum, when this reached us! He had been licking Frenchmen the whole of his gunpowdery life, and didn't believe it was possible that the "Bruiser" could be taken. Captain Snagg, of the U.S.N., commanding the "Locofoco," thought otherwise. We fought him, one fine morning, at sunset; we were unpleasantly wet on the lower deck; in fact,

we were sinking, when H.M.S. "Oberon" came up and saved us. The Yankee went off, playing "Yankee Doodle."

We were all tried by court-martial, and acquitted. To be sure we had lost a third of our crew, and four officers; which showed that we had made a fight, and was considered highly satisfactory. The skipper's turn for a flag came on some time afterwards, when he was a brisk young admiral of sixty-five; but he never got a command. They were afraid of youthful enthusiasm. When we we were paid off, I was attacked, one night, by a party of Amazons whose husbands we had pressed, and lost the use of a finger. I applied to the Admiralty, in the hope of smart-money, but got none; when I wrote again, I was informed that their lordships "had nothing to add to their former communication." It is a curious circumstance that they never have anything to "add." What does this arise from? Is each communication perfect *per se?* I consoled myself with reflecting that their former communication had been quite dull enough, and cold enough, without any addition.

I was now on shore, unemployed. My relations were not much pleased with me, for *I had* brought home my legs, and *had not* brought home any prize-money, and was, therefore, neither an object of personal nor pecuniary interest. I kept applying for employment, and after a long time, *just as I was married* (Jeremiah, be firm!), came my appointment to H.M.S. "Blunderer." Poor dear Emily! That long, coffin-like letter, "On Her Majesty's Service," did eclipse our honeymoon into an eclipse that would have startled Kepler.

The "Blunderer" was one of those peculiar vessels, a "fir thirty-two;" which class of vessels had this odd peculiarity that they could neither stand up under canvas, nor sail. Fancy an umbrella that would neither shut up, nor keep out wet, and you have a good notion of the utility of a fir thirty-two. The "Blunderer," Sir, was made of raw fir—gummy, Sir, positively! We used to expect to see her, leafy, in spring-time! She was as cranky as a parasol in winter weather. Half our time was spent in wishing we dare set the top-gallant sails. She was as liable to capsize, as a boy's boat on the Serpentine. One day, I had the watch, and set the top-gallant sails in a fresher breeze than usual. A squall came, and the masts went over the side. The Admiralty made me pay for them out of my pay; and poor Emily had to sell her piano to make up the difference.

I left the "Blunderer" a mate (she afterwards was taken aback, in a squall, with the mainsail on her, and went down stern foremost), and joined a twenty-eight-gun-ship. *She* was, also, a peculiar ship, belonging to another strange class, that could neither fight nor run away. I was made an acting-lieutenant in her; short-

ly afterwards I joined one of a really fine class of brigs. Will the reader believe that the authorities took the whim of putting a third mast in her, which spoiled her — and did the same to a dozen, before finding out their mistake!

For this is a standing principle with the naval authorities — always "to go the entire animal" (I am too polite to say *what* animal) and to multiply a blunder in arithmetical progression. One foolish experiment makes many; and each bad vessel produces a whole set of them — as the fox that had lost his tail sought for companions. Accordingly, our beautiful eighteen-gun-brig, the "Violet," had a third mast put into her, and was spoiled. And the same process was gone through with several others at a cost of nine hundred pounds each. This process of addition, I may say, is as sensible as it would be for a man with two good legs to add a wooden one by way of improving his walk!

I was paid off in the "Violet," this time, and, though I had been an acting-lieutenant some years, had to go back again to the rank of mate. You see I was not a man of family, neither had I interest in a borough. The first lord, a civilian, wanted patronage; *I* had no patrons. Off I went to sea in H.M.Brig; — what do you suppose? — "Jowler." She was one of a number of flat-bottomed, bad brigs, named by the Admiralty after Lord Spencer's hounds. There was "Rucher," and "Badger," and "Bang;" and the sea was turned into a kennel. Since the days of Scylla, who

"Chid his *barking* waves into attention,"

— as Milton, I think, says — the ocean had seen nothing so canine! We were yelping and galloping about, over the world — but by no means too good hands at biting. But, my luck on board the "Jowler," was better than that of my old messmate Blocksby. He joined one of the new ten-gun-brigs, begun in 1808 — when the kennel lot began to be seen to be useless. The Admiralty built them, like wild-fire, as usual, and launched sixty-four. Four foundered at sea; and two hundred and sixty men perished; six, turned into packets, were lost with one hundred and sixty-eight men, beside passengers. Poor Blocksby went down, all standing, in command of one of the last. It was an awful winter, that, and he never expected to come back from Halifax. He had left all his plate on shore at Falmouth, in order that his family might not lose *that*, at all events!

Well! I got made a lieutenant, and I commanded a revenue cutter — which put me in the way of seeing a good deal of what went on in the dockyards, when I was in harbour. Sometimes, I have gone round a dockyard with the first lord, who (of course) wanted somebody to put him up to the differences between the various sorts of ships, and another, (a kind of interpreters between him

and his business!) while he was making a tour of inspection.

"That 's a fine ship — that — Ahem!"

"Frigate, my lord."

"Ah, yes. — Ahem! I like the stern —"

"I beg your pardon, my lord, the bow" —

"True! — Ahem, I had forgot. Ask them to bring my carriage round to the gates, will you, Mr. Jigger?"

You see, there *must* be an appearance of attention to the seaport towns—they return members. Thus, you see, it would not do, for instance, to make too much fuss about the shameful waste in dismantling a ship when she 's paid off — it 's convenient to let the dockyard people rush at her, as if she were a vessel of the enemy's.

One thing often amused me — the trouble they take, and the expense they go to, about ships' sterns. Surely, *that's* not the part of our ships that we 're anxious to show! Yet, just read this little bit from the book of Sir Charles Napier's that I mentioned above.

"No less than twenty-eight ships had their sterns altered on Sir Robert Sepping's plan, by a return of the 24th of April, 1846: but the expense was not stated. I suppose they were ashamed of it. Twenty-six ships, of different sizes, by the same return, had their sterns altered on another plan; some of them twice, and the "Boscawen" three times; some also that had been altered by Sir Robert Sepping before, were again altered on the second plan." (Page 196.)

I got so disgusted at all this, years ago, that I was very nearly ruining my chances of success in the profession, by trying to improve its condition! You don't, perhaps, know, reader, that it 's a punishable offence to write on a naval matter when you 're on full pay. You, who know best, must say nothing. You, who suffer, must not cry out — the authorities being like the shoemaker in the farce, who says to the customer, "That shoe pinch you! *I* made it. I know better."

I 'm not vain, but I once did send a plan of a very tidy vessel to Somerset House. They took no notice of it for a long time; at last I heard that "my idea had been anticipated," and she made her appearance soon afterwards. — I have my suspicions on the matter though!

While we are talking about ship-building, let me give you another little bit from the Admiral's book — and then you will scarcely wonder at the results when you see the organisation.

"In general our attempts at improvement have turned out failures; and certainly the Admiralty took an odd manner to get information; for when a committee of reference was appointed, the instructions were as follow: — 'In the event of any nautical difference of opinion, between the surveyor and the committee thus constituted, the report of the surveyor is to be referred to the committee, and that of the committee to the surveyor, who are to state, after having duly weighed the arguments in favour of their respective views, whether or not they still adhere to their respective opinions.' I wonder whether the surveyor ever attended to such an absurd instruction. I should think not; and the committee of reference has been abolished," (Page 190.)

This was the oddest plan to get wisdom, I ever heard of. It was surely suggested by the idea of rubbing two sticks together, to produce fire — though it was never so successful. Are we surprised at official eccentricities, after this? Need we wonder that we so often turn out a ship, which (to imitate Sir John Falstaff's phrase) is like a ship "cut out of a cheese-paring after supper?"

I am not going to trouble the reader with the details of an unfortunate career. Some years ago, I was made a commander, on which occasion I received the hearty congratulations of my grand-children. Oddly enough, and quite consistently with my strange naval experiences, I got, the very same day, the news that "the 'Minotaur,' costing seventy-six thousand six hundred and sixty-two pounds, had been converted into a convict ship without being at sea;" and that the "Black Prince" and "Defence" had suffered the same "sea-change." My eldest grandson, a rather smart boy, observes that the transformation of the ships into nymphs, in Virgil, is the only metamorphosis of a naval character worthy of comparison with our modern ones. He also, occasionally, sings what he calls "a parody," to the following effect, on our shi

"Nothing of them but doth change
Into something rich and strange.
Dockyards hourly ring their knell —
There goes the money! — ding, dong,
bell."

The line-of-battle-ships and frigates built since 1815, and cut down and converted, without being at sea, have cost six hundred and nineteen thousand seven hundred pounds. Judge of the expense of these operations, when I tell you that the expense of cutting down and repairing the "Dublin" was fifty-two thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine pounds. All this is not very remarkable, when we remember that a great many ships are built by "amateurs." Did any man, wanting a house, ever employ an "amateur" to build it? Would any one trust the stability of his first-floor, to the caprices of a speculative gentleman educated for the Bar or the Pulpit?

A few years ago, I was nearly rolled to pieces in a Symondite line-of-battle-ship. I served some time in an iron steam-vessel; which class of vessels has proved an entire blunder, and been, apparently, condemned as useless. A model shell exploded in one of them, when I was in her, and killed two men. In the hope, however, of a reform in the constitution of the Admiralty, and some abstinence from this horrible wasting of money, I conclude here. I still keep up my spirits —for I shall, under the present system, be an admiral, if I live to a hundred and twenty!

"BIRTHS. MRS. MEEK, OF A SON."

My name is Meek. I am, in fact, Mr. Meek. That son is mine and Mrs. Meek's. When I saw the announcement in the Times, I dropped the paper. I had put it in, myself, and paid for it, but it looked so noble that it overpowered me.

As soon as I could compose my feelings, I took the paper up to Mrs. Meek's bedside. "Maria Jane," said I (I allude to Mrs. Meek), "you are now a public character." We read the review of our child, several times, with feelings of the strongest emotion; and I sent the boy who cleans the boots and shoes, to the office, for fifteen copies. No reduction was made on taking that quantity.

It is scarcely necessary for me to say, that our child had been expected. In fact, it had been expected, with comparative confidence, for some months. Mrs. Meek's mother, who resides with us — of the name of Bigby — had made every preparation for its admission to our circle.

I hope and believe I am a quiet man. I will go farther. I *know* I am a quiet man. My constitution is tremulous, my voice was never loud, and, in point of stature, I have been from infancy, small. I have the greatest respect for Maria Jane's Mamma. She is a most remarkable woman. I honour Maria Jane's Mamma. In my opinion she would storm a town, single-handed, with a hearth-broom, and carry it. I have never known her to yield any point whatever, to mortal man. She is calculated to terrify the stoutest heart.

Still — but I will not anticipate.

The first intimation I had, of any preparations being in progress, on the part of Maria Jane's Mamma, was one afternoon, several months ago. I came home earlier than usual from the office, and, proceeding into the dining-room, found an obstruction behind the door, which prevented it from opening freely. It was an obstruction of a soft nature. On looking in, I found it to be a female.

The female in question stood in the corner behind the door, consuming Sherry Wine. From the nutty smell of that beverage pervading the apartment, I have no doubt she was consuming a second glassful. She wore a black bonnet of large dimensions, and was copious in figure. The expression of her countenance was severe and discontented. The words to which she gave utterance on seeing me, were these, "Oh git along with you, Sir, if *you* please; me and Mrs. Bigby don't want no male parties here!"

That female was Mrs. Prodgit.

I immediately withdrew, of course. I was rather hurt, but I made no remark. Whether it was that I showed a lowness of spirits after dinner, in consequence of feeling that I seemed to intrude, I cannot say. But, Maria Jane's Mamma said to me on her retiring

for the night: in a low distinct voice, and with a look of reproach that completely subdued me: "George Meek, Mrs. Prodgit is your wife's nurse!"

I bear no ill-will towards Mrs. Prodgit. Is it likely that I, writing this with tears in my eyes, should be capable of deliberate animosity towards a female, so essential to the welfare of Maria Jane? I am willing to admit that Fate may have been to blame, and not Mrs. Prodgit; but, it is undeniably true, that the latter female brought desolation and devastation into my lowly dwelling.

We were happy after her first appearance; we were sometimes exceedingly so. But, whenever the parlour door was opened, and "Mrs. Prodgit!" announced (and she was very often announced), misery ensued. I could not bear Mrs. Prodgit's look. I felt that I was far from wanted, and had no business to exist in Mrs. Prodgit's presence. Between Maria Jane's Mamma, and Mrs. Prodgit, there was a dreadful, secret, understanding — a dark mystery and conspiracy, pointing me out as a being to be shunned. I appeared to have done something that was evil. Whenever Mrs. Prodgit called, after dinner, I retired to my dressing-room — where the temperature is very low, indeed, in the wintry time of the year — and sat looking at my frosty breath as it rose before me, and at my rack of boots: a serviceable article of furniture, but never, in my opinion, an exhilarating object. The length of the councils that were held with Mrs. Prodgit, under these circumstances, I will not attempt to describe. I will merely remark, that Mrs. Prodgit always consumed Sherry Wine while the deliberations were in progress; that they always ended in Maria Jane's being in wretched spirits on the sofa; and that Maria Jane's Mamma always received me, when I was recalled, with a look of desolate triumph that too plainly said, *Now*, George Meek! You see my child, Maria Jane, a ruin, and I hope you are satisfied!"

I pass, generally, over the period that intervened between the day when Mrs. Prodgit entered her protest against male parties, and the ever-memorable midnight when I brought her to my unobtrusive home in a cab, with an extremely large box on the roof, and a bundle, a bandbox, and a basket, between the driver's legs. I have no objection to Mrs. Prodgit, (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby, who I never can forget is the parent of Maria Jane), taking entire possession of my unassuming establishment. In the recesses of my own breast, the thought may linger that a man in possession cannot be so dreadful as a woman, and that woman Mrs. Prodgit; but, I ought to bear a good deal, and I hope I can, and do. Huffing and snubbing, prey upon my feelings; but, I can bear them without complaint. They may tell in the long run; I may be hustled about, from post to pillar,

beyond my strength; nevertheless, I wish to avoid giving rise to words in the family.

The voice of Nature, however, cries aloud in behalf of Augustus George, my infant son. It is for him that I wish to utter a few plaintive household words. I am not at all angry; I am mild — but miserable.

I wish to know why, when my child, Augustus George, was expected in our circle, a provision of pins was made, as if the little stranger were a criminal who was to be put to the torture immediately on his arrival, instead of a holy babe? I wish to know why haste was made to stick those pins all over his innocent form, in every direction? I wish to be informed why light and air are excluded from Augustus George, like poisons? Why, I ask, is my unoffending infant so hedged into a basket-bedstead, with dimity and calico, with miniature sheets and blankets, that I can only hear him snuffle (and no wonder!) deep down under the pink hood of a little bathing-machine, and can never peruse even so much of his lineaments as his nose.

Was I expected to be the father of a French Roll, that the brushes of All Nations were laid in, to rasp Augustus George? Am I to be told that his sensitive skin was ever intended by Nature to have rashes brought out upon it, by the premature and incessant use of those formidable little instruments?

Is my son a Nutmeg, that he is to be grated on the stiff edges of sharp frills? Am I the parent of a Muslin boy, that his yielding surface is to be crimped and small-plaited? Or is my child composed of Paper or of Linen, that impressions of the finer getting-up art, practised by the laundress, are to be printed off, all over his soft arms and legs, as I constantly observe them? The starch enters his soul; who can wonder that he cries?

Was Augustus George intended to have limbs, or to be born a Torso? I presume that limbs were the intention, as they are the usual practice. Then, why are my poor child's limbs fettered and tied up? Am I to be told that there is any analogy between Augustus George Meek, and Jack Sheppard?

Analyse Castor Oil at any Institution of Chemistry that may be agreed upon, and inform me what resemblance, in taste, it bears to that natural provision which it is at once the pride and duty of Maria Jane, to administer to Augustus George! Yet, I charge Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with systematically forcing Castor Oil on my innocent son, from the first hour of his birth. When that medicine, in its efficient action, causes internal disturbance to Augustus George, I charge Mrs. Prodgit, (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with insanely and inconsistently administering opium to allay the storm she has raised! What is the meaning of this?

If the days of Egyptian Mummies are past, how dare Mrs. Prodgit require, for the use of my son, an amount of flannel and linen that would carpet my humble roof? Do I wonder that she requires it? No! This morning, within an hour, I beheld this agonising sight. I beheld my son — Augustus George — in Mrs. Prodgit's hands, and on Mrs. Prodgit's knee, being dressed. He was at the moment, comparatively speaking, in a state of nature; having nothing on, but an extremely short shirt, remarkably disproportionate to the length of his usual outer garments. Trailing from Mrs. Prodgit's lap, on the floor, was a long narrow roller or bandage — I should say, of several yards in extent. In this, I SAW Mrs. Prodgit tightly roll the body of my unoffending infant, turning him over and over, now presenting his unconscious face upwards, now the back of his bald head, until the unnatural feat was accomplished, and the bandage secured by a pin, which I have every reason to believe entered the body of my only child. In this tourniquet, he passes the present phase of his existence. Can I know it, and smile!

I fear I have been betrayed into expressing myself warmly, but I feel deeply. Not for myself; for Augustus George. I dare not interfere. Will any one? Will any publication? Any doctor? Any parent? Any body? I do not complain that Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) entirely alienates Maria Jane's affections from me, and interposes an impassable barrier between us. I do not complain of being made of no account. I do not want to be of any account. But, Augustus George is a production of Nature, (I cannot think otherwise) and I claim that he should be treated with some remote reference to Nature. In my opinion, Mrs. Prodgit is, from first to last, a convention and a superstition. Are all the faculty afraid of Mrs. Prodgit? If not, why don't they take her in hand and improve her?

P.S. Maria Jane's Mamma boasts of her own knowledge of the subject, and says she brought up seven children besides Maria Jane. But, how do *I* know that she might not have brought them up, much better? Maria Jane herself, is far from strong, and is subject to headaches, and nervous indigestion. Besides which, I learn from the statistical tables that one child in five, dies within the first year of its life; and one child in three, within the fifth. That don't look as if we could never improve in these particulars, I think!

P. P. S. Augustus George is in convulsions.

THE TYRANT OF MINNIGISSENGEN.

"YOUR Serene Highness must not forget that the eyes of Europe are upon us!" exclaimed the Baron Von Rrobrecht, Prime

Minister, Commander of the Forces, Privy Councillor, and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the principality of Hesse Minnigissengen.

"But, my dear Baron," returned the Prince, pointing out the passage, "my cousin's letter expressly states that his visit is to be without ceremony."

The Baron Von Rrobrecht proudly drew himself up to his full height. It being a court-day he was in full dress; the "Reception" — which lasted exactly eight minutes — was just over. The display upon the Baron's small round person, would have led a stranger to believe, that, in him, were concentrated the highest honours of the greatest realm in Europe. His coat was stiff with embroidery; and, would have been, but for the dimming ravages of Time, gorgeous with gold; it was fastened at the waist with a rainbow of sashes, girdles, and lace; while a grotesque menagerie of honorific animals dangled at his breast. Having expanded his person to its utmost dimensions, to give the greater impressiveness to his arguments, he proceeded to say, "Your Highness will permit me to observe, that in this affair, your Highness's consequence and consideration, in the eyes of foreign courts, are in question. When I had the honour to be attached to the person of the late Prince, your father, we were, under similar circumstances, accustomed to spare no expense."

"Very true; and more than once you were obliged to pledge to the Jews the diamonds of the Princess, my late beloved mother."

"But, then," interrupted the First Minister, eagerly, "we enjoyed, amongst the neighbouring principalities, the reputation of being the most polished and elegant court in Germany. And," persisted the Baron, "to what did we owe your illustrious predecessor's marriage; which brought him a revenue of ten thousand florins? Why, to the magnificence of his court, when your august uncle visited it. Dazzled by his brilliant reception, the Grand Duke of Saxe Kissankumigen bestowed on us his sister in marriage."

At the word "marriage" the Prince sighed, and said, abstractedly, "Well, Rrobrecht; receive my cousin as you think best:" and then sighed again, and was soon plunged into a reverie.

"Nine of the palace servants must have new liveries," said Rrobrecht, commencing his arrangements. "Your Serene Highness will excuse my absence. I must hasten to the tailor!"

That announcement suddenly aroused the royal dreamer.

"To the tailor?" he repeated.

"To the tailor," said the functionary, once more.

"Then I will accompany you."

Popularity was thought at that time — to the great discomfort of that thorough absolutist, the

Baron Von Rrobrecht — to be a necessary adjunct to the throne of Hesse Minnigissengen. Revolution was stalking rapidly over Germany; and it was necessary that the Prince should be familiar with his people. This was not difficult; for his capital consisted of seventy-eight houses, and a population that did not exceed three hundred and two souls; ten per cent. of whom were babies in arms.

The tailor's house was, beyond contradiction, the prettiest dwelling in Minnigissenbourgh; it was approached by a quadruple row of acacias, which were then in full bloom. Under these trees his Serene Highness expressed his intention of taking "a turn," while his Prime Minister entered the house to negociate the transaction in liveries.

"The business I have come upon is this," said Rrobrecht to Herr Hubert Oberschneider; "we require fifteen new state liveries complete by the end of the week."

"Impossible!" said the tailor, drily.

"Nevertheless," rejoined the Baron, haughtily, "we must have them. His Serene Highness's cousin, his Royal Highness the Prince of Saxe Kissankumigen is about to pay us a visit."

"*I*, too, am expecting a visitor," rejoined the tailor; "my nephew — and the two or three first days after his arrival are destined to merry-making. — No work will be done."

"So!" exclaimed Rrobrecht, with severity. "These are the fruits of that excessive familiarity with which his Highness indulges his subjects. It renders them impertinent."

Mr. Oberschneider lit his pipe. "Baron Rrobrecht," he said, with the utmost composure, "you have the option of giving the Prince's custom to any other tailor you please; I do not seek it. I do not even demand payment of my little bill of four hundred and odd florins. Thank Heaven, I am not in need of them at present. But," continued the tailor, "why do you require fifteen suits, since there are only nine domestics at the palace; one of whom is, to my certain knowledge, bedridden?"

"Because," replied Rrobrecht, "we are going, provisionally, to double the number of our retainers." As the tailor went on smoking his pipe, with an irreverent indifference which betokened obstinate firmness, the Baron found a mollifying tone expedient. "Come, good Master Hubert," he coaxed, "do this for the Prince, and we will not quarrel about price."

"I am hourly expecting my nephew," was the tailor's next remark. "He is coming from Paris after having completed his studies at Göttingen. He is a young man who, to judge by the money he has cost me, must be a wonderful genius. I cannot think of your fifteen suits; all that I can do is to lend his Highness *my* people's clothes.

My nephew, I dare say, will not care about being received in grand liveries."

The Baron groaned inwardly, "I must," he thought, "lower our dignity before this miserable tailor's money-bags!" The Minister of State then tapped his snuff-box, and cogitated profoundly. At length he caught an idea. "You will change the collars and facings to our colour?" he asked.

"Willingly:" and Master Hubert held out his hand to the Baron, for the purpose of clinching the bargain. The latter, though deeply shocked at this familiarity, thought it better, under present circumstances, to swallow his resentment; and, exerting a gentle violence over his pride. he mildly shook the outstretched digits of the independent tailor.

"Ah!" thought Rrobrecht, as he proceeded to rejoin the Prince. "If I could only persuade his Highness to impose some sort of income, or property-tax, we should soon pull down the pride of these monied gentlemen."

As he advanced under the acacias, Rrobrecht discovered that the Prince was not alone. He was too discreet a courtier to interrupt a *tête-à-tête*, and bent his steps where numerous and pressing engagements required his presence. The sex and beauty of the Prince's companion explained, perhaps, the eagerness with which he accompanied his Minister to the spot. He was long in quitting it. For more than an hour he and Albertina, the tailor's daughter, paced the avenue.

Early on the morning of the day appointed for their visitor's arrival, the Baron Von Rrobrecht, magnificently attired, and glittering in the effulgence of all his orders, presented for the Prince's signature a closely-written parchment: it was the royal consent to the sale of a farm.

"The means are violent, I must admit," said Rrobrecht; "but, then, our peculiar position demands the sacrifice; we shall thus be enabled to receive your august cousin with proper pomp and splendour.

The Prince signed without reading.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Rrobrecht again made his appearance, to announce that some peasants had seen a horseman of distinguished mien, but evidently travelling incognito, enter the inn at Zweibrücken, on the frontiers — about a quarter of a league distant — having previously inquired his way to Minnigissenbourgh.

The Prince mounted his charger, and set off to meet the visitor, accompanied by Rrobrecht, the soldiery, and the band. To tell the truth, his Serene Highness was delighted at getting away from home for a short time, under whatever pretext it might be; for during the last two or three days all had been at sixes and sevens in the palace. His own valet had been metamorphosed by the Baron into a sort of grand chamber-

lain. A horrible noise rendered the palace unbearable. All the old state-rooms had been furbished up with the furniture which but scantily garnished the private apartments.

As they approached the frontier, they beheld a dense cloud of dust at a short distance. Rrobrecht drew up his forces in open order, and the band began to tune their instruments. The Prince was an amateur, and out of the seventy men of which his army consisted, forty-five were musicians. In a few minutes the cloud of dust increased in volume and propinquity. Rrobrecht gave the signal, and the band struck up Spontini's *marche triumphale*.

Then there issued from the cloud, a horse covered with foam. A figure was seated on it, clad precisely in the way in which a peasant would suppose noblemen go about. The costume was ultra-fashionable and gaudy; consisting partly of the dress of the German students, and partly of that of the young Parisian exquisites of the day.

He halted. Rrobrecht, who had dismounted, walked solemnly up to the side of the horse, and commenced reading an address of welcome. The soldiery presented arms.

The new comer stood erect in his stirrups with surprise. The Prince laughed. Rrobrecht had not got further in his recitation than — "Penetrated with a sense of delight at the honour conferred by your Royal Highness's presence, we cordially —" when the horseman, with a look of alarm, expressed a hope to the Prince that the old gentleman was not a "dangerous" lunatic; for a lunatic of some sort he assuredly thought him.

"This is all a mistake," said the Prince.

"I should think it was," asserted the stranger. "Don't you know who I am, old fellow?"

These expressions assured the Baron that their utterer was not his Royal Highness.

"I am Heinrich, nephew to Master Hubert Oberschneider," continued the free-and-easy student. He then cantered off, leaving the soldiery at "present arms;" the band playing the march of triumph, and the Prince almost reeling with laughter.

The Lord High Chamberlain and Commander-in-Chief pocketed his address in disgust, and set the army in motion towards home. On arriving at the palace, a letter was put into the Prince's hand by the postman (who had passed them on the road) announcing that his cousin had been obliged to change his *route*.

Everything was in readiness for the *fête* which was intended to dazzle and astound his Royal Highness the young Prince of Saxe Kissankumigen; and the Premier was in despair! The Prince, on the contrary, took no pains to conceal his delight. "Baron," he said, "your talent for arranging and managing a *fête* shall not be thrown away.

The festival shall still be held. You have my permission to invite every soul in the city." His Serene Highness then sat down, and wrote an autograph letter to Mr. Oberschneider, inviting him, his daughter, and nephew, to dinner. At this democratic proceeding Rrobrecht stood aghast. He trembled for the security of the throne of Hesse Minnigissengen. But the Prince was peremptory, and the state servant was obliged to obey.

The invitation set every member of the establishment near the acacias in an exceeding flutter, except Heinrich. That young gentleman, having imbibed the politics of the least respectable of the Parisian estaminets, told his uncle that he would never sit at the table of a "tyrant."

Oberschneider, who was tying on his whitest neckcloth at the glass, made a grimace expressive of the most condign ridicule; to which his nephew retorted that he —Hubert Oberschneider, tailor— was a worshipper of power, and a sycophant! The uncle — an easy-going, but shrewd man, who regularly read the papers, and knew what was going on in the world — said to his daughter, while escorting her to the palace, "The truth, is, my dear, your cousin has got hold of those egregious notions which are so flattering to people who prefer amusement or idleness to work. Property is robbery; restraint, tyranny; government, brigandage."

"How very odd!" said Albertina; who knew nothing of politics, and was thinking of the Prince.

The tailor went on, warming as his subject expanded. "Confounding such silly theories with the glorious acts of the true patriots, who have burst the bonds of royal chicanery in France, and of tyranny in some portions of this empire; Heinrich has, I fear, brought notions home to my shop which will unsettle the heads of all my journeymen."

"How very naughty of him!" said Albertina; because she felt it was necessary she must say something just then.

When they arrived at the palace, the Prince received them in the throne-room, with marked distinction. The Baron Rrobrecht grinned (like one of the heraldic hyenas on his breast) and bore it, with wonderful fortitude.

The dinner went off well; because the rain, which fell in torrents, could not spoil that. But, although the fire-works proved utterly uninflammable, the thunder-storm drowned the music, and nobody could dance on the lawn; yet Albertina was there, and the Prince was delighted. She wore his favourite colours — white with blue ribbons.

"Rrobrecht," said he that night after his guests had departed, "your *fête* was charming and amused me immensely. You may sell another farm to-morrow."

"*Something* must be done," returned the Prime Minister, who, to his other multifarious places,

added that of Chancellor of the Exchequer; "our coffers are exhausted, and two years' revenues have been already anticipated. Only one resource remains —"

"Which is? —" interrogated the Prince, as he folded up a piece of blue ribbon and put it inside his vest.

"Marriage!" answered the principal privy councillor solemnly: "you have a crowd of wealthy and noble cousins, out of which you might choose a wife — a rich wife."

The Prince yawned. He was tired. Would Rrobrecht ring for his valet?

Many days had not elapsed since the grand *fête* at the palace, in honour of the prince who did not arrive, before old Hubert's fears about his nephew proved but too true. He had originally conceived the idea of getting up a match between Heinrich and Albertina; but, in addition to the young student's coarse and turbulent manners — which were in the highest degree displeasing to the girl — he himself made no efforts to overcome this visible antipathy. He passed his time in the public-houses, uttering a variety of common-places to a pack of young fellows, as idle and ill-disposed as himself. He formed them into a club, and explained to them his political creed. He spoke a great deal about Brutus and a "bloated oligarchy;" by which he meant the first minister, who united in his own podgy little person all the aristocratic and oligarchical power of the state. He denounced the Prince merely as an incarnation of royalty, against which he made war in the abstract; but — because, perhaps, he found the roll of the baron's name tell with effect in his harangues, (for he had learned at Paris to revel in the canine letter, and called the baron "R-r-r-r-robrecht!") to him, his enmity was relentlessly personal. Every misfortune that happened to anybody, he attributed to the Government — otherwise to the bloated oligarchy — otherwise to R-r-r-r-robrecht. The storm on the night of the *fête* he traced to the vengeance of Heaven for the atrocious vices, corruptions, and oppressions of the Court. When Hans Hiccup, the cobbler, reduced himself to beggary by beer, and nobody would trust him with their boots, Heinrich held him up as a martyr to political oppression, and demanded an organisation of labour. When Madame Maggschifter's baby took the small-pox, Heinrich had no manner of doubt that the infant had been infected by a secret emissary of Government. The club spread the sentiments which their leader originated, and obtained the sympathies of all the idlers in Minnigissenbourgh.

Yet, for a people ground down by all manner of social and political oppressions, the more respectable citizens did not seem an unhappy or discontented community. Each lived in the bosom of his family. In the evening, under the

acacias or lime-trees that overshadowed these miserable people's porches, might be heard the cheerful song with its accompaniment of flute or harpsichord.

It happened about this time that a violent hail-storm did some damage to the crops. This was an opportunity not to be lost; accordingly, Heinrich and his acolytes spread themselves over the principality (this was soon done, and at a cost for travelling expenses quite nominal), bewailing the loss of the husbandmen. They insinuated — without, however, daring openly to avow it — that one of the rights of the agricultural interest was that of not having their fields cut up by the hail.

This doctrine soon became popular; for, decidedly, the most disagreeable of all human misfortunes are those which we are unable to lay at our neighbour's door. We would all of us rather be stoned by a man upon whom we can be revenged; than receive a couple of aerolites, for the fall of which no one is responsible. Urged on, therefore, by the Club, the farmers profited by the hail-storm to neglect paying their rents, and to utter loud complaints and woeful lamentations.

The consequence of such defalcations was, that the State Treasury became more and more impoverished; and Rrobrecht was obliged to discharge more servants, and sell two of the three horses which his royal master still possessed. Under these disagreeable circumstances, however, the Prince had his consolations. He practised new symphonies with his musicians; he passed his time in angling, and in botanising expeditions into the woods, close to the dwelling of Master Hubert Oberschneider; and where, by some extraordinary concatenation of circumstances, he had very frequently the pleasure of meeting Albertina.

One day the student Heinrich, mounted upon a table covered with pots of beer and drinking-horns, spoke thus to his followers, at what he was pleased to term a Monster Meeting. Thirty-seven were actually present.

"It is time, my friends, that a corrupt and bloated oligarchy should cease from fattening themselves upon our substance! It is cowardice that produces the insolence of kings! Let us rend asunder the chains that have too long held captive our beautiful fatherland. Let us break the yoke of tyranny! Let us proceed at once to the palace, where the tyrant gives himself up to impure delights, surrounded by his ferocious satellites: let us reclaim our rights and liberties, or perish in the attempt!"

By the time the peroration was finished, the crowd had increased considerably.

While these affairs, big with the fate of Minnigissenbourgh, were passing at the *Bierhaus*, the Prince was sauntering in his garden amusing himself with plucking the dead leaves from four favourite carnations, and angling for rhymes

for a sonnet to Albertina's blue eyes. "Desires" and "fires" were just arranging themselves prettily at the ends of a couplet, when the conspirators — to the number of eighty-three — burning with beer and patriotism, arrived at the palace gates.

The ferocious satellites, of whom Heinrich had spoken, were at that moment represented by one old sentry, who was then busily engaged in practising on the flute his part in the new symphony of Beethoven's, which the band was to perform on the following day. This warrior permitted the revolters to pass, on their stating that they desired to speak to the Prince. But, as a preliminary precaution, he shouldered his forelock, "dressed himself" up in line with his sentry-box; and asked the invaders to be so good as to keep on the gravel-walks, and not to pluck the flowers.

The Prince, though a little surprised at this great gathering, turned his calm and indifferent countenance carelessly on the troop; and, when he demanded what they wanted with him? no one had sufficient nerve to speak. They replied only by confused and almost unintelligible cries; amongst which, however, might be detected a timid stuttering, which sounded like — "Down with the tyrant!"

The Prince smiled, and in a voice which was clearly audible above the whispered clamour of the disaffected, said —

"Let some one among you speak for the whole: for if you all speak in turns it will take up too much time; and, if altogether, the noise will be deafening."

At these words there was a dead silence. All recoiled a few paces; leaving by common assent to the student Heinrich, the right of explaining those grievances, of which none were exactly cognisant.

"We stand here," said Heinrich, "in the name of —"

"Will you take a seat?" interrupted the Prince, pointing to a rustic chair.

'We come," continued the orator, not heeding the polite invitation, "to protest against abuses too long suffered. We come in the name of the People!"

"My good friend," said the Prince. "My people are not so numerous as to have need of delegates: they might very well speak for themselves. Let them assemble to-morrow in the great court of the palace, and, if they wish it, we will have a chat together."

"The People have no time to wait!" exclaimed the orator fiercely.

"Believe me, Monsieur Heinrich, my calling of Prince is not such a delightful one that I should desire to play it every day. I shall be a prince to-morrow; to-day I am but a private individual, very anxious respecting the fate of a beautiful carnation of which I have just set a cutting. As a private individual, therefore, I desire to be master in my own house. So, my

friends, be advised by me, and go home; and, above all things, do not tread upon my carnations."

Heinrich turned towards his friends. "Are you content," said he, "with the evasive, the ferocious irony, which has dictated the tyrant's words?"

"My worthy friend, Heinrich," said the Prince quietly, "you really *must* be so obliging as to leave my garden. It would give me great pain to use force, even with my cane."

"I see," said Heinrich, "that the end of the career which I have embraced, will bring me but a martyr's crown; but I am ready to shed my blood for the People. Take my head!"

"Your head? What should I do with your head? I am sure I should find it as utterly useless as you do," responded the Prince. "I shall expect my people to-morrow. I have some excellent beer; and we will talk over our affairs. In case of rain, there shall be an awning."

When the delegates had departed, the Prince made a bouquet of his finest carnations for Albertina; and wrote to remind her that she had promised to waltz with him on the ensuing evening.

At day-break, on the following morning, the band assembled at the palace, for the final rehearsal of Beethoven's symphony, which was to be performed for the first time in public, that evening.

"What on earth can my people want with me?" thought Richard; "and what unfortnaute accident can have recalled to their minds that I am a prince? However," he exclaimed to a servant, "rinse out some glasses for my People! Happy the sovereign who can thus hob-nob with his subjects!"

At the appointed hour, an assemblage of about one hundred persons made their appearance at the palace. After them came a second hundred to see what the first were about; and finally, the whole of the remaining inhabitants of the capital, who were capable of locomotion, brought up the rear, anxious to ascertain the cause of the unaccustomed gathering.

"My friends," said his Serene Highness, "drink your beer while it is fresh."

The people did as they were told.

When the barrels had to be tilted, the Prince asked his people what they wanted? "Have I," he said, "ever interfered with your pleasures or your affairs? Do I even know what you do, or how you pass your time?"

"Down with the tyrants!" said Heinrich.

"Down with the tyrants!" shouted the Club in cuckoo chorus.

"Why is the Prince surrounded with guards?" demanded Heinrich.

"I am surrounded by my musicians," replied the Prince; "the rest of the soldiers are gone out to take a walk. — Pray be silent for one moment and listen to me: — Have you anything to complain

of? Are you unhappy? I am not rich; but he among you, whoever he be, who has wished to partake of my soup or my beer, has he not ever been welcome?"

"We desire," said Heinrich, the "liberty of the press."

"Yes, we desire the liberty of the press," repeated the Club.

"Well," replied the Prince, "buy a press if you want one. You have my full liberty to use it if you know how. But, alas, I am afraid that there are a great many of you who cannot read."

Something was then said about "dying for liberty and fatherland," but, during the parley, Rrobrecht had succeeded in collecting the scattered forces, and now disposed them round the court-yard. "I beg to acquaint your Highness," said he pompously, "that our troops hem in the rebels on all sides, and that they are now in our power."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Richard; "for what am I to do with rebels? I have no place to put them in. There is but one prison in Minnigissenbourgh, and that I converted long ago into an orangery. Dismiss the soldiers!"

"But if I might suggest to your Highness — your personal safety —"

"Pray don't alarm yourself about trifles, Rrobrecht, and do as I bid you."

"Treachery!" shouted Heinrich, as the soldiers dispersed.

"Treachery!" echoed the Club.

"The palace of the tyrant is about to be reddened with the blood of patriots!" screamed Heinrich, hoarsely.

But no denunciative enthusiasm was to be infused into the other patriots; too much of whose attentions were rivetted on the Prince's beer. When they found the casks producing nothing but less, they sauntered peaceably home.

After the signal failure of this 'demonstration," all went on well for some time. But the liberty of the "Press" was taken advantage of — only the pen supplied its place. Heinrich started a newspaper in manuscript; although never was a place so destitute of news as Minnigissenbourgh; however, even for the few occurrences, there were "leaders" ready-made. "Rr-r-r-robrecht," above all, was never spared; and the latter came one day to the Prince to request his permission to start a newspaper also.

"They have desired the liberty of the press," said his Highness; "you have it, and may use it as you think proper."

Then began the great paper war between Rrobrecht and Heinrich. The journals appeared every morning. Heinrich expressed in every number his conviction that all princes were criminals; Rrobrecht inculcated that a sovereign's most trivial action was angelic.

As there was scarcely any news stirring in the city from month's end to month's end, the Baron's journal was a sort of court circular. One day he announced "that His Serene Highness was in excellent

health and spirits; no addition was made to the illustrious dinner circle; and His Serene Highness ate French beans." On the next Heinrich's paper came out with, "How long will an enslaved people suffer tyranny to eat French beans?" In the succeeding number of Rrobrecht's paper it was replied, "that the Prince's fondness for French beans showed his unflinching desire to encourage agriculture."

"It is," retorted Heinrich, in Number three, "a bitter mockery of the people, who cannot afford such expensive luxuries."

One evening the Prince was walking under the lime-trees; Albertina happened (accidentally, of course) to be passing that way. She showed the rival papers to the Prince. He laughed heartily at Heinrich's denunciations, and commanded Rrobrecht to discontinue his "organ" altogether.

In the meanwhile Prince Richard's affairs went from bad to worse, until they brought him to the condition of a gentleman in very embarrassed circumstances. He had hardly a florin to bless himself with. Retrenchment was imperative. He therefore assembled his army and addressed his brave soldiery in the following terms: —

"My friends, I have no longer the means of paying you your wages. I have, accordingly, disposed of your services to a great power, who will lead you into Africa. You will have double pay."

The Commissariat arrangements were neither extensive nor intricate; and the entire force was soon in heavy marching order (band included) with drums beating and colours flying. The departing army made its first halt, on its way to Africa, at Zweibrücken, a village celebrated for the excellence of its malt liquor; as Heinrich was always ready to testify.

René of Anjou has said, that a king without music is a crowned ass; and the Prince, after the departure of his brave band, became the most unhappy of potentates. Albertina alone consoled him; but in a very short time she also took her departure, accompanied by a female attendant. The alleged reason for the journey was a visit to an old relation.

The loss of his farms, of his fortune, of his army, and even of his band, did not affect the Prince, it was observed, so much as this; and the Prince placed in Rrobrecht's hands a letter addressed to his uncle, without, however, desiring him to take it to its destination without loss of time. The letter ran as follows: —

"My dear Uncle,

"I neither can, nor do I any longer desire to remain a Prince.

"When you receive the letter I shall have taken my departure from my dominions. I abandon to you all my rights; requiring only at your hands, as a compensation for the same, a yearly pension of one thousand five hundred florins. I will let you know when you are to forward me my pension. Keep Rrobrecht

near your person, he is a good and loyal servant.

"I embrace you affectionately,

"AUGUSTUS-RICHARD-FREDERIC-ERNEST-ALPHONSE-HANS-ALBERT."

And the following morning, as soon as the rising sun had tinged with its first rosy beams the muslin curtains of his bed-room windows — silk curtains were used only in the throne-room — his Serene Highness sprang from his couch, dressed himself hastily, and proceeded to pack into a small valise his four most precious articles. To wit: —

A small canvas bag containing thirty crowns.

A blue sash which had formerly encircled the taper waist of the pretty Albertina.

Albertina's letters.

His favourite flute.

This done, he glided down stairs, placed the valise upon his horse, mounted, and took his departure from Minnigissenbourgh, never to return.

When he had reached the outskirts of the town, he paused and looked round, and his eyes rested upon the acacias which overshadowed the tailor's dwelling. After a long gaze, he sighed and went his way.

His horse padded on steadily; till, towards evening, he arrived at a little forest retreat, surrounded by acacias, and fronted by a nicely-mown grass-plot, dotted with several flower-beds, each containing a variety of plants in full bloom. He thought of his own carnations, and wished they could be transplanted.

He entered the cottage, and an aged domestic received him politely. He had scarcely sat down near the window, when he perceived, at a turning of the gravel walk, two ladies approaching. One of them was old, of a gentle and prepossessing countenance; the other was Albertina.

In a few words the ex-Prince put the ladies in possession of all that had occurred. "Albertina," said the Prince, "how sweet would be a life spent here with you! I cannot now demand your hand after having foregone the possession of it when I was a prince. Behold to day my entire fortune! — I have thirty ducats in my valise, and I am assured a pension of fifteen hundred florins a-year."

"My Prince," said the aunt, "you have no cause for despair. Albertina loves you. Remain here. She shall come to see me every month; and when I shall have been assured that your resolution of marrying her is not the result of a momentary enthusiasm; when I am convinced that you do not regret your palace and power; then we will arrange all for the best."

Richard could make no other reply than that of kissing the wrinkled hand of the kind old lady.

When she presented to him, a month later, the little hand of Albertina, he exclaimed, as he pressed it to his lips, "Adieu,

adieu, Hesse Minnigissen, adieu the sad past; and yet blessings be upon it, if it has been the price of the future!" The future was happiness both to him and to Albertina.

As plain unostentatious man and wife, they henceforth lived in the cottage part of the year, and in the finest seasons took pleasant tours to different parts of Europe.

The conclusion of the history of the great political movement which caused the ultimate downfal of the amiable "tyrant" of Hesse Minnigissengen is soon told. By twelve o'clock on the day upon which the Prince fled there were eight princes of Hesse Minnigissengen; that evening there were exactly thirty-two. On the following morning, the Prince's uncle — who had gladly accepted his nephew's offer — sent over to Minnigissenbourgh an armed force, consisting of a corporal and ten men; which, in the brief space of two hours, effectually, and for ever, nipped the budding germs of the great Minnigissenbourgh revolt. *

THE BUILDER'S HOUSE, AND THE BRICKLAYER'S GARDEN.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS AND SUFFERER.

I LIVE in a damp house. Nothing can cure it. The form, or outline, of my house is in the usual bad modern taste, or rather the usual no-taste of the great mass of trading builders of the day; and at the back there is a bit of garden, enclosed by three walls, and "laid out" for me in the usual no-taste of hard straight lines. My second floor back window commands a view of a long row of new houses, which will inevitably be as damp as my own. Each has its garden — all exactly alike, and as hard-favoured and graceless as mine. This is no sort of consolation to me. On the contrary, by reason of my sympathy with those who will become their tenants, they multiply my own grief and indignation. As I have watched the rise and progress of the whole row, day by day, from the very first brick (every morning during the intervals of shaving), I am enabled to record the same, in the hope that it may be of some little public service.

I should premise, that by the term of "builder," I do not so much refer to the regularly trained master of the craft, who often works under an architect, and always upon sound regular principles (though he is frequently guilty, like the rest), as to that very large class, who, having risen by their industry and skill as master bricklayers, ought to have remained in that position, and not to have started forward as the builders of heaps of houses and innumerable streets, filling our extensive suburbs with ill-drained, incommodious, damp, and shape-

* The outline of this tale is taken from an amusing French novellette.

less abodes. "Living in a free country," of course this cannot be prevented; the only way, therefore, to bring about a salutary reform in these matters, is to make the public more alive to the evil, and more wary than people usually are — in taking a house. It is more especially needful to be cautious at this time, when the expectation of a million or two of additional visitors in London, from the provinces no less than from the continent of Europe (Mr. Thomas Miller, of Edinburgh, has put forth a calculation that there will be *seven* millions of visitors), is causing new blocks of houses, and streets upon streets, to be "run up" with a rapidity which may very well accord with the new building principles of iron and glass, but is very unsuitable to the old principles of bricks and mortar.

But, to the point. I live in a damp house — ugly in shape, with a shapeless garden — and I have taken it for a lease of seven years. A friend of mine recently took a house in the country on a lease. It was in the summer that he took it, as I did mine, and it was then dry enough; but in winter was so damp that he was obliged to shut it up, and when he went to look at it in the spring, mosses and fungus had grown from the ceilings on the ground-floor, and a colony of toadstools had risen up in the dining-room corners. I am more fortunate than that. By dint of fires in almost every room, I can live in my house all through the winter; but there is a thick mist and bloom upon the painted walls and wainscoats — the walls of all the rooms are so damp that prints mildew upon them, and the paper bulges and wants to be peeled off; while the painted stair-case walls are covered over with caricatures and other finger-drawings made by my children in the moisture, as high as they can reach, and these are duly obliterated by the rills and streams that, every now and then, pour down from above. Paper will not hold at all on the walls of the ground-floor; there is a mist or a fog in every room, except the kitchen, and wherever there is a mat or a bit of carpet laid down upon the bricks, it becomes perfectly mouldy in the course of a week, and covered over with red worms, and slugs, or other creatures, who get through the crevices beneath, and cling to it for warmth. Such is the house, which I took one fine summer's day on a seven years' lease; two only having at present expired.

My garden is enclosed by five walls, of unequal length and height, and, instead of the beds and walks, being "laid out," with some view to this necessary outline, and to hide it, or make the best of it, the very reverse of this is done; — the eye being either led up to each wall by the bed or walk, repeating the same angle, or else a bed is made having no relation to anything, and a shapeless patch or heavy lump in itself. Then, in digging in any of these beds, the most unlooked-for im-

pediments have been encountered. Broken bricks, of all sizes, and fragments of stone innumerable; bits of wood (lying cross-ways beneath the blade of the spade, of course), and masses of mortar, road drift, horse-hair, and musty straw. Three old shoes, with the remains of nailed soles; a piece of rotten waistcoat, with rusty metal buttons; some old rope, and a broom-handle; broken crockery, such as bits of tea-cups and basins, and brown delf-ware; a rusty knife or two; an old hat (a very difficult thing, indeed, for a spade to deal with, at twelve or thirteen inches below the surface); a number of clothes-pegs; half a prop; a battered pewter-pot; and here and there a complete bed, or mine, of broken laths, shavings, and miscellaneous rubbish, — buried at nearly the depth of a spade, or a spade and a half. As for altering the shape and direction of the walks, let the reader think of the expense, and trouble, and time of that — all the gravel to be raised with a pick-axe, and carried elsewhere, and fresh mould, for two feet depth, to be brought from a nursery. In the country, these matters are not difficult to manage, with the help of a single gardener; but, in a small suburb-garden, such "improvements" are seldom to be ventured.

I have said that my back second-floor window commanded a view of a very long row of new houses and gardens, which I had seen manufactured from the very earliest stage. A brief account of the principal processes will explain all that has been previously related, and a great deal more; the truth of which tens of thousands of householders will recognise, but too readily. I shall begin at the beginning.

My dressing-room window overlooks an irregular piece of fallow land, which extends from the furthermost end of my garden wall over an extent of some five hundred yards in length, by one hundred in breadth. This land is covered with a sort of rank grass, which gives it the look of a neglected field, like the "sluggard's garden;" but the soil of this vegetation is only a few inches deep, the whole piece of land being of yellow clay. Except in the hottest season of the year, it is always in a damp condition, and whenever there has been rain the whole surface reeks, and a fog rises all over it.

On this "very desirable plot of ground for a building lease," Mr. Roomy, the builder, of Lumbago Place — a respectable, business-like man — determines to build a row of houses, each with a good strip of garden, and makes contracts with his bricklayer and carpenter that the entire row, extending the full length of the desirable plot of land, shall be completed, and made, what is considered by builders, "habitable," on or before the beginning of next March. It is now November. They must be all ready to receive

visitors of the Great Exposition— so there 's no time to be lost.

The ground is forthwith measured off, and levelled, and cart-loads of bricks, and scaffolding poles, and planks arrive. That damp clay land will need a pretty good foundation for the houses, of broken brick-rubbish, and gravel. We look in vain for the depositing and arrangement of anything of this kind. Can it be? —is it possible they can intend?— yes — and my shaving-water has got cold from my continually stopping to look down upon the bricklayers' operations — it is a fact, that, after merely cutting off the grass for turf, they have begun to build upon the bare clay! The first house has actually been placed upon the bare damp soil, without even the pretence of any intermediate foundation whatever.

The construction of the house-drains, I perceive, is upon the old bad plan. Instead of glazed earthenware pipes of some four inches diameter in the bore, they are laying down the old-fashioned brick-built drains, of twelve or fourteen inches *square*, and with the branch drains intersecting them at right angles, instead of long acute angles in the direction of the outward flow. Moreover the drains are constructed on a level, or nearly so, and with no calculation for the proper degree of fall, or graduated descent, so that on any occasion of a temporary stoppage, owing to improper substances having got into the drain, or a flooding from heavy rains, the whole of the sewage having no downward pressure from its own weight, will inevitably flow back to the house, and deluge the cellars and ground floors most odoriferously.

I believe they intend to make the out-fall of the drains, according to the new regulations, and drain down into the main sewers. But I have seen several consultations in certain curious spots, where a cesspool would have been preferred, but for the salutary fear of a visit from the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, whose surveyors are worthy of far better masters. The builder, however, does the "next best thing;" he builds a brick dust-hole close under the kitchen window, and in a line beneath the dining-room window.

Of the materials of which the house is built, as of its slight and rapid structure, I shall not pause to speak, nor of its inward inconveniencies in the arrangement of the rooms, and general clumsiness, and want of forethought and contrivance; because these things so much depend on circumstances, that they are almost beyond the pale of influence except inasmuch as one can put people on their guard to look well into all such matters before buying or tenanting any house. It is a question for individuals. Let their eyes be widely opened to it. But the external form of a house, row, or street, is a public question of taste. The character of the nation in respect

of its buildings, is, more or less implicated in it, as every "Prospect Place," and "Paradise Row," attests, not to mention the average run of all suburban "Terraces," and "Streets."

The form of the house that has grown up before my eyes is that of a box, or chest set upright. It has four walls, or sides, with a top and bottom. It is nearly a square, and the only thing that interrupts this cube-like outline is a row of chimney-pots, which they are now placing upon it. This is no ordinary cottage or lodge; it is what is called a good, substantial, brick-built, eight-roomed house.

As to any such thing as "design," the builder has evidently no more thought of it than if architecture had never existed in the world, and men had always made houses simply to "cover them." It is as though we were living in a primitive state of nature, in respect to house building, while possessing all the materials of art and civilisation.

A second house is rapidly rising, like the first; a third is commenced; the ground for a fourth and fifth is being levelled. Each one is exactly like the other; placed, without further foundation, upon the bare damp clay. Square brick box after box, they rise, and Mr. Roomy rubs his hands as he speculates son the rent he shall demand, and their speedy occupancy by a tenant desiring a nice airy residence on the outskirts of London.

But now for the "garden." The ground at the back of the house was levelled and enclosed by walls, in the shape of the house, as nearly as possible. It would have been a square by choice, but circumstances have caused it to be somewhat too long. In short, it is of that well-known outline, called a "strip," being, of all others, the most difficult to deal with for the picturesque or graceful laying out of a garden, even when the dimensions are of some extent; but when small, needing the greatest exercise of ingenuity to prevent ugliness and awkwardness, or the hardest lines that can offend the eye. But what is the gardener about? He has got a bricklayer's line, and is drawing it along parallel with the wall, for the formation of a long border, thus repeating the hard outline; and instead of carrying the eye away from it, or endeavouring to conceal it, he is literally forcing it into the most rivetting attention. Gardener did I call him? — no, it is one of the bricklayers, assisted by a hodsman. Several cart-loads of mould are now brought into the garden, and shot down, and to work they go in "laying-out."

Each strip of ground is separated from that belonging to the next house by a long wall. The wall of the first one is only half finished, and a bricklayer is at work upon the other side, while the gardening bricklayer on this side is laying down the mould for a border. Numerous pieces of broken and chopped-off brick, with corresponding dabs of mor-

tar, consequently fall over and are mixed up with the border mould, which the bricklayer on this side carefully buries, and then proceeds to make the border very fine on the surface. A path is next measured off by the bricklayer's line, parallel with the border, thus again repeating the sharp outline of the wall; and this path is covered with brick-rubbish and stones, and well trodden and beaten down, so that it would be no small trouble to change the form and direction of the path, if any tenant had the taste and moral courage to attempt it. By way of making this laying out perfect of its kind, a long central bed is now marked off, and covered with mould, parallel with the previous lines, and being an exact counterpart of the outline of the entire strip, only some sizes less.

The gardening bricklayer manages his spade very assiduously, and neatly too, considering it is not his proper tool, — in fact, from his general handiness, I conjecture him to be an Irishman; and also, I must add, from his want of forethought: for this morning I perceive he is about to finish the top row of the wall bricks, to do which he stands on this side, thus trampling down all his fine surface of border-mould as he goes, besides strewing it all over with a second fall of fragments of brick and mortar. By night he has done. Next morning he is there again; not with his trowel, but his spade, carefully burying all the bits of brick and rubbish, and once more working the surface of the mould very fine to look at.

Morning after morning have I watched these various operations during three months, and now, finally, I behold, a long row of new square brick-boxes, set upon damp clay — drained on an old and very bad system, and having in other respects, the most inconvenient arrangement — a succession of dust-holes close under the kitchen-windows, and in a line beneath the back dining-room window — and I am presented with a succession of some eighteen straight walls, enclosing straight strips of garden, each lined out by the bricklayer, in parallel lines, as a bricklayer naturally would do, and each one being the exact counterpart of the other. The whole set are made neat and sightly for letting, by the use of the broom to sweep out all manner of rubbish from the houses, — and the spade to bury it carefully in the garden beds and borders.

Some poor woman, a bankrupt laundress, a servant-of-all-work out of place, or a char-woman with her family, is put in to "mind the house," and open the door to those who are looking out for a house. The rubbish and refuse she and her family will accumulate during her stay, perhaps of one month, perhaps of six, must not be thrown into the dust-hole, for that has to be kept tidy for letting; she therefore gets a man, or her husband when he comes home in

the evening, to bury it "somewhere" in the garden.

The extreme ends of these garden walls are met by the ends of other garden walls on the opposite side. I turn my gaze on them very often while sitting at my dressing-table, but gain little consolation from what I see. On this side, the outline of the garden walls is nearly the same as those I have been describing, and the laying out displays no better taste. Several of these strips are laid out in three round puddings of beds one after the other, with the largest round pudding in the middle. Others have great beds made like aces of diamonds; three of them have made hard-favoured sets of little beds, like furrows cut across the whole width of the garden, with narrow walks between, like ruled copy books; and two of them have fairly given up the matter, and allowed the whole strip to lie like the fallow-field of rank grass, from which they were originally separated by the builder's walls.

To look at the great mass of our houses and streets — suburban houses and streets in especial — a foreigner would suppose we had no architects among us. "What!" cries Mr. John Bull, "do you mean to compare any foreign houses with English houses for convenience, comfort, and snugness?" Certainly not, Mr. Bull, with regard to the inside domestic arrangements; but those are not the builder's department — they are the work of the carpenter, the cabinet-maker, the upholsterer, and the ironmonger. I am speaking of the external form and appearance of our modern houses, and I affirm that it would never occur to a foreigner that such persons as architects were ever consulted, except on particular occasions, and that, in fact, nearly all our houses are the product of the brains of wealthy, enterprising, master-bricklayers, or builders who, like my friend Mr. Roomy, have risen into "builders" from that questionable foundation. For this reason, a house with us is in shape nothing more than a square box, and a street is a succession of boxes. There is no more external "design" in them than goes to the construction of a box, or a rabbit-hutch — a child's first drawing of "a house" on a slate; and a street is often no better to look at than a set of menagerie cages — take away the bars, and place windows in the front, and add a door with steps, and some chimneys, and there you have our modern houses. Sometimes an attempt is made to get over the heavy squareness by an ornamental door-way, a flight of stone steps, or an enormous entrance-porch, or by sticking a small bit of a wing to one side, like a house and its little one. But there 's the "box" amidst all the awkward half-conscious attempts to hide it. Frequently, a variation is yet more obviously sought by a skreen or parapet at the top; and yet more frequently by a rising roof, in imitation of

a haystack in single houses, and of a barn in a small row of houses. But, after all, there is the builder's box, standing with sturdy utilitarianism in the middle of all these vain attempts, as one should say doggedly (not to add stupidly), "Well — and a good strong box too."

A CHRISTIAN PAYNIM.

A LEGEND.

ROUND Malaga's fair city
Is drawn the pride of Spain;
And morn and night, they hotly fight,
Its battlements to gain.

But, still the valiant Pagans
Full stoutly hold their own,
And from many a height is the crescent bright
In fierce defiance shown.

And lo! the wide gates opening
Send forth a dense array;
In the sun's bright beams their armour gleams,
And their war-steeds shrilly neigh.

From their saddle-bows down-bending
They sweep to meet the foe —
But is it from fear that their full career
Is check'd even as they go?

It is not fear that checks them,
But pity's gentle sway;
For an infant train on the verdant plain
Are group'd in frolic play.

The host they view with wonder!
Admire their trappings gay,
Their plumes of white and their lances bright,
And their steeds that court the fray.

With greeting and with pleasure
They clap their little hands;
And laugh and shout as the warlike rout
Whirl high their deadly brands.

Then spake the Chief Zenete —
Valiant and gentle knight!
"To your mothers begone, each truant one,
And screen ye from the fight!"

'Revoke that word, Zenete,"
Then spake his comrades forth;
'For this infant band is placed in our hand
As hostages of worth."

'Now shame on ye, by Allah!
Shame on all such!" cried he:
'May bearded men by us be ta'en, —
Not smiling infancy!"

OUR PHANTOM SHIP.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

Now that Central America is very generally looked to as a Land of Hope, the imagination glows over the picture of what it is destined to become. Though most of us like to know as much as travellers will tell us, about the country of the Incas, very few of us care to experience what it now actually is. Fleas, fevers, and frijoles, to say nothing of convulsions, political and natural, earthquakes and revolutions, go far to quench the spirit of the traveller. Only the other day war was declared with the small state of Honduras by the small states of Guatemala and San Salvador. Valiant ragamuffins by the dozen will form armies, dodge each other, march and countermarch. There will be universal crisis, as our neighbours call it. Never mind. We travel in our Phantom Ship, and we will wander through the land as phantoms.

Already we have traversed the Atlantic in our Phantom Ship, and have been drenched by a good sheet of rain within the tropics by the time we reach Belize. As Bri-

tons, we will first visit Belize, the British settlement. Belize is on the coast of the free Indians, in the Bay of Honduras. South of it lie the five independent and quarrelsome states forming the public of Central America. Guatemala and Honduras side by side; Guatemala with a coast-line on the Pacific, and a bit of coast on the Atlantic; Honduras with Atlantic coast along the bay named after it. Under these lies first, San Salvador, with the Pacific forming its sea-margin. Then Nicaragua, with a long coast on the Pacific, and containing lakes, but with a very little piece of coast on the Atlantic. The great part of the Atlantic coast line from Honduras southward is in possession of the Mosquito Indians. Costa Rica in the narrowest part of the Central American Isthmus, occupies the breadth from sea to sea, but has by a great deal its longest coast line on the Pacific side. Then comes the remainder of the Isthmus, including the line of railway between Chagres and Panama, but Central America does not extend so far. We will begin our travels at Belize and ramble southward, until we take ship again in Costa Rica at Punta Arenas on the Pacific side, for reasons hereinafter to be mentioned.

Here we are, then, near the British settlement, as we before said, after having felt how water can dash down between the tropics; raining, not cats and dogs, but tigers and rhinoceroses. Belize appears to rise out of the sea as we approach; a range of white houses running for a mile along the shore — government house at one end, barracks at the other; a picturesque bridge, somewhere about the middle, crosses a river which divides the settlement. At the mouth of the river, on an island, is a little fort. There is a church spire, and, behind all, a background made by groves of cocoa-nuts. Vessels at anchor in the harbour, rafts of mahogany, canoes paddled to and fro, and there is the government dory made out of the trunk of a mahogany tree. Belize lives upon mahogany. The mahogany cutters are free blacks, who form the staple population of the town. There is a Court of Justice in Belize. Seven Judges sitting on heavy mahogany chairs, seven ordinary men of business, sit to hear causes. There are plenty to be tried; there is a jury to try them, but there 's not a lawyer in the settlement. The merits of each case are fairly brought out, by mutual explanations, and shrewd questioning. The decisions are founded upon homely common sense, and the strict purpose of protecting honest men. The suitors have a right of appeal from this court to England, but they make no use of it. How many appeals would there be in the English courts if every suitor knew, that go into what court he might, he would find the law to be nonym of justice?

We walk among the bustle of

Belize, then step into our Phantom Ship, and sailing slowly up the Belize River, one turn shuts the Bridge from sight — and we are in the deepest solitude. The dense forest, motionless, and silent; the swift river by which, but a few miles farther up, the aboriginal Indians are dwelling; the sky obstructed by thick boughs; these are the scene in which no living thing appears to be astir, except a quiet pelican. The solitudes beyond are almost unexplored; we did not come out to explore them, so we let the current float us back into the bustle of Belize, and through Belize, till we can hoist our ghostly white sail and put out to sea again.

Our voyage is a short one. In the extreme corner of Honduras Bay we find the Rio Dolce. Mountains clothed up to their very summits with the brightest foliage, are parted by an ample stream; we pass between them, we are enclosed on all sides by a forest wall. The course of the broad stream is hidden by its windings; trees, piled upon trees environ us, the rocks are hidden by luxuriance of shrubs that burst forth out of every crevice. The air is odorous of fruits and flowers. The plumage of the cocoa-nut, the huge stems of the cotton trees, are bound together by a net-work of parasites, whose crimson blossoms cover them, whose runners hang in festoons from the boughs and dip into the placid water. There are orange trees and lemons, pine-apple, banana, plantain; but there is no song of birds. We float for nine miles, buried thus within a scene of solemn beauty, catching now and then a gleam of sunset on our faces, and then the mountains part on either hand; for we have reached the broad lake, Golfo Dolce, into which the River Dolce first flows from the heights of Guatemala. The lake, studded with islands, is now glorious before the setting sun. We steer for the little port of Isabel — a port, of Guatemala, on the Gulf — behind which mountain rises above mountain — there we land. The removal of a mud bar from the mouth of the harbour would make this one of the best ports in the world. The small population here at present is composed of Indians, negroes, people of mixed blood, and a few Spaniards. Not far from Isabel there is another port, St. Thomas, with a sheltered harbour. We wait for morning and pass on, leaving our ship to find its way without a pilot or a crew, round Cape Horn and wait for us on the Pacific coast of Costa Rica. We are now in Guatemala, the most northern state, and on the high road to its capital. This road takes high ground at the very outset, for it begins by running up the Mico Mountains.

Starting from Isabel, and passing a small suburb, we cross a marshy plain, and then in a few minutes drive into primeval forest. In central America, roads mean lanes cut by axe into the other-

wise impenetrable wood, just wide enough to give room for the mules to meet and pass each other. The stems of the trees are not dug out, the path is not made level by an artificial process, but it is trodden into by the mules, washed into by the rains, and bristles with a *chevaux-de-frise* of mighty stumps. The high road from Isabel to Guatemala upon which we are now travelling is an example. We, travelling phantoms, take no harm, we may amuse ourselves with watching more substantial way-farers. Here is a party floundering on mules that sink in mud at every step, up to their knees or shoulders. The wood grows thicker, and so does the mud; the shade is deeper and so are the holes. We come to a stream rattling over stones, the whole party plunges in and clatters up its bed. The mules are perpetually falling. The trees meet overhead; it is like a cathedral aisle, only instead of organ music there is the cursing and swearing of the muleteers. Out again into the road, that is to say, into the mud-holes, and among the roots of trees. The colossal roots of the mahogany trees get sadly in the way. It is almost dark under the dense branches, but we can all contrive to see the mud-holes into which our friends are tumbling. We are working our way up the Mico mountain at the conclusion of the rainy season. At length we reach a little clearing on the top, the only ground on which the sun can shine, and this is dry. We rest here for a little while, and then follow to watch the general tumble of our party down the other side. They are down at length; in ten hours they have got through those twelve miles of road, and they are in a grove of palm trees on the plain. Plastered from head to foot with a thick layer of mud, the party we have watched attain a kindred shelter, a small rancho, built of mud. Here they eat frijoles, that is to say, black beans fried in hog's lard, which are the roast beef of Central America. Now we may note that those who do not like hog's lard must not travel in this part of the world. Lard is to the natives here what palm oil is to negroes. It enters into every dish, and if you ask for bread and are able to get it, it will be brought to you as a matter of course, smeared with lard, unless you are extremely vigilant. Good wheat bread can be got, but it is about three times dearer than it is in England. Maize is the grain in common use; they grind it between stones into a pulp, the women pat it into cakes, and bake them on a "griddle." These cakes are called Tortilias, and the daily manufacture of them forms a good part of the women's household work. Rounds of beef, and shoulders of mutton are not to be met with in this country. An ox is cut up into long strips, in villages, and dried without any reference to steaks or sirloins; so that the beef is then bought by the yard, and eaten, fried in

hog's lard naturally. The upper classes live much upon vegetables, fruit and sweet-meat. Chocolate is in common use, and coffee in the neighbourhood of the plantations. Tea has scarcely penetrated into this part of the world. So now you know what you can get to eat if you should chance to visit Central America, not as a phantom but in hungry flesh.

We travel on — along the summit of a mountain range — on either side of us delicious valleys, whereon winter never trod; here and there a scenery reminding us of English parks. The next hour is enlivened by a heavy rain. It ceases, and we see beneath us the Motagua, the finest river in Central America, which forms in the lower part of its course the boundary between the states of Guatemala and Honduras. We descend by a steep, romantic path, and stand upon the margin of the torrent, where huge mountains compass us about. A naked Indian sits on the other bank before a few huts roofed with palm leaves. He pushes across for us in his canoe.

We turn aside from the high road to Guatemala — not very far aside — to trace the Copan River. Copan is but a little village — of Honduras, for we have just crossed the borders of that state. It lies in a district famous for its good tobacco. In Central America the whole population smokes, men, women, and children; standing, sitting, and reclining. The wife goes to bed, on the ox-hide, with a cigar in her mouth, and the husband with his cigar will lie with his head at her feet sometimes, for mutual convenience. Copan is their best tobacco district.

What Titanic wall is that whose image is reflected in the river? By the shrubs and creepers we can climb up to the summit. It looks like a portion of some massive ruin. We have climbed, and we stand spell bound. Step below step, broken by trees, loaded with shrubs, and lost at last in the luxuriance of forest, we see the traces of a theatre of masonry. But from a pillar of broken stone below, the fixed stare of an enormous sculptured head encounters us. We descend wondering, and stand before an altar richly carved. We seek for more, and find at our first plunge into the forest a colossal figure frowning down upon us; it is a statue twelve feet high, loaded with hieroglyphic and with grotesque ornament. The grand face seems to be a portrait — but of whom? We explore farther, and find more and more of these stone giants, elbowed from their places by the growth of trees, some of them buried to the chest in vegetation, staring through the underwood with their blind eyes. Monkeys in troops pass to and fro among them. Who are these gods or heroes buried in the dark recesses of the wood? Who raised their monuments? What Temple, what great city, has existed here? No man can tell. These figures frowned before their altars when

the Spaniards came. They speak, as the monuments of Egypt, about that time when man exulted most in wrestling against matter, when glory lay in strength of hand and magnitude of handiwork. These are the ruins of Copan, and tell of a past whose history is totally effaced. Along a row of death's heads, carved in stone, by other monuments, we pass back to the outer wall. From the suggestion of what has been, we return to the examination of what is. We get back into the high road for Guatemala, and bid good-bye to Honduras, in which state we shall not travel.

We should have found it a land of valley and mountain (for "Honduras" is by interpretation "valleys") rugged and barren. It has gold and silver mines, but hath also revolutions, and the mines are almost abandoned. It has, as everybody knows, mahogany, bought by the Belize merchants of the Honduras government, at the rate of about ten dollars per tree. It exports hides and a little sarsaparilla. Then we leave Honduras, and float swiftly on through Guatemala till we reach its capital; that is called Guatemala too, and once was regarded as the capital of all Central America.

Guatemala, the town, at a distance looks extremely handsome. It has many churches, many gardens interspersed among the houses. The streets, on entering, we find to be all straight, and the houses all one story high. Well, there 's an earthquake now, at any rate! We have been very fortunate in getting all the way from Isabel without one. The sensation is like that which we have on shipboard when the vessel lurches. There are two or three rolls, and the sudden settling is the worst part of the shock. We see that a good many people have jumped out of their houses. It is on account of the frequent earthquakes that they are built only one story high. Earthquakes are disagreeable; folks do not become used to them, but, on the contrary, are said with each experience to acquire some increase of dread. This very town is a place begotten of an earthquake. It was founded no longer ago than the year 1773, when the old capital — Old Guatemala — suffered from a disastrous earthquake that eventually tired its patience. Before that, in 1717, the volcano of fire — for the old capital stood between two volcanoes, and one was of fire, the other of water — the volcano of fire had been extremely active, and its eruption had been accompanied with a dose of earthquake and devastation, which was continued for four months. Before that, in 1686, a tenth part of the population had been swept off by an epidemic. Before that, in 1651, there was an extraordinary earthquake, and the wild beasts came to town to be protected. Before that, in 1601, there was a pestilence. Before that, in 1585-6, there was for months incessant fire from the volcano, and earth-

quakes; in December, 1586, numbers of the people were buried under ruins, the ridges of mountains were torn off, and there were great chasms in the ground. Before that, in 1581, the volcano threw up such a load of ashes, that lights were required in the houses at mid-day. Before that, in 1575-6-7, there were ruinous earthquakes. Before that, in 1558, there was an epidemic. Before that, in 1542, the capital was founded, because another capital before that had been swept into ruins by the descent of a huge torrent, bearing with it rocks and trees, down the sides of the volcano of water.

The new Guatemala is built like all towns of what has been Spanish America, in square blocks, so that all the streets are straight and cross each other at right angles. The houses are, as we saw, one story high; but spacious, with large doors and windows, and iron balconies. There is a public market square, with a fountain in the middle, and on one side the Cathedral, a fine structure, with the archbishop's palace and a school; opposite that the government house and some law courts; on a third side, guard-house and barracks; and on the fourth, a corridor, occupied by the chief shops of the city, which are all "general stores." The water of the fountain comes from a distance of twelve miles, by an aqueduct, which supplies all Guatemala, and yields a surplus which plays about the town in fifty public fountains. These supply water freely to the poor, and many of them are covered with stone buildings and partitioned off into stone troughs, for washing clothes. Hear this — O, London! — of the land of frijoles!

The chief amusement in Guatemala consists in letting off fireworks in the streets, every Saint's day. This is a Saint's day, and the fireworks come after the earthquake. We will look to a hotel for shelter. Alas, there is no hotel, no inn. Possibly we may get a lodging. A lodging in Central America means a room. A room — four walls, and nothing else. We 'll borrow a bed, to see what that is like. It is an ox-hide, full of fleas. Not that fleas matter in the ox-hide, for the floor, of baked clay, broken, is full of fleas in every crevice. Phantoms though we are, we will not sleep in Guatemala. Guatemala is the best town in Central America; and the Mica Mountain is not the worst road.

We float off to the deserted capital. Not quite deserted; many clung to it when the new town was built, for it is situated in a fertile district; the new town is not. It has a desolate appearance, its fine old cathedral cracked from top to bottom — ruined houses with huts planted in the corners of them. We will go on a few miles, to the city of Amatitlan. Old Guatemala and Amatitlan are the centres of the cochineal plantations. Each house in Amatitlan has its cactus ground, as, in English vil-

lages, each cottage has its cabbage garden. In Central America you have the cactus at home, in all its glory. On unfrequented mountains there, we wander among cactus blossoms. Five varieties of cactus are employed to feed the cochineal insect. The valley of Amatitlan is covered with cochineal estates. In this valley is a lake whereinto two streams flow, and out of which there flows a river. On the lake floats pumice-stone, springs of boiling-water bubble round it. Steam pours out of crevices, here and there, in the adjacent mountains. The whole ground is volcanic. In some parts of the valley well-diggers almost burn their hands at twenty yards, and at thirty-two yards find the water boiling.

We must not stop too long in Guatemala. Its cochineal plantations in Old Guatemala and Amatitlan are its only scenes of reasonable industry. It produces a little coffee and a little cocoa; it can produce very fine vanilla and large quantities of caoutchouc. Its chief products now are robbers and revolutions.

We cross the River Paz, southward, within sight of the Pacific, and have found our way into the state of San Salvador. One of the first things upon which we tumble, is a volcano; that of Isolco, above Sonsonate. This was born — out of the plain — about years ago, and has not yet growing. There used to be a cattle estate where it now stands. It is continually in eruption, and signalises the period of its youth by throwing a large number of stones. It is very regular in its habits, exploding every sixteen minutes and three seconds, with reports like a discharge of artillery, smoke and stones, which fall upon its flank, and that is how it grows. In Sonsonate, only three leagues distant, this business-like volcano, might be made a partial substitute for clocks.

We go on to the capital, San Salvador. Town on the usual model. Thieves on the watch, soldiers asleep on the pavement, covered with ants, very ragged, less respectable than English gars, and a revolution come or coming. Where there is offal there are turkey buzzards. Of course a volcano just outside; the volcano of San Salvador, quiet of late years. We hasten to San Miguel, the seat of an annual trading market, which is generally either spoilt or put off by the same month's political convulsion. We pass through a fine tobacco district; then by a volcano at San Vicente; travel through the usual forest tracks — the homes of pumas, parrots, snakes, bees, scorpions, and ticks; cross the Lempa, the chief river of the state, and go on through the woods again until we are brought to a stand-still by a wall twenty feet high, of burning scoriæ, covered with charred trees, a souvenir from the volcano of San Miguel. The lava has come all this way, though we are five leagues from the base of the volcano, and ten leagues from its

crater. We follow a new round-about path which has been made requisite by this obstruction. Through indigo plantations we come to San Miguel.

We will get a fever at San Miguel. It 's time to have a fever. Every traveller in Central America must have a fever and get well, or die. Being a phantom fever we can soon get rid of it. We travel a few leagues, and ascend the extinct volcano of Conchagna. From there the view is fine. The Pacific, the Bay of Conchagna, studded with islands, tropical forests, rivers and mountains, and eighteen volcanoes. On coming down we find there is a fresh revolution, and take flight by boat across the bay into the state of Nicaragua. We don't wish to be ferried over to the volcano of Cosiguina on the bay. That is the volcano which broke out suddenly in 1835, breaking through a reputation for extinctness, with shocks perceptible to all the country round as far as Mexico, New Granada, and Jamaica. It filled the air with a fine powder, obscuring sun and stars, so that there was a thick darkness for forty-three hours, in which the light of torches was not visible at three yards distance. The lizards and the reptiles came to man for help, and all was destroyed for leagues around the fatal centre of activity. No, we don't visit Cosiguina.

The chief produce of the State of San Salvador is indigo, cultivated near San Vincente, San Miguel, and San Salvador. From the neighbourhood of Sonsonate, in this state, comes all our Balsam of Peru. San Salvador can produce, also, vinegar, ginger, and vanilla.

Across the Bay of Chinendega we are floated to Nacoscolo, in the State of Nicaragua — and travel by the usual mule track to the chief town, Leon. Riding on these tracks must be much like tossing in a blanket. We come to Chinendega, a pretty town (near an extinct volcano), in a country able to produce large quantities of sugar and cotton. We are now only three leagues from the harbour of Realejo, the proposed Pacific terminus to the grand ship canal; but we go on to Leon. Leon is, after Guatemala, the largest city in Central America, and contains, perhaps, twenty-four thousand inhabitants; it has contained twice as many. These towns being all built on the same plan, one is enough to look at. Here, as before, we find rectangular streets, a square, a fountain, ragged soldiers, thieves, a crisis, and a revolution.

We quit Leon for Realejo; and our way lies over level country, through thick forest, on the usual mud-and-stump mule track. Realejo, the town, is about two leagues distant from Realejo, the harbour: it is a mere collection of mud huts. The harbour is a safe and good one, suited for large vessels, and completely sheltered. This harbour will perhaps be chosen on the Pacific side, as the terminus of the proposed canal.

San Juan del Sur, a little further to the south, has also its advocates.

Several fresh water streams run into the creek which forms the harbour of Realejo. One of these flow from within three leagues of a lake — the Lake of Managua — over a gentle slope. Let us imagine this stream on the track of the canal; let us, indeed, imagine the canal cut from Realejo into that lake. With Lake Managua, the larger lake of Nicaragua is connected already by a river, which we will suppose transformed into canal. We float then into the great Lake of Nicaragua. A wind sweeps over it, and it is rolling like a sea; before us there is no land visible. From islands upon it, and from its shores, arise magnificent volcanoes. Wild-fowl flit over the water; deep woods clothe the bank. The lake is ninety-five miles long, and thirty miles broad, in its broadest part. We reach the River St. John, which leads out of the lake into the Atlantic Harbour of San Juan del Norte. The river, with its windings, is about seventy-nine miles long, flowing through dense forest. This we imagine converted into canal, and we have traversed one of the proposed routes. Returning by the St. John into the Lake of Nicaragua, we have only to cross the lake, to reach a spot where we are separated by no more than sixteen miles of land from the Pacific harbour of San Juan del Sur. This is by far the shortest route, but there are forcible objections to it. Across the path of those sixteen miles, there runs a range of hills, to be traversed only by a deep cutting or a tunnel, or both. And deep cuttings or tunnels are neither of them quite safe in the society of volcanoes, however matter-of-fact they may seem to Englishmen. Furthermore, it is said that the Port of St. John del Sur, is not an eligible one, swept during five months of the year by an adverse north wind. The harbour of Realejo forms an admirable terminus, perfectly embayed, and sheltered by an island at its mouth, while the proposed canal route, although longer, presents much less engineering difficulty. Not that it is difficult to engineers to operate just as they please, upon dead matter; but that to make a tunnel or a cutting is one thing, and to insure it against earthquakes, is another. In May, 1844, a series of violent earthquake shocks passed over the precise site of this projected cutting, and did great damage to the town of Nicaragua.

The unhealthiness of the Atlantic coast — the danger to European overseers during that part of the operation which will concern the river Saint John; the worthlessness of native labour, the question of the necessity of negro free labour, and all such matters, we need not discuss. It may be noted, however, that in making the new railway from Chagres to Panama, the works have been imprudently commenced on the unhealthy side. Commencement at

the other end might have given some time to the labourers in which they could become better acclimatised.

Now we are about to quit the state of Nicaragua. It is a country of rich, fertile plains and slopes, freely besprinkled with volcanic peaks. It can produce fine indigo, cotton, sugar, and cocoa. Mahogany, cedar and Brazil wood, abound in its forests; thieves, ragged soldiers, and political convulsions abound in its towns.

We enter Costa Rica, the most southern state, which for some years past has been quietly industrious, and given up the revolutionary business. Here we traverse wild rocks and forest-covered glens until we reach the high table-land in the centre of the state, which is the cultivated part of Costa Rica. Here are three towns — San Jose the capital, Alhajuela, and Heridia. Sugar is grown here, but coffee-plantations are the chief source of prosperity.

San Jose, like Guatemala, is a new capital. We visit the old city, Cartago; it is a mass of ruins, made by an earthquake in 1841. The old volcano looks down on the mischief smoking quietly.

The coffee of Costa Rica sent to Europe, is not shipped on the Atlantic side. The mountains, valleys, marshes, and prevailing rains of the Atlantic coast, make that side so impracticable, that although they have a port on the Atlantic, the Costa Ricans shudder at the difficulty and expense of making roads to it for transport of their produce. Therefore they make roads suitable for country carts — better than mule tracks, to their port on the Pacific, Punta Arenas, in the Gulf of Nicoza. This port is formed by a sandpit about two leagues long, running out from the main land, enclosing a harbour sheltered by two islands, and accessible to small vessels, which can receive and land cargo only by boats. The village is built upon the sandpit, and from hence the coffee is exported. Here, too, there is a Pearl Fishery. The Costa Ricans think it better to sell their coffee in Europe at the disadvantage of three pounds a ton, by paying freight for the circumnavigation of South America, than to make roads to their port of Matinas, on the Atlantic, which, in point of mileage merely, is no farther distant from the coffee-grounds than Punta Arenas.

Now we are at our journey's end, and waiting on the sandpit for our Phantom Ship. We have seen the surface of the land. Beneath the surface are abundant deposits of gold, silver, and iron. We have seen something of the wealth lavished by Nature upon that district of the world, whose part in the world's history is destined to be hereafter as large as it now is little. The present inhabitants of Central America — Spanish, mixed or coloured — know no more of the use which they might make of their unlimited resources, than a baby knows what it can buy with half-a-crown. An industrious and settled population, in the first place

— no more revolutions — in the second place, good roads, are the great wants of Central America. Nothing but Anglo-Saxon energy will ever stir this sluggish pool into life. There is no vigour in the revolutions even; they are not an active ebullition of the feelings, but a chronic malady.

Who is to fell the trees, to destroy the sickliness of an excessive vegetation? Who is to form the roads, to work the mines, to make the cultivated soil yield its best treasures in their full abundance? When the commerce of Europe shall flow into the Pacific, through the Nicaraguan Canal, those questions will be answered readily.

But now we step into our Phantom Ship, to sail home by the country of the Patagonians; and in a minute you are landed safely by your own fireside.

THE QUEEN'S BAZAAR.

THE articles displayed for sale at the Queen's Bazaar are brought together under peculiar circumstances. Some of them are handed over by Her Majesty's Revenue officers, who obtain them from passengers as they step ashore from foreign steamers. Some, are thus unwillingly contributed by full-figured dowagers; by young ladies carrying poodles; by well-cloaked gentlemen; or by obese individuals encumbered with protuberating brandy-bottles, formed like the "stuffing" adopted by actors when they play Falstaff.

It is, however, a pity that the smuggling propensities of Mrs. Brown, Miss Robinson, or Mr. Bombigs, should be a cause of annoyance to the thousands of passengers who land weekly on our coasts. It is a pity, that because Miss Bumble cannot resist the temptation of secreting a bottle or two of Eau de Cologne between the folds of her packed-up draperies; that because Mr. Fitz-Fink must put Galignani's edition of "Astoria" in his hat-box; their fellow-passengers should be subjected to the annoyance of having their wardrobes tumbled out upon a counter, for the amusement of the curious. It is distressing to witness the performance of the searcher's duties. Mrs. Tiplip's boxes are thrown upon the counter, uncorded, unlocked. The searcher commences by removing huge piles of silk dresses; Mrs. Tiplip looking on in a state of the greatest excitement. The searcher vigorously rams his arm to the bottom of the trunk, and by a dexterous twist tumbles its contents into a condition of the most picturesque confusion. Mrs. Tiplip feels that she will faint, if the man does not desist at once. But, he regards neither her confusion nor her expostulations. He rolls a dozen pairs of stockings upon the counter; he rattles her jewel-case and asks for the key; he minutely inspects her supply of linen; he brings to public light all kinds of little secret cosmetics and artifices, which gentlemen are not usually privileged to see. He hopes that there is no contraband

article secreted in her needlecase. He trusts that there is nothing but cotton in her work-box; and having chalked a huge hieroglyphic upon the trunk, pushes the whole tumbled exposed heap from before him, and turns to another victim. Now and then he ruthlessly seizes a bottle of brandy, a few yards of lace, or a pair of new shoes; but generally finds nothing worth touching. The value of his contributions to the Queen's Bazaar scarcely covers the amount of his salary.

In another part of the Custom House are officials keeping up the Queen's Bazaar stock by mulcting the merchants. It is necessary to prevent importers from understating the value of goods upon which an *ad valorem* duty is charged. To check this tendency, a system has been adopted of buying those goods which the Custom House officers hold to be undervalued. Thus, when a merchant declares the value of a bale of goods, and the officer believes the declaration to be understated, he pays the value the merchant has declared to the owner, and retains the goods. This course furnishes the chief articles which figure at the periodical Custom House sale. Very often, Her Majesty loses by these transactions. Thus, a merchant imported a quantity of soiled goods lately, which he declared at the value he honestly believed they would fetch. This declaration being, to the mind of the officials (who disregarded the damaged condition of the goods), understated, they paid the merchant his price on the part of Her Majesty, and subjected them to the hammer, in the expectation that a round sum would be realised by the bargain. It turned out, however, that the merchant had rather overstated the value; and, the consequence was, that the goods were sold for about one hundred and fifty pounds less than the Custom House authorities had paid for them. As a large proportion of the goods sold under the authority of the Customs' Commissioners are detained and paid for as undervalued, the bazaar is in some sort a Government speculation; and one, probably, that does not return a large per centage of profit. The pickings from trunks, form items which it is easy to trace; the articles wrenched from the grasp of professional smugglers are for the most part either tobacco or spirits.

Having thus briefly reviewed the systems which fill Her Majesty's Bazaar with all kinds of valuable commodities, we may enter the Queen's Warehouse, situated on the ground-floor of the Custom House. The Queen's Warehouse is not an imposing apartment, either in its decorations or extent. It is simply a large square room, lighted by an average number of windows, and consisting of four bare walls, upon which there is not the most distant approach to decoration. Counters are placed in different directions, with no regard to order or effect. Here and there, masses of drapery

for sale are hung suspended from cords, or, to all appearance, nailed against the wall. Across one corner of the room, in the immediate vicinity of a very handsome inlaid cabinet, two rows of dilapidated Bath chaps are slung upon a rope. Close under these delicacies, stands a rosewood piano, on which a foreign lady, supported by a foreign gentleman, is playing a showy fantasia. The effect of her brilliant and vehement performance is, however, unhappily marred by the presumption of a young gentleman who is trying a gross of accordions, situated at the further end of the row of chaps, by playing the first few notes of the National Anthem upon each, with utter disregard of time and tune. At the elbow of this young gentleman an old gentleman is rubbing some raw silk — as though he longed to wash it — and then stroking it with a touching fondness. He carries a catalogue in his hand, and when he has completed his inspection, hastens to make some hieroglyphics in it.

Advancing a little more into the bazaar, and edging our way between all kinds of men in earnest conversation who "think one and a quarter enough," or who "wouldn't mind taking the damaged with the sound," or who are confident "there is no longer any home market for such goods" — we reach the first long counter. Here, we discover a rich assortment of objects piled about in hopeless confusion.

Eighty-nine opera glasses: three dozen "companions" — more numerous than select, perhaps. Forty dozen black brooches — ornamental mourning, sent over probably by some foreign manufacturer, relying in the helplessness of our Woods-and-Forests-ridden Board of Health, and in the death-dealing fogs and stenches of our metropolis. Seventeen dozen daguerreotype plates, to receive as many pretty and happy faces. Eighty dozen brooches; nineteen dozen pairs of ear-rings; forty-two dozen finger-rings; twenty-one dozen pairs of bracelets. The quantities and varieties are bewildering, and the ladies cluster about in a state of breathless excitement, or give way to regrets that the authorities will not sell less than ten dozen tiaras, or half a dozen clocks.

The French popular notion, that every Englishman has an exhaustless store of riches, seems to hold as firmly as ever; for, here we find about three hundred dozen *portes monnais*, and countless purses, evidently of French manufacture. Presently we are shown what Mr. Carlyle would call "a gigantic system of shams," in five hundred and thirty-eight gross of imitation turquoises. We stroll on, amused at the variety of the scene — the intent looks with which men are peering into all kinds of packages, testing all kinds of manufactures in all sorts of ways, and making notes eagerly in their catalogues. We pause before seven crosses, and nine crucifixes, "mounted." A parti-

cular interest attaches to these gaudy ceremonial trinkets of Berlin ware. They were put up to auction with a cigar-holder, and eleven finger-rings, for the sum of three pounds fifteen shillings. At the farther end of the long counter before which we have been pausing, are some very finely-executed bronzes, and Dresden, and other vases, marked at exceedingly low prices. Yet, according to the catalogue, they have all been undervalued, and the sale of them is a Government speculation.

To realise an idea of the Queen's Bazaar on the morning of sale, it is necessary to have a vivid sense of the unpleasantness of hearing every imaginable air played at short intervals on every kind of instrument, by performers of various degrees of skill. We were suddenly attracted to the second counter in the room by a few loud notes played upon an oboe, by a short gentleman with a long moustache. The counter was loaded with brass instruments, lying in confused heaps: some packed in papers, some bursting through their covers, and others glittering in the sun, in all the nakedness of polished brass. We began to think that a brass band had been seized by the ruthless searchers of the Custom-house; but, on referring to our catalogue, we learnt that this heap of cornopeans, clarionets, ophicleides, trombones, clarions, violoncelli, and guitars, had been undervalued according to the Custom-house authorities, and had been bought on behalf of Government. An organ with sixteen barrels had also fallen into the hands of Government, for something under fifty-three pounds. A solitary drum had been resigned to the authorities, as an undervalued article: it was the only instrument which remained untouched.

Near these musical instruments, lay a great variety of china from all parts of the world. Designs the most graceful, and distortions the most grotesque, were huddled together. Two salt-cellars, which had been undervalued, were inside of two butter-boats, that had been similarly treated; while two egg-cups, detained by the majesty of English law, stood modestly beside some of the splendid pottery of Dresden. Near all this china, were about one hundred-and-twenty party-coloured Chinese lamps, in the immediate neighbourhood of twenty-eight cottages (dolls'), napkin-rings, pincushions, nut-crackers, paper-knives, &c., all of the celebrated Swiss carving, of which some splendid specimens are promised for the Great Exhibition.

Tired with the endless variety of the Government Bazaar, we must pass over — seventy-six dozen scissors, seventeen dozen bellows, and even ninety-five coffee biggins, to say nothing of nineteen larding-skewers, thirteen scoops, fifty thousand tickets in sheets, and one thousand box tops — to come to a few parcels over which we saw many gentlemen pause, and to which ladies

hastened with eager steps. Here they are; — sixty thousand gross of buttons! Two hundred and fifty-two dozen inkstands; hundred and fifty gross of hair pencils. Of the stocks of shawls, barèges, and handkerchiefs, we do not pretend to say anything; but it appears rather trifling to squabble over the value of two embroidered aprons, and one scarf. However, the authorities appear to be excellent judges of the value of a light crust, and the cost of confectionery: inasmuch as they have thought fit to detain, as undervalued, no less than fifty-five *pâtés de foies gras*, and a very promising consignment of *caviare*.

Among the seizures which we find in the Queen's Bazaar, is a muslin dress skirt, embroidered; one robe with body; one scarf; twelve collars; innumerable dress pieces; and three bonnets. The agony of the respective owners of these elegancies need not be dwelt upon. But, perhaps the most melancholy lot in the Government Bazaar was a packet of pamphlets, "weighing one hundredweight, two quarters, twenty-one pounds," according to the catalogue, to be sold for the "benefit of the Crown." This direct appeal from the Commissioners of Customs to the trunk-makers of the country, cannot be contemplated by any lover of literature with other than feelings of strong antipathy. Various old trunks, boxes of old clothes, hundreds of tattered volumes, hundreds of pairs of dice, clocks innumerable, countless watches, rivers of wine spirits, tons of tobacco, may be added to our list of the stock which Her Majesty has periodically on sale. On the particular occasion to which we have been all along referring, three hundred gross of lucifer matches figured in the Bazaar, besides several acres of East India matting; forty-nine gallons of Chutney sauce; eighteen gallons of curry paste; thirty millions of splints; seventy-seven hundredweight of slate pencils; sixty-eight gallons of rose-water; one package of visiting cards; one ship's long-boat; and "*four pounds*" of books in the English language!

Truly, the gentlemen who test the prices of these various articles of commerce — who can hit upon the precise value of slate pencils and caviare, dolls' houses and fat liver patties — must have extraordinary experience! That they are, after all, human, and are subject to mistakes like the rest of us, is indisputable.

The Queen's Bazaar is a specimen of the profitableness and policy of the whole system. Smuggling, of which it is the parent, is not looked upon by the community with much horror; on the contrary, by some, as rather a meritorious means of making bargains. "To pretend to have any scruple about buying smuggled goods," Adam Smith tells us, "would in most countries be regarded as one of those pedantic pieces of hypocrisy which, instead of gaining credit with anybody,

serve only to expose the the person who pretends to practise them, to the suspicion of being a greater knave than the rest of his neighbours."

The danger of maintaining laws which it is held by many well-meaning persons, not inglorious to break, has forced itself upon the governments of most countries; and it may be safely stated that the reduction of duties on foreign goods has done more to put down smuggling than fleets of revenue cutters, armies of coast guards, and the quick eyes of searchers. It is now believed that "whenever duties exceed thirty per cent *ad valorem*, it is impossible to prevent a contraband trade." The experience of the present time points to this conclusion, and further tends to show that, economically, high duties are less productive to the revenue than low duties; inasmuch as to levy high duties, a large protective force must be maintained, whereas, with low duties, smuggling sinks to a losing game, and is quickly abandoned. In 1831, Lord Congleton estimated the cost of protecting the revenue, at from seven hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand pounds. In 1832, upwards of one hundred and eighty-one thousand pounds were expended in building cottages for the officers and men of the Coast Guard in Kent and Sussex. Yet, while duties are imposed, however paltry in amount, people of an economical turn will do a little smuggling on their own account — as much for the popular glory of defrauding the revenue, as for the irresistible impulse of saving a few shillings.

LIKENESS IN DIFFERENCE.

THERE was a tale of feeling,
Told at eve, in a stately room,
Where the air was an odour stealing,
And the light was a gorgeous gloom;—
And there was a story whispered,
At a window, whose only blind
Was of wet vine-leaves, that glistered
And shook in the swaying wind:
Two tales that were diverse spoken,
Yet their import *one*, I knew,
And the language of each was broken —
And both were true!

There was a maiden queenly, —
Through bright halls gliding came,
Which grew brighter, as still serenely
She smiled o'er an unbreathed Name:
And there sat a maiden lonely
On the hearth, striving, line by line
By the light of the embers only,
To spell out a Valentine.
Two hearts that were keeping duly
One time and one tune in each breast,
Both true-loved and loving truly —
And both were blest!

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER II.

THE Romans had scarcely gone away from Britain, when the Britons began to wish they had never left it. For, the Roman soldiers being gone, and the Britons being much reduced in numbers by their long wars, the Picts and Scots came pouring in over the broken and unguarded wall of SEVERUS in swarms. They plundered the richest towns, and killed the people; and came back so often

for more booty and more slaughter, that the unfortunate Britons lived a life of terror. As if the Picts and Scots were not bad enough on land, the Saxons attacked the islanders by sea; and, as if something more were still wanting to make them miserable, they quarrelled bitterly among themselves as to what prayers they ought to say, and how they ought to say them. The priests, being very angry with one another on these questions, cursed one another in the heartiest manner; and (uncommonly like the old Drûids) cursed all the people whom they could not persuade. So, altogether, the Britons were very badly off, you may suppose.

They were in such distress, in short, that they sent a letter to Rome, entreating help: which they called The Groans of the Britons, and in which they said, "The barbarians chase us into the sea; the sea throws us back upon the barbarians; and we have only the hard choice left us of perishing by the sword, or perishing by the waves." But, the Romans could not help them, even if they were so inclined; for they had enough to do to defend themselves against their own enemies, who were then very fierce and strong. At last, the Britons, unable to bear their hard condition any longer, resolved to make peace with the Saxons, and to invite the Saxons to come into their country, and help them to keep out the Picts and Scots.

It was a British Prince named VORTIGERN who took this resolution, and who made a treaty of friendship with HENGIST and HORSA, two Saxon chiefs. Both of these names, in the old Saxon language, signify Horse; for, the Saxons, like many other nations in a rough state, were fond of giving men the names of animals, as Horse, Wolf, Bear, Hound. The Indians of North America, — a very inferior people to the Saxons — do the same to this day.

HENGIST and HORSA drove out the Picts and Scots; and VORTIGERN, being grateful to them for that service, made no opposition to their settling themselves in that part of England which is called the Isle of Thanet, or to their inviting over more of their countrymen to join them. But, HENGIST had a beautiful daughter named ROWENA; and when, at a feast, she filled a golden goblet to the brim with wine, and gave it to VORTIGERN, saying, in a sweet voice, "Dear King, thy health!" the king fell in love with her. My opinion is, that the cunning HENGIST meant him to do so, in order that the Saxons might have greater influence with him; and that the fair ROWENA came to that feast, golden goblet and all, on purpose.

At any rate, they were married: and, long afterwards, whenever the king was angry with the Saxons, or jealous of their encroachments, ROWENA would put her beautiful arms round his neck, and softly say, "Dear king, they

are my people! Be favourable to them, as you loved that Saxon girl who gave you the golden goblet of wine at the feast!" And, really, I don't see how the king could help himself.

Ah! We must all die! In the course of years, VORTIGERN died — he was dethroned, and put in prison, first, I am afraid — and ROWENA died, and generations of Saxons and Britons died; and events that happened during a long, long time would have been quite forgotten but for the tales and songs of the old Bards, who used to go about from feast to feast, with their white beards, recounting the deeds of their forefathers. Among the histories of which they sang and talked, there was a famous one, concerning the bravery and virtues of KING ARTHUR, supposed to have been a British Prince in these old times. But, whether such a person really lived, or whether there were several persons whose histories came to be confused together under that one name, or whether all about him was invention, no one knows.

I will tell you, shortly, what is most interesting in the early Saxon times, as they are described in these songs and stories of the Bards.

In, and long after, the days of VORTIGERN, fresh bodies of Saxons, under various chiefs, came pouring into Britain. One body, conquering the Britons in the East, and settling there, called their kingdom Essex; another body settled in the West, and called their kingdom Wessex; the Northfolk, or Norfolk people, established themselves in one place; the Southfolk, or Suffolk people, established themselves in another: and gradually seven kingdoms or states arose in England, which were called the Saxon Heptarchy. The poor Britons, falling back before these crowds of fighting men, whom they had innocently invited over as friends, retired into Wales and the adjacent country, into Devonshire, and into Cornwall. Those parts of England long remained unconquered. And, in Cornwall now — where the sea-coast is very gloomy, steep, and rugged — where, in the dark winter-time, ships have been often wrecked close to the land, and every soul on board has perished — where the winds and waves howl drearily, and split the solid rocks into arches and caverns — three are very ancient ruins, which the people call the ruins of KING ARTHUR'S Castle.

Kent is the most famous of the seven Saxon kingdoms, because the Christian religion was preached to the Saxons there (who domineered over the Britons too much, to care for what *they* said about their religion, or anything else) by AUGUSTINE, a monk from Rome. KING ETHELBERT of Kent was soon converted; and the moment he said he was a Christian, his courtiers all said *they* were Christians; after which, ten thousand of his subjects said they were Christians

too. AUGUSTINE built a little church, close to this king's palace, on the ground now occupied by the beautiful cathedral of Canterbury. SEBERT, the king's nephew, built on a muddy marshy place near London, where there had been a temple to Apollo, a church dedicated to Saint Peter, which is now Westminster Abbey. And, in London itself, on the foundation of a temple to Diana, he built another little church, which has risen up, since that old time, to be Saint Paul's.

After the death of ETHELBERT, EDWIN, King of Northumbria, who was such a good king that it was said a woman or child might openly carry a purse of gold, in his reign, without fear, allowed his child to be baptised, and held a great council to consider whether he and his people should all be Christians or not. It was decided that they should be. COIFI, the chief priest of the old religion, made a great speech on the occasion. In this discourse, he told the people that he had found out the old gods to be impostors. "I am quite satisfied of it," he said. "Look at me! I have been serving them all my life, and they have done nothing for me; whereas, if they had been really powerful, they could not have decently done less, in return for all I have done for them, than make my fortune. As they have never made my fortune, I am quite convinced they are impostors!" When this singular priest had finished speaking, he hastily armed himself with sword and lance, mounted a war-horse, rode at a furious gallop in sight of all the people to the temple, and flung his lance against it as an insult. From that time, the Christian Religion spread itself among the Saxons, and became their faith.

The next very famous prince was EGBERT. He lived about a hundred and fifty years afterwards, and claimed to have a better right to the throne of Wessex than BEORTRIC, another Saxon prince who was at the head of that kingdom, and who married EDBURGA, the daughter of OFFA, king of another of the seven kingdoms. This QUEEN EDBURGA was a handsome murderess, who poisoned people when they offended her. One day, she mixed a cup of poison for a certain noble belonging to the court; but, her husband drank of it too, by mistake, and died. Upon this, the people rose in great crowds, and running to the palace, and thundering at the gates, cried, "Down with the wicked queen, who poisons men!" They drove her out of the country, and abolished the title she had disgraced. When years had passed away, some travellers came home from Italy, and said that in the town of Pavia they had seen a ragged beggar-woman, who had once been handsome, but was then shrivelled, bent, and yellow, wandering about the streets, crying for bread; and that this beggar-woman was the poisoning English queen. It was, indeed,

EDBURGA; and so she died — without a shelter for her wretched head.

EGBERT, not considering himself safe in England, in consequence of his having claimed the crown of Wessex (for, he thought his rival might take him prisoner and put him to death), sought refuge at the court of CHARLEMAGNE, King of France. On the death of BEORTRIC, so unhappily poisoned by mistake, he came back to Britain; succeeded to the throne of Wessex; conquered some of the other monarchs of the seven kingdoms; added their territories to his own; and, for the first time, called the country over which he ruled, England.

And now, new enemies arose, who, for a long time, troubled England sorely. These were the Northmen, the people of Denmark and Norway, whom the English called the Danes. They were a warlike people, quite at home upon the sea, not Christians, very daring and cruel. They came over in ships, and plundered and burned wheresoever they landed. Once, they beat EGBERT in battle. Once, EGBERT beat them. But, they cared no more for being beaten than the English themselves. In the four following short reigns, of ETHELWULF, and his three sons, ETHELBALD, ETHELBERT, and ETHERED, they came back, over and over again, burning and plundering, and laying England waste. In the last-mentioned reign, they seized EDMUND, King of East England, and bound him to a tree. Then, they proposed to him that he should change his religion; but he, being a good Christian, steadily refused. Upon that, they beat him, made cowardly jests upon him, all defenceless as he was, shot arrows at him, and, finally, struck off his head. It is impossible to say whose head they might have struck off next, but for the death of KING ETHERED, from a wound he had received in fighting against them, and the succession to his throne of the best and wisest king that ever lived in England.

ALFRED THE GREAT was a young man, three-and-twenty years of age, when he became king. Twice in his childhood, he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going, on journeys which they supposed to be religious; and, once, he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for, then, that at twelve years old, he had not been taught to read; although, of the four sons of KING ETHELWULF, he, the youngest, was the favourite. But, he had, as most men who grow up to be great and good are generally found to have had, an excellent mother; and, one day, this lady, whose name was OSBURGHA, happened, as she was sitting among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long and long after that period, and the book, which was written, was what is called "illuminated," with beautiful bright

letters, richly painted. The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that one of you four princes who first learns to read." ALFRED sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it, all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them too, by which the false Danes swore that they would quit the country. They pretended to consider that they had taken a very solemn oath, in swearing this upon the holy bracelets that they wore, and which were always buried with them when they died; but, they cared little for it, for they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn, as usual. One fatal winter, in the fourth year of KING ALFRED'S reign, they spread themselves in great numbers over the whole of England; and so dispersed and routed the king's soldiers that the king was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds who did not know his face.

Here, KING ALFRED, while the Danes sought him far and wide, was left alone, one day, by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But, being at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come, and thinking deeply of his poor unhappy subjects whom they chased through the land, his noble mind forgot the cakes, and they were burnt. "What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king, "You will be ready enough to eat them by-and-by, and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog?"

At length, the Devonshire men rose against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast; killed their chief, and captured their flag, on which was represented the likeness of a Raven — a very fit bird for a thievish army like that, I think. The loss of their standard troubled the Danes greatly, for, they believed it to be enchanted; woven by the three daughters of one father in a single afternoon — and had a story among themselves that when they were victorious in battle, the Raven stretched his wings and seemed to fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop. He had good reason to droop, now, if he could have done anything half so sensible; for, KING ALFRED joined the Devonshire men, made a camp with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a bog in Somersetshire, and prepared to make a great attempt for vengeance on the Danes, and the deliverance of his oppressed people.

But, first, as it was important to know how numerous these pestilent Danes were, and how they were fortified, KING ALFRED, being a good musician, disguised himself as a gleeman or minstrel, and went, with his harp, to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of GUTHRUM the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, everything that he desired to know. And right soon did this great King entertain them to a very different tune; for, summoning all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, where they received him with joyful shouts and tears, as the monarch whom many of them had given up for lost or dead, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes with great slaughter, and besieged them for fourteen days to prevent their escape. But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace; on condition that they should altogether depart from that Western part of England, and settle in the East; and that GUTHRUM should become a Christian, in remembrance of the Divine religion which now taught this conqueror, the noble ALFRED, to forgive the enemy who had so often injured him. This, GUTHRUM did. At his baptism, KING ALFRED was his godfather. And GUTHRUM was an honourable chief who well deserved that clemency; for ever, afterwards, he was loyal and faithful to the King. The Danes under him were faithful too. They plundered and burned no more, but worked like honest men. They ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and led good, honest, English lives. And I hope the children of those Danes played, many a time, with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and that Danish young men fell in love with Saxon girls, and married them; and that English travellers, benighted at the doors of Danish cottages, often went in for shelter until morning; and that Danes and Saxons sat by the red fire, friends, talking of KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

All the Danes were not like these under GUTHRUM; for, after some years, more of them came over, in the old plundering and burning way — among them a fierce pirate of the name of HASTINGS, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames to Gravesend, with eighty ships. For three years, there was war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country, too, and a plague, both upon human creatures and beasts. But, KING ALFRED, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships nevertheless, with which to pursue the pirates on the sea; and encouraged his soldiers, by his brave example, to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last, he drove them all away; and then there was repose in England.

As great and good in peace, as

he was great and good in war, KING ALFRED never rested from his labours to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travellers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him, for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English; and, now, another of his labours was, to translate Latin books into the English-Saxon tongue, that his people might be interested, and improved by their contents. He made just laws, that they might live more happily and freely; he turned away all partial judges, that no wrong might be done them; he was so careful of their property, and punished robbers so severely, that it was a common thing to say that under the great KING ALFRED, garlands of gold chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched one. He founded schools; he patiently heard causes himself in his court of Justice; and the great desires of his heart were, to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, happier in all ways, than he found it. His industry in these efforts was quite astonishing. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, which were all of the same size, were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burnt down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock. But, when the candles were first invented, it was found that the wind and draughts of air, blowing into the palace through the doors and windows, and through the chinks in the walls, caused them to gutter and burn unequally. To prevent this, the king had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanthorns ever made in England.

All this time, he was afflicted with a terrible unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain that nothing could relieve. He bore it, as he had borne all the troubles of his life, like a brave, good man, until he was fifty-three years old; and then, having reigned thirty years, he died. He died in the year nine hundred and one; but, long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

In the next reign, which was the reign of EDWARD, surnamed THE ELDER, who was chosen in council to succeed, a nephew of KING ALFRED troubled the country by trying to obtain the throne. The Danes in the East of England, took part with this usurper (perhaps because they had honoured his uncle so much, and honoured him for his uncle's sake), and there was hard fighting; but, the king, with the assistance of his sister, gained the day, and reigned in peace for four and twenty

years. He gradually extended his power over the whole of England, and so the Seven Kingdoms were united into one.

When England thus became one kingdom, ruled over by one Saxon sovereign, the Saxons had been settled in the country more than four hundred and fifty years. Great changes had taken place in its customs during that time. The Saxons were still greedy eaters and great drinkers, and their feasts were often of a noisy and drunken kind; but, many new comforts and even elegancies of life had become known, and were fast increasing. Hangings for the walls of rooms, where, in these modern days, we paste up paper, are known to have been sometimes made of silk, ornamented with birds and flowers in needlework. Tables and chairs were curiously carved in different woods: were sometimes decorated with gold or silver — sometimes even made of those precious metals. Knives and spoons were used at table; golden ornaments were worn, with silk and cloth, and golden tissues and embroideries; dishes were made of gold and silver, brass and bone. There were varieties of drinking-horns, bed-steads, musical instruments. A harp was passed round, at a feast, like the drinking-bowl, from guest to guest, and each one usually sang or played when his turn came. The weapons of the Saxons were stoutly made, and among them was a terrible iron hammer that gave deadly blows, and was long remembered. The Saxons themselves were a handsome people. The men were proud of their long fair hair, parted on the forehead: their ample beards, their fresh complexions, and clear eyes. The beauty of the Saxon women filled all England with a new delight and grace.

I have more to tell of the Saxons yet, but I stop to say this, now, because, under the GREAT ALFRED, all the best points of the English-Saxon character were first encouraged, and in him first shown. It is the greatest character among the nations of the earth. Wherever the descendants of the Saxon race have gone, have sailed, or otherwise made their way, even to the remotest regions of the world, they have been patient, persevering, never to be broken in spirit, never to be turned aside from enterprises on which they have resolved. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the whole world over; in the desert, in the forest, on the sea; scorched by a burning sun, or frozen by ice that never melts; the Saxon blood remains unchanged. Wheresoever that race goes, there, law, and industry, and safety for life and property, and all the great results of steady perseverance, are certain to arise.

I pause to think, with admiration of the noble king who, in his single person, possessed all the Saxon virtues. Whom misfortune could not subdue, whom prosperity could not spoil, whose perseverance nothing could shake.

Who was hopeful in defeat, and generous in success. Who loved ustice, freedom, truth, and knowledge. Who, in his care to instruct his people, probably did more to preserve the beautiful old Saxon language, than I can imagine. Without whom, the English tongue, in which I tell his story, might have wanted half its meaning. As it is said that his spirit still inspires some of our best English laws, so, let you and I pray that it may animate our English hearts, at least to this — to resolve, when we see any of our fellow-creatures left in ignorance, that we will do our best, while life is in us, to have them taught; and to tell those rulers whose duty it is to teach them, and who neglect their duty, that they have profited very little by all the years that have rolled away since the year nine hundred and one, and are far behind the bright example of KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

TEN MINUTES WITH HER MAJESTY.

IN divulging the details of a highly distinguished honour, we are not, we hope and believe, committing any breach of confidence. A desire to gratify the pardonable curiosity of our readers, in common with all classes of the community, respecting the person of our admired and beloved Sovereign, will not, we feel sure, be construed harshly. We are, indeed, incapable of rudely bursting the golden bonds of Etiquette that doth hedge the throne.

To guard against the imputation of boasting of a higher privilege than that really extended to us, we think it right to mention at once, that the business which took us into the presence of the "Highest personage in the Realm," was not of a private nature.

The memorable morning was a bright one in February — the fourth of the month. The sky was cloudless; a brilliant sun gave to it that cheering character which — from the good fortune Her Majesty experiences whenever she travels, or appears publicly — has passed into a proverb, as "The Queen's Weather." The conveyance in which we were approaching the palace — that of Westminster — was suddenly stopped at Charing Cross. A great crowd had collected between that point and our destination. A long *queue* of carriages — of which our Hansom formed the last joint — had been brought to a stand; and when, after a time, we were permitted to move on, we perceived that not only the streets, but the fronts of the houses, were thickly lined. Individuals of every age, size, and condition, occupied the pavements. The houses were decorated with a bright variegation of lovely faces, prettily framed in bewitching bonnets. Every window

was filled; every balcony crowded; even the roofs of the public offices were tenanted. Head over head appeared on the steps of doors; the owners of apple-stalls, fitting them up as temporary standing-places, realised small fortunes; and, on grades of seats protected by crimson awnings, and built over areas, reclined the beauty and chivalry of eighteen hundred and fifty-one; recalling the days of the "Tilt-yard," whose site they actually overlooked. The standing army of spectators gave the docile Life-Guards and patient policemen but little trouble to keep the carriage-road clear; for they passed the time pleasantly in viewing the procession of ladies and great officers of state who were slowly drawn along on the same errand as ourselves.

The stopping of a hackney cabriolet at the entrance of that portion of Her Majesty's Palace of Westminster which is devoted to the deliberations of the second estate of the realm in Parliament assembled, is not calculated to produce such solemn impressions upon the attendant police and marshals' men, as when emblazoned panels are drawn up, under the auspices of a Court coachman and a full-bottomed wig. On alighting, therefore, the only mark of attention we received, was from an official; who, with the anxious look of one who thinks he has encountered an intruder, demanded a sight of our credentials. One glance at the signature of the Lord High Chamberlain, in the corner of our card sufficed to dispel his anxiety; and, with a bland smile of welcome, he waved his truncheon towards the staircase it was necessary for us to mount — the same which, at no distant period of time, was to be pressed by the feet of Royalty. In expectation of that event, more loyal subjects lined the avenues, and stood on the stairs. In fact, from the drawing-room door of Buckingham Palace, to the foot of the throne in the House of Lords, an unbroken lane of human beings ranged themselves to behold the Queen.

No one who enters the House of Lords for the first time can suppress an emotion. As an assemblage of florid ornament, as a specimen of gorgeous decoration, this chamber is, perhaps, unsurpassed in the world; but whether the emotion be that of sober reverence for the high functions performed in it, or such a flash of mental exhilaration as is called up by the first view of a surprisingly gaudy ball-room, it is not necessary to inquire. It must be owned, however, that a ceiling blazing with gold, a base of burning red, a throne of burnished brass, and galleries enamelled with coloured mastics, can scarcely be consonant with, or expressive of the important interests gravely discussed by the Peers of Great Britain. Yet, at the performance of a state ceremony, when the whole house is surrendered to the Court and to

the fair sex, the scene is not inharmonious.

When we entered, the Peeresses' gallery was untenanted; but a group of privileged ladies, in full dress, had already assembled upon the back benches on each side of the floor. Both groups were fast augmented by fresh arrivals, who were ushered into seats by good-natured individuals, in black silks and brass badges. The honest, familiar pleasantry of the most active of these ushers would have astonished those who associate Courts with nothing but stately formality. To one bevy of beauties he smilingly observes, "Ah! you 're on the Peers' benches — that will never do. *This* way, if you please!" And the ladies flutter after him to a back seat. "*Will* you sit a little closer, if you please?" he asks of several other ladies, regardless of the amplitude of brocades and the probable crushing of satins. Frigid formality — for which the vulgar invariably give the aristocracy credit — is not to be met with even in the House of Lords, on the opening of Parliament: a buzz of conversation commences; above which rises, now and then, the music of a merry laugh. Presently a few peers, in their red and ermined robes, drop in; then an ambassador or two; and conversation becomes general. As the appointed hour approaches, the House fills; — the Peeresses' gallery is soon fully occupied.

The picture of a peeress, present to the imaginations of the million, is that of a tall lady, with a long train, a diamond stomacher, and jewelled hair glistening under an arch of ostrich feathers. That is an Old School portrait. It is all altered now. Only one arching plume could we espy; not a single train; a display of precious stones far from overwhelming; — an arrayal of costume, in short, of which the hackneyed epithet, "an elegant simplicity," is the true expression. When you look round on an ordinary assemblage of ladies of middle rank at an evening party, you will see the same general appearance as that which is presented in the Peeresses' gallery, and in the body of the House, on the opening of Parliament.

The hands of the clock move on. Bishops, lay Peers, Judges, Ambassadors converse in knots, on the vacant spaces around the throne, the woolsack, and the clerks' table, and the hum of gossip grows louder and louder. "There," to borrow a sentence — not unworthy of a footman — from De Foe, "you see blue and green ribbons sitting [and standing] familiarly, and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home." It is a huge *conversazione*. The even tenor of the buzz, reverberating from every corner, is only interrupted by the clanking of the spurs and accoutrements of the military lords and the officers of the guard. The good-tempered little gentleman in black threads his way upon the floor of the House with increased alacrity.

More visitors and less room! His intreaties to his fair charges to economise sittings are redoubled. At length he has found the last visitor a seat, and many eyes are turned towards the clock; — the hands have passed the figure "II."

A slight but sudden lull denotes that experienced ears have heard the booming of distant cannon. Her Majesty has started from Buckingham Palace; and her approach is gradually heralded to us by the deadened sound of successive salutes. Conversation ceases, and a great fluttering ensues. Every peer finds his allotted place. The Lord Chamberlain, the State Officers, the Gentlemen at Arms, and other officials, retire into the Prince's chamber, through doors on each side of the throne, to receive their mistress.

Now, there is not a sound. So sudden and dead a silence in so dense a crowd — nine-tenths of which (may they forgive us for adding!) are women — excites surprise. A pattering noise comes from outside. It can hardly be rain, for the sun floods the chamber with his light through the livid countenances and parti-hued figures of the glass kings and queens. Guess again! — Hail, perhaps? O, no: — so great is the stillness within, that what you hear from without are the wheels of passing vehicles grinding their gritty way on the gravel. The grinding increases, and then suddenly stops. You think you can distinguish a cheer, muffled by the thick walls. The Queen is alighting.

During a very few minutes all eyes are turned towards the little door on the right side of the throne. Silently, without the faintest note of preparation, it opens. Two heralds appear; then two more; then the Lord Chamberlain; and next, the Queen and Prince Albert, attended by the Mistress of the Robes, and the great Officers of State; including the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Wellington.

Every being in the House rises. The Queen — her hand in that of Prince Albert — mounts the steps of the throne, her train borne by two pages, and spread over the back of the state chair by the Duchess of Sutherland. She sits: then rises; and, with graceful gesture, bids the assembly to be seated. The Prince reclines in the arm-chair on the left side of the throne.

The pause which ensues while the Usher of the Black Rod departs to summon the "Faithful Commons," would be painful, were we not occupied in taking a survey of the magnificent spectacle as it is now arranged. The Queen, richly, tastefully, and not gaudily robed — her head-dress a tiara of diamonds, formed like a mural crown — addresses a few pleasant whispers to the attendant Duchess. The Prince is not within speaking distance of his consort, and surveys the House in the glittering uniform and jack-boots of a Field-Marshal. The Duke

of Wellington holds erect the sword of state on one side of the Queen; on the other, the Marquis of Winchester displays the Cap of Maintenance, and beside him, upon the extended arms of the Marquis of Lansdowne, rest the cushion and the crown.

The sensation of beauty communicated through the eye when it drinks in an endless variety and exquisite groupings of colour, is that which predominates, on viewing the scene in the mass, from above. Below, two large patches of spectators, arrayed in every tint and texture of female attire, are fringed by the red robes of the lay peers on the bottom benches, and tapered off on one side by the lawn sleeves of the bishops; while, in the Peeresses' gallery, similar hues are repeated — from the black silk of the mourner to the white satin of the bride. On the right of the throne, in the Ambassadors' box, is a more compact kaleidoscope of colours. The red Fez cap of the Turkish envoy, and the sky-blue uniform of the Foreign Minister of one of the Northern Courts, tell out conspicuously from the rest. Opposite, on the left of the throne, a group of Life-Guards and Gentlemen-at-Arms make a gorgeous display of scarlet and gold. The Judges of the land, packed together on the woolsack under their powdered wigs, look like a blooming bed of cauliflowers.

The almost painful silence of this gorgeous still-life is suddenly and rudely broken by disorderly sounds, like those which follow the opening of the pit door of a theatre, or which precede the battering in of a house at a riot. The Speaker of the House of Commons, answers the summons of his liege lady the Queen, as if he were a school-master with a mob of unmannerly boys at his heels; and is propelled to the bar of the House with the frantic fear of being knocked down and trampled upon by the rush of M. P's. A transient cloud passes over the Royal countenance; but it is rapidly succeeded by a prolonged smile at the ludicrous efforts of a couple of hundred of her eager Commons to squeeze themselves into a space only ample enough for a hundred. The account of a sufferer in the scramble is amusing: — "I happened," said Mr. Joseph Hume, in his place in Parliament on the following evening, "to be the twenty-fifth from the Speaker; but both sides of the bar were so filled, that I neither saw the Queen, nor heard her voice. I was knocked against a corner; my head was knocked against a post, and I might have been much injured, if a stout member, to whom I felt much obliged, had not come to my assistance. (Hear, hear, and laughter). It was no laughing matter." Mr. Hume recollected, moreover, that on a similar occasion, the coat of a member of the House who now fills a high office abroad, had been torn, and that his shoulder was dislocated.

Before the hubbub at the bar

has quite subsided, the Lord Chancellor, kneeling on a step of the throne, presents to the Queen the manuscript of the speech. Its appearance is that of a piece of music, so unskilfully stitched with ribbon to a cover, that the royal reader is more than once interrupted by a difficulty in turning over the leaves. At the words, "My Lords and Gentlemen," increased efforts are made at the bar towards silence. The Queen pauses for an instant; but when she resumes, not a sound is heard but her voice.

In her clear, fresh, distinct tones, Queen Victoria expresses her satisfaction at again meeting her Parliament. She continues to maintain relations of peace and amity with Foreign Powers. She is much gratified that the German Confederation and the Government of Denmark are putting an end to hostilities which threatened the Peace of Europe, and that the Government of Brazil has taken new and efficient measures, to abolish the "atrocious" traffic in slaves. The "Gentlemen of the House of Commons" are assured, as usual, that the Estimates of the coming year have been framed with a due regard to economy, and to the necessities of the public service. "My Lords and Gentlemen" are again addressed in terms of satisfaction at the prosperity of the country, with the exception of the owners and occupiers of land; but a hope is expressed that the prosperous condition of all other classes will eventually diminish even their difficulties.

Here there is a short pause. And the following sentences are read with a slight elevation of tone: —

"The recent assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles conferred by a foreign power, has excited strong feelings in this country, and large bodies of my subjects have presented addresses to me, expressing attachment to the Throne, and praying that such assumptions should be resisted. I have assured them of my resolution to maintain the rights of my Crown, and the independence of the nation, against all encroachment, from whatever quarter it may proceed. I have, at the same time, expressed my earnest and firm determination, under God's blessing, to maintain unimpaired, the religious liberty which is so justly prized by the people of this country."

After announcing measures for the better administration of justice, and for the registry of deeds, the peroration closes the political brief. The cover is folded over; and the manuscript handed to the Lord Chancellor.

The elocution of the speech was perfect. Nature has combined in Queen Victoria's voice, sweetness, youthfulness, and fulness; and Art has taught her to deliver it with exceeding purity of tone, and without the smallest effort. Every syllable, therefore, entered every sound pair of ears in the House; except those placed, unhappily like Mr. Joseph Hume, more than twenty-five removes from the Speaker — not of the speech — but of the House of Commons.

The music of the last words has scarcely passed into silence be-

fore the Queen rises, and bows to the spectators; who, also, rise in a body. Prince Albert hands her from the throne, and the short procession retires into the Prince's chamber in the same order as it entered. This ends the ceremony, which has lasted but very little over ten minutes. In five minutes more the House of Lords is left to the sole occupation of the dapper gentlemen in black.

We have heard a great deal of the powers of the Press, and have experienced the wonders of the electric telegraph; but those who had the privilege of spending ten minutes with Her Majesty, in opening Parliament, must have been a little startled on reaching Whitehall, to be offered an evening newspaper containing the Queen's speech; the last sentence of which from the Queen's lips had hardly died on the ear. Wonder, too, would be increased by the recollection that although the Reporters' gallery was filled, not one of the Gentlemen of the Press had taken a note. By what magic then, could the speech have been so quickly printed?

Everybody knows that the "Queen's Speech" does not deserve its name. It is not the Queen's; nor is it a speech; — it is a *document*. The First Minister sketches it, subsequent Cabinet Councils reduce it to shape, and it is then submitted to Her Majesty. When returned with her approval, the speech is divulged (at a ministerial dinner) to the non-cabinet members of the administration. Thus the mere topics of the manifesto ooze out at the Clubs the night before the Speech is spoken. But it is the actual text which the public is eager for; and, that no time may be lost, emissaries from the London evening papers appear at the Treasury about the time Her Majesty is preparing her toilette, at Buckingham Palace, for the ceremony. The moment the first gun announces that the procession is in motion, the evening paper envoys are obliged with copies of the document; and before the Queen has done speaking in the House her words are in type.

Formerly the Gentlemen of the Press were locked in a room in the Treasury till the *cortège* was on its way back. Some years ago an escape was made from this official durance, which caused some amusement. The editor of the Government paper in Dublin was most anxious to start for Liverpool by one o'clock, to catch the packet for Dublin. The Speech was handed some time before that hour, and the key was turned as usual. Presently, however, the clerks and messengers were alarmed by frantic cries of "Fire!" They opened the door — the room was filled with smoke. The editor, in the confusion, made his escape, leaving the frightened clerks to extinguish the harmless sheet of brown paper he had intentionally ignited.

We, of the present day, improve on the Irish Editor's plan. His was a fire escape; ours are light.

ning conductors. It is at such a time as this, that the wonders of the Electric Telegraph become startlingly apparent. The City of Edinburgh is about four hundred miles from Buckingham Palace. While the State procession is wending its slow way back from Westminster, the wires are charged; and — marvellous fact! — at the same moment that Her Majesty is alighting at the steps of the Marble Hall, several of her lieges in the Scottish capital, are beginning to read her Speech; which has taken no more than fifteen minutes to transmit. She dines at Windsor; and before the banquet is over, the text, *verbatim et literatim*, of what she had uttered at a quarter past two, has reached Dublin. Before the royal family has retired to rest, the Speech is in every principal town in the Kingdom. In these cases there had been no anticipation, for the Speech was read off at the London Telegraph Station from the evening papers.

A DARK SUSPICION.

"TAKE steam, Capt'en?" cried a clear voice from the hurricane deck of a huge tug-boat, with two funnels; which — with a large ship under each arm, and a brig and a schooner astern — was majestically walking past our little schooner, up the broad current of the Mississippi.

"What 'll you do it for, from here?" returned our old man, poking his head up the companion-way. The hoarse, heavy pantings of the steamer's engines ceased for a moment, as she stopped abreast of us.

"Five and twenty dollars."

"No!"

"Go on ahead!" — and away moved the steamer with her train, looming for a minute through the morning mist like a great castle. We, in the little schooner, were left bumping in the swell she made, against the branches of trees, snags, and drift, that bordered the river's bank, where we were lying with no other mooring than a single rope, fast round the trunk of a tree ashore. We had been a week from the Belize, trying to sail up against the current; and had not yet reached "English Turn," a bend in the river; where, once upon a time, "Britishers" were obliged to turn back about half way to New Orleans. The wind was again unfavourable, so we were eventually compelled to take steam at the price demanded; and, under the auspices of one of the numerous tugs continually panting past, we were soon steadily and rapidly shortening the distance to Orleans. The banks of the river, as we passed, presented nothing very striking in the way of scenery; here and there some pretty houses, in the midst of plantations — nearer the mouth the shore was mere swamp. The tug steam-boats attract most attention. Instead of two steamers to one ship — as you may see almost any day at the Nore, creeping

up the river, or clawing round the Foreland — you observe five, six, and even seven vessels to one steamer; and she steaming handsomely against a current seldom flowing less than four miles an hour.

In due time we arrived, and moored the schooner to the Levee, as the artificially-raised quay on the river's bank is called. Here my connection with the little schooner ended; and, taking what dollars were due to me, exchanged her fok'stle for a home at a boarding-house, on the Levee, where they give three meals a day, and a little room, for three dollars a week. New Orleans, at this time — some six years ago — was the scene of as much debauchery and dissipation — to say nothing of worse crimes that are not included in the list these two headings comprise — as any city of its size in the world. My observation was certainly confined to classes not the wealthiest or most respectable; but that they reflected, with increased or diminished vividness, the vices of the higher portion of the community, the history of New Orleans tells plainly.

To see in every house that I entered a pack of cards in use, and a carouse in progress; to hear, every morning, of four, or perhaps five bodies found dead in bye-streets; and to be without a home or a friend, except what my boarding-house afforded, was my lot; as every day I walked from one end of the Levee to another, looking at the ships, and listening to the cheerful songs of the men at work, and longing for a home with them.

I had paid my last week's board, and had just twenty-five cents left in the world, when I turned out after breakfast for my usual walk. — "Shall I have a cigar or no?" I pondered while passing my usual place for that indulgence. "Yes, I will — something will turn up to-day, I feel sure;" so I invested a portion of my last coin; and walked along, puffing with as much satisfaction and complacency as if I had owned a tobacco plantation.

"Hallo! Where *did* you spring from?" roared a voice, suddenly startling my meditations.

I looked up; — before I had time to answer, my hand was seized by a man whose face seemed familiar to me, though I could not, for the life of me, tell where I had seen it.

"Reckon you don't know me — eh?" added the stranger, observing the look of doubtful recognition I glanced at him. "Know *you*, though — you look just the same — may be a little better, in a straw hat and blue frock, than you used in your gold band and buttons, aboard the 'Jumna' Indiaman."

"Why, bless my soul, it 's Myers!"

"Guess it is — what 's left of him, least-ways. And what are you doing here in this rig, if I may make so bold?"

"Why, I 'm looking for a ship, Myers."

"Well, be darned if this don't beat all! Come in here, and have something to drink — yes, you must. Well by gracious!" continued he, lugging me along; "I 've seen some queer starts since I was young gentlemen's steward in the old 'Jumna,' but this beats everything by chalks."

We required sundry glasses of bottled beer to wash away enough of my friend Myers' astonishment and delight, to permit him to talk rationally; and then I ascertained that he was captain's steward of a vessel called the "Bohemian," on board of which there was not a soul besides the captain and himself. She was lying at the opposite bank of the river, at "Algiers," preparatory to going into dry dock for repairs.

"He 's a first-rate sort of old man," continued Myers; "and there 's a capital chance for you if you like; for he 's lookin' out for a ship-keeper — so say the word, and I 'll be off and speak to him at once."

"I am very much obliged to you, I said."

"Stop here till I come back," cried Myers, running off; and in half an hour in he came again, out of breath. "It 's all right — I was just in time; you can come aboard to-day, he says — the regular port wages — and all you 've got to do is to order yourself about."

I shook Myers by the hand, and thanked him cordially for what was the greatest service any one could have then done me.

"But I can't understand how it is you 're here in this fashion," continued he; "a young gentleman as used to sport gold lace, ain't no business to be rigged out in tarpaulin."

"Why, you see, Myers — to make a long story short — I found that wearing a fine jacket would never teach me to be a good sailor; so I thought I had better begin at the right end of the ship at once; and, after a considerable deal of knocking about, I got into a Yankee craft, and was discharged only the other day."

"Well, I believe you are just about right, Sir. Flashing about in them buttons ain't the way to make a navigator; and they pays pretty dear for it, too, I reckon!"

"Now then, Myers, we will go on board the 'Bohemian,' if you are ready."

On our way across the river to Algiers, in the little ferry-steamer that is continually plying, Myers told me the history of his wanderings since we had been shipmates — when I was one of the inmates of the so-called midshipman's berth of the "Jumna" East Indiaman, and he was our steward — but there was nothing in it beyond the usual ups and downs of a sailor's life.

The Algiers side of the river is devoted entirely to yards and workshops, where everything connected with the fitting and repairing of ships and their rigging is carried on. Through this labyrinth of half-made masts, ropes, chains, and old boats, we

made our way; and at length arrived opposite an old vessel, with her topmasts struck, that was lying grinding rustily against the quay.

"Here we are," said Myers, stepping across the gangway-board. Following him, I found myself on the deck of the "Bohemian." She was an old craft; the seams of her narrow planks were gaping with age, and the paint on her side was musty and cracked. The cabins were in the same condition, with the exception of one which the captain had rendered habitable for his occasional use. Shortly after our arrival, he came on board.

"Oh! — You 're the man Myers spoke about — the shipkeeper?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Very well. There isn 't much for you to do at present; you 'd better make yourself as comfortable as you can."

And away he went below; and down I went too, to examine what sort of a place I had to do so in. On descending the "Bohemian's" fok'stle-ladder, the prospect would not have presented itself to a landsman as auguring much comfort, even had he conceived it habitable. Perhaps the difference of a sailor's habits, or the force of necessity, made me view it more favourably. It was large, and had six bunks on each side, roomy enough to carry double; it was tolerably clean, and did not show any traces of leakage; so, upon the whole, I was tolerably well satisfied. Some of the bunks were filled with blocks, and coils of rope, and gear of all kinds; and, having cleared out one, which seemed, from its position, to receive more light than the others from the little scuttle, I arranged my bed in it as comfortably as I could, and returned on deck.

The "old man" was pacing his quarter-deck, smoking a cigar, and awaiting dinner, which Myers was busy cooking in the caboose on deck; whence, every now and then, he popped his head, glistening with warmth, to exchange a word or a joke with me. One feels a sort of guilty consciousness — at least I always do — when doing nothing in the presence of an employer, even although there is absolutely nothing *to* do. Everything was too far gone to be mended in any way, except by something new: so I sat on the windlass, and stared in desperation at the "old man," every time he turned his back in his walk.

"Here," said he, at last, perhaps divining my thoughts.

"Sir?"

"You may put the signal-flags to rights, if you like; you 'll find 'em all in the cabin; and Myers will get you what bunting and thread you want."

I felt really glad to have something to do; so I went about my new task immediately.

"Of course you understand you are always to sleep on board?" added the captain, as I passed with a bundle of flags I had just brought up under my arm.

I replied in the affirmative; and,

sitting in a corner, busied myself about my work. Nothing occurred during the day to interfere with my quiet duties; nor did there seem much chance of any interruption to our way of life. Myers and I had our chats, and the captain his dinner, as regularly as possible. Sometimes he would remain all day and all night, and sometimes only one hour out of the twenty-four.

I felt lonely enough my first night in the old barque. I had one short piece of candle for my nightly allowance; and, when Myers had left me for the after-part of the ship, which was under his charge, I trimmed it up, and fixed it firmly in my bottle-candlestick, preparatory to having a read and a smoke; for, in tumbling over the things in the bunks, I had found, among other things, some pages of "Letters of Lord Byron." This was too great a prize in the present state of affairs for me to trouble myself how they got there. At last, after a long read, I fell asleep. Once I woke with the old ship's harsh grating against the quay, as a passing steamer rocked her. Then there were rats rummaging among the blocks and ropes in the bunk above me. One ran across my face. Presently I heard a footstep, I fancied, on the deck, making the empty ship re-echo. I jumped up the ladder, and looked round; but there was nothing visible in the quiet moonlight. Again I turned in and dozed; but a sounding noise, as if some one had fallen in the hold, again startled me. I felt certain some one was moving about in the ship, and was about getting up and rousing Myers, when I heard my shoes dragged across the deck by the rats, and another hullabaloo among the blocks overhead; so I put everything down to them, and fell asleep at last. The next morning I asked Myers if he had heard anything? He said he, too, had fancied he 'd heard a noise in the night. However, we both accused the rats, and thought nothing more of it.

The after-part of the ship, which was partitioned off into cabins, and the midship part of the between-decks were divided by a bulkhead, through which there was a communication by means of two doors, now generally left unlocked. This intermediate space between the cabins and the bulkhead, called the steerage, was used as an indiscriminate sort of repository. Here, of an evening, I put my flags away when I had done work.

Day after day passed in the same manner as the first; except that the captain was sometimes not in the best of humours, as I could hear by his rating Myers, though he seldom said anything to me. Myers himself, too, of a morning, was sometimes in a tremendous way, for he discovered the loss of sundry eatables from the galley, which disappeared in a mysterious manner in the night. I heard noises, too, at times in the night; but had become too much accustomed to them to take any more notice; having once with Myers

had, as we conceived, a thorough overhaul of the ship in consequence. I became accustomed to my solitary occupation of the fok'stle, and used to lay in daybreak and watch the rats, or listen to the cries of some poor slave being flogged ashore; which latter was not at all an unfrequent occurrence. One day the "old man" came on board in a worse humour than usual. — Myers had his share of abuse first; and then, to my astonishment, he commenced upon me.

"What! ain't those flags finished yet? If they'd been anything good to eat, they'd have been done long before this, I guess!"

"I've not been hurrying about them, Sir," I rejoined, respectfully.

"So it appears;" added he sharply. "Come, now; just bring 'em up here, and let's see what you've done."

I went below to the steerage at once, and brought up the bundle.

"Well! where's the rest of them?" said the captain, after looking through and counting them. "There ought to be four more."

I looked them through, and noticed that some I remembered working on were not there. So down I went again, to see if I had overlooked them. I could see no more below. I came and told the captain. He was striding up and down, and evidently working himself into a passion.

"So, there ain't any more, ain't there? Now I can tell you what it is, young fellow; if you think you've got a fool to deal with, you're most tarnation mistaken. Myers tells me he's missed a lot of things; and it's my belief them flags are gone with the rest. So the sooner you say where they are, better; or else off you slope to the jail at Orleans slick."

I was, as may be supposed, rather taken by surprise at this.

"I know nothing about the flags," I said.

"Oh! of course not, I dare say you don't. We'll see if we can't make you know, though. Here, Myers" —

"Sir?"

"Get yourself ready to go over with me to the magistrate at Orleans at once."

"What for, Sir?" said Myers, looking from me to the captain with astonishment.

"Why, to put this young blackguard in prison," said the captain, striding up and down furiously.

"What!" shouted Myers. "What! put him in prison? It would be the worst piece of business you ever did in your life. Do you think he'd steal flags, or anything else? I'll go before the magistrate at once; but to swear he hasn't left the ship on any such errand as that since he and I have been together."

"You're a pair of scoundrels," cried the captain, actually foaming with passion; "come along with you both — now — at once."

Accordingly, Myers and I pre-

pared to cross the river with the captain, who was quite beside himself with rage at first; but soon got a little cooler. Just as we were about to leave the ship, two men came on board. They accosted the captain; "We 're on the look-out, Sir," said one of them, "for a runaway nigger — answers to the name of 'Tom' — marked B on the left arm — left Mr. Bandon's plantation, five miles up the river, a week ago. May we look through your ship, Sir, as we hear he 's been seen somewhere hereabouts?"

"Oh! yes, of course," said our captain, stopping his intended journey at once.

Lights were procured, and immediately the men commenced a strict search in every part of the ship. Myers and I remained on deck. At last, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, we heard a great outcry below; and up came our captain, followed by the slave-hunters, dragging an unfortunate runaway they had found concealed behind a water-cask in the after-part of the ship's hold; and, in a corner of the transom that it would not have seemed possible for a human being to queeze himself. The missing flags were found there. He had taken them for a bed and covering."

"Do not take me back; I shall be flogged again. Dear, good captain, help me!" said the poor wretch, as he sank on his knees on the deck, clasping his arms, and pitifully appealing to our captain.

"I wish I could help you," said our captain; and Myers and I looked on, too, now with intense interest; for, heedless of the poor fellow's prayers, tears, and cries, he was dragged away by the men. He never ceased appealing to us and our captain as he was carried off. Our "old man" wiped a sort of half tear away as he turned to us, and said,

"I beg your pardons, both of you. Will you stop with me after what has occurred? I am ashamed of myself; and if you can forget it, we 'll say no more about it."

Myers looked at me, and I looked at Myers. Certainly, ten minutes before, I should have thought any one who had predicted that I should stay that day in the "Bohemian," a false prophet; but we could not refuse, nor had we afterwards any occasion to repent it.

The poor runaway threw himself overboard, and was drowned, on the way to the plantation.

BITS OF LIFE IN MUNICH.

THE FAIR.

I WONDER when there is not a fair in Munich. This, however, was *Die Drei Kònigs-Dult*, or the Fair of the Three Kings. By way of amusement, I thought I would go to it; but as I could not very well go alone, I invited Madame Thekla to accompany me, with which she was very well pleased, as I promised to treat her to the shows. As far as buying and selling, and the crowds of pea-

sants, and townspeople, and students, and soldiers, go, it was like any other fair. At a little distance from the long array of booths, stood the shows — and thither we bent our steps.

The first thing we came upon was a small ladder-waggon, covered with an arched awning; and, bound to one side of the waggon, were tall poles, from which floated a series of ghastly pictures — hideous raw-head-and-bloody-bone pictures! There were murders, executions, beheadings in German fashion; the criminal extended on a horrid sort of rack, and his head being chopped off by a grim executioner, with a sword, whilst a priest stood by in his long robes; there were houses on fire; drownings, miraculous escapes; there were tall, smirking hussars, and weeping ladies in white — heroes and heroines in these bloody histories!

The subjects, the hideous drawing, the hard outlines, the goggle-eyes, the blood, the knives, the very fire, made you feel sick. A considerable crowd was collected, and listened breathlessly to the sounds of an organ, to which two Tyrolians sang their appalling tragedies. They sang in such clear, sweet, mountain tones, that you were strangely fascinated. Mournfully sang they, in a monotonous chaunt, of blood, and crime, and terror, till you felt your blood creep; and, by a frightful fascination, your eyes gloated on the disgusting pictures.

What a terribly immoral influence must such exhibitions have upon such an uneducated crowd as surrounded these syrens! Why should not a *paternal* government, which guards its people from immoral books and disgusting newspapers, not guard them equally from such a disgusting sight and sound as this Tyrolian exhibition? These Tyrolians sold printed histories of the fearful crimes and calamities which were depicted on their banners. These histories are very exciting and romantic reading, as you may believe when I give some of their titles: — "The History of the Great and Terrible Monster, who cruelly murdered his Beloved, his Child, his Father, his Mother, his two Sisters, and his Brother, on the 8th of July, 1850." "Heroic Self-sacrifice of a Bohemian Hussar Officer, and the Punishment of his Murderers." "A true and dreadful History which occurred on the 14th of March, 1850, in Schopka, near Milineck, in Bohemia." "The Might of Mutual Love: a highly remarkable event, which occurred at Thoulon, in the year 1849." "The Cursed Mill: a Warning from Real Life." "The Temptation; the Deed; the Consequences!"

If you care to know anything of the style of these remarkable productions, I will give you a specimen. One begins thus: — "In Rossdorf in Hanover, lived the criminal Peter Natzer. He was by trade a glazier, his father having followed the same calling. Peter was five-and-twenty years old, and

was, from his earliest youth, addicted to every species of crime. He had a sweetheart, named Lucie Braun, a poor girl, &c-, &c."

Again: — "Silent sat the miller, Leverm, in his garden; thoughtfully gazed he into the distant valley. He was scarcely thirty years of age, but heavy cares had bowed him, and robbed him of his fresh, youthful bloom. Beside him sat his wife, who cast many an anxious but affectionate glance on her husband. How tender and lovely was this young wife! The inhabitants of the neighbourhood called her 'The Rose of the Valley.'" In this way begins a most awful tragedy.

Of course we did not read these things in the fair. It was enough for us, there, to listen to the mournful chaunt of the mountaineers, till our blood was frozen in our veins. I took home with me these horrible printed histories, as many another simple soul did; and now, after I have read them, and been filled with horror and disgust by them, I have put them away from me as unholy things. But think of the effect they will have in many a lonely village, this winter — in many a desolate farmhouse or cottage — on the wide plain, or among the mountains! These papers are productive seeds of murder and crime; of that one may be certain.

The next wonder that stopped us in the fair, was a little fat man, who was shouting away at the top of his voice, whilst he briskly sharpened a knife on a long, rough board, which was smeared over with a black ointment. He was a vender of magical strop-salve! something in the fashion of Mechi. "Ladies and gentlemen;" shouted he, "witness my wonderful invention! The dullest knife, stick-knife, bread-knife, clasp-knife, table-knife, carving-knife, shaving-knife, (*rasiermesser*) pen-knife, pruning-knife, though dull as this knife — *though dull as this knife!*" and here he began hacking away upon the edge of a big knife with a strong piece of broken pitcher. "Yes, though dull, dull, dull as this knife! — when subjected to my wonderful salve," and here he smeared it with his black ointment, "will cut a hair, or the most delicate shaving of paper — as it now does!!" and with that he severed paper shavings as if they had been nothing. If it was really the *same knife*, his was a wonderful invention, and beat Mechi hollow.

Next, I had my fortune told at three different places, for six kreutzers, or twopence each, and as I was promised pretty much the same fortune by all, I suppose I ought to believe in the truth of it. They foretold me lots of trouble in the way of love-crosses, false friends, and unkind relations, and such small trifles; but were equally liberal of rich lovers, and plenty of them, plenty of money, and a good husband to crown all, and good children to be the *props* of my old age; so I think I had, after all, a good sixpenny-worth.

Next we came upon a little caravan, on the steps of which vociferated a most picturesque Tyrolian, in broad-brimmed, sugar-loafed hat, adorned with chamois hair, and eagles' feathers; in broad-ribbed stockings, and with a broad, gaily-embroidered band round his waist, which half covered his chest. He assured the crowd below that there was not in the whole of Bavaria, anything half as interesting, half as extraordinary, half as astounding as the singularly-gifted, singularly beautiful, singularly intellectual being within; a being from another quarter of the globe, a being adapted to an entirely different mode of existence to ours; a being who could see in the dark, a being who only lived upon raw meat! A wonderful Albino who could speak the German tongue!

Of course we must see the Albino; so in we went, and some way or other I felt an unusual shock. There he sat, in a black velvet dress spangled with silver, the light coming in from the top of the caravan, and his transparent complexion, his burning, fiery eyes, like carbuncles, his long waves of white, silky hair, and his long, curling, snow-white, silky beard, gave him the appearance of some enchanted dwarf — some cobold or gnome out of a subterranean palace.

But I had not much time to lose myself in dreams about enchanted dwarfs or gnomes, for there was something else burning in the caravan besides the Albino's eyes, and that was Madame Thekla's grand silk cloak! She had come out with me in all her grandeur; and now, while we stood enchanted before the Albino, her fine silk cloak was singeing at a little iron stove that stood behind the door. Poor Madame Thekla! Out we rushed, and she revenged herself by vociferating to the crowd outside, as the Tyrolian had done just before, and by exhibiting her unlucky cloak in a sort of savage despair.

An hour afterwards, we again passed the caravan, and the Tyrolian in the ribbed stockings was again holding forth on the steps, when, at sight of us, he interrupted his oration, and politely invited us to re-enter, and complete, *free of cost*, our inspection of the Albino. But Madame Thekla, pointing with stern dignity to her cloak, declined, and marched on.

After this we went to the *wäffeln*-booths, where we ate hot-baked *wäffeln*, a kind of gofre cake; and then, resisting a wonderful elephant show, we hastened to the monkey theatre, the poor elephant's rival exhibition; the "Grand Monkey Theatre from Paris," in which forty-two apes and poodles, the property of M. Le Cerf, would exhibit the most wonderful and artistic feats.

We had to wait some time till the four o'clock performance was over, which unfortunately had begun before we arrived; and whilst Madame Thekla and I stood impatiently waiting in the cold, up there came a merry-faced lad of

about ten, and began, in great glee, to describe to us the glorious things that were performed by those "dear little monkeys and dogs." He was quite eloquent in his delight; and, "Oh!" said he, "if I had but another *sechser* (two-penny-piece), wouldn't I see it again!" "There is another *sechser*, then!" said I, and put one into his fat little hand. What an astonished, bright, face looked up into mine; and he seized my hand in both his, and shook it almost off. And away he run up the steps for his ticket, flying down again to us, and keeping as close to us as possible, talking all the time, and fairly dancing for joy.

"You 've quite bewitched that little fellow," said Madame Thekla; and I seemed to have bewitched all the little lads in the fair, for, by a strangely-mysterious power, they were drawn towards us in crowds, from all hands — little fellows in blouses, little fellows in little green and brown surtouts, little fellows in old-fashioned, and, in England, almost forgotten, buttoned-up suits — and all crept bashfully towards us! Oh, the wonderful magic of a two-penny-piece! Heaven only knows how the news of this munificent gift of a *sechser* had so swiftly spread through the fair! One little lad actually had the bravery to say to me that "children were admitted at half-price!" And was I not a cold-hearted wretch to reply, "Oh, indeed!" just as though it were a matter of perfect indifference to me, though, in truth, it was not; but I felt rather appalled at the sight of such a crowd of little eager heads, well knowing that my purse was not full to overflowing, even with twopenny pieces!

At length we were seated in the little theatre; and, after a fearful charivari from the orchestra, the curtain drew up, and we beheld, seated at a long table, a company of monkeys! It was a *table d'hôte*. A dandified young fellow — perhaps Monsieur Le Cerf himself — in the most elegant of cravats, the most elegant white wristbands, the most elegant ring, and the most elegant moustache, performed the part of host; the waiter and waitress were monkeys. The waiter — a most drunken, good-for-nothing waiter he seemed — a fat, big ape — drank behind the backs of the guests the very wine he was serving them with; he seemed so very tipsy, that he could hardly walk; he staggered backwards and forwards, and leaned against the wall for support, as he emptied the bottle he was bringing for the company. But the little waitress! She was a little darling; the tiniest of little monkeys, and she came skipping on the stage in a little broad-brimmed straw hat, and a bright-coloured little dress, with the daintiest of little white muslin aprons on; she looked just like a little fairy. Everybody was enchanted with her. Even Monsieur Le Cerf himself caressed her, and gave her not only, every now and then, a nut, but a kiss. She behaved beautifully. But as to the guests! They quarrelled,

and even fought — Monsieur Le Cerf said it was about paying the bill.

I can't pretend to tell you half the clever things the monkeys did in the way of swinging, dancing, firing off muskets, riding on a pony, &c. Wonderful things, too, were performed by the dogs, splendid spaniels and setters. One large black-and-tan creature walked on his fore-legs, in the style of what children call "playing at a wheel-barrow," only he himself, poor wretch, had to wheel the barrow. He walked demurely round and round the stage, carrying his two unlucky hind-legs up in the air; then he walked on three legs, and then, the most difficult task of all for a dog, as we were assured, upon two legs on the same side. Another beautiful white spaniel came walking in most grandly on her hind legs, as *Madame de Pompadour*, in a long-trained dress which was borne by a tiny monkey in livery, bearing a little lanthorn in his hand.

The finale was the besieging of a fortress; and to see some twenty milk-white spaniels rushing up and down the stairs of the burning fortress, illumined by brilliant rose-coloured, green, and blue lights, was very curious indeed. If I could have forgotten the terrible training through which these poor creatures must have gone, I should have enjoyed it much more. But I did not wonder, after seeing all their feats, that our little friend had been so enchanted. He sat behind us in the half-price seats, but for all that we continued to exchange many smiling glances during the performance. I only wished I could have seen a whole row of little fellows all equally delighted and surprised by their good fortune.

A PUBLIC BALL.

I WENT last night to one of the grand public balls; but not to dance, only into the gallery, to look on and enjoy the spectacle without the fatigue — or the pleasure. This ball was in the Odéon, one of the principal public buildings here, and where the Conservatorium is. The room where the ball was held was the same that I described to you once before, when a concert was given by the pupils of the Conservatorium. Myra F. and I mounted some dozen steep flights of stairs, and at length emerged into the gallery. We left a throng of carriages setting down ball-attired ladies and gentlemen at the principal entrance, and a throng of spectators admiring them.

Quite out of breath, from our long ascent, we found ourselves in the gallery which runs round the large hall, at an immense height from the floor. The gallery was crowded with people, all eagerly leaning, in a double row, over the railing; so that, from the ball-room below, the ceiling must have seemed adorned with a cornice of living faces. The gallery-crowd appeared to consist of friends of the ball-room company, who were anxiously watching or waiting the

advent of their friends below; and of good citizens, and other people, who, not being themselves of the *haute volée*, had come to criticise and copy their betters — in rank.

It was with considerable difficulty that Myra and I found standing-room where we could see; yet it was only half past six. When we did, we looked down upon numberless chandeliers, which, with their circles of starry lamps, illumined a very gay-looking company indeed. At the further end of the hall was a low platform, approached by a flight of steps covered with carpeting; and here stood a very fine grove of fir-trees, orange-trees, and greenhouse shrubs, behind which were concealed the musicians. The whole platform was in fact an elegant saloon; where stood couches, chairs, and tables, the crimson and richly-coloured coverings of which looked excessively pretty among the green trees and shrubs. Tapers burned in tall, branching candle-sticks upon the tables, and groups of young ladies, in clouds of white muslin, or in pink gauze, looking like rose-buds among all the green leaves, stood or moved about; whilst gentlemen in gay uniforms, or in the less attractive civil costume, as it is called — black coat, white waistcoat, and hat in hand — crowded round them. There was no lack of more sober colouring in the dresses of the *chaperones*, in their velvets, silks, and satins. And all these gay people were thickly scattered, not only over the aristocratic platform, but the whole hall, a group of gentlemen clustering together in the very centre of the beautiful, inlaid floor, like a swarm of bees.

Many of the grandees of Munich were either already present, or were expected. King Max himself was looked for: Prince Adelbert had already arrived, and only to be distinguished from the company by wearing a *brown* instead of a *black* coat, such being his privilege as a prince of the blood.

And now, from the concealed orchestra, sounded the first note of the Polonnaise; and the gentlemen hastened towards their partners, and all solemnly paraded, in stately procession, the ball-room; and now burst forth a waltz, and away flew the dancers. — Oh! it really was very tantalising to hear that beautiful music, and to see those dancers; and to be up in that hot and close gallery, in a merino dress and overshoes! There was a painful contrast. For the first few moments I declared to Myra, that, spite of all my philosophy, which had made me decline an invitation to this very ball, I now wished I had been there, and that I *must* and *would* go to the next, if it were only for the sake of old times! But soon after came a *Française*, or, as we call it, a quadrille; and then another waltz, and then a polka, and then a *Française* again; and, by that time, I began to feel that if to look on at a ball was at first tantalising, it became, after a while, very wearisome — "the greatest bore under the sun!" as I remember to have

heard certain unhappy victims, who did not dance, declare — but which assertion I, at the time, did not appreciate.

But soon a pleasant excitement arrived for us. Madame F., Myra's mother, and her sister Anna, entered the ball-room. They came aristocratically late. How handsome they looked; Madame F. in black, with scarlet flowers in her hair; and Anna looking a very Hebe, in simple white muslin, with a scarlet sash and scarlet bows on her sleeves, and nothing whatever in her hair. She was the simplest, and, to my taste, the most elegantly-dressed girl, in the room. Her beautiful head, with its rich, dark hair, looked quite conspicuous, from the entire absence of all artificial ornament. Standing there in the gallery, in my stuff dress and overshoes, I felt really proud of them. They created quite a sensation as they came in; and as Anna stood beside an orange-tree on the platform, with all her simple beauty, in her white dress and scarlet ribbon, and with her beaming, happy face, I did not wonder at the host of gentlemen that made their way to her.

Myra and I, and their servant Elise, who by this time had joined us, grew quite excited. "There," said Myra, "is Count R. I *know* Anna will dance with him. And there is young S.: I think she has promised him a dance! And there is that little lieutenant; and there is the student from N.; but she won't dance with *him* — of that I am sure!"

And so we watched the dumb show of Anna's arrival, and subsided somewhat, when, leaving Madame F. quietly seated upon one of the couches among the orange-trees, we beheld Anna waltz away with a tall officer in blue uniform.

Again I began to grow desperately weary, and looked round with longing eyes for dear old Fräulein Sänchen's old-fashioned face. It seemed to me that she never would come! Fortunately, a little love-making in the foreground of our gallery made me forget my fatigue for the time. There sat just before us a very pretty girl, very young and childish-looking. I caught a glimpse of a sweet, child-like brow, and long, drooping eyelashes, as she sat in the front row with her married sister. Presently, one of the gentlemen from the ball-room below made his appearance. I fancy he was a student; but I did not admire his look at all. He was evidently desperately in love with the pretty girl; he forgot all about the ball, and talked most earnestly to her behind the married sister's back; she smiled, and said very little, but listened, and seemed also to forget the ball. Soon, another gentleman arrived from the ball-room below; and then jealousy was added to love. The first lover turned black as a thunder-cloud, and I thought looked more unpleasant than ever; he did not go

away, but stood scowling like a jealous lover in a picture of Stephanoff's; and the girl listened with the same smile and the same innocent brow to the second lover, the married sister all the time looking down into the ball-room.

This amused me for a while, and then another group also amused me. A dowager, in her velvet and grandeur, attended by a queer little old officer, a regular German Major O'Dowd — with spectacles on, and a plumed hat in his hand — brought up a beautiful young lady to speak to some dear friend in the gallery; and lots of other grandees from below found their way into our upper regions, till we also seemed all astir and gorgeous. But, O! joyful sight! amid all the grand arrivals, there was Fräulein Sänchen, with my shawl on her arm.

But the poor, dear old soul was in no hurry to go, now she was once here, and I could not find in my heart to deprive her of a glimpse of the gay world, which was such a novelty to her. Besides, she was very anxious to point out to me two grand gentlemen in whom she takes great interest, a young Herr Baron and the son of a certain Frau Geheimräthinn, who is a great lady. But I was too tired even to care about her favourites, though I have heard so much of them for the last several weeks, without having yet had the pleasure of seeing them. These two young fellows went to one of the court balls the other night; and the next morning I had, however, the pleasure of seeing the mother of one of them hanging out clothes in the garden. That is truly German! So is also the following *Household Festival:* — One evening, Fräulein S. came in to beg us to go down stairs to see something very beautiful, in their room. We of course went; and, in their strange curiosity-shop of a room, among painted saints, and gilt cabinets, and picture-frames, stood a little table, upon which was placed a very gaily-painted transparency, with queer pink angels fluttering about, and scrolls, and various extraordinary arabesques encircling a verse wishing health and happiness to the father: this being his name-day. Candles burned behind the transparency, pots of ivy and flowers were placed on either side, making a pleasant greenness; and in front lay a drawing, in a gilt frame, a very grand chalk head of a boy, with a falcon on his wrist, and in a very grand frame indeed! The transparency, the drawing, and the frame were all the work of little Wilhelm. And there he stood, as proud as could be! his black, sharp little eyes sparkling with delight; and there was his father, a tall and singularly handsome man, to-night with a smile of fatherly pride on his face, which made him look still more handsome; and there was Mrs. S. dressed all in her best and all the little brothers and sisters, and the old grandmother, with the baby in her arms, and several

neighbours besides. It certainly was one of the prettiest little household festivals I ever saw.

Sometimes we send for little Wilhelm to play the "zitter" to us. He is about twelve, has a very brown, red face, black eyes, and ear-rings in his ears. He plays very prettily. His fat little hands, call forth such sweet, low music from that little instrument — music, like fairy voices, sounding in solitary green spots among the mountains. There is a peculiar spirit in the zitter, and it is wonderfully adapted for Alpine melodies — for those tender, simple, peasant airs, through which ever runs such a plaintive sentiment.

THE WASTE OF WAR.

GIVE me the gold that war has cost,
Before this peace-expanding day;
The wasted skill, the labour lost —
The mental treasure thrown away;
And I will buy each rood of soil
In every yet discovered land; —
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where many-peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth,
In needful; nay, in brave attire;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, on every plain,
A school shall glad the gazer's sight;
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

I 'll build asylums for the poor,
By age or ailment made forlorn;
And none shall thrust them from the door,
Or sting with looks and words of scorn.
I 'll link each alien hemisphere;
Help honest men to conquer wrong;
Art, Science, Labour, nerve and cheer;
Reward the Poet for his song.

In every crowded town shall rise
Halls Academic, amply graced; —
Where Ignorance may soon be wise,
And Coarseness learn both art and taste.
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few —
Fill'd with a truth-exploring throng,
And teachers of the good and true.

In every free and peopled clime
A vast Walhalla hall shall stand;
A marble edifice sublime,
For the illustrious of the land;
A Pantheon for the *truly* great,
The wise, beneficent, and just;
A place of wide and lofty state
To honour or to hold their dust.

A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will;
Music of bells on Sabbath days,
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise;
And one great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies!

THE CROCODILE BATTERY.

IN the summer of 1846, when everybody in England was crazy with railway gambling, I was sojourning on the banks of the Rohan, a small stream in one of the north-western provinces of India. Here I first became acquainted with the Mugger, or Indian crocodile. I had often before leaving England, seen, in museums, stuffed specimens of the animal, and had read in "Voyages and Travels," all sorts of horrible and incredible stories concerning them. I had a lively recollection of Waterton riding close to the water's edge on the back of an American cayman, and I had a confused notion of sacred crocodiles on the banks of the Nile. I always felt more or

less inclined to regard the whole race as having affinities with Sinbad's "roc," and the wild men of the woods, who only refrained from speaking for fear of being made to work.

My ideas respecting the natural history of crocodiles were in this stage of development when, one day, while paddling up the Rohan, I saw what appeared to be a half-burned log of wood lying on a sand-bank. I paddled close up to it. To my astonishment, it proved to be a huge reptile. The old stories of dragons, griffins, and monsters, seemed no longer fables; the speculations of geologists concerning *mososaurians*, *hylæsaurians*, and *plesiosaurians*, were no longer dreams. There, in all his scaly magnificence, was a *real* saurian, nearly eighteen feet long. For a while I stood gazing at this, to me, new fellow-citizen of the world, and speculating on his mental constitution. The monster was, or pretended to be, asleep. I wondered if he dreamt, and what his dreams or reveries might be about; possibly he was dreaming of the same old world with which I associated him — possibly of the fish who were swimming in the waters below: or, he might be thinking of the men and women he had swallowed in the course of his existence. There was a snort; perhaps that was occasioned by the beugles and heavy brass ornaments which had adorned the limbs of some Hindoo beauty he had eaten, and which were lying heavy and indigestible on his stomach. But presently the brute lay so still, and seemed so tranquil and placid in his sleep, that it was difficult to imagine him guilty of such atrocities. He did not appear to be disturbed by remorse, or the twitchings of a guilty conscience: it may have been all a slander. I felt so kindly disposed towards him, that I could not imagine it possible that if awake he would feel disposed to eat me. Let us see! — so making a splash with my paddle, I wakened the sleeping beauty. He instantly started up, and opened, what appeared — what indeed proved to be — an enlarged man-trap; disclosing a red, slimy cavern within, fringed with great conical fangs. He closed it with a snap that made me shudder, and then plunged into the water, his eyes glaring with hate and defiance.

Some days after I had made this new acquaintance, I was sitting at home talking with my brother when a native woman came crying and screaming to the bungalow door, tearing her hair out in handfuls; she got down on the veranda floor and struck her head against it, as if she really meant to dash her brains out. A crowd of other women stood at a short distance, crying and lamenting as if they were frantic. What was the matter? Half-a-dozen voices made answer in a discordant chorus, that while the poor woman was washing her clothes by the river side, her child — an infant about a year old — had

been seized and swallowed by a Mugger. Although convinced that aid was now impossible, we took our guns and hastened to the spot where the accident happened; but all was still there, not a wavelet disturbed the surface of the stream. A small speckled kingfisher was hovering overhead as if balanced in the air, with its beak bent down on its breast, watching the fish beneath; presently it darted like an arrow into the water; returned with an empty bill, and then went off, with its clear, sharp, twittering note, as if to console itself for the failure.

One day I was sitting on the high bank of the river, taking snap shots with my gun at the large fish who were every now and then leaping out of the water. A favourite spaniel was bringing a fish out of the water that I had hit. It had swam already half way across the stream, when the water about six yards below her became suddenly disturbed; and, to my horror, up started the head and open jaws of an enormous crocodile. The dog gave a loud shriek, and sprang half out of the water. The Mugger swam rapidly, and had got within a yard of his intended victim, when I raised my gun, and took aim at the monster's head. A thud, a splash, a bubble, and a dusky red streak in the water, was all that ensued. Presently, however, Juno's glossy black head emerged from the water; and, to my delight, began to make rapid progress towards me, and landed safely. The poor brute, wet and shivering, coiled herself up at my feet, with her bright hazel eyes fixed on mine with ineffable satisfaction. Poor Juno subsequently fell a victim to the Muggers, when her master was not at hand to succour her. I mention these facts, to show that the diabolical revenge with which I afterwards assisted in visiting these monsters, was not groundless. But the strongest occasion of it remains to be told.

Just as the "rains" were beginning, my neighbour, Mr. Hall, sent me word that he intended paying me a short visit, and requested me to send a *syce* (groom), with a saddle-horse, to meet him at a certain place on the road. The syce, Sidhoo, was a smart, open-chested, sinewy-limbed little fellow, a perfect model of a biped racer. He could run — as is the custom in the East — alongside his horse at a pace of seven or eight miles an hour, for a length of time that would astonish the best English pedestrian I ever heard of.

Towards evening, Mr. Hall rode up to the bungalow, dripping with water, and covered with mud. I saw at once that some accident had happened, and hastened to assist him.

As soon as he got inside, he said, in answer to my bantering about his "spill" —

"I am in no humour for jesting. Your syce is lost!"

"Drowned?"

"No; eaten! — by an enormous crocodile!"

He added that, on arriving at a small nulla about two miles off, he found it so much swollen by rain, that he had to swim his horse across it, holding one end of the cord which Sidhoo, in common with most Hindoos, wore coiled round his waist, and which was used in drawing water from the deep wells of the country. Hall got safely across, and then commenced pulling Sidhoo over by means of the cord. The black face, with the white teeth and turban, were bobbing above the muddy water, when all at once the groom threw up his arms, gave a loud shriek, and sank below the surface. Mr. Hall, who had doubled the cord round his hand, was dragged into the water; where he got a momentary glimpse of the long serrated tail of a Mugger, lashing the water a short way ahead of him. In his efforts to save himself, he lost his hold of the string, and with much difficulty clambered up the slippery bank of the nulla. All was now still. Only Sidhoo's turban was to be seen floating loosely, a considerable way down the stream. Hall ran towards it, with the sort of feeling which makes a drowning man catch at a straw; and, by means of a stick he succeeded in fishing it out, and brought it with him, as the only remnant of Sidhoo he could give an account of.

Bad news soon spreads in an Indian village, and Sidhoo's fate was soon made known to his wife; and in a short time she came crying and sobbing to the bungalow, and laid her youngest child at our friend's feet. The tears glistened in the poor fellow's eyes as he tried to sooth and console her; which he did by promising to provide for her and her children.

Although Hall was generally running over with fun, we smoked our cheroots that evening in silence; except when we proposed schemes for the annihilation of the crocodiles. A great many plans were discussed — but none that offered much chance of success. The next day, after breakfast, I was showing my visitor a galvanic blasting apparatus, lately received from England, for blowing up the snags (stumps of trees) which obstruct the navigation of the river. I was explaining its mode of action to him, when he suddenly interrupted me with —

"The very thing! Instead of snags, why not blow up the Muggers?"

I confessed that there could be no reason why we should not blast the Muggers. The difficulty was only how to manage it; yet the more we talked of it, the more feasible did the scheme appear.

The brutes keep pretty constant to the same quarters, when the fish are plentiful; and we soon ascertained that poor Sidhoo's murderer was well known in the neighbourhood of the nulla. He had on several occasions carried off goats, sheep, pigs, and children; and had once attempted to drag a buffalo, whom he had caught drinking, into the water; but, from all accounts, came off second best

in this rencontre. There not being enough of water in the nulla to drown the buffalo, the Mugger soon found he had caught a Tartar; and after being well mauled by the buffalo's horns, he was fain to scuttle off and hide himself among the mud.

I had observed, when blasting the snags, that the concussion uced by the discharge had the effect of killing all the fish within a range of some twenty or thirty yards. After every explosion, they were found in great numbers, flocking on the surface of the water with their bellies uppermost. It now occurred to me, that if we could only get within a moderate distance of the Mugger, if we did not blow him to pieces, we would at all events give him a shock that would rather astonish him. An explosion of gunpowder under water communicates a much severer shock to the objects in its immediate vicinity, than the same quantity of powder exploded in the air; the greater density of the water enabling it, as it were, to give a harder blow.

Having made our arrangements, Mr. Hall, my brother, and myself, got into a small canoe, with the blasting apparatus on board, and dropt down the stream to where the nulla discharged its waters into the Rohan. He then got out and proceeded to a village close by, where we obtained for a few annas, the carcass of a young kid. A flask with about six pounds of gunpowder, and having the conducting wires attached, was then sewn into the kid's belly. Two strong ropes were also tied to this bait; and, to one of these, the conducting wire was firmly bound with small cord. The ropes were about thirty yards long, and had each attached to its extremities one of the inflated goat-skins used by water-carriers. Hall, with his goat-skin under his arm, and a coil of loose rope in his hand, took one side of the nulla, while my brother, similarly provided, took the other. My brother's rope contained the wire; so I walked beside him, while two coolies, with the battery ready charged, and slung to a pole which rested on their shoulders, accompanied me. A small float was also attached by a string to the kid, so as to indicate its position.

These arrangements being made, we commenced walking up the nulla, dragging the carcass of the kid in the stream, and moving it across from side to side so as to leave no part of the bed untried; and as the nulla was only about twelve yards wide, we felt pretty confident that if the Mugger were in it, we could scarcely fail of coming in contact with him. We had proceeded only about a quarter of a mile, when the float suddenly dipt. My brother and Hall threw the loose coil of ropes they carried on the water, along with the inflated skins. These made it soon evident by their motion that the Mugger had seized the kid. He was dashing across in a zig-zag direction down the stream.

I ran after him as fast as I could; and paying out the cord from the reel when I found it impossible to keep up with him. On reaching a place where the banks were steeper than usual he came to a stand still. I got on the top of the bank and commenced hauling in the rope. I did not, however, venture to lift the skin out of the water for fear of disturbing him, until the coolies with the battery had time to come up. This was a very anxious time; for, if the Mugger had shifted his quarters before they came up, a fresh run with him would have ensued, with the chance of his breaking the wires with his teeth. After a while I heard the coolies approaching, and my brother scolding them and urging them to hasten on. Just as their heads appeared above the bank the foremost coolie tripped his foot and fell, I groaned with disappointment — presently my brother came along with them and brought the battery to my feet; a good deal of the acid had been spilt, but with the aid of a bottle of fresh acid we had brought along with us, we soon got the battery up to the requisite power. Everything being now in order, I commenced pulling up the rope with the wire. I proceeded as cautiously as possible for fear of disturbing the Mugger; but, in spite of all my efforts, the inflated skin, in coming up the bank, dislodged some loose pieces of earth, and sent them splashing into the water. Fortunately, however, the Mugger had made up his mind to digest the kid where he was. I could not help chuckling when I at length got hold of the end of the wires. While my brother was fastening one of them to the battery, I got the other ready for completing the circuit. The Mugger all the while lying still at the bottom of the nulla with, most likely, a couple of fathoms of water over his head, unconscious of danger, and little dreaming that the two-legged creatures on the bank had got a nerve communicating with his stomach, through which they were going to send a flash of lightning, that would shatter his scaly hulk to pieces.

Everything being now ready, I made fatal contact. Our success was complete! We felt a shock, as if something had fallen down the bank — a mound of muddy water rose, with a muffled, rumbling sound, and then burst out to a column of dark smoke. A splashing and bubbling succeeded, and then a great crimson patch floated on the water, like a variegated carpet pattern. Strange-looking fragments of scaly skin were picked up by the natives from the water's edge, and brought to us amidst a very general rejoicing. The exploded Mugger floated down the stream, and the current soon carried it out of sight. We were not at all sorry, for it looked such a horrible mess that we felt no desire to examine it.

Our sense of triumphant satisfaction was, however, sadly damped, about a week afterwards, when we received the mortifying an-

nouncement, that Sidhoo's Mugger was still alive, and on his old beat, apparently uninjured. It was evident that we had blasted the wrong Mugger! We consoled ourselves with the reflection that if he were not Sidhoo's murderer, it was very likely he was not wholly innocent of other atrocities, and therefore deserved his fate.

Of course it was impossible to rest while Sidhoo's Mugger remained alive, so we were not long in preparing for a second expedition. This time we took the precaution of not charging the battery until we were certain that the bait was swallowed. The acid, diluted to the necessary strength, was, therefore, carried in one of those brown earthenware jars called grey-beards, which had come out to us full of Glenlivet whiskey. We commenced dragging the kid up the stream, as before; but, having walked more than a mile without getting a bite, we were getting rather disheartened, and sat down to rest, struck a light, and smoked a cheroot. Hall laid down, having manufactured an impromptu easy chair out of his coil of rope, with the inflated goat-skin placed above it. My brother was not long in imitating his example, and I laid down under the shade of some reeds, near to the water's edge. The heat was oppressive — and we were discussing the probability of getting a bite that day, and lamenting that we had not brought some pale ale along with us, when, all at once, I got a sharp blow on the leg, while my brother came spinning down the bank like a teetotem; a companion picture to Hall, who was revolving down the opposite bank. The ropes and skins went rushing down the nulla at a tremendous pace. As soon as we recovered from the laughter into which we were thrown by this droll contretemps, we set off in pursuit, guided by the track which the inflated skins made in the water. On they went, dashing from side to side, as they had done in our first attempt. On coming to a place where the nulla made a sharp turn, they stood still under the high bank, on the inner curve of the bend. It unfortunately happened that the bank, near to which the skins were floating, was too precipitous for us to get near them, without starting the Mugger from his present position. With much labour, we detached some loose sods from the top of the bank, and sent them with a loud splash into the water, directly over where we imagined him to have taken up his quarters. This had the desired effect, for the skins began to move slowly down the stream as if the Mugger were crawling leisurely along the bottom.

Leaving my brother with the coolies in charge of the battery, I ran on to where the bank was more shelving. By good luck, the stream was rushing up, after its sudden sweep, and sent a strong current against this bank. I had not waited many minutes, before the skins came floating round the

corner, to where I was standing. I seized the one to which the wire was attached, desiring my brother to charge the battery, and bring it down. This he did much sooner than I could have expected; for as the battery was now empty, one cooly was able to carry it on his head while my brother took the jar of acid in his hand. It was evident from the motion of the other skin in the water that the Mugger was still moving; so no time was to be lost. I made the connection with the battery with one of the wires. In another instant the circuit was complete, and the Mugger's doom sealed.

There was a momentary pause —owing, I suppose, to some slight loss of insulation in the wires — then came the premonitory shock; then the rumble, the smoke, and the sparks; and a great bloated mass of flesh and blood rose to the surface of the water. Hall called out to us to drag it ashore, and see whether we could get any trace of poor Sidhoo. We tried by means of a bamboo pole to pull it to the bank; but the glimpse we got of it as it neared was so unutterably disgusting, that we plushed it off again, and allowed it to float away down with the current.

That this was Sidhoo's Mugger, there could be no doubt; for he was never seen or heard of in the neighbourhood again.

CHIPS.

A ROYAL SPEECH BY JAMES THE FIRST.

As a strong contrast to the Speech from the Throne, mentioned on page 247 of the present volume, we are enabled to give—from a pamphlet which has fallen into our hands — a condensed report of a speech made by Her Majesty's pedantic ancestor, James the First, on the 20th of June 1616. It was delivered in the Star Chamber, on the occasion of the Judges setting out on their several circuits. The report was drawn up by Edward Wakeman from his own notes taken, in the Star Chamber, from the Royal lips. He was the son of John Wakeman, Esq., of Beckford, in the county of Gloucester; and a Barrister of the Inner Temple, of which Society his father was also a member. The original is indorsed in the father's hand-writing thus:—"*The Kinges Speech in the Starre Chamber*, 20^{h} *Junij* 1616 *taken by Ned Wakeman*." It is believed that no report of this curious specimen of Royal eloquence had ever till lately been printed, although the fact of James the First having delivered a charge to the judges in the Court of Star Chamber has not entirely escaped the notice of historians.

The copy now before us was recently printed by Thomas Wakeman, Esquire, of Graig, near Monmouth, a descendant of the reporter.

The minutes commence by sta-

ting that the King, "in the beginninge of his Speache he remembred a peece of Davides Psalmes makeinge a briefe discourse concerning the exposition thereof wch by reason of the noise of the assemblie and the lownes of his voice at the entrance thereunto I could not well heare."

The Divine Right of Kings — — a question which was so thoroughly discussed during the reign of the second James — was thus modestly handled by the Scottish Monarch: —

"As towchinge the dignitie of a kinge he seyd that they sitt in the throne of God and therefore are in scripture tearmed Godds and that good kinges are to imitate God in justice and sincerittie of hart but wthout private respect for the advancmt of their owne endes or vaine glorie for otherwise they are but unjust and unrighteous. And that as good Judges they are to imitate Solamon and Davide the one in wisdome the other in holynes. Kinges are properlie Judges and all Judgemts are theirs how be it they are pronounced by their Judges as their ministers and substitues by authoritie derived from them as from the ymediate livetenvmt of God. And althoughe the manner and formes of governmt doe varie accordinge to the divrsitie of Kingdomes yet the sentences pronounced by the mouthes of the Judges (elected by the Kinge as interpreters of his lawes) are his and he is to answer for them before God soe as there is a neere league and affinitie betweene the Kinge and God upward so is there as neere betweene the Kinge and the Judge downewarde whose office and dutie is to declare and expound lawes not to invent and make lawes."

After explaining why he had not delivered himself unto the Judges in the Star Chamber before (because, "when he came into this kingdome he was an olde Kinge yet was he but a straunger to our lawes and governmt and therefore like one of Pythagoras schollers he thought good to professe silence duringe the first seaven yeres and to passe a prentishippe in learninge before he beganne to teache thinkeinge himselfe oonapt to ascende the seate of Judicature before he had learned howe to judge)," he divided his discourse into three heads: —

"1. First the charge he was to give himselfe for a K. cannot give a good charge to his subjects except he doth first beginne wth himselfe for good waters flowe not but from good springes.

"2. The second was a caveatt to the Judges.

"3. The third an admonition to his subjects."

In his "caveat to the judges," James's reference to the Court of Chancery is interesting. In that year (1616) Sir Thomas Egerton, founder of the Ellesmere family, resigned the seals in favour of the great Francis Bacon. "Then he spake" continues the reporter, "of the Court of Chauncery wch he sayd was ordayned for the mitigation of the rigor of the comon lawe and that the Chauncellor was but the dispencer of his conscience that it was a highe Court, and that *Teste meipse* was most properly written there. That from thence was no appeale to any other Court, and that he was speciallie bound to maintayne this Court. But yett this Court must keepe it self wth in his limitts and the Chauncellor was not to exceede his authoritie as he sayd he had often given him in charge, but to pre-

cede accordinge as hath been used in the auncient and best times, and if he transgressed his limitts and bounds the Judges of other courts maie not reform it but complaynt thereof to be made to his matie. For the prsent Chauncellor he sayd at his comeing into the kingdome he found him in that place wherein he had ever sence contynewed him and wished he might longe contynewe therein and he sayd that the attempt to bringe the Chauncellor within the compasse of Premunire was odious and absurde for to indite him sittinge as it were in his owne place were to indite himselfe and to tornne himselfe uppon the point of his owne sword."

The royal picture of the Justice of the Peace of that day, comes in full corroboration of Shakespeare's portraits of the same persons: —

"As towchinge the office of a Justice of Peace he sd that although yt seamed to some fantasticall greene headed gentlemen to be an office of litle reputacion, yet it was in his oppinion both worshippfull and honrable and of as great necessitie for the well orderinge of the affaires of the countrey as the highest offices and places for managinge of matters of state in the court. But because Justices of the Peace were of two kindes the one good the other badde, his pleasure was that the judges should from time to time advrtise him of such as did well execute theire offices. . . . Of these badde Justices he sd there were fower sortes. The first were such as were loyteringe Justices and laye at home and did nothinge. The second were busiebodyes, who did to much embraceinge many businesses for the enlargemt of theire private gaigne and profits. The Thirde sorte were factious and contentious justices. The fowerth such as had a puritanicall itchinge to stirre the people against governemt and discipline. All such justices (as unprofitable members and ministers) he would have casheered."

Papal aggression was dealt with much more summarily than it is in our day. "Then," quoth Mr. Wakeman, "the King declared his mind towchinge priests which he would have by all means possible extirpated": —

"Yet would he proceed wth greater severitie against some then against other some for he protested he was lothe to hang a priest for sayinge of masse, or for the mere execution of theire office or function. But for such as refused to take the oathe of allegiance (wch he sd lette the Pope and all the divells of hell say what they will was but a meere temporall oathe) he would have despatched. In the like maner would he have them deale wth such as haveinge binne formerly banished presume to retorne hether againe. He allsoe signified to the Judges that he would have those priests that broke prison taste of the same cuppe for he sd those men wch could not be kept wthin the walls of a prison, deserved to be helde in the noose of a halter: moreover that they were not like St Peter who went not owt of prison before an angell of heaven called him whereas these are called forth by an angell of hell. Then he sd he had given directions for the examination of the priestes remayninge in Wisbitche Castle, towardes whom he would proceede eyther favourablie or severely according as they gave him occasion by theyre answers."

The King's next recommendation to the Judges has been imitated rather extensively in modern times. His suggestion "towchinge" public works has been superseded by the far less agreeable expedient of tolls: —

"Next of all he comanded them to pull downe all howses and poor cottages for sd he as woodes and brakes are the

dennes and shelters of wilde beastes, soe are these places the receptacles and lurkinge holes of theeves, drunkardes, and pillpheringe vagaboundes. He allsoe willed them to see the lawes and statutes against roagueinge beggers put in due execution. And that howses of correction should for that purpose be erected and mayntayned. And here he toke occasion to commend Justice Popham of whom he had hearde reported, that he was soe sharpe and severe against idle persons, that there was noe like thinge as a begger in all Somrsetteshire where he dwellt. And because high waies and bridges (amongest other thinges) were of great necessitie and use for his subjects, he gave the Judges a stricte charge that they should earnestly stirre uppe, and compelle the people to the mendinge and maintayninge of them, addinge further that the repayringe of these was none of the meanest workes of charitie and therefore he much merveyled that there haveinge binne soe much given towardes the indowm^{t} of hospitalls, allmeshowses, and the like (since his first cominge to the crowne) that there hath binne soe litle bestowed to these uses."

At the time King James spoke, London consisted of about sixty thousand houses, and a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, instead of the two millions and a quarter which are herded within its boundaries at present. About that time habitations began to be built of bricks; timber, filled up with plaster, having been the material previouly in use. A building mania appears to have taken possession of the Londoners; and King James "didde with great vehemencie and earnestness declare himself concerninge

"the extraordinary buyldinge that hath of late times binne used in the cittie and suburbs of London, w^{ch} excessive enlargem^{t} of the body of this cittie would (as he saide) in time tende to the utter ruine and undoeinge of the countrey and all other citties wthin the realme. The cawse of the great repayre and accesse to this towne he ascribed to the pride and vanitie of ladyes and gentlewoemen. The effects whereof (he sd) were noe lesse then the beggeringe of there husbandes, the losse of theyre owne creddit (especially in younge woemen who while they come hether to be married forsooth doe but marre their reputacion). And finallye the impovrishinge and destruction of the poore countrey which by these meanes is forsaken and bereft both of the company and comfort of the better and abler ranke of people, to the utter ovrthrowe and decaye of all hospitallitie for w^{ch} this kingdome in auncient time hath binne renowned above all the nations of the earth for the prevention of w^{ch} great mischeifes and inconveniences he sd his pleasure was that if any man went abowt or presumed to builde in or abowt the cittie of London that the builder together wth his workemen should be comitted and cast in prison and the buildinge ovrthrowne and abated."

Unhappy Cubitts and Petos of the seventeenth century!

King James's peroration is as simple and concise as that of his successor Victoria: —

"These he sd were the sume of those thinges w^{ch} he had at this time intended to give them in charge addinge further that allthough he had heretofore binne a straunger to that court and place (meaninge the Starre-chamber) yet should they hereafter enjoye his presence there more often."

NATIONAL-DEBT DOCTORS.

Dr. Price, in the preface to his observations on Reversionary Payments as a means of paying off the National Debt, remarking on the prodigious power of Compound Interest, states, that a penny so improved from our Saviour's birth, as to double itself every fourteen years — or (which

is nearly the same) put out to five per cent. compound interest — would in seventeen hundred and seventy-three years, have increased to more money than would be contained in one hundred and fifty millions of globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold!

Mr. Morgan, a profound arithmetician, in checking this astounding calculation, discovered one of those errors which are meant — while falsifying details — to verify the general principle. A penny so improved at compound interest, as to double itself in fourteen years, would have accumulated *only*, Mr. Morgan declares, to one hundred and seven millions of golden globes; or forty-three millions fewer than Dr. Price computed! However correct these calculations may be, they bring to the mind of those who have no brains for complex masses of figures, the chronological computations quoted by Chevreau in his "Histoire du Monde," a couple of quarto volumes published in 1686. One of them gives as the result of a bewildering complexity of calculations, the precise day and moment at which the world was created. The calculator asserts, "without fear of contradiction," (for who is to check his astro-chronological computation?) that this great globe was created "on Friday afternoon, the 6th of September, at four o'clock precisely."

The Cockers, Walkingames, and De Morgans of Chevreau's time had no practical subject on which to expend their arithmetical fanaticism. They, happy people, had no National Debt. Modern cypherers, on the contrary, need not, like them, wear out their slates and blunt their pencils with calculations of a purely speculative character. His late Majesty King William the Third set them that very large sum, the National Debt. To do them justice, they have been working at it ever since. The task of finding out a way of clearing off the National Debt by means of the arithmetic laws applicable to compound interest, have fascinated financial enthusiasts, including Dr. Price and Mr. Morgan, from the days of its imposition to that on which we write these lines. The latest is from a correspondent of our own: —

"One pound sterling, per annum, kept at compound interest," says our friend, "at the rate of three per cent. per annum, would give, in fifty-eight years, 157*l.*; in sixty-four years, 195*l.*; in seventy-three years, 265*l.*; in eighty-five years, 394*l.*; in one hundred and seven years, 790*l.*; and in one hundred and twenty-nine years, 1562*l.* The debt at present stands at about 780 millions of pounds sterling; consequently fifty-eight yearly payments of five millions of pounds each, with the interest accruing thereon, at the rate of three per cent. per annum, would, at par, pay it off. Sixty-four payments of four millions each; seventy-three of three

millions each; eighty-five of two millions each; one hundred and seven of one million each; or one hundred and twenty-nine of half a million each; would accomplish the same object, in the respective number of years. Taking the interest, as now paid, at twenty-eight millions a year, the aggregate sums required to be paid by the public, in taxes, to cover the charge would be, respectively, *viz:* —

In	58	64	73	85	107	and in 129 years.
	1624	1792	2044	2380	2996	3612 mill.
Add annual payments as above	290	256	219	170	107	64½
Total	1914	2048	2263	2550	3103	3676½ mill.

of pounds sterling; showing a difference between the first and last periods of 1762½ millions; and, if interest were taken into account, the difference would amount to the enormous sum of 98,263 millions.

"Leaving interest, however, out of the calculation, and taking two millions as the sum to be applied annually, for the purpose indicated, it appears that the debt could be totally extinguished in eighty-five years, at a cost to the public of 2550 millions; or 170 millions more than the amount of the interest, which under any circumstances, sort of repudiation or national bankruptcy, must be paid.

"I now mention the proposal made in Parliament last session, that two millions a year should be applied to the reduction of the debt; to contrast the one plan with the other. Two millions a year applied *simply* to the reduction of the debt, would not accomplish its extinction in less than 390 years, at a cost of 7125 millions (exclusive of interest, which I have not been at the trouble of calculating, but which would amount to an "appalling" sum); and in eighty-five years it would only be reduced to the extent of 170 millions (the saving in interest being about 60,000 pounds a year); thus leaving the country, at the end of the period named, 610 millions in debt, and still subject to the annual charge of 22 millions for interest."

A CINNAMON GARDEN.

THE Englishman sips his coffee, enjoys sugar in his tea, and spices in his pastry, wondering why such things are not cheaper; and picturing Indian planters as princes, in white calico and straw hats, having little else to do than to smoke hookahs, drink brandy-pawney, and pocket their gains. A trip to some of the coffee, sugar, or cinnamon estates in Ceylon, would at once dispel the imaginary picture; none of the articles we have mentioned grow indigenous and without trouble, as a visit to the Kaderani Cinnamon Gardens would show.

Before, however, we start for them, it may be as well to mention that the aromatic spice called cinnamon, is the inner bark of the

Laurus Cinnamomi, a beautiful tree, attaining the size, and something the appearance of a moderately large pear-tree. To produce fine bark — such as is required for purposes of commerce — the tree must be felled, and the root forced to grow in shoots, straight and smooth. These being cut when eighteen months or two years old, a fresh supply of young sticks rapidly appear after the first rains. A cinnamon plantation, therefore, is in reality a garden, and not a forest.

The English Government possess five cinnamon plantations in Ceylon, containing in the aggregate about twelve thousand acres. These have nearly all been sold to private individuals, some of whom allow their estates to be very much neglected; others keep them in a state of high cultivation. It is to one of the latter description, managed by the late Colombo Firm, of Ackland, Boyd and Co., that I am about to proceed. They were agents for and part proprietors of, some three thousand acres of cinnamon land, most of which lay at Kaderani, near Negombo, a town about thirty miles distance from Colombo, on the sea-coast.

The whole of the Ceylon coast is low and sandy, and generally favourable for the growth of cinnamon, which flourishes in a hot and damp atmosphere, such as is there found. To get to Negombo, the most pleasant and least fatiguing mode is by a native covered canoe, along the old Dutch canal, a small river which the Dutch deepened, so as to admit of loaded boats passing at all times. A passage canoe is as light as the trunk of a mango-tree can be made by adzing out the interior. Stretched at full length on the matted deck, I watched the two boatmen haul in their little rush bag of tobaccos, jaggery, and hoppers (a kind of light cakes), and proceed to hoist the enormous sail, held in its place by huge bamboos. No sooner was this done, than the little canoe bounded off as swiftly and noiselessly as a deer; the breeze was fair, and the water smooth as a mirror. If anything can transport one in imagination to fairy land, it is to be wafted along in a Cingalese canoe, with its beautifully-transparent tall sail, floating jauntily amongst groves of wild, strange-looking trees, which nearly always fringe the banks of tropical rivers; and, catch occasionally the gorgeous rays of the sun amidst the dark, clustering foliage. The canal or river is as winding as a serpent, and in many places so narrow, that the bamboo mast gave a passing greeting to clusters of flowering shrubs that blossomed on the cool banks.

The Lake of Negombo, a fine sheet of water, was soon crossed, and landing at a little tope of cocoa-nut trees, I procured one of the common bullock-hackeries of the country, and made the best of my way to the gardens.

A first glance at the cinnamon plantations at Kaderani showed that drainage had been well seen

to. This is a very important matter; for, although heat and moisture are both essential to the full development of the spice, stagnant water injures its flavour. The natives pay but little attention to this, nor to removing the *young* sticks before the bark thickens too much; hence the marked inferiority of all native-grown cinnamon.

Arrived at the superintendent's bungalow, a breakfast of fish, eggs, and curry was soon served up, and finished, with a bottle of Allsop's Pale Ale; for be it known that the dirty thick liquid served out as coffee by the Cingalese, is not drinkable by one European in a dozen; although it might have been expected that the island which produces the berry in such abundance should also furnish the beverage of fair quality. Breakfast over, I proceeded, with my host, to inspect the "works," or "peeling-houses."

In former days, both under the Dutch and English Governments, the cultivation, as well as the after preparation of the spice, was exclusively carried on by one particular caste of Cingalese, called "Chalias," who had headmen, or petty chiefs, of various grades placed over them, belonging to their own body. This system is now partly changed, and the preparation of the bark is alone carried on by the "Chalias." This being their hereditary occupation, they are, as might be expected, remarkably expert in their operations. Having spent two days amongst these Peelers, I was enabled to watch the whole process of cropping, in the various stages, from the green stick to the beautifully yellow pipe of prepared spice.

The "Chalias" are assembled at break of day in gangs of thirty, with a "Canghan," or native overseer of field work, over each. All are armed with a sharp, light bill-hook, or "cattie," and a stout cord to tie up the sticks when cut. The European superintendent, having seen each gang properly equipped, accompanies them to the spot appointed for the day's cutting, to which they march in good order: each party is then placed, and, at a signal from the superintendent, the men, to the number of perhaps two hundred, rush amongst the bushes, "cattie" in hand, with loud shouts and cheers, and the work of destruction commences in good earnest. The peelers are paid according to the quantity of spice they prepare, and it may, therefore, be imagined how anxious each one is to secure a good bundle of sticks. A stranger seeing this large number of men rushing madly into the plantation, flourishing their sharp, shining weapons above their heads, with their long black hair floating over their shoulders, might easily fancy they were in pursuit of wild animals, or about to attack some hidden enemy. Very soon, however, the shouting ceases; not a sound is heard, save the sharp click of the "catties" against the tender green sticks, which may be

seen toppling over in all directions. By ten or eleven o'clock the peelers had cut sufficient cinnamon to occupy them in the barking process for the remainder of the day; and, having collected all their sticks in bundles, they proceeded to the "peeling-house." Arrived there, not a moment was lost: the heavy bundle is flung upon the floor of the veranda, and the "Chalias," having hastily drank off the milky juice of a cocoa-nut, and wiped the perspiration from their foreheads, seated themselves cross-legged on a rush mat; and, with a curiously-shaped little knife, proceeded to strip the tender bark. It is scarcely to be believed how rapidly barking is performed. The little knife is first run down the stick on two opposite sides, from end to end, and then, by inserting the instrument at the thick part, between the bark and the stick, and running it quickly along, with a twisting motion, the long slip of fine bark falls off, without a slit or blemish, an object very desirable if the quality be in other respects fine. When the sticks are all stripped they are of no further use.

On the morning of the second day the scene was of a more lively character. The wives and children of the peelers again flocked to the peeling-house; and, seated in rows, commenced scraping off the green cuticle from the heaps of bark slips, which are brought to them by the younger children, who also remove the scraped spice to the men. These begin by assorting them into three qualities, according to thinness of bark and brightness of colour; the shorter pieces of each kind are set aside, to be placed in the interior of the pipe, whilst the longest are placed outside. The piping, or quilling, then commences, and by dexterous management, the peeler so selects the bark, that very little cutting at the ends is required to form them into the proper length. The quills are made into uniform lengths of three feet and a half, and three layers of the bark, or quill, inside each other. The greatest vigilance of the superintendent and his native assistants, is needed in this stage of the process; for much of the value of the spice depends upon the proper division into qualities, and, not less, upon the rejection of all very coarse pieces; for it is to the interest of the peelers — who are paid by the weight — that as much as possible of the thick be placed in the quills; but the master's interest requires that as little as possible should be so hidden. The experiment was once made of paying the "Chalias" by the day, with a view of securing better work, but so little was there done in twelve hours, that it would have been ruinous to have continued the system. An active "Chalia," assisted by his wife and child, will prepare one hundred pounds of spice in a month, which will produce him one pound seventeen and sixpence, or seven pounds for the season, if of four months. Upon this they will idle

away the rest of the year, though in some few cases other trifling occupations are followed.

The bark having a natural tendency to curl up, requires but little rolling; and, when made up on the second day, the pipes are laid out singly upon cords stretched across the upper part of the building. There they remain for two days, when they undergo a little more rolling up, or "handling," and are placed on stands outside, exposed to the action of the hot air, but carefully sheltered by cocoa-nut leaves from the rays of the sun.

Three or four days of this open-air drying will generally suffice. The pipes are then piled up on light stands of wood for a week or two, when they are weighed and paid for. Each party of "Chalias" keep their cuttings separate; and a good deal of emulation often arises amongst them as to who shall turn out the greatest quantity of the finest kind, called "*first sort.*"

In the peeling-house which I inspected, the utmost order and decorum prevailed; not a word was allowed to be spoken by the work-people. The various headmen, clad in long white robes, and with high combs in their hair, passed on from one peeler to another in silence, pointing with the finger to any defective work. The only drawback to the agreeable features of the scene, was an old, gaunt Malay, with musket on shoulder, who paced the length of the building in grim dignity, to enforce order, if necessary, and to prevent pilfering. Still, altogether it was a pleasing sight; and I could not but contrast the well-ordered, business-like mode of work pursued here, with the uproar and confusion I witnessed the following day in a peeling-house on a native property, where all appeared to be masters.

The after-processes of assortment, packing, and baking, are carried on in the Colombo establishments; as is also the distillation of the essential oil of cinnamon from the cuttings and rejected pieces of bark.

THE STORY OF GIOVANNI BELZONI.

One day in the beginning of the year 1803, Mr. Salt, whose name has since become so celebrated amongst the discoverers of Egyptian antiquities, observed before one of the public rooms of Edinburgh, a great crowd assembled. For almost every one there exists a mysterious attraction in the sight of a number of people, and Mr. Salt, no wiser than his neighbours, pushed his way, when the doors were opened, into the room. There, on a sort of stage, he saw a tall and powerfully-built young man, performing various gymnastic exercises, and feats of strength. While this Hercules in tinsel was lifting enormous weights, and jumping from a table over the heads of twelve men, a pretty, delicate-looking young

woman, was arranging some hydraulic machines and musical glasses, with which the entertainment was to terminate. As the price of admission was nominal, she occasionally also handed round a small wooden bowl, in order to collect gratuities from the spectators.

Very few of those who were enjoying the exhibition gave anything; and when the young woman approached her husband, and showed him the few coins she had received, he hastened to terminate his performance. Mr. Salt pitied the poor fellow, and as the young woman was passing, said to her,

"You forgot to present your bowl for my contribution. — Here it is."

He slipped a silver coin into her hand. Both she and her husband thanked him warmly; the latter in broken English, and with an Italian accent.

Mr. Salt, who had but just returned from Rome, replied in Italian; and, perceiving in the stranger's manner of expressing himself a degree of refinement not to be expected from a mountebank, asked him whence he came, and what was his history?

"Six months ago, Sir," replied the man, "if any one had told me that I should be reduced to earn my bread by exhibiting my strength in public, I should have felt greatly inclined to knock him down. I came to England for the purpose of making known some hydraulic machines of my invention; but the spirit of routine, and the love of ignorance, closed every avenue against me. Previously, before losing all my hopes of success, I married this young girl. Had I been alone in the world, I verily believe that the bitter destruction of my expectations would have rendered me careless of supporting life; but how could I leave *her* in misery?"

"But why not try to display your really extraordinary strength and dexterity under more favourable circumstances? Why do you not offer your services to some theatrical manager?"

"Hungry people, Sir, cannot wait. I did not think of resorting to this method of earning a piece of bread, until I saw my wife ready to perish for the want of it."

The kind Mr. Salt not only relieved his immediate wants, but offered to recommend him and his wife to the manager of Astley's Circus, in London. Gratefully and eagerly did the wanderers accept this offer; and while, in company with their benefactor, who paid for their places on the coach, they journeyed towards town, the man related his history. Born at Padua, the son of a poor barber, and one of fourteen children, Giovanni Battista Belzoni felt from his earliest youth a longing desire to visit foreign lands. This "truant disposition" was fostered, if not caused, by the stories of maritime adventures told him by an old sailor; who was strongly suspected of

having, during many years, practised the profession of a pirate.

The reading, or rather devouring, of a translated copy of "Robinson Crusoe" (and it is a most remarkable circumstance that the book which has for its avowed purpose the disheartening of restless adventurers, should have made wanderers and voyagers innumerable,) gave form and fixedness to his purpose of rambling; and, in company with his youngest brother, the boy set out one fine morning, without any intention but the somewhat vague one of "travelling to seek their fortune." The young fugitives walked several miles, without knowing, in the least, whither they were going, when a pedlar, who was riding slowly by in a cart, accosted them, and asked if they were going to Ferrara. Belzoni, although he never heard the name before, immediately answered in the affirmative. The good-natured merchant, pleased with the countenances, and pitying the tired looks of the children, not only gave them a place in his vehicle, but shared with them his luncheon of bread, cheese, and fruit. That night they occupied part of their companion's lodging; but next day, as his business required him to stop at the village where they slept, the two boys took leave of him, and pursued their journey. Their next adventure was not so fortunate. Meeting an empty return carriage, they asked the *vetturino* to give them a ride; and he consenting, they joyfully got in. Arrived at Ferrara, the *vetturino* asked them for money. Giovanni, astonished, replied that they had none; and the unfeeling man stripped the poor children of their upper garments, leaving them half naked and penniless in the streets of an unknown city. Giovanni's undaunted spirit would have led him still to persevere in the wild-goose chase which had lured him from his home; but his brother Antonio wept, and complained so loudly, that he was fain to console the child by consenting to retrace their steps to Padua. That night, clasped in each other's arms, they slept beneath a door-way and the next morning set out for their native city, begging their food on the journey.

The severe chastisement which Giovanni, as the instigator of this escapade, received on his return, did not in anywise cure his love of rambling. He submitted, however, to learn his father's trade, and at the age of eighteen, armed with shaving and hair-cutting-implements, he set out for Rome, and there exercised the occupation of a barber with success. After some time, he became deeply attached to a girl who, after encouraging his addresses, deserted him and married a wealthy rival. This disappointment preyed so deeply on Belzoni, that, renouncing at the same time love and the razor, the world and the brazen bowl of suds, he entered a convent, and became a

Capuchin. The leisure of the cloister was employed by him in the study of hydraulics; and he was busy in constructing an Artesian well within the monastic precincts when the French army under Napoleon took possession of Rome. The monks of every order were expelled and dispersed; and our poor Capuchin, obliged to cut his own beard, purchased once more the implements of his despised calling, and travelled into Holland, the headquarters of hydraulics, which were still his passion. The Dutch did not encourage him, and he came to this country. Here he met his future wife, and consoled himself for his past misfortunes by marrying one who proved, through weal and woe, a fond and faithful partner. The crude hydraulic inventions of a wandering Italian were as little heeded here, as on the Continent; and we have already seen the expedient to which Belzoni was obliged to have recourse when Mr. Salt met him in Edinburgh.

Having reached London, the kind antiquary introduced his *protégés* to the manager of Astley's. The practised eye of the renowned equestrian immediately appreciated at their value the beauty and athletic vigour of the Paduan Goliath; and he engaged both him and his wife at a liberal salary. He caused a piece entitled "The twelve labours of Hercules" to be arranged expressly for his new performers; and Mr. Salt had soon afterwards the satisfaction of seeing Giovanni Belzoni appear on the stage, carrying twelve men on his arms and shoulders, while Madame, in the costume of Cupid, stood at the top, as the apex of a pyramid, and waved a tiny crimson flag.

After some time, Mr. Salt went to Egypt as consul, and there became acquainted with Signor Drouetti. The two friends, equally enthusiastic on the subject of Egyptian antiquities, set to work to prosecute researches, with an ardour of rivalship which approached somewhat too nearly to jealousy. Each aspired to undertake the boldest expeditions, and to attempt the most hazardous excavations. But the great object of their ambition was an enormous bust of Memnon, in rose-coloured granite, which lay half buried in the sand on the left bank of the Nile.

Signor Drouetti had failed in all his attempts to raise it, nor was Mr. Salt a whit more successful. One day, while the latter was thinking what a pity it was that such a precious monument should be left to perish by decay, a stranger asked to speak with him. Mr. Salt desired him to be admitted; and immediately, despite his visitor's oriental garb and long beard, he recognised the Hercules of Astley's.

"What has brought you to Egypt?" asked the astonished consul.

"You shall hear, Sir," replied the Italian. "After having completed my engagement in London,

I set out for Lisbon, where I was employed by the manager of the theatre of San Carlo to perform the part of Samson, in a Scriptural piece which had been arranged expressly for me. From thence I went to Madrid, where I appeared with applause in the theatre Della Puerta del Sol. After having collected a tolerable sum of money, I resolved to come here. My first object is to induce the Pasha to adopt an hydraulic machine for raising the waters of the Nile."

Mr. Salt then explained his wishes respecting the antiquities; but Belzoni, could not, he said, enter upon that till he had carried out his scheme of waterworks.

He was accompanied, he said in continuation, by Mrs. Belzoni, and by an Irish lad of the name of James Curtain; and had reached Alexandria just as the plague was beginning to disappear from that city, as it always does on the approach of St. John's day, when, as almost everybody knows, "out of respect for the saint," it entirely ceases. The state of the country was still very alarming, yet Mr. Belzoni and his little party ventured to land, and performed quarantine in the French quarter; where, though really very unwell, they were wise enough to disguise their situation; "for the plague is so dreadful a scourge," he observed, "and operates so powerfully on human fears and human prejudices, that, during its prevalence, if a man be ill, he must be ill of the plague, and if he die, he must have died of the plague."

Belzoni went straight to Cairo, where he was well received by Mr. Baghos, interpreter to Mahommed Ali, to whom Mr. Salt recommended, him. Mr. Baghos immediately prepared to introduce him to the Pasha, that he might come to some arrangement respecting the hydraulic machine, which he proposed to construct for watering the gardens of the seraglio. As they were proceeding towards the palace, through one of the principal streets of Cairo, a fanatical Mussulman struck Mr. Belzoni so fiercely on the leg with his staff, that it tore away a large piece of flesh. The blow was severe, and the discharge of blood copious, and he was obliged to be conveyed home, where he remained under cure thirty days before he could support himself on the wounded leg. When able to leave the house, he was presented to the Pasha, who received him very civilly; but on being told of the misfortune which had happened to him, contented himself with coolly observing, "that such accidents could not be avoided where there were troops."

An arrangement was immediately concluded for erecting a machine which was to raise as much water with one ox as the ordinary ones do with four. Mr. Belzoni soon found, however, that he had many prejudices to encounter, and many obstacles to overcome, on the part of those

who were employed in the construction of the work, as well as of those who owned the cattle engaged in drawing water for the Pasha's gardens. The fate of a machine which had been sent from England taught him to augur no good for that which he had undertaken to construct. Though of the most costly description, and every way equal to perform what it was calculated to do, it had failed to answer the unreasonable expectations of the Turks, — because "the quantity of water raised by it was not sufficient to inundate the whole country in an hour! — which was their measure of the power of an English water-wheel."

When that of Belzoni was completed, the Pasha proceeded to the gardens of Soubra to witness its effect. The machine was set to work, and, although constructed of bad materials, and of unskilful workmanship, its powers were greater than had been contracted for; yet the Arabs, from interested motives, declared against it. The Pasha, however, though evidently disappointed, admitted that it was equal to four of the ordinary kind, and, consequently, accorded with the agreement. Unluckily; he took it into his head to have the oxen removed, and, "by way of frolic," to see what effect could be produced by putting fifteen men into the wheel. The Irish lad got in with them; but no sooner had the wheel begun to turn than the Arabs jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, relieved from its load, flew back with such velocity, that poor Curtain was flung out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs; and, being entangled in the machinery, would, in all probability, have lost his life, had not Belzoni applied his prodigious strength to the wheel, and stopped it. The accident, however, was fatal to the project and to the future hopes of the projector.

At that time the insolence of the Turkish officers of the Pashalic was at its height, and the very sight of a "dog of a Christian" raised the ire of the more bigoted followers of the Prophet. While at Soubra, which is close to Cairo, Belzoni had a narrow escape from assassination. He relates the adventure in his work on Egypt: —

Some particular business calling me to Cairo, I was on my ass in one of the narrow streets, where I met a loaded camel. The space that remained between the camel and the wall was so little, that I could scarcely pass; and at that moment I was met by a Binbashi, a subaltern officer, at the head of his men. For the instant I was the only obstacle that prevented his proceeding on the road; and I could neither retreat nor turn round, to give him room to pass. Seeing it was a Frank who stopped his way, he gave me a violent blow on my stomach. Not being accustomed to put up with such salutations, I returned the compliment with my whip across his naked shoulders. Instantly he

took his pistol out of his belt; I jumped off my ass; he retired about two yards, pulled the trigger, fired at my head, singed the hair near my right ear, and killed one of his own soldiers, who, by this time, had come behind me. Finding that he had missed his aim, he took a second pistol; but his own soldiers assailed and disarmed him. A great noise arose in the street, and, as it happened to be close to the seraglio in the Esbakie, some of the guards ran up; but on seeing what the matter was, they interfered and stopped the Binbashi. I thought my company was not wanted, so I mounted my charger, and rode off. I went to Mr. Baghos, and told him what had happened. We repaired immediately to the citadel, saw the Pasha, and related the circumstance to him. He was much concerned, and wished to know where the soldier was, but observed, that it was too late that evening to have him taken up. However, he was apprehended the next day, and I never heard or knew anything more about him. Such a lesson on the subject was not lost upon me; and I took good care, in future, not to give the least opportunity of the kind to men of that description, who can murder an European with as much indifference as they would kill an insect."

Ruined by the loss of all his savings, which he had spent in the construction of his water machines, Belzoni once more applied to Mr. Salt, and undertook the furtherance of his scheme, to convey to England the bust of Memnon. So eager was he, that the same day, the Italian set out for the ruins of Thebes, and hired a hundred natives, whom he made clear away the sand which half covered the stone colossus. With a large staff in his hand, Belzoni commanded his army of Mussulmen, directed their labours, astonished them with displays of his physical strength, learned to speak their language with marvellous facility, and speedily came to be regarded by them as a superior being, endowed with magical power.

One day, however, his money failed; and at the same time the rising of the Nile destroyed, in two hours, the work of three months. The *fellahs* rebelled: one of them rushed towards Belzoni, intending to strike him with his dagger. The Italian coolly waited his approach, disarmed him; and then, seizing him by the feet, lifted him as though he had been a hazel wand, and began to inflict vigorous blows on the other insurgents with this novel and extemporary weapon of defence. The lesson was not thrown away: very speedily the *fellahs* returned to their duty; and after eighteen days' incessant labour, Memnon trembled at his base, and was moved towards the bank of the Nile.

The embarkation of this enormous statue presented difficulties almost as great as those which attended its disinterment and land transport. Nevertheless, the in-

telligence and perseverance of Belzoni surmounted every obstacle; and he brought his wondrous conquest to London, where its arrival produced a sensation similar to that caused more recently in Paris by the sight of the Obelisk of Luxor. Loaded with praise, and also with more substantial gifts, Belzoni, now became an important personage, returned to Egypt and to his friend Mr. Salt. The latter proposed to him to go up the Nile, and attempt the removal of the sand-hills which covered the principal portion of the magnificent temple of Ebsamboul. Belzoni readily consented, set out for Lower Nubia, ventured boldly amongst the savage tribes who wander through the sandy desert; returning to Thebes, he was rewarded, not only by the success of his special mission, but also by discovering the temple of Luxor.

In all his undertakings, however enterprising, Belzoni was aided and cheered by the presence of his wife. The expedition to Nubia was, however, thought too hazardous for her to undertake. But in the absence of her husband she was not idle; she dug up the statue of Jupiter Ammon, with the ram's head on his knee, which is now in the British Museum.

The temple of Luxor had been so completely, and for so long a period, buried in sand, that even its existence remained unsuspected. It had been dedicated to Isis by the Queen of Rameses the Great; and the descriptions which travellers give of it, resemble those of the palaces in the "Arabian Nights." Four colossal figures, sixty-one feet in height, are seated in front. Eight others, forty-eight in height, and standing up, support the roof of the principal inner hall, in which gigantic bas-reliefs represent the whole history of Rameses. Sixteen other halls, scarcely smaller than the first, display, in all their primitive splendour, many gorgeous paintings, and the mysterious forms of myriads of statues.

After this discovery, Belzoni took up his temporary abode in the valley of *Biban-el-Mouloch* (Tombs of the Kings). He had already remarked there, amongst the rocks, a fissure of a peculiar form, and which was evidently the work of man. He caused this opening to be enlarged, and soon discovered the entrance to a long corridor, whose walls were covered with sculptures and hieroglyphical paintings. A deep fosse and a wall barred the farther end of the cave; but he broke a passage through, and found a second vault, in which stood an alabaster sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics. He took possession of this, and sent it safely to Europe. His own account of these difficulties is extremely interesting:—

"Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies.

This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the walls, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways — some standing, some lying, and some on their heads."

Afterwards, Belzoni travelled to the shores of the Red Sea, inspected the ruins of Berenice; then returned to Cairo and directed excavations to be made at the bases of the great pyramids of Ghizeh; penetrated into that of Chephren — which had hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans — and discovered within it the sacred chamber where repose the hallowed bones of the bull Apis. The Valley of Faioum, the Lake Mœris, the ruins of Arsinöe, the sands of Lybia, all yielded up their secrets to his dauntless spirit of research. He visited the oasis of El-Cassar, and the Fountain of the Sun; strangled in his arms two treacherous guides, who tried to assassinate him; and then left Egypt, and returned to Padua with his wife.

The son of the humble barber had now become a rich and celebrated personage. A triumphal entry was prepared for him; and the municipal authorities of his native city met him at the gate, and presented him with an address. Manfredini was commissioned to engrave a medal which should commemorate the history of the illustrious traveller. England, however, soon claimed him; and

on his arrival in London, he was received with the same honours as in his own country. Then he published an account of his travels, under the following title: "Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries in the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Cities of Egypt and Nubia, &c."

In 1822, Belzoni returned to Africa, with the intention of penetrating to Timbuctoo. Passing in the following year from the Bight of Benin towards Houssa, he was attacked with dysentery; was carried back to Gato, and thence put on board an English vessel lying off the coast. There, with much firmness and resignation, he prepared to meet his end. He entrusted the captain with a large amethyst to be given to his wife, and also with a letter which he wrote to his faithful companion through good and evil days. Soon afterwards, he breathed his last. They buried him at Gato, at the foot of a large tree, and engraved on his tomb the following epitaph in English —

"*Here lies Belzoni, who died at this place, on his way to Timbuctoo, December 3rd*, 1823."

Belzoni was but forty-five years old when he died. A statue of him was erected at Padua on the 4th of July, 1827. Very recently the Government of Great Britain bestowed on his widow the tardy solace of a small pension.

Giovanni Belzoni, the once starving mountebank, became one of the most illustrious men in Europe! — an encouraging example to all those, who have not only sound heads to project, but stout hearts to execute.

A MONUMENT OF FRENCH FOLLY.

It was profoundly observed by a witty member of the Court of Common Council, in Council assembled in the City of London, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, that the French are a frog-eating people, who wear wooden shoes.

We are credibly informed, in reference to the nation whom this choice spirit so happily disposed of, that the caricatures and stage representations which were current in England some half a century ago, exactly depict their present condition. For example, we understand that every Frenchman, without exception, wears a pigtail and curl-papers, That he is extremely sallow, thin, long-faced, and lantern-jawed. That the calves of his legs are invariably undeveloped; that his legs fail at the knees, and that his shoulders are always higher than his ears. We are likewise assured that he rarely tastes any food but soup maigre, and an onion; that he always says, "By Gar! Aha! Vat you tell me, Sare?" at the end of every sentence he utters; and that the true generic name of his race is the Mounseers, or the Parly-voos. If he be not a dancing-master, or a barber, he must be a cook; since no other trades but those three

are congenial to the tastes of the people, or permitted by the Institutions of the country. He is a slave, of course. The ladies of France (who are also slaves) invariably have their heads tied up in Belcher handkerchiefs, wear long ear-rings, carry tambourines, and beguile the weariness of their yoke by singing in head voices through their noses — principally to barrel-organs.

It may be generally summed up, of this inferior people, that they have no idea of anything.

Of a great Institution like Smithfield, they are unable to form the least conception. A Beast Market in the heart of Paris would be regarded as an impossible nuisance. Nor have they any notion of slaughter-houses in the midst of a city. One of these benighted frog-eaters would scarcely understand your meaning, if you told him of the existence of such a British bulwark.

It is agreeable, and perhaps pardonable, to indulge in a little self-complacency when our right to it is thoroughly established. At the present time, to be rendered memorable by a final attack on that good old market which is the (rotten) apple of the Corporation's eye, let us compare ourselves, to our national delight and pride, as to these two subjects of slaughter-houses and beast-market, with the outlandish foreigner.

The blessings of Smithfield are too well understood to need recapitulation; all who run (away from mad bulls and pursuing oxen) may read. Any market-day, they may be beheld in glorious action. Possibly, the merits of our slaughter-houses are not yet quite so generally appreciated.

Slaughter-houses, in the large towns of England, are always (with the exception of one or two enterprising towns) most numerous in the most densely crowded places, where there is the least circulation of air. They are often underground, in cellars; they are sometimes in close back yards; sometimes (as in Spitalfields) in the very shops where the meat is sold. Occasionally, under good private management, they are ventilated and clean. For the most part, they are unventilated and dirty; and, to the reeking walls, putrid fat and other offensive animal matter clings with a tenacious hold. The busiest slaughter-houses in London are in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, in Newgate Market, in Whitechapel, in Newport Market, in Leadenhall Market, in Clare Market. All these places are surrounded by houses of a poor description, swarming with inhabitants. Some of them are close to the worst burial-grounds in London. When the slaughter-house is below the ground, it is a common practice to throw the sheep down areas, neck and crop — which is exciting, but not at all cruel. When it is on the level surface, it is often extremely difficult of approach. Then, the beasts have to be worried, and

goaded, and pronged, and tail-twisted, for a long time before they can be got in — which is entirely owing to their natural obstinacy. When it is not difficult of approach, but is in a foul condition, what they see and scent makes them still more reluctant to enter — which is their natural obstinacy again. When they do get in at last, after no trouble and suffering to speak of, (for there is nothing in the previous journey into the heart of London, the night's endurance in Smithfield, the struggle out again, among the crowded multitude, the coaches, carts, waggons, omnibuses, gigs, chaises, phaetons, cabs, trucks, dogs, boys, whoopings, roarings, and ten thousand other distractions), they are represented to be in a most unfit state to be killed, according to microscopic examinations made of their fevered blood by one of the most distinguished physiologists in the world, PROFESSOR OWEN — but that 's humbug. When they *are* killed, at last, their reeking carcases are hung in impure air, to become, as the same Professor will explain to you, less nutritious and more unwholesome — but he is only an *un*common counsellor, so don't mind *him*. In half a quarter of a mile's length of Whitechapel, at one time, there shall be six hundred newly slaughtered oxen hanging up, and seven hundred sheep — but, the more the merrier — proof of prosperity. Hard by Snow Hill and Warwick Lane, you shall see the little children, inured to sights of brutality from their birth, trotting along the alleys, mingled with troops of horribly busy pigs, up to their ankles in blood — but it makes the young rascals hardy. Into the imperfect sewers of this overgrown city, you shall have the immense mass of corruption, engendered by these practices, lazily thrown out of sight, to rise, in poisonous gases, into your house at night, when your sleeping children will most readily absorb them, and to find its languid way, at last, into the river that you drink — but, the French are a frog-eating people who wear wooden shoes, and it 's O the roast beef of England, my boy, the jolly old English roast beef!

It is quite a mistake — a new-fangled notion altogether — to suppose that there is any natural antagonism between putrefaction and health. They know better than that, in the Common Council. You may talk about Nature, in her wisdom, always warning man through his sense of smell, when he draws near to something dangerous; but, that won't go down in the city. Nature very often don't mean anything. Mrs. Quickly says that prunes are ill for a green wound; but, whosoever says that putrid animal substances are ill for a green wound, or for robust vigor, or for any thing or for any body, is a humanity-monger and a humbug. Britons never, never, never, &c., therefore. And prosperity to cattle-driving, cattle-slaughtering, bone-crushing,

blood-boiling, trotter-scraping, tripe-dressing, paunch-cleaning, gut-spinning, hide-preparing, tallow-melting, and other salubrious proceedings, in the midst of hospitals, churchyards, workhouses, schools, infirmaries, refuges, dwellings, provision-shops, nurseries, sick-beds, every stage and baiting-place in the journey from birth to death!

These *un*common counsellors, your Professor Owens and fellows, will contend that to tolerate these things in a civilised city, is to reduce it to a worse condition than BRUCE found to prevail in ABYSSINNIA. For, there (say they) the jackals and wild dogs came at night to devour the offal; whereas here there are no such natural scavengers, and quite as savage customs. Further, they will demonstrate that nothing in Nature is intended to be wasted, and that besides the waste which such abuses occasion in the articles of health and life — main sources of the riches of any community — they lead to a prodigious waste of changing matters, which might, with proper preparation, and under scientific direction, be safely applied to the increase of the fertility of the land. Thus (they argue) does Nature ever avenge infractions of her beneficent laws, and so surely as Man is determined to warp any of her blessings into curses, shall they become curses, and shall he suffer heavily. But, this is cant. Just as it is cant of the worst description to say to the London Corporation, "How can you exhibit to the people so plain a spectacle of dishonest equivocation, as to claim the right of holding a market in the midst of the great city, for one of your vested privileges, when you know that when your last market-holding charter was granted to you by King Charles the First, Smithfield stood IN THE SUBURBS OF LONDON, and is in that very charter so described in those five words?" — which is certainly true, but has nothing to do with the question.

Now to the comparison, in these particulars of civilisation, between the capital of England, and the capital of that frog-eating and wooden-shoe wearing country, which the illustrious Common Councilman so sarcastically settled.

In Paris, there is no Cattle Market. Cows and calves are sold within the city, but, the Cattle Markets are at Poissy, about thirteen miles off, on a line of Railway; and at Sceaux, about five miles off. The Poissy market is held every Thursday; the Sceaux market every Monday. In Paris, there are no slaughter-houses, in our acceptation of the term. There are five public Abattoirs — within the walls, though in the suburbs — and in these all the slaughtering for the suburbs — and in these all the slaughtering for the city must be performed. They are managed by a Syndicat or Guild of Butchers, who confer with the Minister of the Interior on all

matters affecting the trade, and who are consulted when any new regulations are contemplated for its government. They are, likewise, under the vigilant superintendance of the Police. Every butcher must be licensed: which proves him at once to be a slave, for we don't license butchers in England — we only license apothecaries, attorneys, postmasters, publicans, hawkers, retailers of tobacco, snuff, pepper, and vinegar — and one or two other little trades not worth mentioning. Every arrangement in connexion with the slaughtering and sale of meat, is matter of strict police regulation. (Slavery again, though we certainly have a general sort of a Police Act here.)

But, in order that the reader may understand what a monument of folly these frog-eaters have raised in their abattoirs and cattle-markets, and may compare it with what common counselling has done for us all these years, and would still do but for the innovating spirit of the times, here follows a short account of a recent visit to these places: —

It was as sharp a February morning as you would desire to feel at your fingers' ends when I turned out — tumbling over a chiffonier with his little basket and rake, who was picking up the bits of coloured paper that had been swept out, over-night, from a Bon-Bon shop — to take the Butchers' Train to Poissy. A cold dim light just touched the high roofs of the Tuileries which have seen such changes, such distracted crowds, such riot and bloodshed; and they looked as calm, and as old, all covered with white frost, as the very Pyramids. There was not light enough, yet, to strike upon the towers of Notre Dame across the water; but I thought of the dark pavement of the old Cathedral as just beginning to be streaked with grey; and of the lamps in the "House of God," the Hospital close to it, burning low and being quenched; and of the keeper of the Morgue going about with a fading lantern, busy in the arrangement of his terrible wax-work for another sunny day.

The sun was up, and shining merrily when the butchers and I, announcing our departure with an engine-shriek to sleepy Paris, rattled away for the Cattle Market. Across the country, over the Seine, among a forest of scrubby trees — the hoar frost lying cold in shady places, and glittering in the light — and here we are at Poissy! Out leap the butchers who have been chattering all the way like madmen, and off they straggle for the Cattle Market (still chattering, of course, incessantly), in hats and caps of all shapes, in coats and blouses, in calf-skins, cow-skins, horse-skins, furs, shaggy mantles, hairy coats, sacking, baize, oil-skin, anything you please that will keep a man and a butcher warm, upon a frosty morning.

Many a French town have I seen, between this spot of ground and Strasburgh or Marseilles, that

might sit for your picture, little Poissy! Barring the details of your old church, I know you well, albeit we make acquaintance, now, for the first time. I know your narrow, straggling, winding streets, with a kennel in the midst, and lamps slung across. I know your picturesque street-corners, winding up-hill Heaven knows why or where! I know your tradesmen's inscriptions, in letters not quite fat enough; your barber's brazen basins dangling over little shops; your Cafés and Estaminets, with cloudy bottles of stale syrup in the windows, and pictures of crossed billiard-cues outside. I know this very grey horse with his tail rolled up in a knot like the "back-hair" of an untidy woman, who won't be shod, and who makes himself heraldic by clattering across the street on his hind legs, while twenty voices shriek and growl at him as a Brigand, an accursed Robber, and an everlastingly-doomed Pig. I know your sparkling town-fountain too, my Poissy, and am glad to see it near a cattle-market, gushing so freshly, under the auspices of a gallant little sublimated Frenchman wrought in metal, perched upon the top. Through all the land of France I know this unswept room at The Glory, with its peculiar smell of beans and coffee, where the butchers crowd about the stove, drinking the thinnest of wine from the smallest of tumblers; where the thickest of coffee-cups mingle with the longest of caves, and the weakest of lump sugar; where Madame at the counter easily acknowledges the homage of all entering and departing butchers; where the billiard-table is covered up in the midst like a great bird-cage — but the bird may sing by-and-bye!

A bell! The Calf Market! Polite departure of butchers. Hasty payment and departure on the part of amateur Visitor. Madame reproaches Ma'amselle for too fine a susceptibility in reference to the devotion of a Butcher in a bear-skin. Monsieur, the landlord of The Glory, counts a double handful of sous, without an unobliterated inscription, or an undamaged crowned head, among them.

There is little noise without, abundant space, and no confusion. The open area devoted to the market, is divided into three portions: the Calf Market, the Cattle Market, the Sheep Market. Calves at eight, cattle at ten, sheep at mid-day. All is very clean.

The Calf Market is a raised platform of stone, some three or four feet high, open on all sides, with a lofty over-spreading roof, supported on stone columns, which give it the appearance of a sort of vineyard from Northern Italy. Here, on the raised pavement, lie innumerable calves, all bound hind-legs and fore-legs together, and all trembling violently — perhaps with cold, perhaps with fear, perhaps with pain; for, this mode of tying, which seems to be an absolute superstition with the peasantry, can hardly fail to cause great

suffering. Here, they lie, patiently in rows, among the straw, with their stolid faces and inexpressive eyes: superintended by men and women, boys and girls: here, they are inspected by our friends, the butchers, bargained for, and bought. Plenty of time; plenty of room; plenty of good humour. "Monsieur François in the bear-skin, how do you do, my friend? You come from Paris by the train? The fresh air does you good. If you are in want of three or four fine calves this market-morning, my angel, I, Madame Doche, shall be happy to deal with you. Behold these calves, Monsieur François! Great Heaven, you are doubtful! Well, Sir, walk round and look about you. If you find better for the money, buy them. If not, come to me!" Monsieur François goes his way leisurely, and keeps a wary eye upon the stock. No other butcher jostles Monsieur François; Monsieur François jostles no other butcher. Nobody is flustered and aggravated. Nobody is savage. In the midst of the country blue frocks and red handkerchiefs, and the butchers' coats, shaggy, furry, and hairy: of calf-skin, cow-skin, horse-skin, and bear-skin: towers a cocked hat and a blue cloak. Slavery! For *our* Police wear great coats and glazed hats.

But now the bartering is over, and the calves are sold. "Ho! Gregorie, Antoine, Jean, Louis! Bring up the carts, my children! Quick, brave infants! Hola! Hi!"

The carts, well littered with straw, are backed up to the edge of the raised pavement, and various hot infants carry calves upon their heads, and dexterously pitch them in, while other hot infants, standing in the carts, arrange the calves, and pack them carefully in straw. Here is a promising young calf, not sold, whom Madame Doche unbinds. Pardon me, Madame Doche, but I fear this mode of tying the four legs of a quadruped together, though strictly à la mode, is not quite right. You observe, Madame Doche, that the cord leaves deep indentations in the skin, and that the animal is so cramped at first as not to know, or even remotely suspect, that he *is* unbound, until you are so obliging as to kick him, in your delicate little way, and pull his tail like a bell-rope. Then, he staggers to his knees, not being able to stand, and stumbles about like a drunken calf, or the horse at Franconi's, whom you may have seen, Madame Doche, who is supposed to have been mortally wounded in battle. But, what is this rubbing against me, as I apostrophise Madame Doche? It is another heated infant, with a calf upon his head. "Pardon, Monsieur, but will you have the politeness to allow me to pass?" "Ah, Sir, willingly. I am vexed to obstruct the way." On he staggers, calf and all, and makes no allusion whatever either to my eyes or limbs.

Now, the carts are all full. More straw, my Antoine, to shake over

these top rows; then, off we will clatter, rumble, jolt, and rattle, a long row of us, out of the first town-gate, and out at the second town-gate, and past the empty sentry-box, and the little thin square bandbox of a guardhouse, where nobody seems to live; and away for Paris, by the paved road, lying, a straight straight line, in the long long avenue of trees. We can neither choose our road, nor our pace, for that is all prescribed to us. The public convenience demands that our carts should get to Paris by such a route, and no other (Napoleon had leisure to find that out, while he had a little war with the world upon his hands), and woe betide us if we infringe orders.

Droves of oxen stand in the Cattle Market, tied to iron bars fixed into posts of granite. Other droves advance slowly down the long avenue, past the second town-gate, and the first town-gate, and the sentry-box, and the bandbox, thawing the morning with their smoky breath as they come along. Plenty of room; plenty of time. Neither man nor beast is driven out of his wits by coaches, carts, waggons, omnibuses, gigs, chaises, phaetons, cabs, trucks, boys, whoopings, roarings, and multitudes. No tail-twisting is necessary — no iron pronging is necessary. There are no iron prongs here. The market for cattle is held as quietly as the market for calves. In due time, off the cattle go to Paris; the drovers can no more choose their road, nor their time, nor the numbers they shall drive, than they can choose their hour for dying in the course of nature.

Sheep next. The Sheep-pens are up here, past the Branch Bank of Paris established for the convenience of the butchers, and behind the two pretty fountains they are making in the Market. My name is Bull: yet I think I should like to see as good twin fountains — not to say in Smithfield, but in England anywhere. Plenty of room; plenty of time. And here are sheep-dogs, sensible as ever, but with a certain French air about them — not without a suspicion of dominoes — with a kind of flavour of moustache and beard — demonstrative dogs, shaggy and loose where an English dog would be tight and close — not so troubled with business calculations as our English drovers' dogs, who have always got their sheep upon their minds, and think about their work, even resting, as you may see by their faces; but, dashing, showy, rather unreliable dogs: who might worry me instead of their legitimate charges if they saw occasion — and might see it somewhat suddenly. The market for sheep passes off like the other two; and away they go, by *their* allotted road to Paris. My way being the Railway, I make the best of it at twenty miles an hour; whirling through the now high-lighted landscape; thinking that the inexperienced green buds will be wishing before long, they had not been tempted

to come out so soon; and wondering who lives in this or that château, all window and lattice, and what the family may have for breakfast this sharp morning.

After the Market comes the Abattoir. What abattoir shall I visit first? Montmartre is the largest. So, I will go there.

The abattoirs are all within the walls of Paris, with an eye to the receipt of the octroi duty; but, they stand in open places in the suburbs, removed from the press and bustle of the city. They are managed by the Syndicat or Guild of Butchers under the inspection of the Police. Certain smaller items of the revenue derived from them are in part retained by the Guild for the payment of their expenses, and in part devoted by it to charitable purposes in connexion with the trade. They cost six hundred and eighty thousand pounds; and they return to the City of Paris an interest on that outlay, amounting to nearly six and a half per cent.

Here, in a sufficiently dismantled space is the Abattoir of Montmartre, covering nearly nine acres of ground, surrounded by a high wall, and looking from the outside like a cavalry barrack. At the iron gates is a small functionary in a large cocked hat. "Monsieur desires to see the abattoir? Most certainly." State being inconvenient in private transactions, and Monsieur being already aware of the cocked hat, the functionary puts it into a little official bureau which it almost fills, and accompanies me in the modest attire — as to his head — of ordinary life.

Many of the animals from Poissy have come here. On the arrival of each drove, it was turned into yonder ample space, where each butcher who had bought, selected his own purchases. Some, we see now, in these long perspectives of stalls with a high overhanging roof of wood and open tiles rising above the walls. While they rest here, before being slaughtered, they are required to be fed and watered, and the stalls must be kept clean. A stated amount of fodder must always be ready in the loft above; and the supervision is of the strictest kind. The same regulations apply to sheep and calves; for which, portions of these perspectives are strongly railed off. All the buildings are of the strongest and most solid description.

After traversing these lairs, through which, besides the upper provision for ventilation just mentioned, there may be a thorough current of air from opposite windows in the side walls, and from doors at either end, we traverse the broad, paved, court-yard until we come to the slaughter-houses. They are all exactly alike, and adjoin each other, to the number of eight or nine together, in blocks of solid building. Let us walk into the first.

It is firmly built and paved with stone. It is well lighted, thoroughly aired, and lavishly provided with fresh water. It has two doors opposite each other; the first, the

door by which I entered from the main yard; the second, which is opposite, opening on another smaller yard, where the sheep and calves are killed on benches. The pavement of that yard, I see, slopes downward to a gutter, for its being more easily cleansed. The slaughter-house is fifteen feet high, sixteen feet and a half wide, and thirty-three feet long. It is fitted with a powerful windlass, by which one man at the handle can bring the head of an ox down to the ground to receive the blow from the pole-axe that is to fell him — with the means of raising the carcase and keeping it suspended during the after-operation of dressing — and with hooks on which carcases can hang, when completely prepared, without touching the walls. Upon the pavement of this first stone chamber, lies an ox scarcely dead. If I except the blood draining from him, into a little stone well in a corner of the pavement, the place is as free from offence as the Place de la Concorde. It is infinitely purer and cleaner, I know, my friend the functionary, than the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Ha, ha! Monsieur is pleasant, but, truly, there is reason, too, in what he says.

I look into another of these slaughter-houses. "Pray enter," says a gentleman in bloody boots. "This is a calf I have killed this morning. Having a little time upon my hands, I have cut and punctured this lace pattern in the coats of his stomach. It is pretty enough. I did it to divert myself." — "It is beautiful, Monsieur, the slaughterer!" He tells me I have the gentility to say so.

I look into rows of slaughter-houses. In many, retail dealers, who have come here for the purpose, are making bargains for meat. There is killing enough, certainly, to satiate an unused eye; and there are steaming carcases enough, to suggest the expediency of a fowl and salad for dinner; but, everywhere, there is an orderly, clean, well-systematised routine of work in progress — horrible work at the best, if you please; but, so much the greater reason why it should be made the best of. I don't know (I think I have observed, my name is Bull) that a Parisian of the lowest order is particularly delicate, or that his nature is remarkable for an infinitesimal infusion of ferocity; but, I do know, my potent, grave, and common counselling Signors, that he is forced, when at this work, to submit himself to a thoroughly good system, and to make an Englishman very heartily ashamed of you.

Here, within the walls of the same abattoir, in other roomy and commodious buildings, are a place for converting the fat into tallow and packing it for market — a place for cleansing and scalding calves' heads and sheeps' feet — a place for preparing tripe — stables and coach-houses for the butchers — innumerable conveniences, aiding in the diminution of offensiveness to its lowest possible

point, and the raising of cleanliness and supervision to their highest. Hence, all the meat that goes out of the gate is sent away in clean covered carts. And if every trade connected with the slaughtering of animals were obliged by law to be carried on in the same place, I doubt, my friend, now reinstated in the cocked hat (whose civility these two francs imperfectly acknowledge, but appear munificently to repay) whether there could be better regulations than those which are carried out at the Abattoir of Montmartre. Adieu, my friend, for I am away to the other side of Paris, to the Abattoir of Grenelle! And there, I find exactly the same thing on a smaller scale, with the addition of a magnificent Artesian well, and a different sort of conductor, in the person of a neat little woman with neat little eyes, and a neat little voice, who picks her neat little way among the bullocks in a very neat little pair of shoes and stockings.

Such is the Monument of French Folly which a foreigneering people have erected, in a national hatred and antipathy for common counselling wisdom. That wisdom, assembled in the City of London, having distinctly refused, after a debate three days long, and by a majority of nearly seven to one, to associate itself with any Metropolitan Cattle-Market unless it be held in the midst of the City, it follows that we shall lose the inestimable advantages of common counselling protection, and be thrown, for a market, on our own wretched resources. In all human probability we shall thus come, at last, to erect a monument of folly very like this French monument. If that be done, the consequences are obvious. The leather trade will be ruined, by the introduction of American timber, to be manufactured into shoes for the fallen English; the Lord Mayor will be required, by the popular voice, to live entirely on frogs; and both these changes will (how, is not at present quite clear, but certainly somehow or other) fall on that unhappy landed interest which is always being killed, yet is always found to be alive — and kicking.

MY MAHOGANY FRIEND.

I FANCY the habit I have contracted of conversing with what we commonly call inanimate objects, or, at least, of listening to their long stories and unlimited confidences, (which they are much given to repose in me), arises, in some measure, from the solitary life I lead. I cannot indeed affirm, with truth, that I am altogether a solitary old fellow, seeing I am such a near neighbour to the Chase; neither can I pretend that I am the confidant of inanimate objects alone. You must know, by the way, that the Chase is the old house — *the* house in point of fact — of my neighbourhood.

How well I remember the time, now about seventeen years ago,

when I first arrived to take possession of the "Den" as I, somewhat misanthropically, christened my new abode. I calmed myself with the reflection that, although Olivia (which I still think a pretty name) had turned out a flirt, and tried (but unsuccessfully) to break my heart, there was "balm in Gilead." The flutter and flurry of Life were over; no more long expectations, and slow disappointments; all "that sort of thing" was at an end; and, if I were occasionally dull, at least, I should be quiet.

But, talk of single blessedness, talk of having "no encumbrances," as our country-people say, I do not see that my old bachelorship has saved me from any of the anxieties to which fathers, with a whole house full of children, are subject! I am sure I might have had five sons, and a profession apiece to provide for them, and they need not have given me half the trouble or the heartache that that one little black-eyed gipsy at the Chase has occasioned me — not to mention Harry! Ah, I have had a pretty time of it at the Den, altogether! I have been a sort of barometer, entirely at the mercy of the changes of atmosphere at the Chase! I believe a slight tendency to a pulmonary complaint has saved my life, or my reason, before now. I often think I should have been worried to death if I had remained at home without intermission. The Physician who recommended a southern climate, occasionally, did not know half the good he was doing me.

But, I am always running on in this way. I forget where I was. — No I don't! I remember. I began by alluding to inanimate objects. Well! I remember, distinctly enough, the day when, having taken possession of my Den, I went, for the first time, bemoaning my sad fate as the victim of social civility, up and down those tortuous paths that form the short cut from the Den to the Chase — dwarf avenues of stunted underwood, with here and there a large tree, ivy-clasped; but, the fern itself is as high, in some parts, as small trees, and quite thick enough to hide in: as the children at the Chase soon discovered, when they wished to waylay me. Of one thing I am quite sure; the birds sing nowhere so sweetly, or so late, or so early in the day, or in the season, as along that path; and the wild flowers are so bright and so luxuriant that the garden at the Chase looked dull to me after them; but, then, I always have loved wild flowers best.

I am wandering again. It 's my way to lose my way. I proceeded to the Chase, for the purpose of returning the visit which the master of the Chase had made to me; and I was left in the hall, while the servant, with those troublesome scruples regarding the exact truth of "not at home" which I suppose are peculiar to country servants, hunted his unfortunate master and mistress into every pos-

sible nook and corner of house, pleasure-ground, and garden.

I spent the interim, patiently and pleasantly enough, in the hall. It was a picturesque old hall. Not on a large scale; not a fine hall; but, well fitted up, with a billiard-table in the middle, that had more of a social than a gambling aspect: with plenty of cricket-bats, and fishing-rods, and whips, and gardening utensils, and some out-of-door children's toys, pleasantly scattered about.

"Something straightforward and honest, in a hall of this kind," thought I. "It gives you an insight into the character of the people you are going to meet." As I thought this, my eye fell on an old Hat-stand, whom I immediately took to my bosom as, and have ever since considered and called, my Mahogany Friend.

It was not a very old Hat-stand, then, I suppose; but, old or young, we made friends that minute.

I began our acquaintance by scrutinising the "tree," or, in other words, the arms of my mahogany friend, very narrowly. On the topmost branch, hung the master's hat — rather lower in the crown than the generality of hats, but, quite conventional enough to pass muster. I thought it had rather a stern look as it inclined downwards; but, it was neat and well-brushed, and had a very respectable appearance altogether. On the left side, far lower down, hung a straw cottage bonnet crossed with a simple pale blue ribbon, round which clustered innumerable little caps, and hats, and bonnets, of different dimensions. I fitted a face into that bonnet as I stood there, and the event did honour to my powers of divination. A fair meek Madonna face, I made it, with eyes all love, and a mouth all gentleness. Too much love, and too little power, in that whole countenance, to fit it for this work-o'-day world.

The master and mistress coming in to receive me, I found my Mahogany friend quite right in these suggestions. I made a pleasant visit, and I thanked him with a courteous look as I went out. We understood each other. I did not frequent the Chase much in those days, comparatively speaking; but, before the year was out, there was a blank on the topmost branch of the tree that looked sad, even to me.

"Bad news!" said my Mahogany Friend, "you see!" And bad, indeed, it was. The small close crape bonnet of the widow which replaced the Cottage for a time, had mounted a degree higher; but, it seemed now as if it only peeped out of a little nest of mourning head-gear.

That was the winter I fell ill, and was ordered to a southern climate. I remained away, several years — a sufficiently long time, in fact, to lay in a good stock of health, so that I was better able, on my return, to encounter the damp air and clayey soil round my old Den.

Nothing could exceed the lo-

quacity of my Mahogany Friend, when I went up to the Chase, on my return. Instead of allowing me to draw my own conclusions from what he showed me, he began to talk in a most unreserved manner.

"Look here!" says he, "don't you think the Cottage appears gayer than it ever did before, with dear old William's hat hanging close to it? That is William's, old William, or Sweet William, as we call him; see how manly it looks. Some people say it has grown very like the one I used to carry on my head some years ago; but, I know better. The quality is quite different, Sir. That cap very near the Cottage, that 's young George's. George mounted that sort of cap because all the other Eton fellows do; an argument which black-eyed sister Katie does not admit. See that little tarpaulin hat just underneath the Cottage; that's Tom's. Tom, Sir, is gone raving mad about sailoring. I see the poor Cottage sometimes, peeping down so anxiously over that little hat! But, it 's of no use, Mr. Mum; the boy's mind 's made up. I suppose I need not tell you who owns this black hat and feathers, eh? Has it not just such a pretty, jaunty, wayward, high-spirited warm-hearted look, as Katie herself? It 's the hat I love to carry, best of all! Though I have no objection to the broad straw hat with its fluttering ribbons, that sits like a thatched roof on the golden locks of little Minnie. Bless you, Mr. Mum, I have seen the people stoop down (and it 's worth their while too) to look at the little fairy underneath! This is Harry's hat next to Katie's. Oh, you may be sure that, while they can, that brother and sister will be side by side! This brown wide-awake is Harry's too — mad-cap, we call him — and this green Tyrolese hat, with the peacock's feathers, is Harry's, too; and this Glengarry bonnet — all Harry's, Mr. Mum! Harry has no end of friends, and they all send him presents; and, as he spends almost all his time out of doors, what can be a more appropriate present than a covering for that wild head of his, eh, Sir? These two neatly trimmed, ladylike bonnets, with a coarser one in the centre," continued my friend, nearly out of his mahogany breath, "these, Mr. Mum, belong to our twins and their governess. Katie, you see, has emancipated herself from that yoke, and Minnie has not put it on yet; but dear me, how I do chatter!"

"Not at all, my Mahogany Friend," I politely replied. His remark was strictly true, but I wished to encourage him; because, like many chatterers, he seemed instinctively to avoid the very point on which I felt some curiosity.

On one side of the stand, but much nearer the top than any of the others, was perched a large, determined, grim-looking Bonnet. It was very plain that Katie's Spaniard and Harry's Tyrolese tossed their feathers at it; that Minnie's

ribbons trembled under it; that the twin bonnets, though too well disciplined and ladylike to be demonstrative, inclined nearer to each other, as if they shrunk from it; that William's hat seemed looking away; that George's was running away, and that Tom's was sailing away, from it.

The Cottage had a peculiar expression, or else I am much mistaken; it had a sort of upward look in the direction of the solitary bonnet, and it hung closer than ever to William's hat.

"That grim-looking bonnet is something new, my Mahogany Friend," I observed with some hesitation; for I felt it was rather a breach of taste to allude to the one only subject on which my friend had been silent.

"It may be new to you, Mr. Mum," was the reply, in a decidedly peevish tone, "who have been amusing yourself in Italy all these years; but, it is not new enough to have any charms for me. It is a beaver bonnet, you see. Maybe that is the reason it is so heavy. I know that side of me often aches with the weight of it."

"Why, how can that be?" I asked, determined to sift the matter, now that I had once begun, "almost all your weight is on the other side."

"So *you* think," grumbled my friend. "If you were but to know the relief it is to me, when the Beaver is taken down for its daily 'Constitutional,' you would think differently. Why, if I did not miss it, bodily, I should know it was gone, by the way the children come bounding and springing into the hall, and darting up to me; or by seeing old Nelson scamper across into the drawing-room with his muddy paws."

"But, to whom does it belong?" I insisted.

Why, I tell you," answered the old Stand, gruffly, "it belongs to 'Aunt.'" (I positively affirm that he had never told me anything of the kind: but let that pass.)

"What do you think Harry did one day?" pursued my friend. "He stuck it up at the top of all (where, between ourselves, I have no doubt it will establish itself some day) and then he called Katie and Minnie to come and bow down before Gesler's hat. Minnie looked terrified, and kept watching 'Aunt's' door — it opens on the staircase, that she may come out at odd times and glare at us, to see what we are all about. Katie tossed her black locks, and said she did not care who came out, for she supposed Harry might put the things where he pleased, in his own mother's hall. There they stood, such a pretty group of rebels on a small scale, looking up at me! And do you know what those good-for-nothing little conspirators planned next day? Harry had a scarlet fez among his hoards, and they pinched it into a Cap of Liberty, and perched it up here immediately, over the Beaver. But William chanced to come down first

to breakfast that morning, and he looked grave, and took it off, and said, '*that* wasn't the way to go to work.' Harry and Katie, who had been dodging about, watching for some one else, looked rather disconcerted, but by no means cross, for they always listen to William; and dear old William is sure to be right."

For some time after this, I detected no great change in the expression of my Mahogany Friend, and he volunteered no new confidences. Sometimes, best hats went away; but, then, the home hats that still lingered gave a promise of return. The grim Beaver went on towering; the Cottage went on nestling; the two sets of feathers went on waving about, all much as usual, until William's hat went away, and staid away longer than usual. When it returned, it had rather a different look about it; and, not long after its return, came a strange straw hat, a Swiss hat, such as ladies (not peasants) wear in their excursions through Switzerland. It was a good hat, I dare say; indeed I know it was, because William said it was; but, to me, it looked strange at the Chase, and I am an old man and do not like what is strange. It always hung next to William's — very close indeed — and the two hats always went out and came in at the same time. At last, the Swiss hat flapped away, and, what was worse for all of us, William's soon followed it, and since that day that corner of the old Hat-stand has had rather a desolate look, and the poor Cottage has never been the same; no, nor the Chase; no, nor the country round about. George's Eton cap, indeed, hung manfully by the Cottage in the holidays, but holidays do not last all the year; and Tom's little tarpaulin was soon on blue water, as my Mahogany Friend (grown taciturn) informed me in expressive pantomime, by holding out his bare arm.

I went away too, much about the same time — not that I was much loss, though Katie *did* cry when I told her I was going. A threatening of my old complaint drove me across the Alps; no unpleasant drive either!

On my return, I found great changes in my Mahogany Friend. The Beaver had established itself much higher, immediately over the Cottage. My old friend informed me that, during my absence, Katie's and Harry's hat would sometimes approach it, or little Minnie's straw creep coaxingly up to it; but, that the moment the Beaver took this stride, all the smaller tribe flew off at a tangent, and there the Beaver remained in triumph, towering over its poor meek neighbour, the Cottage, whose blue ribbon was all faded and discoloured. The other side of the Stand was changed too, and I felt rather perplexed and uneasy at the species of confusion I saw there. The neutralising influence of the twins, and their inseparable companion, was removed to some school in France, I believe. As to Harry, he must

have been a real Hydra, if he could wear all those hats and caps. Besides my old friends, there was an Oxford boating hat, and a velvet hunting cap, and a steeple-chase jockey cap, and a German travelling cap, and goodness knows how many more. Round about, like satellites, hung all manner of bad imitations, in the shape of visiting hats and caps, with all the reckless look and none of the genuine air of Harry's head-gear. In the midst of these, I searched anxiously for the girls', my girls' hats; Minnie's, I saw, had betaken itself into a little shy corner, and remained aloof with a sort of scared look. But, Katie's, of course that was there, in the very midst of the throng — not quite so close to Harry's as usual, because it hung on the same branch with a dark blue foraging cap.

Now, when this cap caught my eye, I understood a good deal, because I am in the habit of understanding what I see; but, certainly, I never anticipated all the trouble that foraging cap was destined to give me. The lectures I should have to throw away, the confessions I should be doomed to listen to, the tears and prayers I should have to withstand — or to fancy I withstood; the early and late walks with Kate it would cost me; when it would have been much more comfortable and respectable, at my time of life, to have been, either in bed, or sitting over the fire in my own chimney corner.

I confessed before, that I have no affection for what is strange; but, somehow, by degrees the cap in question grew more familiar to me than I thought likely at first. It began to have a good, honest, dashing, soldier-like expression about it; still I did not think it worth the coil my silly Katie made. Perhaps if the poor Cottage had had more influence than could be expected from a sick room, or if the Beaver had not made itself more than usually grim on the occasion, or if Harry's conduct had been a little more uniform towards the foraging cap (I mean no pun, for I hope I am incapable of such a thing), and had not shown quite such lofty irritation when it took to hanging about Katie's black feathers, with which nothing in Harry's sight could compare; above all, perhaps, if dear old William, with his clear sight, his gentle heart, and persuasive firmness, had been at hand, Katie might have been inclined to listen to reason. However, as it was, the oftener the foraging cap was ordered off the branch, the nearer Katie's black plume waved menacingly by it, looking as ferocious, on a small scale, as the famous plume of feathers on the helmet that came plump into the famous Castle of Otranto. There did come a day, however, when I missed the cap, and in its stead hung a beautiful little riding whip, with a motto in gold letters round the handle — old English letters. I believe I rose greatly in the estimation of my old friend, for

reading the motto off so easily; he knew it by heart, he said, and so did Katie; she always repeated it aloud to him, when she took it down every day, and sometimes twice a day.

"No force can move
Affixed Love."

As to Beaver, she had puzzled over it for ever, and could not make it out. The whip was seldom out of Katie's hand; but, pretty as it was, the wilful child actually preferred the cap. There was a great deal of wet weather about that time, which I suppose caused my favourite's feathers to droop like weeping willows, so that I could scarcely bear to see them. But, I was obliged to bear it often enough, I can tell you; they would come nodding into my very study, in the middle of a quiet morning; they would come to luncheon, and to walk, without the slightest encouragement on my part; and actually one wild autumn night, when the curtains were drawn, and the fire made up, and I was sitting in false security with my glass of negus, and a new periodical; what should come dripping in, but that everlasting plume! Much ado I had to get rid of it at all, or to induce it to hang itself up on its own legitimate Hat-stand, hat night: for, it had half a mind o spread its wild feathers and fly. Ah, Katie, Katie, the dark rainy walk, too, we had of it! You so provokingly holding out your ungloved hand to see if it rained, in answer to my lamentations, and both of us wet to the skin! I spoke out to you, Katie; but what was the use? The only answers you gave me, were "But I don't care for what they say, dear Growler," (that was my name at the Chase, and Katie was my godmother), "and I can't help it if people will be ill-natured, and I am much too unhappy to care about that sort of thing; and I love him." But the darling did care too. She did care very much when words passed between her and Harry for the first time in their lives. She did care when the Beaver went into the sick room to make grim mischief; and she did care when Growler, the present writer, looked really grave at last, and showed he plainly did not approve!

Just about this time, there arrived, and hooked itself on to an arm of my Mahogany Friend, at first so low that it used to get dusty, and then, by degrees, creeping nearer to the Beaver than any living hat (so to speak) had ever dared approach before, a species of sleek, damp, broad-brimmed nondescript. It had a sort of shy, squinting way of looking downwards, and yet, at the same time, inclining upwards in the direction of the Beaver. At last, oh joyful day, in our calendar at the Chase! it walked off with the Beaver, and never came back!

I shall never forget the long breath my Mahogany Friend drew, on that delicious occasion. "I feel as young and as buoyant, Mr. Mum," said he, "as on the

day I was first put up. One wink, Sir, from the old stick and fishing-rod, standing yonder, would send me whirling round the hall in a polka. What do you think the housekeeper said to Katie, in my hearing? — 'Well, to be sure, Miss, here 's a pretty business, for to think as your aunt should have been and gone and got married to Sly-boots, and we who put up with her so long, for her money, to be cheated after all!' 'I would never have put up with her,' said Katie, with a cheek like those mountain-ash berries over the old fire-place. 'I don't want her money. I hate the very sound of money. I never knew a person who was worth caring for, that had any money!' And up she bounces to my side, Mr. Mum, and tears off her hat, with very little respect for my feelings, I can tell you."

Little traitress, thought I to myself, when the Stand had done talking, I have half a mind to rush home and write a codicil! But, on the whole, I didn't. And not long after Beaver's departure (Katie always *would* say Aunt's elopement) what should hang itself in that very place, for weeks together, but Growler's identical hat — mine — Mr. Mum's! I can see Katie now, on tip-toe, with her arm embracing my Mahogany Friend, spinning and twisting my hat round and round, till I verily thought the brim and crown would part company. But, even if they had, it would have been good repayment to hear the child's merry laugh again, which had been hushed so long; and, after all, she gave me a new hat herself, the day I went to church with her to give *her* away; for she said she was determined that her dear old growling father should look respectable. The truth is, after I had been domiciled at the Chase, by the express wish of the poor Cottage upstairs, the foraging cap came back, and Harry's hat (which had been away too long) came back also, and Katie's feathers moved and shook, and drooped and fluttered, and tossed and trembled; and — well! and I suppose it was all right! I only know I brought it about; it was a real feast, as the Italians say, that wedding with a pretty, pretty bride; but I hate weddings, and will never go to another — no, not even to Minnie's. The foraging cap, you may suppose, did not go to church, but a bran new hat did (I hate bran new hats — mine was bran new too — they shine so) and the cap drove off afterwards, with as many bright hopes in it as ever filled a cap of any description, old, middle-aged, or new; before or since.

I went home again, to the Den, that very day. Home, did I say? Well; Katie allowed me to live there, and did not ask much rent, and I don't know who would be more likely to watch over the little wife's interests than her agent, Growler, while she was marching over the country from quarter to quarter.

A year and a half has passed since then, and times have changed

with my Mahogany Friend, who was obstinately silent, and looked very blank, through all that term. William's hat has come back — not the old hat, but one of foreign manufacture — and Mrs. William's hat, (made for more sun than she will get here), has come along with it, and three or four little, outlandish, far-away, over-the-sea sort of head-dresses, for which I, who have never crossed the Line, or been farther south than Palermo, can find no name, cluster around them; and, better than all, for all would be incomplete without them, my Katie's black plume and the foraging cap have come back, and hang up with the rest — as the country-people say, "quite natural." What the puffy little cream-coloured hood, (much too small I should have thought for anything living), that hangs there too, may mean, or what tiny animal may be in the habit of wearing it, I don't know — but, I have no doubt Katie knows — and indeed she says I 'm its godfather. The faded Cottage is bleached, and has a new ribbon, and comes out quite fresh; and there 's a dreadfully suspicious young hat near Minnie's bonnet. In a word, my Mahogany Friend is perfectly radiant, and stood, but yesterday, with all his five-and-twenty arms a-kimbo, and all his hats cocked, looking at me with the jolliest aspect I ever observed in him.

"You consider," I began, addressing him familiarly, and presuming on our friendship —

"To make short work with you, Mr. Mum," he replied, "I consider my history finished, and I never mean to say any more."

My opinion is, that he never will, and that he ought to blush French polish for having said so much, about so little.

A SUBURBAN CONNEMARA.

I WAS born and bred in Manchester. My earliest impression — which has hardly left me yet — that all rich men are mill-owners, and all poor men and women merely spinners. I am proud of being a Manchester man; for there is not a town more orderly or better lighted and paved, or (till lately) better swept, in England. Till I was four-and-twenty I had never been out of my native town. Early and late I toiled in my father's counting-house, without ever thinking of stirring out of it, or taking a holiday; for my father used to say, that God gave man one day out of every seven for rest, and He knew what was enough for him. I used to hear of London at that time, and to fancy that Watling Street was a kind of High Street to the Metropolis; for all our correspondents dated from Watling Street. When the railway opened, there came a great change in this respect. I made my first journey to London; and finding that I knocked off a good deal of business by the transaction, I began to run up to town nearly every week, which I have continued to do ever since.

Thus, though I am a Manchester man, I know the City as well as any Londoner. I know every court and alley of it, and can make short cuts, and find the nearest way from any one part of that great labyrinth to another. I confess I am not so well acquainted with the suburbs. I had always a favourable impression of the northern side of London, from the pretty villas and cottages which I had remarked on each side of the line, on coming up by the North Western Railway. Therefore, having lately found it advisable to transfer my business altogether to Watling Street, City, I resolved to seek in that quarter for a residence for myself and family. Another reason induced me to select that spot. My goods are coming up continually by the North Western Railway; and having some commissions in the West Riding, who send up parcels by the Great Northern line, I wished to be somewhere between Battle Bridge and Euston Square: in order, occasionally, to give an eye to my consignments at both stations. With this purpose I procured a new map, on a large scale, in order to see all the Victoria Crescents and Albert Terraces thereabouts.

I drew out my pocket-compasses, measured the line, reduced it one half; and, on finding the unknown locality, brought one point of the dividor's plumb upon a spot which I at once read off from the map as "Agar Town." Looking more minutely, I observed that the particular point of the district indicated, was "Salisbury Crescent." I could not repress an exclamation of satisfaction, as Oxford and Cambridge Crescents also met my eye. Without further delay, I struck a half-mile circle; and as I observed therein several streets and terraces bearing the names, Canterbury, Winchester, Durham, Salisbury, &c., I concluded that this was (as it eventually turned out to be) Church property; and, as a lover of order and decency, I congratulated myself on the felicitous idea that had suggested to me that neighbourhood; for I felt this circumstance to be a guarantee of an orderly and well-regulated estate.

From these high-sounding names, however, I had some misgivings that the houses in that neighbourhood might be of too expensive a class for a man of moderate means. Still, I resolved to proceed there, and reconnoitre, in the hope of finding a decent little place, at a moderate figure. So, with my map in my hand, I rode down to King's Cross, and proceeding along the old Pancras Road, entered the King's Road, which is the boundary of the property I was seeking. I had not gone far beyond a large building, which I found was the St. Pancras Workhouse, when I observed a woman and a number of ragged children drawing a truck. The truck contained a table, two or three old chairs, and some kitchen utensils, with a large bundle of bed-clothes tied up in a patchwork

quilt. The entire strength of the company was exerted to draw the truck up the steep pathway of a turning on the right-hand side of the road, in which they succeeded at length; and the woman, struggling, with her hair about her face, and her bonnet hanging round her neck, the truck moved on, aided by the vigorous pushing of her young family behind. The pathway was some feet above the road, which was a complete bog of mud and filth, with deep cart-ruts; the truck, oscillating and bounding over the inequalities of the narrow pathway, threatened every moment to overturn with the woman, her family, and all her wordly goods.

There was something so painfully picturesque in the little group, and so exciting in the constant apprehension of an accident, that I could not help following. For a time, however, a special Providence seemed to watch over the party. I began to give up all fear of a mishap; when, suddenly, the inner wheel encountered a small hillock of dust and vegetable refuse at the door of a cottage, and finally shot its contents into the deep slough of the roadway. The woman turned back; and, having well thumped the heads of her family, seated herself upon the heap of ashes which had been the cause of her misfortune, to vent the rest of her rage in abuse of a miscellaneous character.

A dustman happening to pass at the time, helped the children to restore the chattels to the righted truck.

How fur have you to go?" he asked.

"Oh! not fur," said she, "only to one of them cottages yonder. It 's very aggravatin', arter draggin' them goods all the way from Smithses Rents, and all along that there nasty road, all right; just to upset when one 's got here! This ain't no woman's work, this ain't; only my husband 's got a job this mornin', and we was obliged to move out afore twelve; which is the law, they says."

"What is the name of this place?" I asked.

"This here, Sir?" replied the woman; "why, Hagar Town."

"Agar Town?" I exclaimed, with astonishment, remembering how clean and promising it had appeared upon the map. "Do you mean to say that I am really in Agar Town?"

The dustman, who by this time had finished his job, and who sat upon the pathway smoking a short black pipe, with his legs dangling over the road, like a patient angler by a very turbid stream, ventured to join the conversation, by answering my question.

"You 're as nigh," said he, "to the middle o' Hagar Town as you vell can be."

"And where," said I, "is Salisbury Crescent?"

"There 's Salisbury Crescent!"

I looked up, and saw several wretched hovels, ranged in a slight curve, that formed some excuse for the name. The doors

were blocked up with mud, heaps of ashes, oyster-shells, and decayed vegetables.

"It 's a rum place, ain't it?" remarked the dustman. "I am forced to come through it twice every day, for my work lays that way; but I wouldn't, if I could help it. It don't much matter in my business, a little dirt, but Hagar Town is worse nor I can abear."

"Are there no sewers?"

"Sooers? Why, the stench of a rainy morning is enough fur to knock down a bullock. It 's all very well for them as is lucky enough to have a ditch afore their doors; but, in gen'ral, everybody chucks everythink out in front and there it stays. There used to be an inspector of noosances, when the choleray was about; but, as soon as the choleray went away, people said *they* didn't want no more of that suit till such times as the choleray should break out agen."

"Is the whole of Agar Town in such a deplorable state as this?" I asked.

"All on it! Some places, wuss. You can't think what rookeries there is in some parts. As to the roads, they ain't never been done nothink to. *They* ain't roads. I recollect when this place was all gardeners' ground; it was a nice pooty place enough then. That ain't above ten or twelve year ago. When people began to build on it, they run up a couple o' rows o' houses oppersite one another, and then the road was left fur to make itself. Then the rain come down, and people chucked their rubbidge out; and the ground bein' nat'rally soft, the carts from the brick-fields worked it all up into paste."

"How far does Agar Town extend?" I asked.

"Do you see them cinder heaps out a yonder?"

I looked down in the distance, and beheld a lofty chain of dark mountains.

"Well," said the Dustman, "that 's where Hagar Town ends — close upon Battle Bridge. Them heaps is made o' breeze; breeze is the siftins of the dust what has been put there by the conteractor's men, arter takin' away all the wallyables as has been found."

At this point, the woman, who had been combing her hair, arose, and the truck resumed its perilous journey. The dustman waited, and saw it arrive at its destination, in safety; whereupon the dustman having smoked his pipe, departed. As I had, by this time, given up all intention of seeking a residence in that neighbourhood, I continued my researches, like Dr. Syntax, simply in search of the picturesque

Crossing another bridge — for the canal takes a winding course through the midst of this Eden — I stood beside the Good Samaritan public-house, to observe the houses which the dustman had pointed out, with the water "a flowin' in at the back doors." Along the canal side, the huts of the settlers, of many shapes and sizes, were closely ranged. Every

tenant, having, as I was informed, his own lease of the ground, appeared to have disdained to imitate his neighbour, and to have constructed his abode according to his own ideas of beauty or convenience. There were the dog-kennel, the cow-shed, the shanty, and the elongated watch-box styles, of architecture. To another, the ingenious residence of Robinson Crusoe seemed to have given his idea. Through an opening was to be seen another layer of dwellings, at the back: one, looking like a dismantled windmill; and another, perched upon a wall, like a guard's look-out on the top of a railway carriage. The love of variety was, everywhere, carried to the utmost pitch of extravagance. Every garden had its nuisance — so far the inhabitants were agreed — but, every nuisance was of a distinct and peculiar character. In the one, was a dung-heap; in the next, a cinder-heap; in a third, which belonged to the cottage of a costermonger, were a pile of whelk and periwinkle shells, some rotten cabbages, and a donkey; and the garden of another, exhibiting a board inscribed with the words "Ladies' School," had become a pond of thick green water, which was carefully dammed up, and prevented from flowing over upon the canal towing-path, by a brick parapet.

I remember to have seen, in a book written some time since, a chapter devoted to the *beau idéal* of an English villa and estate. The village church was, at that period, considered of some importance, and an approach thereto by a good road was treated as an element in securing the comfort and well-being of the villagers. I looked for the "heaven-directing spire," and thought of the bogs, sloughs, and quagmires that must, necessarily, be struggled through by a pious parishioner; and I wondered whether it was possible for any amount of courage and patience to prevail over the difficulties. The English Captain, who attended church at San Francisco, in fisherman's mud-jacks, with trowsers close reefed up each leg, felt all his misgivings at his grotesque appearance vanish when he saw other men dressed like himself, and observed that the prevailing costume for ladies was Wellington boots; but, I should like to know what sympathy an inhabitant of Agar Town would get, if, on a Sunday morning, he presented himself before the parish beadle, thus attired! The Rector of St. Pancras has endeavoured to meet his parishioners in this district, half-way; for, finding the difficulty of moving Agar Town to church, he moved the church to Agar Town; and a neat little structure, or temporary church, is now conveniently planted in the dirtiest part of the district.

The inhabitants themselves exhibit a genuine Irish apathy. Here and there, a barrow or two of oyster shells, broken bricks, and other dry materials, have been

thrown into the mud. In Cambridge Row, I observed that some effort had been made to get a crossing; but, a sign-board indicated that it was to facilitate the approach to "The back door of the Good Samaritan."

Continuing my way until I came within the shadow of the great cinder-heaps of Mr. Darke, the contractor, I turned off at Cambridge Crescent, to make the hazardous attempt of discovering a passage back into the Pancras Road. At the corner of Cambridge Crescent are the Talbot Arms Tea Gardens, boasting a dry skittle-ground, which, if it be not an empty boast, must be an Agar Town island. The settlers of Cambridge Crescent are almost all shop-keepers — the poorest exhibiting in their rag-patched windows a few apples and red-herrings, with the rhyming announcement, "Table-beer, Sold here." I suspect a system of barter prevails — the articles sold there comprehending, no doubt, the whole of the simple wants of the inhabitants; a system, perhaps, suggested by the difficulty of communication with the civilised world.

A stranger in these parts immediately attracts the attention of the neighbourhood; and if he be not recognised for an Agarite, is at once set down for a "special commissioner," about to report to some newspaper upon the condition of the inhabitants. I met no one having the air of a stranger, except an unlucky gentleman, attempting to make a short cut to the London and York Railway station; and a postman, vainly inquiring for Aurora Cottage. There were Bath, and Gloucester, Roscommon, Tralee, and Shamrock Cottages; but Aurora Cottage, being probably in some adjoining street, was entirely unknown to the mud-bound inhabitants. The economy of space which I had observed from the bridge, was also apparent here. Every corner of a garden contained its hut, well stocked with dirty children. The house of one family was a large yellow van upon wheels, thus raised above high mud-mark. This was the neatest dwelling I had observed. It had two red painted street-doors, with bright brass knockers, out of a tall man's reach, and evidently never intended for knocking — the entrance being by steps at the head of the van; indeed, I suspect that these doors were what the stage managers call "impracticable." The interior appeared to be well furnished, and divided into bed-room and sitting-room. Altogether, it had a comfortable look, with its chimney-pipe smoking on the top; and if I were doomed to live in Agar Town, I should certainly like lodgings in the yellow van.

As I proceeded, my way became more perilous. The footpath, gradually narrowing, merged at length in the bog of the road. I hesitated; but, to turn back was almost as dangerous as to go on. I thought, too, of the possibility

of my wandering through the labyrinth of rows and crescents until I should be benighted; and the idea of a night in Agar Town, without a single lamp to guide my footsteps, emboldened me to proceed. Plunging at once into the mud, and hopping in the manner of a kangaroo — so as not to allow myself time to sink and disappear altogether — I found myself, at length, once more in the King's Road.

It is not my wish to inquire into the affairs of the ground landlords, or to attempt to guess at their reasons for allowing such a miserable state of things to exist upon their property. I have understood that the fee of the estate is in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and that the present owners hold it only for a term of three lives; with a power of leasing for periods not longer than twenty-one years each. If this be the case, perhaps no respectable tenant could be induced to take the land for so short a term upon a building lease. Yet, when it is considered how much it would have been for the benefit of all parties that decent and comfortable dwellings should have occupied the ground, instead of the wretched huts to be found there, it is much to be regretted that some arrangement was not entered into for that purpose. The place, in its present state, is a disgrace to the metropolis. It has sprung up in about ten years. Old haunts of dirt and misery, suffered to exist in times when the public paid no attention to such matters, are difficult to deal with; but this is a new evil, which only began to come into existence about the time when Mr. Chadwick's Report first brought before the public a picture of the filthy homes and habits of the labouring classes, and of the frightful amount of crime and misery resulting therefrom.

In Agar Town we have, within a short walk of the City — not a gas-light panorama of Irish misery, "almost as good as being there," but a perfect reproduction of one of the worst towns in Ireland. The land is well situated — being high for the most part — and therefore capable of good drainage; and, although too great a proximity to the cinder-heaps might make it an objectionable site for a superior class of dwellings, no spot could be better adapted for the erection of small tenements for labouring men and mechanics. It is close to the terminus of one of the great trunk railways, where a large number of men — officers of the company and labourers — are employed. There are, also, many large manufactories in the neighbourhood. The men employed in these places must reside near their work, and are consequently compelled to take any accommodation, however miserable, which the neighbourhood may afford, and at whatever cost. A respectable mechanic told me that he paid for his hut a rent of six shillings per week. This contained two rooms

only — upon the ground, for there was no upper story. It appeared to have hardly any foundation, the boards of the floor being laid upon the earth, without a brick between, to prevent the dampness oozing through; a manner of building which has been repeatedly pointed out, by the Sanitary Commissioners, as productive of disease. The place was altogether of the rudest and most comfortless description, and could not, I was assured, have cost more in the erection — built as it was of old fragments of brick and plaster — than forty pounds.

It was not by choice, but by necessity, that this man lived in such a place. In various parts, a certain air of cleanliness in a dwelling, here and there, contrasting with the filthy state of the street, gave evidence of other inhabitants who had not been led by a mere taste for filth and wretchedness to take up their abode in Agar Town. These poor people cannot help themselves; toiling early and late, the struggle to provide for the ever-renewing wants of the day, exacts all their time and energies. Who will help them?

A WORLD AT PEACE.

SHAPING the shadows of dim times to come,
The thoughtful mind forecasts a scene of glory;
Blessings for all, no longer heap'd on some,
Brighten the chapters of man's future story.

The fiercer passions of the human breast
Melt into love, and swell the tide of kindness;
Mercy descends, a warmly welcomed guest,
To those who once had spurn'd her in their blindness.

War is the fashion of a former age,
Of which the scholar reads with solemn wonder;
And mutely pities, as he turns the page,
The madness that kept man and man asunder.

The weak dwell safely; right prevails o'er might;
Law binds its subjects with a moral fetter:
All for some end of general good unite,
And strive to make the world they live in, better.

Is this the phantom of a poet's dream,
That mocks him with a fleeting thrill of pleasure?
Or does the future with such glories teem,
And even now give earnest of its treasure?

Heaven only knows! — Meanwhile, let 's do our best
To leave this heir-loom when in dust we moulder;
Man may enjoy unbroken peace and rest,
'Ere this fair globe has grown a century older.

DREAMS.

WHEN we picture to ourselves a person lying in a state of profound sleep — the body slightly curved upon itself; the limbs relaxed; the head reclining on its pillow; and eyelids closed; — it is wonderful to think what strange and startling imagery may be passing through the brain of that apparently unconscious being. The events of his whole life may hurry past him in dim obscurity;

he may be revisited by the dead; he may be transported into regions he never before beheld; and his ideas, visibly assuming phantasmal shapes, may hover round him like shadows reflected from another and more spiritual state of existence.

Let us draw the curtains gently aside, and study the physiognomy of sleep.

The countenance may, occasionally, be observed lighted up, as it were, from within by a passing dream — its expression is frequently one of peculiar mildness and benignity; the breathing may be slow, but it is calm and uniform; the pulse not so rapid as in the waking state, but soft and regular; the composure of the whole body may continue trance-like and perfect. There is, indeed, no sign of innocence more touching than the smile of a sleeping infant. But, suddenly, this state of tranquillity may be disturbed; the dreamer changes his position and becomes restless; he moans grievously — perhaps sobs — and tears may be observed glimmering underneath his eyelids; his whole body now seems to be shaken by some inward convulsion; but, presently, the strife abates; the storm-cloud gradually passes; he stretches his limbs, opens his eyes, and, as he awakes, daylight, in an instant, dispels the vision, perhaps leaving not behind the faintest trace or recollection of a single incident which occurred in this mysterious state.

But what are dreams? Whence come they? What do they portend? Not man only, but all animals, it is presumed, dream, more or less, when they are asleep. Horses neigh, and sometimes kick violently; cows, when suckling their young calves, often utter piteous lowings; dogs bark in suppressed tones, and, from the motions of their paws, appear to fancy themselves in the field of the chase; even frogs, particularly during summer, croak loudly and discordantly until midnight, and then retire, and become silent. Birds also dream; and will sometimes, when frightened, fall from their roosting perch, or flutter about their cage, in evident alarm. A bullfinch, says Bechstein, belonging to a lady, was subject to very frightful dreams, which made it drop off its perch; but no sooner did it hear the voice of its affectionate mistress than it became immediately tranquil and reascended its perch to sleep again. It is pretty certain that parrots dream. It is, indeed, a curious circumstance that the best way of teaching this bird to talk is to cover the cage over so as to darken it, and while he is going to sleep pronounce, audibly and slowly, the word he is to learn; if the winged pupil be a clever one, he will, upon the repetition of the lesson, in a morning or two, begin to repeat it.

Upon the same principle, schoolboys commit their tasks to memory by reading them over the last thing before they go to bed. It is to be remembered that during,

sleep the mind may not be wholly under eclipse; for, although some of its faculties — such as perception, comparison, judgment, and especially the will, may be suspended — others, (for example, Memory and Imagination), are often more active than in the waking state. But some persons, it is said, never dream. We are assured by Locke that he knew a gentleman who had an excellent memory, yet could not recollect ever having dreamed until his twenty-sixth year. Dr. Reid, for many years before his death, had no recollection of having ever dreamed. Dr. Elliotson also relates, apparently upon good authority, the case of a man who never dreamed until after he had fever, in his fortieth year; and we ourselves know several persons who are not conscious of ever dreaming. Nevertheless, many contend that in all such cases dreams really occur, but that they escape the recollection; for they contend that it is impossible that the mind cannot, being an independent principle, ever be in a state of absolute rest. This is arguing within a very narrow circle. We must not forget that the intimate alliance of the mind with the body, subjects it to its general laws; the "heat-oppressed brain" requires rest to renew its energies, and the mind, of which it is the organ, in the meantime, may, as in profound sleep, remain perfectly quiescent. The lids of the outward senses are closed; a veil is drawn over the immaterial principle of our nature; and mind and body alike, for a period, lie in a state of utter unconsciousness.

Here, however, it may fairly be asked, how happens it that the same person will at one time remember, and, at another, forget his dreams? This circumstance may, we conceive, thus be explained: —

Those dreams which occur in very deep sleep, and in the early part of the night, are not so likely to be remembered as those which happen towards morning, when the sleep is less profound; hence the popular notion that our morning dreams — which are always best remembered — are likely to prove true. Then, again, the imagery of some dreams is more striking, and actually makes a deeper impression than the incidents of other dreams. We are told by Sir Humphrey Davy, that, on one occasion, a dream was so strongly impressed upon his eye, that even after he had risen and walked out, he could not be persuaded of its unreal nature, until his friends convinced him of its impossibility. The effect of some dreams upon children is very remarkable; they are, it is believed, more liable to dreams of terror than grown persons, which may be accounted for by their being more subject to a variety of internal complaints, such as teething, convulsions, derangement of the bowels, &c.; added to which, their reasoning faculties are not as yet sufficiently developed to correct such erroneous impressions.

Hence, sometimes, children appear, when they awake, bewildered and distressed, and remain for a considerable period in a state of agitation almost resembling delirium. The incidents which are conceived in dreams are indeed not unfrequently confounded by adults with real events; hence, we often hear people, in alluding to some doubtful circumstance, exclaim, "Well! if it be not true, I certainly must have dreamed it." We confess we have ourselves been puzzled in this way; the spell may be broken; but the impression made by the delusion still clings to us; its shadow is still thrown across our path.

The question therefore recurs, what are Dreams? Whence do they arise? We believe that the ideas and emotions which take place in the dreaming state may be ascribed to a twofold origin. They may arise from certain bodily sensations, which may suggest particular trains of thought and feeling; or they may be derived from the operations or activity of the thinking principle itself; in which case they are purely mental. The celebrated Dr. James Gregory — — whose premature death was a great loss to science — states, that having gone to bed with a vessel of hot water at his feet, he dreamt of walking up the crater of Mount Etna, and felt the ground warm under him. He likewise, on another occasion, dreamt of spending a winter at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering much distress from intense frost; and found, when he awoke, that he had thrown off the bedclothes in his sleep, and exposed himself to cold. He had been reading, a few days before, a very particular account of this colony. The eminent metaphysician, Dr. Reid, relates of himself that the dressing of a blister, which he had applied to his head, becoming ruffled, so as to produce pain, he dreamt that he had fallen into the hands of a party of North American Indians, who were scalping him. These were dreams suggested by sensations which were conveyed from the surface of the body, through the nerves, until a corresponding impression was produced on the mind. Upon the same principle, very strong impressions received during the day may modify and very materially influence the character of our dreams at night. Dr. Beattie states that once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, he passed a night of dreams which were so terrible, that he found it expedient to keep himself awake, that he might no longer be tormented with them. "Had I been superstitious," he observes, "I should have thought that some disaster was impending; but it occurred to me that the tempestuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the cause of all these horrors." Other and less obvious causes are in constant operation. A change in the weather — in the electrical state of the atmosphere — and its barometrical pressure — the temperature of the bedroom — arrangements of the bed-

furniture — the adjustment of the bed-clothes — nay, the position of the sleeper, particularly if he cramp a foot or benumb an arm, will at once affect the entire concatenation and issue of his dreams.

Furthermore. Impressions may be made on the mind during sleep, by speaking gently to a person, or even whispering in the ear. We ourselves, when in Italy, could on one occasion trace the origin of a very remarkable dream to our having heard, in an obscure and half-conscious manner, during sleep, the noise of people in the streets, on All Souls'-night, invoking alms for the dead. Dr. Beattie knew a man in whom any kind of dream could be produced if his friends, gently addressing him, afforded the subject-matter for his ideas. Equally curious is the circumstance that dreams may be produced by whispering in the ear. A case of this description is recorded by Dr. Abercrombie: —

"An officer, whose susceptibility of having his dreams thus conjured before him, was so remarkable, that his friends could produce any kind of dream they pleased, by softly whispering in his ear, especially if this were done by one with whose voice he was familiar. His companions were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. On one occasion they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to meet, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired off in his sleep, and was awakened by the report. On another, they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when, by whispering, they made him believe he had fallen overboard; and they then exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately imitated the motions of swimming. They then suggested to him that he was being pursued by a shark, and entreated him to dive for his life. This he did, or rather attempted, with so much violence, that he threw himself off the locker, by which he was bruised, and, of course, awakened." Dr. Abercrombie adds, that the most remarkable circumstance connected with this case was, that after these and a variety of other pranks had been played upon him, "he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some tricks upon him."

It appears, also — and the fact is very remarkable — that a similar kind of sensation will produce the same description of dream in a number of individuals at the same time. Hence different people will sometimes have the same dream. We read of a whole regiment starting up in alarm, declaring they were dreaming that a black dog had jumped upon their breasts and disappeared, which curious circumstance was explained by the discovery, that they had all been exposed to the influence of a deleterious gas, which was

generated in the monastery. The effect of music, also, in exciting delightful dreams, has often been attested. A French philosopher whose experiments are reported by Magendie, according to the airs which he had arranged should be played while he was asleep, could have the character of his dreams directed at pleasure. 'There is an art," says Sir Thomas Browne — in his usual quaint style — "to make dreams as well as their interpretations; and physicians will tell us that some food makes turbulent, some gives quiet dreams. Cato, who doated upon cabbage, might find the crude effects thereof; and Pythagoras might have had calmer sleeps if he had totally abstained from beans."

The influence of the day's occurrences, and the thoughts which have occupied the mind during the day, have been said to give a corresponding tone and colouring to our dreams at night. Thus the lover dreams of his mistress; the miser of his gold; the merchant of his speculations; the man of science of his discoveries. The poets of all ages and nations adopt this view. Virgil describes Dido forsaken by Æneas, wandering alone on a desert shore in pursuit of the Tyrians. Milton represents Eve relating to Adam the dreams which were very naturally the repetition of her waking thoughts. Petrarch invokes the beauty of Laura. Eloisa, separated from Abelard, is again happy in his company, even amidst "dreary wastes" and "low-browed rocks."

There can be no doubt that the dreams of many persons are very greatly influenced by the reflections and emotions they have experienced the preceding day; but this is by no means invariably the case. We have known persons whose dreams refer habitually to events which occurred to them, perhaps, twenty years ago, and upon whom recent events seem to possess no such influence. We have often been told by ladies happily and affectionately married, that while they were engaged, although their thoughts were naturally much set on their engagement, they never dreamt of their lovers. So, also, the father of a family, habitually impressed with a sense of his responsibility and affection towards his offspring, will sometimes dream often enough of his neighbour's children, but seldom, or, perhaps, never, of his own. Try to dream on a given subject — resolve and fix the attention upon it — going to sleep, and no sooner are our eyelids closed, than fantastic fancy will conjure up the most opposite and incongruous imagery. We have heard this dream-problem explained by referring it to a principle of *antagonism*, which, waking or sleeping, may be observed in the animal economy. If a limb become fatigued by remaining too long in one position, it will be relieved by being thrown into the very opposite condition; if the eye fatigue itself by gazing intently on the disc of any bright colour, and the eyelids close, the very oppo-

site, or antagonistic colour will be depicted upon the retina: in like manner, when our waking thoughts — in connection with the nerve matter, which is their material instrument — have exhausted their energy, we can easily conceive how the very opposite condition will be produced. Hence the most unconnected and preposterous train of imagery may arise from the very earnestness with which we desire a contrary effect. We dream of events which do not concern us, instead of those in which we are most deeply interested; we dream of persons to whom we are indifferent, instead of those to whom we are attached. But, in the midst of all this curious and perplexing contrariety, it is remarkable — and may be esteemed a proof of the immateriality of the mind — that we always preserve the consciousness of our own identity. No man dreams that he is woman, or any other person than himself; — we have heard of persons who have dreamt they were dead, and in a spiritual state; but the spirit was still their own — they maintained their identity. Sir Thomas Lawrence once made an interesting observation on this subject to Mrs. Butler — then Miss Fanny Kemble: he pointed out, in conversation, that he never heard of any lady who ever dreamed that she was younger than she really was. We retain in our dreams even the identity of our age. It has been said — we think by Sir Thomas Browne — that some persons of virtuous and honourable principles will commit, as they fancy, actions in their dreams which they would shudder at in their waking moments; but we cannot believe that the identity of moral goodness can be so perverted in the dreaming state. We can, however, readily conceive that, when the mind is oppressed, or disturbed by the recollection of some event it dreads to dwell upon, it may be disturbed by the most terrific and ghastly images. A guilty conscience, too, will unquestionably produce restlessness, agitation, and awe-inspiring dreams. Hence Manfred, in pacing restlessly his lonely Gothic gallery at midnight, pictures to himself the terrors of Sleep: —

> 'The lamp must be replenished; even then
> It will not burn so long as I must watch.
> My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
> *But a continuance of enduring thought,*
> *Which then I can resist not. In my heart*
> *There is a vigil; and these eyes*
> *But close to look within.*"

Contrition and remorse oppose his rest. If we remember right, it was Bishop Newton, who remarked that the sleep of innocence differed essentially from the sleep of guilt.

The assistance supposed to be sometimes furnished in sleep towards the solution of problems which puzzled the waking sense, opens up a curious subject of investigation. Cases of the kind have been recorded upon undoubted authority. Hence some philosophers, like Sir Thomas Browne and Addison, have been induced to suppose that the soul

in this state is partially disengaged from the encumbrance of the body, and therefore more intelligent, which is a mere fancy—a poetical fiction. Surely it is absurd to suppose that the soul, which we invest with such high and perfect attributes, should commit such frivolous and irrational acts as those which take place so constantly in our dreams. "Methinks," observed Locke, "every drowsy nod shakes this doctrine." All we remark, is, that some of the ordinary mental faculties act in such cases with increased energy. But beyond this we cannot go. We are informed by Cabains, that Franklin on several occasions mentioned to him that he had been assisted in his dreams on the issue of many affairs in which he was engaged. So, also, Condillac, while writing his "Cours d'Études" states that he was frequently obliged to leave a chapter incomplete, and retire to bed: and that on waking, he found it, on more than one occasion, finished in his head. Condorcet upon leaving his deep and complicated calculations unfinished, after having retired to rest, often found their results unfolded to him in his dreams. Voltaire assures us that he, like La Fontaine, composed verses frequently in his sleep, which he remembered on awaking. Doctor Johnson states that he once in a dream had a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. Coleridge, in a dream, composed the wild and beautiful poem of "Kubla Khan," which was suggested to him by a passage he was reading in "Purchas's Pilgrimage" when he fell asleep. On awaking he had a distinct recollection of the whole, and, taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines which have been so much admired.

One of the most striking circumstances connected with the human mind is the extreme lightning-like rapidity of its thoughts, even in our waking hours; but the transactions which appear to take place in our dreams are accomplished with still more incalculable rapidity; the relations of space, the duration of time, appear to be alike annihilated; we are transported in an instant to the most distant regions of the earth, and the events of ages are condensed into the span of a few seconds. The accidental jarring of a door, or any noise, will, at the same moment it awakens a person, suggest the incidents of an entire dream. Hence some persons — Lord Brougham in particular — have supposed that all our dreams take place in the transition or interval between sleep and waking. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and, at last, led out for execution. After all the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in

an adjoining room had, in the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. The same want of any notion of the duration of time occurs, more or less, in all dreams; hence our ignorance when we awake of the length of the night. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie's dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awakening with the fright, discovered he had not been ten minutes asleep. "I lately dreamed," says Dr. Macnish, "that I made a voyage — remained some days in Calcutta — returned home — then took ship for Egypt, where I visited the cataracts of the Nile, Grand Cairo, and the Pyramids; and, to crown the whole, had the honour of an interview with Mahomet Ali, Cleopatra, and Alexander the Great." All this was the work of a single hour, or even a few minutes. In one of the dreams which Mr. De Quincey describes — when under the influence of opium — "the sense of Space and in the end of Time were," he states, "both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to a sense of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of Time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millenium, passed in that time; or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience." One of the miracles of Mahomet appears to be illustrative of the same phenomenon. We read, in the Koran, that the angel Gabriel took Mahomet, one morning, out of his bed to give him a sight of all things in the Seven Heavens and in Paradise; and, after holding ninety thousand spiritual conferences, he was brought back again to his bed; all which was transacted in so small a space of time that Mahomet, upon his return, found his bed still warm.

Are dreams so much varied as is generally supposed? Or, taking into consideration our different mental and physical constitutions, is there not rather a remarkable sameness in them? It is certainly a very unusual circumstance to hear of any dream that does violence to the common experience of mankind. One class of dreams, which may be termed RETROSPECTIVE, is of frequent occurrence. These are characterised by the revival of associations long since forgotten. The faculty of Memory appears to be præternaturally exalted; the veil is withdrawn which obscured the vista of our past life; and the minutest events of childhood pass in vivid review before us. There can be no doubt that something analogous to this occurs in drowning; when, after the alarm and struggle for life has subsided, sensations and visions supervene with indescribable rapidity. The same very remarkable

phenomenon takes place also sometimes in hanging; but is by no means uniformly produced. "Of all whom I have seen restored from drowning," observes Dr. Lettsom, "I never found one who had the smallest recollection of any thing that passed under water until the time they were restored." Persons must not, therefore, be deceived by imagining that an Elysium is to be found at the bottom of a garden well, or a canal, or a river.

But to return; — it is not only the very early incidents of childhood which may thus be recalled by our dreams, but recent events, which in our waking hours had escaped the memory, are sometimes suddenly recalled. In his "Notes to Waverley," Sir Walter Scott relates the following anecdote: — "A gentleman connected with a Bank in Glasgow, while employed in the occupation of cashier, was annoyed by a person, out of his turn, demanding the payment of a check for six pounds. Having paid him, but with reluctance, out of his turn, he thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, a difficulty was experienced in making the books balance, in consequence of a deficiency of six pounds. Several days and nights were exhausted in endeavours to discover the source of the error, but without success; and the discomfited and chagrined cashier retired one night to his bed, disappointed and fatigued. He fell asleep and dreamed he was at his Bank, and once again the whole scene of the annoying man and his six pound check arose before him; and, on examination, it was discovered that the sum paid to this person had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance." We read of another gentleman, a solicitor, who, on one occasion, lost a very important document connected with the conveyance of some property; the most anxious search was made for it in vain; and the night preceding the day on which the parties were to meet for the final settlement the son of this gentleman then went to bed, under much anxiety and disappointment, and dreamt that, at the time when the missing paper was delivered to his father, his table was covered with papers connected with the affairs of a particular client, and there found the paper they had been in search of, which had been tied up in a parcel to which it was in no way related.

There is another class of dreams which would appear to be much more extraordinary than these — of a RETROSPECTIVE CHARACTER, viz: those in which the dreamer appears to take cognizance of incidents which are occurring at a distance, which may be designated Dreams of COINCIDENCE. In the "Memoirs of Margaret de Valois" we read, that her mother, Catherine de Medicis, when ill of the plague at Metz, saw her son, the Duc d'Anjou, at the victory of

Jarnac thrown from his horse, and the Prince de Condé dead — events which happened exactly at that moment. Dr. Macnish relates, as the most striking example he ever met with of the co-existence between a dream and a passing event, the following melancholy story: — Miss M., a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular War. The constant danger to which he was exposed had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and, in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction that, when she last parted from her lover, she had parted with him for ever. In a surprisingly short period her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness, and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and, with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her at the same time to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the poor girl died a few days afterwards, but, not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would not be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly afterwards received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day of the night of which his betrothed had beheld the vision. It is certainly very natural to suppose that there must be some mysterious connection between such a dream and the event which appears to have simultaneously taken place — but, upon reflecting farther upon the subject, we shall find that the co-existence is purely accidental. If, as Sir Walter Scott observed, any event, such as the death of the person dreamt of, chance to take place, so as to correspond with the nature and time of the apparition, the circumstance is conceived to be supernatural, although the coincidence is one which must frequently occur, since our dreams usually refer to the accomplishment of that which haunts our minds when awake, and often presage the most probable events. Such a concatenation, therefore, must often take place when it is considered "of what stuff dreams are made," and how naturally they turn upon those who occupy our mind when awake. When a soldier is exposed to death in battle; when a sailor is incurring the dangers of the sea;

when a beloved wife or relative is attacked by disease, how readily our sleeping imagination rushes to the very point of alarm which, when waking, it had shuddered to anticipate. Considering the many thousands of dreams which must, night after night, pass through the imagination of individuals, the number of coincidences between the vision and the event are fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chance would warrant us to expect.

In addition to these, we sometimes hear of dreams which appear to reveal the secrets of futurity; and which may be designated Prophetic Dreams — unveiling, as they are supposed to do, the destiny which awaits particular individuals. The prophetic dream of Cromwell, that he should live to be the greatest man in England, has often been referred to as an example of special revelation; but surely there can be nothing very wonderful in the occurrence—for, after all, if we could only penetrate into the thoughts, hopes, and designs which inflamed the ambition of such men as Ireton, Lambert, and the like, we should find both their waking and sleeping visions equally suggestive of self-aggrandisement. The Protector himself was not the only usurper, in these troubled times, who dreamed of being "every inch a king;" but we want the data to compute the probabilities which the laws of chance would give in favour of such a prophecy or dream being fulfilled. The prophetic dream refers generally to some event which, in the course of nature, is likely to happen: is it, then, wonderful that it should occur? It would be curious to know how often Napoleon dreamed that he was the Emperor of the civilised world, or confined as a prisoner of war; how many thrones he imagined himself to have ascended or abdicated; how often he accomplished the rebuilding of Jerusalem. A few years ago, some very cruel murders were perpetrated in Edinburgh, by men named Burke and Hare, who sold the bodies of their victims to the Anatomical Schools. We had ourselves an interview with Burke, after his condemnation, when he told us that many months before he was apprehended and convicted, he used to dream that the murders he committed had been discovered; then he imagined himself going to be executed, and his chief anxiety was how he should comport himself on the scaffold before the assembled multitude, whose faces he beheld gazing up and fixed upon him. His dream was, in every respect, verified; but who, for an instant, would suppose there could have been anything præternatural, or prophetic, in such a vision? For the most part, dreams of this description are supposed to portend the illness, or the time of the death, of particular individuals; and these, too, upon the simple doctrine of chance, turn out, perhaps, to be as often wrong as right. It may be true, that Lord Lyttelton died

at the exact hour which he said had been predicted to him in a dream; but Voltaire outlived a similar prophecy for many years. It must, however, be conceded, that persons in ill-health may have their death expedited by believing in such fatal predictions. Tell a timorous man that he will die; and the sentence, if pronounced with sufficient solemnity, and the semblance of its foreknowledge, will, under certain circumstances, execute itself. But, on the other hand, the self-sustaining power of the will, with a corresponding concentration of nervous energy, will sometimes triumph over the presence of disease, and for awhile ward off even the hand of death. The anecdote is told of Muley Moloch, who, being informed that his army was likely to be defeated, sprang from his sick bed in great excitement, led his men on to victory, and, on returning to his tent, lay down and almost instantly expired.

But again it may be asked — what then do dreams portend? Do they admit of any rational interpretation? This branch of the art of divination, which was called formerly by the name of "Oneiromancy," has been practised in all ages; and there is, perhaps, not a village in Great Britain, or on the great continent of Europe, India, or America, in which some fortune-telling old woman will not be found who professes to be an oracle in propounding their mystical signification. The magicians of old were supposed to be skilful interpreters of dreams, which, like the wiseacres of Christendom, they viewed under very contradictory aspects.

From one of the most ancient Arabic manuscripts on the subject, we learn that if you see an angel, it is a good sign; but if you dream that you converse with one, it forebodes evil — to dream you bathe in a clear fountain denotes joy — but if it be muddy, an enemy will bring against you some false accusation. To dream of carrying any weight upon the back denotes servitude, if you are rich — honour if you are poor. There is not an object in nature — not an event that can occur in life — that our modern fortune-tellers have not converted, when seen in a dream, into some sign ominous of good or of evil; and many even well-educated persons are in the habit of fostering their credulity by attaching an undue importance to their dreams. It is a curious circumstance, however, which militates against this mystic art, that the same sign in different countries carries with it a very contrary signification. The peasant girl in England thinks, if she dream of a rose, that it is a sure sign of happiness; but the *paysanne* in Normandy believes that it portends vexation and disappointment. The Englishman conceives that to dream of an oak-tree is a sign of prosperity; but in Switzerland the same vision is thought to be a forewarning of some dreadful calamity.

The domestic superstitions

which are connected with dreams, are sometimes favoured by, and perhaps dependent upon, a certain morbid condition or irritability of the nervous system, which suggests the dread of some impending calamity, a painful and indefinite sense of apprehension for which no ostensible reason can be assigned. Strange as it might appear, the influence of our dreams upon our waking state is very remarkable; we may awaken refreshed from a dream which has made us, in our sleep, superlatively happy; or we may rise with melancholic feelings after suffering intense affliction in some dream, and the details of both dreams may alike be forgotten. We cannot, after being so much disturbed, at once regain our composure; the billows continue heaving after the tempest has subsided; the troubled nerves continue to vibrate after the causes that disturbed them have ceased to act; the impression still remains, and chequers the happiness of the future day. Even men of strong mind, who do not believe in the interpretation of dreams, may be so affected. When Henry the Fourth of France was once told by an astrologer that he would be assassinated, he smiled at the prediction, and did not believe it; but he confessed that it often haunted him afterwards, and although he placed no faith in it, still it sometimes depressed his spirits, and he often expressed a wish that he had never heard it. In like manner, dreams, which persons do not believe in, will unconsciously affect the tenour of their thoughts and feelings.

There are many persons who appear to have habitually the most extraordinary dreams, and there is scarcely a family circle that assemble round the domestic hearth, in which some one or other of the party is not able to relate some very wonderful story. We have, ourselves, a *répertoire*, from which we could select a host of such narrations; but we have preferred, at the risk of being thought recapitulative, to dwell upon those which have been recorded upon unimpeachable authority. The dreams which men like Locke, Reid, Gregory, Abercrombie, Macnish, &c., have attested, come with a weight of evidence before us which the dreams of persons unknown in the scientific or literary world would not possess. The impressions produced by dreams are so fugitive — so easy is it for persons unintentionally to deceive themselves in recalling their dreams' experience — that Epictetus, long ago, advised young men not to entertain any company by relating their dreams, as they could only, he affirmed, be interesting to themselves, and perhaps would, after all their pains, be disbelieved by their auditors. Nevertheless, it would be well for all persons to study, whether waking or dreaming, the phenomena of their own minds. The ingenious naturalist, Dr. Fleming, suggests that persons should, in contra-distinction

to a "Diary," keep a "Nocturnal," in which they should register their dreams. Doubtless such a journal might turn out to be a very amusing Psychological record.

THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

A MIGHTY dome is rear'd in solemn state,
To hold the produce of the World's invention;
The spacious palace of the labouring Great,
Whose bloodless triumphs history loves to mention.

From every land which Man has made his home,
Where arts and science with due culture flourish,
O'er trackless wastes and billows crown'd with foam,
They come, the ardent Mind with food to nourish.

The trophies of the Past fade into gloom,
Which conquerors planted on the field of battle;
Where breathing armies sank before their doom,
And shouts of glory drown'd the low death-rattle.

These things were once, while yet the World was young;
Ere it drank wisdom from the fount of reason;
Now, let a curtain o'er such scenes be hung —
War's winter fled, we hail a softer season.

The sunder'd children of the human race,
Crossing their bounds to mingle with each other,
In foreign nations kindred features trace,
And learn that every mortal is their brother.

The love of Art engenders love to Man,
And this, in turn, the love of his Creator;
'T is Ignorance that mars Heaven's gracious plan,
And rears in blood the murderer and man-hater.

A glorious epoch brightens history's page,
Shedding upon the Future dazzling lustre;
How proud the thought that England is the stage,
Which shall re-echo with the Nations' muster!

CHIPS.

THE SMITHFIELD MODEL OF THE MODEL SMITHFIELD.

"SIR, I will premise by stating that I have not the smallest sympathy with Smithfield, the less so, that one fine morning, in the city, a bullock took such a fancy to pin me to a wall with his horns, that had I not; providentially, happened to have my great coat in my hand, instead of upon my back, (and was thus enabled to throw it over his horns,) I should have been in my grave ere now.

"I visited the free exhibition of the Smithfield Model in Cheapside, City, and beheld a crowd of persons, surrounding the Model; behind which, in addition to a few vendors of penny 'Conclusive Arguments in favour, &c.,' and some persons obtaining signatures to a petition, was a red-faced gentleman, who was continually calling upon the spectators to 'put any questions,' or to 'state any objections," and he would immediately answer them, and he would convince all present, *he* was sure,

before they left the building, that the present market was the only one that could possibly supply London with meat. Well, Sir, at length a quiet, respectable looking mechanic, mildly observed, that he thought the present system led to a greater desecration of the Sabbath than an improved system would do. 'Oh!' exclaimed the red-faced man, 'you object upon religious grounds, do you!' 'Principally,' replied the mechanic, 'but upon many other grounds besides.' 'Ah! well,' said the ruddy one, 'if you go upon religion, all I can say is, that I know nothing about that! But I think I can convince you this way: most people have a joint of meat on Sunday, the remains of which are hashed up on Monday. Well; on Tuesday they want a fresh joint, which at present, you *can* get; but if you remove Smithfield, the butcher will not care to go to market more than once a week, and so, when you go on Tuesday for your usual joint, you will find the butcher with his clean apron on, smoking his pipe, and no meat to be had!'

"I was leaving the building, when I observed two young men signing the petition. I enquired of one, *why* he signed it, and he replied, 'because my friend has done so;' and upon making the same enquiry of his friend, *he* replied that 'you can't well come inside without signing.'

I am, O. M."

A PLEA FOR BRITISH REPTILES.

WHAT the flourishing tradesman writes with pride over his shop, we might in most cases write over our storehouse of antipathies, — established in 1720, or 1751. For what good reason we, in 1851, should shudder at the contact of a spider, or loathe toads, it would be hard to say. Our forefathers in their ignorance did certainly traduce the characters of many innocent and interesting animals, and many of us now believe some portions of their scandal. To be a reptile, for example, is perhaps the greatest disgrace that can attach to any animal in our eyes. Reptile passes for about the worst name you can call a man. This is unjust — at any rate, in England. We have no thought of patting crocodiles under the chin, or of embracing boa constrictors; but, for our English reptiles we claim good words and good will. We beg to introduce here, formally, our unappreciated friends to any of our human friends who may not yet have cultivated their acquaintance.

The Common Lizard, — surely you know the Common Lizard, if not by his name of state, *Zootoca vivipara*. He wears a brilliant jacket, and you have made friends with him, as a nimble, graceful fellow; as a bit of midsummer. His very name reminds you of a warm bank in the country, and a sunny day. Is he a reptile? Certainly; suppose we stop two mi-

nutes to remember what a reptile is.

The heart of a reptile has three cavities; that is to say, it is not completely double, like our own. It sends only a small part of the blood which comes into it, for renovation into the air-chambers — the lungs; — while the remainder circulates again unpurified. That change made in the blood by contact with the oxygen of air, is chiefly the cause of heat in animals. Aëration, therefore, being in reptiles very partial, the amount of heat envolved is small; reptiles are therefore called cold-blooded. They are unable to raise their heat above the temperature of the surrounding air. Fishes are cold-blooded, through deficient aëration in another way; in them, all the blood passes from the heart into the place where air shall come in contact with it; but, then there is a limitation to the store of air supplied, which can be no more than the quantity extracted from the water. The temperature of water is maintained below the surface, and we know how that of the air varies, since a certain quantity of heat is necessary to the vital processes; reptiles, depending upon air for heat, hybernate or become torpid when the temperature falls below a certain point. The rapidity of all their vital actions will depend upon the state of the thermometer; they digest faster in the heat of summer than in the milder warmth of spring. Their secretions (as the poison of the adder) are in hot weather more copious, and in winter are not formed at all. The reptiles breathe, in all cases, by lungs: but, we must except, here, those called *Batrachians*, as frogs or newts, which breathe, in the first stage, by gills, and afterwards by gills and lungs, or by lungs only. The *Batrachians*, again, are the only exception to another great characteristic of the reptile class, the hard, dry covering of plates or scales. The reptiles all produce their young from eggs, or are "oviparous" — some hatch their eggs within the body, and produce their young alive, or are "ovo-viviparous." Those are the characters belonging to all members of the reptile class. The class is subdivided into orders, somewhat thus: — 1. The *Testudinate* (tortoises and turtles). 2. *Enaliosaurian* (all fossil, the *Ichthyosaurus* and his like). 3. *Loricate* (crocodiles and alligators). 4. *Saurian* (lizards). 5. *Ophidian* (serpents); and the last order *Batrachian* (frogs, toads, &c.); which is, by some, parted from the reptiles, and established as another class.

Now, we have in England no tortoises or turtles, and no crocodiles: and the fossil order is, in all places, extinct; so our reptiles can belong only to the three last-named orders, Lizards, Serpents, and Batrachians.

Thus we come back, then, to our Lizards, of which we have among us but two genera, a single species of each. These are the Common Lizard, well known to

us all, and the Sand Lizard, known only to some of us who happen to live upon the southern coast. The species of lizard so extremely common in this country, has not been found in countries farther south, and is, in fact, peculiar to our latitude. We, therefore, may love him as a sympathetic friend. The sand lizard *(Lacerta agilis)* is found as far north as the country of Linnæus, and as far south as the northern part of France; in England, however, it seems to be rare, and has been detected only in Dorsetshire — chiefly near Poole, or in some other southern counties. It frequents sandy heaths, and is of a brown sandy colour, marked and dotted; but, there is a green variety, said to be found among the verdure of marshy places. It is larger than our common lizard, averaging seven inches long, is very timid, and when made a prisoner, pines and dies. Its female lays eggs, like a turtle, in the sand, covers them over, and leaves them to be hatched by the summer sun. This kind of lizard, therefore, is oviparous. The eggs of our common lizard are hatched also by the sun; for, reptiles having no heat of their own, cannot provide that which is necessary to the development of an embryo; but, in this case, the sun hatches them within the parent's body. The female of this lizard stretches herself out upon a sunny bank, and lets the bright rays fall upon her body while she lies inactive. At this period, she will not move for anything less than a real cause of alarm. She is not sunning herself lazily, however, but fulfilling an ordinance of God. The eggs break as the young lizards — three to six — are born. This lizard is, therefore, ovo-viviparous. The little ones begin at once to run about, and soon dart after insects, their proper food; but, they accompany the mother with some instinct of affection for a little time. These lizards are very various in size and colour; difference in these respects does not denote difference in kind. The little scales which cover them are arranged in a peculiar manner on the head, under the neck, &c.; and some differences of arrangement, in such respects, are characteristic. The best distinction between the only two species of lizard known in this country has been pointed out by Mr. Bell. In the hind legs, under each thigh, there is a row of openings, each opening upon a single scale. In sand lizards, the opening is obviously smaller than the scale; in our common lizards, the opening is so comparatively large, that the scale seems to be the mere edge of a tube around it.

These are our lizards, then, our Saurian reptiles; and they do not merit any hate. Suffer an introduction now to English Snakes.

The first snake, the Blindworm, is not a snake, nor yet a worm. It is a half-way animal — between a lizard and a snake. The lizards shade off so insensibly into the snakes, even the boa preserving rudimentary hind legs, that some

naturalists counsel their union into a single class of squamate, or scaled reptiles. By a milder process of arrangement, all those animals which dwell upon the frontier ground between Lizards or Saurians, and Ophidians or Snakes, are to be called Saurophidian. The blindworm, then, is Saurophidian; it is quite as much a lizard as a snake. Snakes have the bones of their head all moveable, so that their jaws can be dilated, until, like carpet-bags, they swallow anything. The lizard has its jaws fixed; so has the blindworm. Snakes have a long tongue, split for some distance, and made double-forked; the blindworm's tongue has nothing but a little notch upon the tip. It has a smooth round muzzle, with which it can easily wind its way under dry soil to hybernate; or else it takes a winter nap in any large heap of dead leaves. It comes out early in the spring; for, it can bear more cold than reptiles generally like, and it is found all over Europe, from Sweden to the South of Italy. It feeds upon slugs, and insects. Like the snakes, it gets a new coat as it grows, and takes the old one off, by hooking it to some fixed point, and crawling from it; so that the cast skin is dragged backwards, and turned inside out. The slow-worm is of a dark grey colour, silvery, and about a foot long on the average. It is ovo-viviparous. It is extremely gentle; very rarely thinks of biting those who handle it, and, when it does bite, inflicts no wound with its little teeth. Of course it has no fangs, and is not poisonous. Shrinking with fear when taken, it contracts its body, and so stiffens it, that it will break if we strike or bend it. Therefore it bears the name Linnæus gave it — *Anguis fragilis*.

We have found nothing yet, to shudder at, among our reptiles. "O! but," you say perhaps, "that was not a real snake." Well, here is our real snake. *Natrix torquata* — our common Ringed Snake; he is very common. He may be three or four feet long, and brownish-grey above, with a green tinge, yellow marks upon the neck, and rows of black spots down the back and sides, alternating, like London lamp-posts, with each other. You will find him anywhere in England, almost anywhere in Europe, below the latitude of Scotland. You will find him most frequently in a moist place, or near water, for he is rather proud of himself as a swimmer. He has a handsome coat, and gets a new one, two, three, four or five times in a season, if his growth require it. When the new coat is quite hard and fit for use under the old, he strips his old one off among the thorn-bushes. He and his lady hybernate. The lady leaves her sixteen or twenty eggs, all glued together, for the sun to vivify. The snake's tongue, as we have said, is forked, the jaws dilatable; he prefers frogs for his dinner, but is satisfied with mice, or little birds, or lizards. He swallows his prey

whole. Catching it first, as Mrs. Glasse would say, between his teeth, which are in double rows upon each jaw, and directed backwards that they may act more effectually, he first brings the victim to a suitable position — head first, he prefers. Then, leaving one set of teeth, say the lower, fixed, he advances the upper jaw, fixes its teeth into the skin, and leaves them there while he moves forward the lower jaw, and so continues till the bird or frog is worked into his throat; it is then swallowed by the agency of other muscles. This power of moving each jaw freely and in independence of the other, is peculiar to Ophidian reptiles. The frog may reach the stomach both alive and active, so that if, afterwards, the snake gapes, as he is apt to do, a frog has been seen to leap out again. The processes of life are so slow in reptiles, that one meal will not be digested by the snake for many days. He is unable to digest vegetable matter. Our snake is very harmless, and if kept and fed, will quickly learn to recognise its patron, will feed out of his hand, and nestle up his sleeve; but he shows a dread of strangers.

We have Adders? Yes, we have a Viper, — *Pelias Berus* is the name he goes by, and his fangs are undeniable. This is the only native reptile that can, in any degree whatever, hurt a man. It is common in England, and, unlike the snake, prefers a dry place to a moist one. "Adder" and "viper" are two words applied to the same thing — adder being derived from the Saxon word for "nether," and viper from viviper; because this reptile, like our common lizard, hatches her eggs within the body, or is viviparous. Our viper is found all over Europe; not in Ireland. As for Ireland, it is an old boast with the Irish that Saint Patrick banned away all reptiles. The paucity of reptiles in Ireland is remarkable, but they are not altogether absent. Our common lizard has a large Irish connexion, and frogs were introduced into Ireland years ago. Their spawn was taken over, put into water, throve, and thereafter frogs have multiplied. An attempt was also made to introduce our common snake, but the country-people, with great horror, killed the interlopers; a reward even was offered for one that was known to remain uncaptured. Ireland is free from adders.

The most ready distinction between a common snake and an adder, to unfamiliar eyes, is founded on the difference of marking. While the snake has separate alternate spots, the adder has, down its back, a chain of dark spots, irregularly square, and joined to one another. Adders are generally brown, but differ very much in colour. They have on their upper jaw, instead of their lower, a row of teeth, the well-known fangs. These are long, curved teeth, fixed into a moveable piece of bone, and hollow. The hollow is not made out of the substance of the tooth; it is as if a broad flat

tooth had been bent round upon itself to form a tube. The tube is open below and behind, in the curve, by a little slit. Above, it is open, and rests upon a tiny bag connected with a gland that corresponds to a gland in man for the secretion of saliva; but which, in the present case, secretes a poison. The fang, when out of use, is bent and hidden in a fleshy case; in feeding, it is rarely used. The viper catches for himself his birds or mice, after the manner of a harmless serpent. But, when hurt or angered, he throws back his neck, drops his fang ready for service, bites, and withdraws his head immediately. The fang in penetrating, of necessity, was pressed upon the little bag of poison at its root, and forced a drop along the tube into the wound. After a few bites, the bag becomes exhausted, and the adder must wait for a fresh secretion. The poison has no taste or smell, and may be swallowed with impunity, if there be no raw surface in the mouth, or sore upon the throat, or in the stomach. It is only through a wound that it can act like poison. The bite of an adder in this country never yet proved fatal; but, according to the health of the person bitten, and according to the greater or less heat of the weather (for in very hot weather a more active poison is secreted), the wound made will be more or less severe. It is advisable to get out of an adder's way.

All the remaining reptiles in this country are two species of Frog, two species of Toad, and four Newts. They are not only most absolutely harmless, but, the frogs, at any rate, and toads, are ministers to man; and they belong to a class of animals more interesting than any other, perhaps, in the whole range of natural history. We are all well acquainted with the common frog, whose grander name is *Rana temporaria*. We see it — and it is to be feared some of us kill it — in our gardens, among strawberry beds and damp vegetation. But, whereas frogs feed upon those slugs and insects which are in the habit of pasturing upon our plants, and are themselves indebted to us for not a grain of vegetable matter, we ought by all means to be grateful to them. So industrious are frogs in slug-hunting, that it would be quite worth while to introduce them as sub-gardeners upon our flower-beds. In catching insects, the frog suddenly darts out his tongue, which, at the hinder part, is loose, and covered with a gummy matter. The insect is caught, and the tongue returned with wonderful rapidity. The frog, when it is first hatched, has the constitution of a fish: it is purely aquatic; has a fish's heart, a fish's circulation, and a fish's gills. The tadpole swims as a fish does — by the movement, side-ways, of its tail. For the unassisted eye, and still more for the microscope, what spectacle can be more marvellous than the gradual process of change by which this tiny fish becomes a reptile? Legs bud; the fish-like

gills dwindle by a vital process of absorption; the fish-like air-bladder becomes transmuted, as by a miracle, into the celled structure of lungs; the tail grows daily shorter, not broken off, but absorbed; the heart adds to its cells; the fish becomes a reptile as the tadpole changes to a frog. The same process we observe in toads; and it is also the same in our newts, excepting that in newts the tail remains. There is no parallel in nature to this marvellous and instructive metamorphosis.

The perfectly-formed frog does not live of necessity in water, or near it, but requires damp air occasionally. It breathes by lungs, as we have said; but, as it has no ribs, there is no chest to heave mechanically. The frog's air has to be swallowed, to be gulped down into the lungs. That is not possible unless the mouth is shut; and, therefore, as we might suffocate a man by keeping his mouth shut, so we should suffocate a frog by keeping his mouth open. Yet we should not suffocate him instantly; we should disable the lungs; but, in this class of animals the whole skin is a breathing surface. A frog has lived a month after his lungs had been extracted. All respiratory surfaces, like the inside of our own lungs, can act only when they are relaxed and moist. That is the reason why a frog's skin is always moist, and why a frog requires moist air. It does not need this constantly, because, when moisture is abundant, there is a bag in which it stores up superfluity of water, to be used in any day of need. It is this water — pure and clear — which frogs or toads expel when they are alarmed by being handled. Is not enough said, here, to rescue frogs from our contempt? We may add, that they are capable of understanding kindness — can be tamed. Frogs hybernate under the mud of ponds, where they lie close together, in a stratum, till the spring awakens them to a renewal of their lives and loves. They lay a vast number of eggs, at the bottom of the water; and the multitudes of young frogs that swarm upon the shore when their transformation is complete, has given rise to many legends of a shower of frogs. These multitudes provide food for many animals, serpents, as we have seen, birds, fish. And the survivors are our friends.

The other species of frog found in this country is the Edible Frog (*Rana esculenta*). It has for a long time had a colony in Foul-mire Fen, in Cambridgeshire, although properly belonging to a continental race. It differs from our common frog in wanting a dark mark that runs from eye to shoulder, and in having, instead of it, a light mark — a streak — from head to tail along the centre of the back. The male is a more portentous croaker than our own familiar musicians, by virtue of an air-bladder on each cheek, into which air is forced, and in which it vibrates powerfully during the act of croaking. This kind of frog is

always in or near the water, and being very timid, plunges out of sight if any one approaches.

These are our frogs; as for our two Toads, they are by no means less innocent. They are the Common Toad, by style and title *Bufo vulgaris*, and a variety of the Natter Jack Toad, to be found on Blackheath, and in many places about London, and elsewhere. The toad undergoes transformations like the frog. It is slower in its movements, and less handsome in appearance: similar in structure. There is a somewhat unpleasant secretion from its skin, a product of respiration. There is nothing about it in the faintest degree poisonous. It is remarkably sensible of kindness; more so than the frog. Examples of tame toads are not uncommon. Stories are told of the discovery of toads alive, in blocks of marble, where no air could be; but, there has been difficulty, hitherto, in finding one such example free from the possibility of error. It may be found, however, that toads can remain for a series of years torpid. It has been proved that snails, after apparent death of fifteen years, have become active on applying moisture. A proof equally distinct is at present wanting in the case of toads. The toad, like other reptiles, will occasionally cast its skin. The old skin splits along the back, and gradually parts, until it comes off on each side, with a little muscular exertion on the toad's part. Then, having rolled his jacket up into a ball, he eats it!

No reptiles remain now to be mentioned, but four species of Newt. These little creatures are abundant in our ponds and ditches, and some are most falsely accused of being poisonous. They are utterly harmless. Their transformations, their habits, their changes of skin, their laying of eggs, can easily be watched by any who will keep them in a miniature pond. A large pan of water, with sand and stones at the bottom, decayed vegetable matter for food, and a few living water-plants, extracted from their native place, will keep a dozen newts in comfort. The water-plants are needed, because a newt prefers to lay her egg upon a leaf. She stands upon it, curls it up with her hind legs, and puts an egg between the fold, where it remains glued. These being our reptiles, are they proper objects of abhorrence? At this season (March) they are all finishing their winter nap. In a few weeks they will come among us, and then, when

— "the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry through the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair" —

may we not permit our hearts to be admonished by the reptiles also?

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF DESIGN IN THE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.

Mr. John Motley is an extensive manufacturer of woollen shawls and table-covers. All British manufacturers of similar articles are not like Mr. John Motley, we are extremely happy to say; but both history and justice compel us to state, that the family of the Motleys is a very large one, comprising many members and branches, all following the same trade, and including the Patchmans and the Stairings, great manufacturers of chintzes and printed cottons; and the Squabtons, who monopolise half the trade in crockery and hardware.

Mr. John Motley has gone on pretty much in the same way all his life, *i. e.*, in the same way as his father before him, who also followed in the steps of his father and grandfather. The necessities of change of some kind, which he called fashion, compelled him to adopt corresponding changes, which he called patterns, and sometimes, by way of irony, *designs*. Very frequently he adopted novelties from the continental manufacturers, but always altered them to his own taste — the regular old family taste of the Motleys; so that, in truth, there was no real adoption of a continental design, but merely a fresh impulse and enlivenment given to the native stock. Mr. John Motley, like all the rest of his family, considered that he thoroughly understood the English taste; that his own taste was the model and criterion of public taste — in fact, that the two things were identical. He had been successful — had raised a fortune, and was still accumulating; and what better proof could anybody have of the correctness of his judgment and method of conducting business. Besides, he used to add, with a knowing wink, they *must* buy our goods, because they can't get any others — the duty on foreign articles giving us a monopoly of the home market. Very proper it should. It protects our property, and the family taste.

Year after year, the successful John Motley sent forth his countless bales of shawls and table-covers, with great vulgar patterns, dabbed, sprawling, or conglomerating, over a gaudy ground — the colours of which were not only inharmonious with those of the patterns, but a violent outrage to all harmony. If he is ever reproached with a want of novelty, or a want of beauty in his patterns, by some strange and particular fellow among his wholesale customers — a thing that does now and then reach his ears — he merely replies, with dogged indifference, "You see, there 's a want of invention in the country — we have no designers; so, we do the best we can. Take 'em or leave 'em."

In a similar course, and with like success, have the various branches of the Motley family proceeded. The Patchmans, and the Stairings have all most rigo-

rously followed in the old system of eschewing all real novelties of any beauty and elegance, and insisting upon their own taste as the taste of the public; till at length the public, by the force of long habit has, in the mass, come to believe them, and adopted most of the new patterns — whether of gaudiness, dulness, heaviness, meanness, vulgarity, or confusion — which they have sent forth to the world. The Squabtons, with all their vast producing power in the shape of hardware articles of domestic use and necessity, have sedulously adhered to the family maxim of "stick to the old models" as long as possible, and by way of novelties "ring the changes" upon them only. Hence our dummy jugs, and mugs, and jars, and candlesticks, and vases, and other articles of the home produce. If you see among them any one shape of an elegance that instantly attracts the eye, you find it is double the price, even when of the same material, and not needing more labour in the workmanship than a dummy article — *provided* there has not been a resistance, or a wilful stupidity in opposition to any real improvement in taste — for this article is from a foreign model. Had it been actually a foreign article for which a duty had been paid, there would be some reason for the double price; but this is simply a copy and adoption, and the high price is therefore of no necessity, but simply in order to hold in check all taste for articles of similar elegance or grace. Mr. Squabton does not approve of them. He only admits them into his showrooms, because it looks well to have all sorts. But they do not please the habitual Squabton eye. He therefore assumes that they would not meet the public taste; or, if they did, the public ought not to be encouraged to buy such things — and shall not, as long as *he* can prevent it.

I have said that all manufacturers were not alike, and that there were honourable exceptions who looked on the existing state of things with very different eyes from those just mentioned. Though comparatively a young man — in fact a junior partner — I trust I may be allowed to include myself among the exceptions. I really do wish to see an improvement in the taste of all designs for the useful arts; and I believe the time is not far distant when manufacturers will more generally perceive the importance of encouraging such designs by all the means in their power. If nothing else will teach them, the results of the forthcoming Great Exposition will do so, as it will make them alive to their own interests by demonstrations of the most effectual kind. The public taste is likely to undergo a rapid revolution in many articles combining beauty of design with domestic utility, that's my opinion; and then where are the producers? and what will become of all the bales, and piles, and stacks of the perverse old stock?

I heard a great Manchester manufacturer lamenting, only a few days ago, the want of new and good designers in our own country. I told him I had been informed that there were two Schools of Design in London — a male school, and a female school — where the students continually produced first-rate designs. He said he had never been there, nor seen any of their designs, that he knew of; and again lamented the want of new patterns. Another, a great ribbon manufacturer of my acquaintance — in fact, he married my aunt — expends at least a thousand a year in getting foreign designs, and he has never once taken a design from any of these Schools. When I told him I had seen good things that came from them, he looked incredulous and vacant, and said that I was young in the business. Not a word about going to see them, or sending up for a few specimens. Another great manufacturer, with whom our firm often has large dealings, dined with us last week. He knew of these Schools, and showed us a beautiful design for a carpet which he had obtained from one of them, in which the colours were all finely harmonised. "It will sell very well," said he, "after I have altered it a little to my own taste." "Why, what will you do to it?" I inquired. "I must *vulgarise* it," said he, touching my elbow; "where they have put grey, I shall put scarlet; and where you see purple here, I shall put green and yellow, or such like." Another manufacturer, whose warehouse I was visiting only the other day, showed me a table cover of a most chaste and handsome design — a broad, rich, gothic border, with a dark centre quite plain, which of course made the deep border look all the richer. "This is very good," said he, "but we always like something catching in the centre. I shall have a good bunch of peony roses and tulips, or something of that sort, for the middle."

These rebuffs, however, added to the excellence of several designs I had seen, which had come both from the male and female schools, determined me to go to London forthwith and visit them. It is only justice to say that I did this with the full approval and, indeed, the wish, of my senior partners.

During the journey by rail, I thought very much about these Schools — and especially the Female School, as it seemed to me to include many questions of social interest, which one now so often sees discussed in periodicals, and even in newspapers. Many of these young persons, thought I, are, no doubt, of highly respectable families, well educated, and who once had very different expectations; though now, for the purpose of making designs, they are learning drawing, perhaps, to sell them — perhaps that they may become teachers — but in all cases to help some scanty income at home. Perhaps, also some of them are orphans. But the Government takes charge of them. As the manufacturers have

not yet learnt the importance of supporting these Schools, by employing some of the students, or making selections from their designs, a paternal Government has kindly and wisely taken charge of these industrious and praiseworthy young women.

I therefore determined to make my first visit to the Female School, and accordingly betook myself straight to Somerset House. I should premise that I have, myself, a good general knowledge of drawing, and though unfortunately, I have no original genius for designing patterns for my own business, I once had considerable practice in copying both from prints and casts — the "flat," and the "round," as artists call it.

Arrived at Somerset House, I was informed that the Female School of Design was no longer there. "Gone!" said I.

"Aye — removed to over the way."

I was staggered for a moment at this. I feared that a paternal Government had withdrawn the shadow of its fostering wings from those most needing protection.

"But is it not still," said I, "a Government Institution — is it not still under the protection —"

"Yes — yes — all right — over the way;" and the porter closed the door.

I breathed again; my fears for the poor girls were allayed, and I accordingly began to look up and down at the fronts of the houses over the way — that is, opposite to Somerset House. I thought I knew the "Strand" pretty well; but I could not recollect any house over the way of a kind, at all resembling the house of a Government Institution. Nor, strange to say, did looking up and down, at all help me. The more I looked, the less I could discover of any such house — or one likely to be it. In fact, I speedily came to the conviction that "over the way" meant a considerable way up or down the Strand, on the opposite side; and accordingly I crossed over, and began to walk along, staring up at every house I passed. No external signs assisted me in the least, and I arrived at the crossing leading to Holywell Street. I then turned back, and proceeded, staring up in the same way, till again I found myself at the crossing of Catherine Street. Being now fairly at fault, I went into a shop and inquired. They knew nothing about it. Then into another — and luckily they did seem to know of such a place, and informed me that "it was at one of the soap and sponge-shops" they didn't know which.

I was a little surprised at this, but attributed it to the ignorance of the speaker, and was glad at last to have got a clue. Thus directed, I singled out a shop of this kind, and on the left hand side of a door-way leading up a very narrow passage, I saw written up "Female Classes of the Government School of Design," rather small, on a convex board, and half slipping round a corner as if ashamed of itself. No wonder

I had not observed it in passing. If I had seen the board, I should have taken it for one of the cheap dentist and cuppers' boards.

Up this narrow passage I walked. It was scarcely four feet wide, and very dark. I admit that the day was extremely bad and foggy. At any rate, it was so dark, and with so little indication of an entrance to a "School," — unless, indeed, to some poor "Evening School" in the country, or a "Ragged School" in London, that I walked right out at the other end, and found myself in a strange-looking court, which proved to be the entrance to a soap-manufactory. Here I was again obliged to inquire, and was directed back again into the narrow passage; and here I came to a perfectly dark side-door, which I had passed on my way, and now by straining my eyes, I contrived to read the word "School;" for the rest, if anything, I positively could not distinguish; and I will defy you, reader, to see much clearer, even after all the directions I have given, if you go on any day at all foggy or dusky, many of which I believe you Londoners are quite accustomed to. "Queer place enough," thought I, "for a paternal Government to establish a number of young ladies in." The knocker refusing to move, I fumbled out a bell-handle — pulled — and was admitted.

Having made known to Mrs. Mc Ian — the lady superintending the school — that I was a manufacturer, and a partner in an influential firm, I received a polite attention, and was conducted into the largest of the rooms appropriated to the students.

This room was the first-floor front, exactly over the shop below. It could not have been above eleven or twelve feet high. I do not know how many students were there; but the room was full to crowding. They were packed close together on forms, just like children at a Sunday School, in our manufacturing towns. The elbows, and, in some cases, the shoulders of one student touching those of her next door neighbours, on each side. The drawing desks, or stands, with the forms, were arranged in rows across the room, and so closely that to pass along between was not possible without frequently scraping one's self against the desk behind, or causing the student in front to bend and pack herself forward against her own drawing-board. This was the junior class. They were copying from the "flat" and the "round," (prints or drawings, and bas-reliefs); but, though it was only two o'clock, the light was so bad, owing to the fog, and the dusty, uncleaned windows, that to distinguish anything accurately was out of the question. I asked a student why they did not have drawing-lamps, but was informed that none were allowed. By bending down, with a close scrutiny, to the drawings of two or three of those nearest the

windows, I could see that they were very well done; and the copies of several of the casts of scroll-work, flowers, and fruit, in high relief, were excellent. In the imperfect light, the drawings really looked almost as tangible and round as the casts themselves. Some drew in chalk, and some painted in oil, some in water-colour; but the majority painted in what is called *tempera*, or body colour, and of the same kind in which Cartoons are painted. Though the fire was small, the room was very hot and close, and there was no sort of provision for ventilation.

In the back room, on the second floor, which was much smaller, there was similar crowding, and with greater injury, as the higher class of students were here; and these, frequently having large designs, were continually in each other's way. For a young lady to have a blow on the cheek, or the side of her head, from the corner of a wooden-frame — an easel to be upset — a cast knocked down — a freshly-painted design smeared across, or a hole knocked in a canvas, were things of almost every-day occurrence. One of these rents in a design for a carpet, and half finished, I myself saw. The hole was so large I could have crept through it; and on this very day of my visit, a valuable porcelain vase has been knocked down and broken, sheerly from the impossibility of any one being able to move without jostling somebody or something. Here also, the room was very hot and close — nothing in the shape of ventilation.

Impossible as it was, from the state of the atmosphere, added to the extreme dirtiness of the windows, all crusted over, as they were, with London dust and smuts, to judge well of colours, in themselves, I could yet see that the best had been selected, and the best harmonies employed. I here saw designs for table-covers, chintz, ladies' muslin, or other figured dresses, groups of flowers, fruit, carpets, paper-hangings, models in clay and wax, &c. The designs were handsome, beautiful, chaste, and original, and would do any English manufacturer's heart good to see them, if he only had the good sense to set a just value on the advantage of finding such things close to hand in his own country.

The two attics above are arranged in the same way as the rooms on the second floor, the senior students being packed in the little back room, while the junior are in the larger room in front. These rooms are only eight feet high. In the front attic there are twenty students. The oppressive atmosphere was scarcely endurable on first entering. No ventilation whatever had been provided. It reminded me of what we read of the "sweating system" among the poor journeymen tailors.

The principal designs in the attics were similar to those below, viz., for carpets, rugs, skreens,

ladies' dresses, table covers, lace handkerchiefs, ribbons, shawls, &c., and I am quite sure, from the excellence displayed in many of them, that the instructions and assiduity of Mrs. M'Ian must be of the highest order. The day being so very dark, I took my leave, proposing to make another visit when the light should be favourable.

This School has now been established eight years, and comprises seventy students. Considering that the majority of them on first entering the School could not draw at all, and had to be instructed in the first rudiments, the progress displayed by so many confers the greatest credit upon their instructor. The merits of this institution ought to be much better known than they are, and the example should be followed in the provinces. It is surprising how few such Schools exist in England, or in any other country. There has been one only in Paris during these many years (I mean, a Female School) but this is not properly a School of Design, and is simply a drawing-school, where they chiefly copy prints, and seldom draw from the "round." A similar school, however, to the present, has been established by a lady in Philadelphia, who wrote to Mrs. M'Ian for information as to the methods and general routine adopted. Besides the advantages of such a school to the manufacturer, it is evidently an excellent thing to society to provide such a means for rendering young women able to obtain an honourable independence, and it also supersedes the necessity for engaging male teachers of drawing in ladies' schools, which has often been found very objectionable, if not injurious.

A bright sunny morning happening to favour the Metropolis a day or two after, I renewed my visit to the Government School, over the sponge and soap shop. I made no doubt but I should now see all the drawings and designs to the greatest advantage, at least, so far as light was concerned. The fostering shop — itself a very good one, and perfectly respectable, though a strange place for a Government Institute — looked bright and well-to-do, and the side passage was several shades less dark, though still very gloomy, and exactly like the entrance to a wine merchant's office and cellarage.

In my anticipations I was not deceived. Though there was no room to see any large designs to advantage — the eye being within a foot or two of the specimens, and to step back a pace or two from them being impossible in the room of the senior students — the grace and variety of the designs, and the beauty of the colouring, were on this occasion very apparent. But how was it that the two front rooms — the largest by far — had been appropriated to the beginners and junior classes, while the senior students were thus packed in pens and cribs — back second-floors of only nine-

and-a-half feet high, and back attics of only eight feet high by eleven feet in width? The elucidation of this, I regret to say, does not place the wisdom and care of a paternal Government in the highest light, even so far as a knowledge of drawing is concerned.

When there happens to be a bright morning, the very strength of the light in the larger rooms, renders them the more unsuitable for students in drawing — the windows being precisely in the wrong aspect. When the sun shines in these front rooms, the shadow from one student's head darkens fitfully, or in moving shades, the drawing-board of the student next on the other side — and so on, all down the rows across the room. The process of making a copy from a cast, or other model, throwing its own variable shadow, is also rendered most painful and perplexing to a young student, — because a drawing that is correct in light and shade at one period, becomes incorrect in the next quarter of an hour — the cast or model, in the advance of the light, having undergone a corresponding change in its shadows. Hence, all young students who are copying intricate and difficult reliefs, continually find themselves hopelessly thrown out, and reduced to despair.

Now, this is very surprising — inexplicable to any plain man like myself. For are there not two or three Royal Academicians connected with the Board of Trade, and do they never remonstrate with the honourable and learned Board? Moreover, there is a lady, as Directress of the School, who is an accomplished artist. Why does not Mrs. M'Ian complain loudly of all this to the Board of Trade, or to somebody high in office? Is Mrs. M'Ian afraid a paternal Government will "bite her head off," if she dares to open her mouth?

The fires in the rooms are all kept low, yet to-day being a bright day, the heat and oppressiveness of the atmosphere is scarcely to be endured. In the back pens, where the senior students are packed together, the air is half suffocating — and see! there is poor Miss *** carried out fainting. This, the students inform me, is not at all an uncommon occurrence. The chimney, too, is smoking! This, they tell me is also common, and invariable whenever coals are put on; so that they are either obliged to open a window, and risk a bad cold after being in a vapour bath, or else sit in the midst of the cloud to the injury of their eyes, their breathing, and often to the destruction of any delicate tints they are laying in upon their painting. Many of them suffer headache, pains across the eyes, in the throat, sickness and dizziness. One student told me she never was free from headache during the whole six hours she was daily at work. They would account a ventilator as a great blessing, so much do they need a

breath of fresh air. Surely a paternal Government might spare (out of a Surplus) two-and-sixpence, to set a whirligig ventilator to spin a little vital air through a hole in the wall at the top of each of these rooms, where industrious young women are seeking to acquire the means of assisting their families, and of gaining an honourable and useful independence for themselves in future life.

This Female School of Design which had originally been established in Somerset House, was removed from those quarters by a petition, which set forth the want of adequate room.

"Very well;" said the courteous Board of Trade, "Oh, certainly! We 'll attend to your wish."

The School was accordingly removed to "over the way!" This looks very like saying inwardly, "I 'll give you enough of petitioning for a move."

Without doubt the students are right in saying that the old room in Somerset House was far better. It was large — though not large enough — and they had a proper aspect as to the light. These present rooms are said to be only temporary; but as "temporary" so often means, with the Government, a very long and a very indefinite period, it has been suggested that the School should be moved back to Somerset House meanwhile. But the distressed Board of Trade says there 's no room there, now. They can't find four or five spare rooms in *all* Somerset House—the great building is so full! How very much I should like to see a statement of how all the innumerable rooms in this great quadrangle of great houses are filled. I wonder whether anybody lives there!

Can nobody suggest to the Board of Trade, some place with a proper light, where there is at least one good large room for these female students? The importance of a large room, besides the advantage of light and air, is very great. A number of students can stand round and see the instructor paint, or give a special lesson to a pupil, from which others may equally benefit. Besides this, there is a great advantage in students seeing each other work; they learn from each other, and it also excites emulation. Can no such room be found in all this vast metropolis, where so many splendid public and private edifices and buildings exist? If Mr. Labouchere would but intercede in a high quarter, so that this most praiseworthy School of Design might be located in one of the light, airy, and beautiful stables now building for the Prince of Wales, that would be just the thing, both in itself, and in the quiet refinement of its locality.

But, as for the present rooms, I need not state — as the fact must be obvious to all — that if a paternal Government had studied to select one of the worst possible places for such a school, they could not have more completely succeeded. In points of

art, and as a place of study, I have described what it is, without exaggeration; and as to the suitability of its locality for respectable young females, I may also venture to state — with no power to use any exaggeration that can surpass the fact — that it is in the close vicinity of several gin-shops, pawn-shops, old rag and rascality shops, in some of the worst courts and alleys of London, and in a direct line with two narrow streets, which, as disgraces, cannot be surpassed by the worst quarter of any metropolis in the world.

I leave London to-night by the express train, and shall present myself before my partners to-morrow morning in the warehouse, with uplifted hands and eyes; but I 'm quite sure our firm will speedily avail itself of some of the designs of those industrious young ladies.

DARLING DOREL.

Dorothea Sibylla, Duchess of Brieg, was born at Cöln, on the River Spree, in Prussia, on the 19th of October, 1590. She was the daughter of Elizabeth of Anhalt, and of John George, Margrave and Elector of Brandenburg, of the old princely Ascanian race. At the death of her husband in 1598, the widowed margravine retired to Crossen to superintend her daughter's education. In due time suitors were not wanting for the hand of young Dorothea Sibylla: among others, the King of Denmark; but he sued in vain. Dorothea at length fixed her affections on John Christian, Duke of Liegnitz and Brieg, who enjoyed a great reputation for virtue, ability, and integrity. To him after a short courtship, Dorothea was married on the 12th of December, 1610, at Crossen; and reached Brieg — the small capital of her future dominions — on the first of January in the following year.

Such is the dry sum of a charming Court biography, which first appeared in a periodical published in 1829, in Silesia, and which has been twice republished in a separate form — once (in 1838) at Brieg, under the title of "Passages from the Life of Dorothea Sybylla, Duchess of Liegnitz and Brieg." It purports to consist of extracts from the journal of a certain tanner and furrier of Brieg, named Valentinus Gierth, an occasional guest at the ducal castle, and ardent admirer of the duchess. As a simple, and — if internal evidence be worth anything — truthful picture of German Court life during the early part of the seventeenth century, it is not to be gainsaid; although suspicions of its authenticity have been cast upon it, similar to those which damaged the charms of the "Diary of Lady Willoughby," by eventually proving it to be a fiction.

Dorothea is described as a pattern of goodness, common sense, virtue, and piety. In domestic management, she was pre-eminent. For her own immediate

attendance she appointed fourteen maids of honour; and the first families of the land looked upon it as an inestimable privilege to place their daughters at the ducal Court; which was a high school of all noble virtues and accomplishments, "whereof the duchess herself was the chief teacher and most perfect model."

Nothing could be more primitive than the duchess's intercourse with the townspeople. Occasionally she walked in the streets of Brieg, accompanied by her maids of honour, and chatted with such of the townspeople as were sitting on the benches outside their doors. The little children looked forward with the greatest delight to these town walks of the duchess; for, the ladies-in-waiting invariably carried about with them in their pockets all sorts of sweetmeats, which the duchess distributed among the little claimants. For this reason, the little children stood peeping round the corners of the streets, when it got wind that the duchess was about to walk out; more especially when it was surmised that the duke would not be with her. So soon, therefore, as Dorothea Sibylla left the castle gate, the little urchins would run through the town like wildfire, crying out, "The darling Dorel is coming! The darling Dorel is coming!"

The manner in which this endearing designation first came to her ears is related with affecting simplicity. "It happened," says Master Gierth, with true German particularity, "on the 10th of September (old style) in the year of our Lord 1613;" that being the Feast of St. Sibylla — one of the duchess's name-saints — and also the second birthday of her son George. There was a great feast at the castle; to which the townsfolks and the children of the High and Guild Schools were invited.

"From the terrace," quoth the chronicler, "the whole procession moved along a wide smooth walk before the orangery; where the quality as well as the children, were richly treated with strong spiced wine, orange water, and confectionary. Her ladyship did likewise lay certain presents before the young lord her son; she did likewise examine the children's school-books and the master's report, wherein the conduct of the children was noted, and did put apposite questions to them touching their Christian belief, and the like; and on receiving right proper answers, her face did shine like an angel's.

"One little maiden, however, which was weak and ignorant, was not able to answer the questions aright; whereupon her ladyship did ask.

"'My child, what is your name?' Whereunto she did answer, 'Anna Pohlin!'

"'Well,' asked her ladyship, 'and what is my name?'

"Straightway the little maiden did answer, 'Darling Dorel!'

"Hereupon Master Valentinus Gierth was somewhat affrighted,

but did quickly recover himself, and stepping up to her ladyship did say:

"'Most gracious lady! I trust your ladyship will pardon these words, and not take them amiss; inasmuch, as it is true that the women of this town, as well as of the neighbouring villages, when they do speak of your ladyship, do commonly call your ladyship the Darling Dorel.'

"Then did the duchess fold her hands, and raising them to heaven, did say:

"'God be praised for such a precious title; the which, as long as I am in my senses, I would not exchange against 'Your Majesty!'

"The duke did thereupon embrace her ladyship, saying,

"'Away with the title 'princely consort;' I will ever henceforth call thee by none other save 'Darling Dorel!'"

We by no means intend to follow the good Tanner through his minute records; but merely write thus much as necessary preface to a quaint little love story. Premising that the duchess had sent, after her usual fashion, a marriage present to a certain lady, by two of her maids of honour, (by name Agnes and Mary) we shall transfer the narrative to our pages in Master Gierth's own manner.

After the presentation of the gifts, and when the marriage ceremony was concluded, the two maids of honour were preparing to return to Brieg, when the bride's father stopped them, saying:

"'How? Shall I suffer two such angels of joy to depart, without tasting of my food and my drink? Nay, noble damsels, ye must abide here awhile beyond the marriage festivities, and be of good cheer! I will immediately despatch a trusty messenger on horse to her most gracious ladyship, the duchess, and obtain leave for your sojourn here.'

"The two damsels did therefore abide there the space of three days, and became acquainted with two gallants of the place; with whom they did exchange love-tokens and rings. But when the two damsels returned to Brieg to render an account of their mission, the duchess did note the rings on the fingers of the two damsels, and questioned them how they came thereby. So soon, therefore, as the two damsels did confess the truth, their mistress, half jestingly, and half in earnest, said unto them:

"'How now, ye gad-abouts! ye have scarce chipped the egg-shell, and have, as yet, no means to make the pot boil, seeing that ye are poor orphans and under age; and ye yet dare to listen to the nonsense of strange gallants, unbeknown to your foster mother! Tell me, foolish young things, ought I not to take the rod to you? Take off the rings from your fingers and give them to me. I will send them back; seeing that the betrothal is null and void, and mere child's play?'

"The young damsels did then obey her ladyship, but wept apace

the while. This caused her ladyship to have compassion upon them, and she did minister comfort to them thus.

"'Ah! beloved daughters! ye shed bitter, hot tears that ye do not already wear the church [the German head-dress of married women]. But if ye did but know the heaviness of being wedded wives, even when the cares are lightest, ye would rejoice! Meanwhile, the matter hath been carried on against all Christian order. I have allways heard that the lover first maketh his suit known to the parents or the guardians, and that then the betrothal taketh place. Your suitors must needs be in great haste. Why stand they in such great necessity of pushing their suit?'

"Hereupon the damsel Agnes plucked up an heart, and said quickly,

"'Most gracious lady! the gentlemen did come with us; and have already the consent of their own parents to make their suit if they be but encouraged by a sign of approval.'

"'Ah! Heaven have mercy!' cried the duchess, joining her hands. 'Have ye, scapegraces indeed, brought your gallants hither? I dare not inquire further. May be ye have hidden them in your chambers? Meggy, (the duchess's nurse,) beg his lordship to come hither; I must talk the matter over with him.'

"After the duke had come and straightways asked the names of the gallants; and when the damsels had informed his grace thereof, his lordship did turn unto his consort, saying:

"'Listen, Darling Dorel: the parents, on both sides, are most worthy persons, and of unblemished birth. I advise that thou shouldst give thy consent thereunto! Remember, dearest, that we twain were of one mind long before I made known my suit unto thy mother.'

"Whereupon her ladyship did strike her lord upon the mouth with her kerchief, and said,

"'Well! — well! — but we must first look at these youths, and learn what they are like. Tell us now, young damsels, where are your lovers hidden, and what is the signal ye have agreed upon?'

"Agnes did immediately tell her ladyship that the gallants were housed at the Golden Pitcher; and, whereas the Lion's Tower, in the palace, could thence be plainly discerned, they had agreed to tie a white kerchief round the neck of one of the lions as a signal that there was hope for them! The gallants had agreed to abide at the hostel the space of eight days. Should the matter, however, turn out ill, the kerchief displayed was to be black.

"'Well done,' said the duchess to her husband; 'they wish to take two fortresses at once; and would have the white flag wave, without firing a shot, and without attempting a storm.'

"Hereupon the Duke Christian did take the hand of his beloved

wife, and spoke, somewhat in an under tone:

"'Darling wife! — was not the green branch so often stuck in your window at Crossen; also a white flag? Moreover, thou knowest little of a siege; preparations for storming a citadel are not made during the daylight; but secretly, in the night season, in order that the garrison perceive them not. Shots may already have been fired. Tell me, young girls, have ye already kissed the gallants? Mary, do you speak; ye have not yet opened your mouth: make a clean breast.'

"'Ah! most gracious liege,' answered Mary, 'the gentlemen have, indeed, squeezed our hands in secret, while we sat at table; and during the marriage dance, and at sundry other dances, we kissed each other — seeing that others did the like. But we could not be alone with them at any other time; for the bride's mother was always about us, and we lay in her room. Neither, on the way home, had we much liberty; seeing that the old secretary, whom her ladyship did send with us, did observe us most narrowly. But, when the old man did look out of the window of the carriage, then did the gallants look tenderly upon us, and did kiss their hands to us.'

"'There now,' said his lordship, turning to his wife, 'you see that the siege was conducted with vigour. The squeezing of hands was the parley; the kisses the cannon-balls, sent so freely; and the tender looks the shells. Depend upon it the storm cannot long be delayed. Listen, darling wife, my heart melts when I bethink me that we also, in our youth, could not brook a long delay."

"'Let the drums beat the chamade [parley], and let us show our colours!' said the duchess; while she threw her arms round her husband's neck, and stopped his mouth with a kiss. The duke did then ask her, jestingly, 'But which flag shall it be?'

"Hereupon the two young damsels did cry aloud, as with one voice:

"'The white! — most gracious liege! — the white!'

"The duchess could not choose but laugh heartily, and his lordship did immediately order a servant to mount the tower, and to tie a white kerchief round one of the lion's necks. His lordship did then sing an old song the children are wont to sing on May-day:

"'A stately house my lord doth keep;
Two maidens from the windows peep;
A kerchief white the one doth wave
Because they fain would husbands have.' —

and did then depart to put on better apparel, wherein to await the coming of the wooers. He did also command that all the court ladies and the courtiers should be present at the wooing. Meanwhile, 'Darling Dorel' did ask the damsels where they had gotten the rings which they had presented to their gallants in return for theirs? Thereupon Agnes did reply unto her ladyship:

"'Most gracious lady! we are but poor orphans, and possess nought save poor little gold rings belonging to our departed mothers, and these we could not bear to part with. We have therefore promised to buy rings with our savings, and deliver them to our gallants on some fitting opportunity.'

"'In this case,' said her ladyship, 'ye are but half betrothed, and there is yet time to think twice of the matter;' nevertheless, her ladyship did praise the young damsels, inasmuch as they did not part lightly and rashly with their mothers' trinkets. She advised them, moreover, to tarry; as they or their gallants, might change their minds.

"This speech did much alarm the damsels, who did then believe the whole matter to be postponed; and they did forthwith begin to weep, and to beseech her ladyship, not for this account, to cause their lovers to alter their mind, seeing that they, the damsels, were poor and were not likely soon to get other suitors.

"The duchess did then say unto them: — 'The misfortune would not be so great! I would find husbands for you soon enough.' Hereupon, she turned to old Meggy and said,

"'Ah! most worthy nurse, what a life does a wretched princess lead! Had I but married an honest burgher, then should I have had nothing but my household duties and my children to attend to; I could have gone quietly to bed, slept without care, and waked with pleasure; but in my position everything is otherwise. Alack, when my other damsels come hither, and learn that these silly girls are already betrothed, they will all run mad, and I shall have to send them to all the marriage feasts throughout the duchy to pick up husbands.'

"Hereupon, she sent the nurse Meggy for her jewel box, opened it, and gave to each of the two damsels a handsome ring, the which they might present to their lovers, and thus return their pledge; but under this condition, that they were not to deliver their rings until the duchess gave them a sign thereunto with her kerchief.

"While all this was going on, the duke on his part had entered the duchess's apartment, accompanied by the chamberlain, all the gentlemen of his court, and the maids of honour. The lovers, meanwhile, were on the look out, and were not aware that matters had gone to such a length touching their love affairs. They had joyfully obeyed the white signal, and stood near unto the gates of the castle waiting for some opportunity of seeing their betrothed. The duke perceived this, and hereupon opened the window and called unto the soldiers on guard, 'Arrest me those two fellows and conduct them to the guard-house, until further orders!'

"Hereupon the damsels, Agnes and Mary, were exceedingly afraid. The duke, however, did

comfort them with the following words:

"'This is on your account; hasten and put on proper attire; ye still have got on your old clothes, and must adorn yourselves.'

"The damsels ran gleefully and quickly into their rooms; whither the duchess sent after them two other damsels to aid them in plaiting their hair. They soon returned; and each of the damsels about to be betrothed had put on the bridal wreath belonging to her mother.

"The duke now ordered the lovers to be summoned from the guard-house. They were sore abashed when they entered the room; especially when his gracious lordship addressed the following questions to them:

"'What are your names? Have you passports? and what is your will?'

"The young men twirled their caps in their hands; stared first at their loves, and then at their gracious lieges; but could not utter a word, and stood looking very sheepish.

"'Ah!' said his lordship, 'never in my life did I meet with two such dumb fellows. My dominions will soon touch those of Oppeln, and you serve excellent well as landmarks! — can neither of ye say 'yea or nay?' Answer me straight! — Have ye got the consent of your parents to propose for those two chits; and are ye ready to affirm the same on your word of honour, as gentlemen?'

"Then did the young men recover their speech, and they both answered, 'Yea.'

"'Well,' said the duke, 'I will now believe ye, and keep you at my court some few days; but as ye may be rogues and vagabonds for all that I know, I will therefore send a messenger on horseback to your parents to get further intelligence, and ye must have patience the while.'

"Hereupon the damsel, Mary, turned to the duchess, and said to her with great simplicity,

"'Most gracious lady, the gentlemen have spoken truth! Their parents have given them permission to woo us. We have concealed nothing from them, but confessed in the presence of the old lady Wentzkin, that we were poor orphan girls, and have no dower. But the mothers of our two lovers said that all was well; if only we brought a blessing from Darling Dorel, they should value it more than an earldom! This Agnes and I can affirm on oath.'

"On hearing this, the duchess folded her hands in prayer, looked towards heaven with tears in her eyes, and still praying, and gave the signal with her kerchief. Immediately the damsels placed the rings on the fingers of their lovers, knelt down before the duchess, and besought her blessing. The duchess laid her hands upon the heads of the young girls and said,

"'God alone, who is in heaven, knows whether this will prove a blessing or a curse; but, if God

hear the prayer of a weak woman, it will prove a blessing! Bethink ye of your deceased parents; and may their blessing evermore accompany ye! And therefore, let us most fervently utter the Lord's Prayer.'

"Hereupon all present fell upon their knees, and prayed in a low voice; but her most gracious ladyship did say the Lord's Prayer aloud.

"After the prayer was finished, the duchess made a sign to the chief lady about the court, who did thereupon bring, on a silver salver, two half wreaths, which were twined in the hair of the two damsels, Agnes and Mary, after they had taken off their own wreaths; for it was the custom, in Brieg, for betrothed maidens to wear only half wreaths until their wedding-day, when they wore whole ones. The chamberlain did hereupon display from the window a red flag; upon which signal the ducal band did strike up a merry tune with trumpets and kettle-drums from the castle tower; whereupon a crowd gathered in the town to know the cause of such rejoicing at the palace.

"So soon, therefore, as the betrothed couples had duly thanked his grace and the duchess by kissing the hems of their garments, her gracious ladyship did announce to the betrothed damsels, that they should tarry with her for the space of one year, in order more fully to learn their household duties, and to strengthen them in the practice of the Christian virtues; seeing that they were still, as the duchess said, as ignorant as callow geese! Moreover, their clothes and furniture had to be provided, and the like. But to the gentlemen, she said:

"'Mind, gentlemen, ye must also make the best of it! Ye are scarce out of leading-strings, and must go through some sort of ordeal. I would advise you to travel, if so be your parents can afford it.'

"'By all means,' added the duke; 'my Darling Dorel is perfectly right: you must travel; and, if ye know not whither, go to Jericho, and get ye some beards to your faces.'

"As it was yet early in the day, his gracious lordship did order dinner to be prepared; to which, besides the Town Council, and their wives and children, Master Valentinus Gierth and his wife Susanna, were invited.

"His gracious lordship was exceeding merry, and the duchess was most kind in her manner; nevertheless, the guests did not fail to mark that her gracious ladyship did oftentimes look towards the new brides, and that big tears did sometimes roll down her cheek the while."

THE COCOA-NUT PALM.

To a town-bred Englishman, the sight of the *cocus nucifera* growing in its native luxuriance, would suggest little more than untidy orange shops, in which the

nut is dealt out to retailers; apple-stalls upon which the kernel is displayed, to tempt amateurs, at a penny a slice; coir-matting woven from the fibre of the shell, and patent candles made from the oil expressed from the nut. He might also, possibly, suppose that to be the same tree he is indebted to for an excellent breakfast beverage: but in that he would be mistaken; for the cocoa, of which chocolate is manufactured, is the seed of the *Theobroma cacao*.

To a native of Ceylon, the cocoa-nut palm calls up a far wider range of ideas; it associates itself with nearly every want and convenience of his life. It might tempt him to assert that if he were placed upon the earth with nothing else whatever to minister to his necessities than the cocoa-nut tree, he could pass his existence in happiness and content.

When the Cingalese villager has felled one of these trees after it has ceased bearing (say in its seventieth year) with its trunk he builds his hut, and his bullock-stall, which he thatches with its leaves. His bolts and bars are slips of the bark; by which he also suspends the small shelf which holds his stock of home-made utensils and vessels. He fences his little plot of chillies, tobacco, and fine grain, with the leaf-stalks. The infant is swung to sleep in a rude net of coir-string made from the husk of the fruit; its meal of rice and scraped cocoa-nut is boiled over a fire of cocoa-nut shells and husks, and is eaten off a dish formed of the plaited green leaves of the tree, with a spoon cut out of the nut-shell. When he goes a-fishing by torch-light his net is of cocoa-nut fibre; the torch, or *chule*, is a bundle of dried cocoa-nut leaves and flower-stalks: the little canoe is a trunk of the cocoa palm-tree, hollowed by his own hands. He carries home his net and his string of fish on a yoke, or *pingo*, formed of a cocoa-nut stalk. When he is thirsty, he drinks of the fresh juice of the young nut; when he is hungry, he eats its soft kernel. If he has a mind to be merry, he sips a glass of arrack, distilled from the fermented juice of the palm, and dances to the music of rude cocoa-nut castanets; if he be weary, he quaffs "toddy," or the unfermented juice, and he flavours his curry with vinegar made from this toddy. Should he be sick, his body will be rubbed with cocoa-nut oil; he sweetens his coffee with *jaggery*, or cocoa-nut sugar, and softens it with cocoa-nut milk; it is sipped by the light of a lamp, constructed from a cocoa-nut shell, and fed by cocoa-nut oil. His doors, his windows, his shelves, his chairs, the water-gutter under the eaves, all are made from the wood of the tree. His spoons, his forks, his basins, his mugs, his salt-cellars, his jars, his child's money-box, are all constructed from the shell of the nut. Over his couch when born, and over his grave when buried, a bunch of cocoa-nut

blossoms is hung, to charm away evil spirits.

This palm is assiduously cultivated in Ceylon, in *topes*, or gardens; and it was long believed that the rude native system of culture was the best; but experience has shown the fallacy of this opinion. Hence, the Cingalese continue to find the manual labour, but the Englishman provides skill and implements.

There is a good road to within a couple of miles of the plantation I am about to describe; so that the visitor has little difficulty in performing this much of the journey. The remaining two miles lie through a sandy tract of very flat and rather uninteresting country. Here and there, amidst a maze of paddy fields, areca-nut topes, and patches of low thorny jungle, are dotted little white-walled huts. They are much cleaner than any such near the towns of Ceylon; attached to each is a small slip of ground, rudely fenced, and half-cultivated, with a few sweet potatoes, some chillies, and a little tobacco and fine grain. It was midday when I started, on foot, to this estate. The sun was blazing above in unclouded glory. Under the shade of a bread-fruit tree the owner of the first hut I got to, was dozing and chewing betel-nut, evidently tasting, in anticipation, the bliss of Buddha's paradise. The wife was pounding up something for curry; the children were by her side — the boys smoking tiny cheroots, the girls twisting mats. It was fortunate for me that the sandy path was overshadowed by jungle-trees, or my progress would have been impossible. Not a breath of air was stirring amidst that dense mass of vegetation; not a twig or a leaf could be persuaded to move; the long paddy (young rice) stalks glittered and sparkled in their watery resting-places, as though they were made of the purest burnished silver. The buffaloes had taken to their noon-day watering-places. The birds were evidently done up, and were nowhere to be seen; the beetles crawled feebly over the cooler shrubs, but they could not get up a single hum or a buzz amongst them all; even the busy little ants perspired, and dropped their lilliputian loads. Well, the dry ditch and thorny fence that form the boundary and protection of the estate were at last reached, and the little gate and watch-hut were passed. The watcher, or *sascoryn*, was a Malsy, moustachioed and fierce; for the natives of the country can rarely be depended on as protectors of property against their fellow-villagers. A narrow belt of jungle, trees, and shrubs had been left quite round the plantation, to assist in keeping out cattle and wild animals, which are frequently very destructive to a young cocoa-nut estate, in spite of armed watchers, ditches, and fences. Passing through this belt, I found on entering an entirely new scene: before and around me waved, gracefully, the long shining leaves

of three hundred acres of cocoa-nut palms, each acre containing, on an average, eighty trees. It was, indeed, a beautiful and interesting sight. Two-thirds of these trees were yielding ample crops, though only in their ninth year; in two years more they will, generally, be in full bearing. Unlike the rudely planted native garden, this estate had been most carefully laid down; the young plants had all been placed out at regular intervals and in perfectly straight lines, so that, looking over the estate in either direction, the long avenues presented one unbroken figure, at once pleasing to the eye, and easy of access. But, if these interminable masses of palms appeared a lovely picture, when regarded at some little distance, how much was their beauty heightened on a nearer inspection! Walking close under the shadow of their long and ribbon-like leaves, I could see how thickly they were studded with golden-green fruit, in every stage of growth. The sight was absolutely marvellous: were such trees, so laden, painted by an artist, his production would, in all probability, be pronounced unnatural. They appeared more like some fairy creations, got up for my especial amusement; resembling nearly those gorgeous trees which, in my youth, I delighted to read about in the "Arabian Nights," growing in subterranean gardens, and yielding precious stones. They hung in grape-like clusters around the crest of the tree; the large golden ripe nuts below, smaller and greener fruit just above them, followed by scores of others in all stages, from the blossom-seed to the half-grown; it was impossible to catch a glimpse of the stem, so thickly did the fruit hang on all sides. I made an attempt to count them:—"thirty—fifty—eighty—one hundred"—I could go no further; those little fellows near the top, peeping up like so many tiny dolls' heads, defied my most careful numerations; but, I feel confident, there must have been quite two hundred nuts on that one palm. Above the clusters of rich fruit were two feather-like flowers, white as snow, and smooth and glossy as polished marble; they had just burst from their sheaths; and a more delicate, lovely picture could scarcely be imagined.

A cocoa-nut tree in a native Cingalese *tope*, will sometimes yield fifty nuts in twelve months; but the average of them seldom give more than twenty-five in the year. It is, therefore, very evident that European skill may be employed beneficially on this cultivation, as well as on any other.

I was at first rather startled at perceiving a tall, half-naked Cingalese away in the distance, with a gun at least half as long again as himself, long black hair over his shoulders, and bunches of something hanging at his girdle. He was watching some game amongst the trees; at last he fired, ran, picked up something, and stuck it

in his girdle. What could it be? Parrot, pigeon, or jungle-fowl? It was only a poor little squirrel; and there were at least two scores of these pretty creatures hanging at the waist of the mighty hunter! Fortunately I could speak the native language, and was not long in learning the cause of this slaughter. It appeared that in addition to their pretty bushy tails, glossy coats, and playful gambols, the squirrels have very sharp and active teeth, and an uncommon relish for the sweet tender buds of the cocoa-nut flower, which they nip off and destroy by scores, and of course lessen by so much the future crop of fruit. Handsful of the buds, lay half-eaten around each tree, and I no longer felt astonished at this species of sporting.

The ground had evidently been well cleared from jungle plants, not one of which was to be seen in all this tract: a stout and healthy-looking grass was springing up along the avenues; whilst, at certain intervals, patches of Indian corn, sweet potatoes, guinea-grass, and other products — intended for cattle-fodder during dry weather when the wild grasses fail — gave tints of varied luxuriance to the scene.

The ground at this part of the estate sloped a little, and I came to an open space, somewhat marshy in appearance. A number of cattle, young and old, were browsing about on the long grass, or sipping a draught from the clear stream which ran through the low ground. They were confined within a rude but stout fence, and on one side was a range of low sheds for their shelter. The cattle appeared in good condition; they were purchased, when very young, from the drovers who bring them in hundreds from the Malabar Coast; and many were then fit for the cart, the carriage, or the knife. At the end was a manure shed, and outside stood a keeper's hut, with a store attached, in which were piled up dried guinea-grass, maize, &c.

The manure-pit was deep and large, and in *it* lay the true secret of the magical productiveness of the trees I had just seen. Good seed planted in light free soil, well cleared and drained, will produce a fine healthy tree in a few years; and, if to this be added occasional supplies of manure and a few waterings during the dry season, an abundant yield of fruit will most assuredly reward the toil and outlay of the cocoa-nut cultivator.

Leaving this spot, I strolled through the next field, to see what a number of little boys were so busy about. There were a dozen black urchins, running about from tree to tree; sometimes they stopped, clambered up, and appeared to have very particular business to transact at the stems of the leaves; but oftener they passed on contented with a mere glance upwards at the fruit. They had a sharp-pointed instrument in the hand: whilst at the wrist of each was hung a cocoa-nut shell. I paused to see what one of these children was searching for, half hid as the little

fellow was amongst the gigantic leaves. Intently scrutinising his motions, I observed that he forced the little sharp instrument into the very body of the tree: down it went to the inmost core of the giant stem: all his strength was employed; he strained and struggled amongst the huge leaves, as though he were engaged in deadly strife with some terrible boa or chutah. At last he secured his antagonist, and descended with something alive, small and black, and impaled on the barbed point of his little weapon. A few questions elicited the whole secret. The cocoa-nut tree, it seems, has many enemies besides squirrels: the elephant, the wild hog, the rat, the white ant, the porcupine, the monkey, and a large white worm, either attack it when young, or rob it of its fruit when mature. But the most numerous and persevering enemy which it has to encounter from the age of three years until long after it produces fruit, is the *cooroominya*, or cocoa-nut beetle; a black hard-coated creature, with beautiful wings, and a most powerful little tusk, which it employs with fatal activity to open a way into the trunks of the palms. Its labours commence in the evening, and by early morning it will be buried half-a-dozen inches deep, in the very centre of the tree; where, if not detected and removed, it feeds on the soft pithy fibres, deposits its eggs, and does not depart in less than two or three days. These holes are always made in the softest and sweetest part of the tree, near the crown; and, in young plants, they prove seriously hurtful; checking the growth, and impairing the health of the future tree. In a morning's walk an active lad will frequently secure as many as a score of these *cooroominyas;* which after being killed, are strung up on lilliputian gibbets about the estate, as a warning to their live friends.

Farther on I perceived, gathered in anxious consultation, three of the lads around a tree that was loaded with fruit; they looked up at the leaves; then at the root; then at the trunk. At last, one little fellow started off, swift-footed as a hare, and was soon out of sight. The others began scraping the earth from the root as fast as possible; and all the information they would impart was "*leydie gaha*," or sick tree; so that there was nothing for it but to imagine that the little messenger had been despatched for the doctor. He soon came back, not with the medicine-man, but a *mamootie*, or Dutch hoe, and a *cattie*, or sharp bill-hook. And then the busy work went on again. In little more time than I take to tell the story, the soil was removed from about the root, a hole was discovered in the trunk, and its course upwards ascertained by means of a cane probe. With the *cattie*, one of the boys commenced cutting an opening midway in the trunk of the tree. On looking up, I perceived that the patient gave unmistakeable symptoms of ill-health. The long leaves were drooping at the

end, and tinged with a sickly yellow; many of the nuts had fallen off, and others had evidently half a mind to follow the example. The flower, which had just burst above, hung down its sickly head, weeping away the germs of what had else been nuts. The hole was now complete; it was large enough for the smallest boy to force his hand in; and it soon brought away a basket full of pith and powdered wood from the body of the tree. There, amidst the ruin, was the enemy that had caused so much mischief and labour. It was an unsightly worm, about four inches in length, and as thick as one's small finger, having a dull white body and black head. I then began to wonder what had next to be done, whether the tree would die after all this hacking and maiming. Would the medicine-man now be sent for? No. The interior of the wounded tree, as well as the aperture, was thoroughly freed from dirt and decomposed fibre — which might have aided in hatching any eggs left by the worm — and, finally, the root was covered up, and the opening and inside of the palm tightly filled with clay. I was assured that not more than one of ten trees, thus treated, ever fails to recover its health.

The nocturnal attacks of elephants are checked by means of lighted fires, and an occasional shot or two during the night. Wild hogs and porcupines are caught in traps, and hunted by dogs. The monkeys are shot down like the squirrels, and the white ants are poisoned. In spite of all these measures, however, an estate often suffers very severely, and its productiveness is much interfered with, by these many depredators.

The soil over which I had as yet passed had been of one uniform description — a light sandy earth, containing a little vegetable matter, and but a little. Afterwards, I arrived at a tract of planted land, quite different in its nature and mode of cultivation. It was of a far stiffer character, deeper in colour, and more weedy. This portion of the estate was in former days a swamp, in which the porcupine, the wild-hog, and the jackal, delighted to dwell, sheltered from the encroachment of man by a dense mass of low jungle, thorns, and reeds. To drive away these destructive creatures from the vicinity of the young palms, the jungle was fired during the dry weather. It was then perceived that the soil of this morass, although wet and rank from its position, was of a most luxuriant character; a few deep drains were opened through the centre, cross drains were cut, and after one season's exposure to the purifying action of the atmosphere and rain, the whole of it was planted, and it now gives fair promise of being, one day, the finest field in the plantation.

From this low ground I strolled through some long avenues of trees on the right; their long leaves protected me from the heat of the afternoon sun, which was still con-

siderable. The trees on this side were evidently older; they had a greater number of ripe fruit; and further away in the distance might be seen a multitude of men and boys busily engaged in bearing away the huge nuts in pairs, to a path or rude cart track, where a *cangany*, or native overseer, was occupied in counting them as they were tossed into the bullock cart. The expertness of the boys in climbing these smooth, broken, and branchless trees, by the aid of a small band formed by twisting a portion of a cocoa-nut leaf, was truly astonishing. In a moment their small feet grasped the trunk, aided by the twisted leaf, whilst their hands were employed above; they glided upwards, and with a quick eye detected the riper fruit which, rapidly twisted from their stalks, were flung to the ground. Their companions below were busy in removing the nuts; which for young children is no easy task; the nuts frequently weighing fifteen or twenty pounds each nut, with the husk or outer skin on them. The natives have a simple but ingenious method of tying them together in pairs, by which means the boys can carry two of them with ease, when otherwise one would be a task of difficulty. The nuts have little, if any, stalk: the practice, therefore, is to slit up a portion of the husk, (which is the coir fibre in its natural state), pull out a sufficient length without breaking it, and thus tie two together; in this way the little urchins scamper along with the nuts slung across their shoulders, scarcely feeling the weight.

I followed the loaded carts. They were halted at a large enclosure, inside of which were huge pens formed of jungle sticks, about ten feet in height; into these the nuts were stored and re-counted; a certain number only being kept in each, as the pens are all of the same dimensions. Adjoining, was another and still larger space lying lower, with some deep ditches and pits in the midst. Here the outer husk is stripped off, preparatory to breaking the nut itself in order to obtain the kernel; which has to be dried before the oil can be expressed. Into the pits or ditches the husk is flung, and left in water for ten or fourteen days; when it is removed and beaten out on stones, to free the woody elastic fibre from dirt and useless vegetable matter. This is a most disagreeable operation, for the stench from the half-putrid husks is very strong. The fibre, after being well dried on the sandy ground, undergoes a rude assortment into three qualities, in reference chiefly to colour, and is then delivered over to the rope-maker, who works it up into yarn, rope, or junk, as required. Freed from their outer covering, the nuts are either sold for making curries, in which they form a prominent feature, or they are kept for drying ready for the oil-mill.

Having learned this much, I strolled through the neat small field, and along a patch of guinea-

grass, to see what was going on in that direction. The neat-looking building adjoining was the superintendent's bungalow; and the long sheds and open spaces in their front and rear were for drying the nuts, into what is termed *copperah*, in which state they are ground up for pressure. It was a busy scene, indeed, and the operations require constant vigilance on the part of the manager: yet all the work is carried on in the rudest way, and with the most simple implements. Half-a-dozen stout lads were seated, cross-legged, on the ground, each with a heap of nuts by his side. The rapidity with which they seized these, and with one sharp blow of a heavy knife, split them precisely in half, and flung them away into other heaps, was remarkable. It seemed to be done with scarcely an effort; yet on handling the broken nut, one cannot help being struck with its thickness and strength. Smaller boys were busily employed in removing these heaps of split fruit to the large open spaces; where others, assisted by a few women, were occupied in placing them in rows close together with the open part upwards, so that the kernels may be fully exposed to the direct rays of the sun. In this way they remain for two days, when the fruit, partly dried, shrinks from the shell, and is removed. Two more days' exposure to the sun in fine weather will generally complete the drying process. The kernels are then called *copperah*, and are brittle and unctuous in the hand.

To convert this material into oil, the natives employ a very primitive mill, worked by bullocks, and called a *checkoo;* this process is very slow, and the oil never clean. Europeans have, however, obviated these objections, and manufacture the cocoa-nut oil by means of granite crushers and hydraulic presses, worked by steam-power. This is only done in Colombo, to which place, of course, the *copperah* has to be conveyed. The refuse of the oil-presses — the dry cake or *poonac* — is very useful as food for cattle and poultry, and not less so as a manure for the palm-trees, when moistened, and applied in a partially decomposed state.

Not a particle of this valuable tree is lost. The fresh juice of the blossom which is broken off to allow it to flow freely, is termed, as we have said, toddy; and is drunk, when quite new, as a cool and pleasantly refreshing beverage; when fermented, it is distilled, and yields the less harmless liquor known as arrack.

All these operations are not carried on with ease and regularity. The Cingalese are an idle race; like many better men, their chief pleasure is to perform as little work as possible. This necessitates a never-ending round of inspection by the European manager; who, mounted on a small pony, paper umbrella in hand, visits every corner of the property at least once in the day,

often twice. Neither is it unusual for him to make "a round" during the night. On the whole, therefore, he enjoys no sinecure.

The manufacture of arrack is entirely in the hands of the natives, who employ stills of the rudest construction; the permission to retail arrack and toddy is annually farmed out by the Ceylon Government; the renters are natives, who frequently pay as much as sixty thousand pounds annually for the monopoly; about one-eighth part of the entire revenue of the island.

If we consider the very light and poor nature of the soil in which cocoa-nut cultivation is carried on, it cannot but be matter for wonder that those trees attain so large a size, and yield such bulky and continuous crops during so many years. Not unfrequently they reach a height of sixty feet, and yield fully fifty nuts each tree per annum, gathered in alternate months, and continue in bearing for seventy, and sometimes for ninety years. A calculation, based on these data, shows that one acre of yellow sandy soil will produce, without the aid of manure, a weight of fourteen and a quarter tons in green fruit, and seven tons of leaves annually. To yield this once or twice may not seem deserving of much wonder; but that this production should continue for half a century, without any renovation of soil, and only accidental supplies of manure, cannot but be considered a remarkable instance of the unaided fertilising powers of nature.

THE SMITHFIELD BULL TO HIS COUSIN OF NINEVEH.

COUSIN, the distance of the seas
Destroys no good beast's sympathies;
And whether you be there, or here,
Or on your travels, ancient seer,
Thy veins of royal blood are full —
I feel you are a brother Bull.
Therefore, I now take up my hoof
To write these lines by way of proof;
And if gall-bladders for my ink
I use, it is to make men *think*.

I reverence your patriarch age,
Your knowledge of the historic page;
And when I learn the mutilations
You 've suffered — less from time than nations —
It makes my horns turn cold and pale,
While wrath uplifts my stiffening tail.
Nor, do I think, you will refuse
This tribute from the Bovian Muse,
When I confide to your safe ear,
A portion of my sufferings here;
But rather, that your mighty ire
Would spurn the rocks and sands to fire,
And roast your heart, stuff'd high with pride
Until it burst your marble side.

I cannot write in hieroglyphics;
But now, a bright eye o'er the cliff fix,
To watch your coming to our shores,
Saluting you with bellowing roars;
Sounds that comprise the highest greeting,
And tell of wrongs far worse than eating.
To die is natural — to be eaten,
Earth's law; but to be basely beaten —
Forming no part of Nature's rules —
Shows that some men are brutes and fools.

Now, Royal Cousin, would'st thou know
Why thus my nostrils sniff and blow;
'T is wrath, and scorn, and smell of blood —
Smithfield blaspheming in its mud —
Drovers, with tuck'd-up sleeves, and faces
Like devils, who wager at grimaces:
The hail of blows — the torches' glare;
The rushing madness, foulness, flare;
While civic magnates sit and dine
On beef — *our* beef! and o'er their wine,
Declare this murderous market-place
An honour to the human race.

Some sons of Adam — worthy men,
Have sought to purify this den;
Select a spot beyond the walls,
Where every Bull that bows and falls,
May, with becoming dignity,
Adjust his mantle ere he die.
Well, if 't were so; and since by fate
And metaphysical aid, his date
Is ever shorten'd; in his end
Remember this — he dies a *friend*.

But men who eat us, boiled and roast,
Too oft forget their Bovian host;
Nay more, forget their fellow-creatures
In praising Smithfield's murderous features,
With all the vices, fevers, groans,
That breed a curse beneath its stones.
Wherefore, before 't is swept away,
On liveried marrow-bones they pray
That the Most Gracious Queen alive
Would only take a morning drive,
And be convinced at once — smell, see,
The market's rare salubrity;
And grant her sanction to a scheme
Worthy of wisdom's brightest beam,
If any change be on the cards —
To move it just a hundred yards.

But, Royal Cousin, your high mission,
To Fifty One's Great Exhibition,
Is not to show your ancient learning,
But into practice knowledge turning;
And therefore you will see us righted,
Although the "City" be benighted.
I, full of hope, to this great end,
A Cattle-market Model send —
Projected by one Thomas Dunhill —
Where pumps for ever may the tun fill;
Where spaces, and allotments, large,
Shall sink with shame the City barge;
Where screens shall rise up, broad and high,
For safety, care, and decency;
With houses, board-rooms, office, hall —
For governors, sellers, buyers — all;
No longer London's hideous fair,
But built in suburbs, and fresh air.

INDIAN RAILROADS AND BRITISH COMMERCE.

NEARLY two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since a small band of English merchant adventurers went out, urged by a spirit of enterprise almost heroic in those days of dark and difficult navigation, and established themselves under the protection of native princes, at Surat, then one of the principal, now a decayed town and port on the eastern coast of the Indian Peninsula. A few years later Bombay, the germ of our Indian empire, fell to us as part of the marriage portion which Catherine of Braganza brought to our own Charles the Second.

In those days the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French, had triumphantly established many and rich colonies and dependencies, in seas where the British flag was scarcely known, unless when borne by pirates and buccaneers. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the humble merchant who then represented the struggling fortunes of the East India Company in Bengal, having negotiated the purchase of a small tract of land for a factory on the banks of the Ganges, selected the site for the future Calcutta, the city of Palaces, round the spot where he was accustomed to smoke his hookah under the shade of a wide-spreading tree.

The rising wealth, power, and influence, of the British Merchant Company excited the suspicions of their neighbours; the native Indian princes, urged by the jealousy and the intrigues of the French and Portuguese, who had preceded us in forming settlements, commenced a series of wars. More than once the fate of

our future empire hung upon a thread; the fate of the officers and ladies thrust into the Black Hole of Calcutta, when that city was besieged and taken by Surajah Dowlah, was a favourite tale of horror among our grandmothers.

It happened, however, that among the clerks sent out to keep the accounts of the Company, at seventy pounds a year, was one Robert Clive, the unruly son of a poor Shropshire clergyman. He, finding himself abandoned in a besieged fort, by cowardly incompetent officers, threw down the pen, took up the sword, and commenced a career of conquest, second only in marvellous success to that of Napoleon, during which he laid, broad and deep, the foundations of the empire which now extends from Cape Comorin to the boundaries of the Chinese and Burmese empires.

It was in 1757, at the battle of Plassey, Clive — commanding a little army of English and seapoys, first disciplined by himself — defeated Surajah Dowlah at the head of seventy thousand native troops, and conquered the whole of Bengal at a blow. What Clive commenced, Warren Hastings, and a constant succession of men eminent for military and administrative skill, completed. Cornwallis and Elphinstone, Wellesley, Wellington, Malcolm and Munro, are a few among a host of great men bred in our Indian school. Thus, from the day of the battle of Plassey, in spite of foreign intrigue and native jealousy, internal insurrections and external wars, often by means most unscrupulous and unjustifiable, oftener by the irresistible force of circumstances, almost always against the will of the Merchant Directory sitting at home, anxious for peace and profit, British power, in constantly widening circles, has extended from the more ancient settlements of Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, until it has enclosed the whole Indian Peninsula, with the exception of a few kingdoms and principalities, nominally independent, but, in reality, existing only by sufferance; and certain, at no distant time, to be absorbed in *British* India.

At this moment less than ten thousand European military and civil officers rule and tax seventy millions of Mahomedans and Hindoos; fifty millions more are surrounded by our dominions, open to our commerce, and ready to submit to our rule, whenever we choose to accept their homage.

India is at peace: no longer removed from us by the uncertain length of a sailing voyage, thanks to the enterprise of Waghorn, the steam-engine of Watt, and the locomotive of George Stephenson, we have recovered — shortened to thirty days — the ancient overland route between Europe and Hindostan; at no distant date we may expect to see the Isthmus of Suez give way before the pressure of advancing commerce, capital, and science, and to have cargoes forwarded from the Thames, the Mersey, and the

Clyde, by the direct route of the Red Sea without trans-shipment.

In the midst of the feelings of national pride and self-gratulation, which such a retrospect cannot fail to inspire, conscience, or common sense, or both, ask a plain, practical question, which we shall have some difficulty in answering satisfactorily: — Have we done all we could for the welfare of the native population under our charge? — have we used the best means in our power to discover the wealth, develope the resources, and profitably occupy the industry of the inhabitants of these vast and fertile dominions? It is true that the Indian husbandman can now pursue his occupations without fear of seeing his fields laid waste, his children carried into captivity, by the invasion of hordes of Mahrattas or Pindarries, or by accidents of foreign or domestic warfare. Organised robber bands, which, under the dominion of the most powerful Indian princes, levied black mail, have been put down; and even the secret association of Thugs has been unable to resist our intelligence and power. Life and property are secure; and, in spite of occasional mistakes of the Local Government, there is every reason to believe, from the comparison of the taxes levied, and the prices of corn and of wages, in the reign of the Emperor Akbar, in the sixteenth century, (the Emperor whose wisdom, justice, and charity are to this day the theme of Hindoo and Arab minstrels,) with those obtaining under the British rule, the condition of the Indian peasant has in no case deteriorated, and in many instances improved.

But this is not enough. We still find large populations, in the midst of vast parts of fertile, uncultivated land, naked and all but starving; we find famine decimating the inhabitants of one district, while in another, distant but two or three hundred miles, grain rots in the field for want of a market. We find the consumption of British manufactures, compared with the population open to us, insignificant and scarcely increasing; the supply of those articles of raw material most needed, and for the growth of which the soil, and the climate, and the habits of the people are well fitted — such as wheat, sugar, hemp, and cotton — so far stationary, and with respect to cotton actually receding. To amend this deplorable state of affairs is not less our interest than our duty.

The great mass of the Indian population are poor; but intelligent, willing to labour, and anxious to purchase British manufactures, if they had the means. Our only hope of extending our exports to India rests upon being able to increase our purchase of their agricultural produce.

When the once great Indian merchant house of Palmer and Co. entered into commercial operations among the Goands, wild tribes on the banks of the Pranheeta, a branch of the Godavery (in longitude eighty degrees East)

their speculations threw a circulation of about ten thousand pounds a year into the country. "The effect upon the condition of the people was seen within the first year, and continued to improve; those that had scarcely a covering for their nakedness were hardly to be recognised in their gay attire. Chintz, handkerchiefs, penknives, and scissors, found a ready sale; the men led the way, but the women soon acquired a taste for dress."

Changes for the purposes of improving the Government and lightening the taxation of the native inhabitants of British India must be slow in their operation and uncertain in their effect. We, in England, in discussing such questions, reason in the dark; for we are not dealing with the destinies of an Anglo-Saxon race, but with one which, as Sir Thomas Munro observed, had scarcely changed in character since India was first visited by Vasco de Gama. But, if we can afford them profitable employment, in cultivating cotton, hemp, sugar, and wheat, we increase the comforts of the peasantry, and the consumption of our manufactures, and add to the gross amount, while diminishing the individual pressure of taxation. This, then, would be a certain good; and our zeal to effect it cannot fail to be quickened when we remember the urgent necessity, in this country, of finding a supply of cotton which shall render us independent of the blights and frosts of America.

India is the only country in a position, from soil, climate, and population, to supply the quantity and quality we need, within any reasonable period. It is shown, very clearly, in a work laboriously and intelligently compiled by Mr. John Chapman, late Manager of the Great Indian Peninsular Railroad,* that we have it in our power to increase, almost indefinitely, the sale of our manufactures in India, by the simple process of affording a market for the produce of the soil. This market can only be provided by increasing the road accommodation between the interior and the coast.

At present, the consumption of British manufactures in the whole of India amounts to about elevenpence farthing per head. The inhabitants of the valley of the Ganges, who have advantage of water communication, consume about one shilling and three-halfpence per head, while, in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, it varies from sevenpence, in the one case, to sixpence per head in the other. The double consumption in the district in which the inhabitants have cheaper means of sending their produce to market, and obtaining return cargoes, speaks volumes.

On the present occasion, we shall confine our attention to the Bombay district, because that is, as Mr. Chapman very clearly shows, the port from which we ought to derive an ample supply

* "The Commerce and Cotton of India," by John Chapman.

of the cotton we so urgently need; that we do not receive it, is owing to the utter absence of roads throughout the district.

It appears that at a distance of about one hundred and forty miles from Bombay, separated by a lofty range of mountains or Ghauts, there lies a country about four hundred and fifty miles from north to south, with an average breadth of three hundred miles from west to east, the gross surface being, therefore, one hundred and thirty-five thousand square miles; deducting half as occupied by mountains, rivers, barren soil, &c., the other half will contain forty-three millions two hundred thousand acres applicable to the growth of cotton fit for English use; for it is very clearly made out that while scarcely any cotton fit for our manufacturers can be grown in Bengal, (from the unsuitability of the climate) and but a limited quantity in the Madras Presidency and other districts — in the area above described, the cotton grown is fit for seventy-five per cent. of our consumption.

"That consumption amounts to four hundred and eighty million pounds per annum; seventy-five per cent. would be three hundred and sixty million pounds; now, if one fourth of forty-three million two hundred thousand acres were cropped every year, and produced the average weight of a hundred pounds per acre, the whole crop would be one thousand and eighty million pounds' weight per annum, or three times as much as we could take at the existing rate of consumption by our manufacturers."

We have not space to enter into the details necessary for showing (as Mr. Chapman does most satisfactorily) the existence of this large cotton-growing area, and its capability of growing cotton suited for the British market; because it is necessary to explain how it is that, in the face of a constant demand in the British market for the staple, which so far as soil, climate, and ample supply of skilled husbandmen at moderate wages are concerned, can be raised in unlimited quantities, the export of cotton from Bombay to Liverpool has actually fallen off within the last ten years.

The cotton in question is all brought down to Bombay on the backs of bullocks: for want of roads no other mode of conveyance is practicable. The expense, the loss of time, the damage by accidents of weather, and loss in bad packing, are enormous under the most favourable circumstances; but in some seasons, no sufficient number of bullocks are to be had; those employed are decimated by disease and drought. The merchants frequently find themselves compelled either to break their contracts, or to see their profits consumed in the cost of carriage. If the discouraged merchant discontinues for a year his purchases, the natives in the interior find themselves saddled with crops of cotton which they cannot sell at any price: they can-

not even consume it themselves, or feed cattle on it, as if it were grain. Hence, they abandon the growth of a crop which is not sure of a market; and, when a failure of our usual supply from America compels our manufacturers to turn to India, they find that, even for money, the staple is not to be had. Thus, in 1836 — twelve years after the pacification of the intervening country had established the trade in cotton between the interior district of Berar and Bombay — the import reached thirty-one millions of pounds. Nine years later, in 1845, it had fallen to twenty-three millions of pounds.

This diminution in supply has not been caused by diminution in the price paid to the cultivator; which has been, for the last sixty years, between one penny farthing and twopence halfpenny per pound, according to the quality, but simply from the want of certain steady means of conveyance which prevented the purchaser — even if a large quantity of cotton were grown and stacked — from conveying it to the coast. It has been proved that, in 1843, a gentleman, who had contracted to deliver five thousand bullock loads of cotton at Bombay, was prevented from performing his contract by want of cattle; and again, that, in 1846, vessels lay in the harbour waiting in vain, on heavy expenses, for cotton purchased in the interior, which the drought prevented from being sent forward, because it was necessary to limit the number of bullocks by the quantity of water available for their consumption on the road.

We, in England, can scarcely conceive such a state of internal commerce, accustomed, as we have so long been, to excellent roads, canals, and railroads. Let us imagine all the railroads, all the canals, and all the turnpikeroads, with the exception of about twenty-miles out of London, destroyed; that between London and the present manufacturing districts, lay a stupendous range of mountains, only to be passed at all at one or two narrow defiles; add a tropical climate, burning droughts at one period of the year, at the other deluges of rain, turning the dry watercourses of the hot season into impassable torrents; and we have a country somewhat resembling that between the port of Bombay and the cotton-growing district. If, then, over such a country, all produce for shipment at the port of London had to be conveyed on the backs of animals, horses or bullocks, it is quite evident that the present enormous traffic would dwindle away to such a minimum, that in a very few years the records of the former enormous influx of goods would become quite incredible. Towns and villages, now carrying on a brisk exchange with London, would be compelled to resign foreign luxuries, to consume their own produce, and be as much as possible self-supporting. To take a simple case, it is quite certain that scarcely any

number of horses could be arranged so as to carry the number of passengers who are now daily carried through England by railway, because with animals, as you increase the number, you increase the difficulty of feeding them.

At present it is calculated, by Mr. Chapman, that one million eight hundred thousand bullocks traverse the few routes practicable across the Ghauts, in carrying the traffic between the interior and Bombay, of which one hundred and eighty thousand convey cotton. These animals travel in single file, at the rate of three miles an hour, over tracks worn by the feet of their predecessors, depending for food and water on what can be picked up on the way, sometimes delayed by torrents swelled with the melting of the mountain snow, sometimes struggling through morasses, sometimes driven mad by heat and drought, sometimes struck down in thousands by an epidemic, and left to rot on the roadside, polluting the air and poisoning the water, to the grievous damage of the droves that follow in their track.

Under such opposing circumstances, it is not extraordinary that our commerce with India makes slow progress. Reforms of laws and of rules, improvements of docks and piers on the coast, will do little towards establishing a steady commercial barter of raw material for manufactured goods between England and India, until we have *tapped* the interior, where the great agricultural districts lie.

The Indian village system, which presents the most ancient municipal system in the world, is especially calculated to encourage isolation, and foster self-supporting communities, after the fashion, although not with the results, communistic writers would desire to see established in Europe. Each village is a sort of republic, ruled by the *Patel* or headman, the *Chougula* his assistant, and the *Koolkurnee*, or accountant, with some others. Besides these, the village maintains, *as public officers*, a band of artisans; these, where the village can afford it, number twenty-four. The carpenter stands at the head, next comes the blacksmith, the goldsmith and assayer of coins, the shoemaker, the potter, the barber, the leather ropemaker, the butcher, the washerman, astrologer, bard, dancing-girl, water-carrier, &c. The remuneration, beside a piece of land, is by a stipend in grain from each cultivator, in return for which, customary services are performed. The carpenter and blacksmith are required to repair and construct implements, wells, and other matters connected with cultivation. This system, as is well expressed by the author, from whom we have abridged these details — *stereotyped the India of the day* — to lead the Indian people, bound hand and foot, by custom and precedent, on the path of material improvement. Precept is insufficient, they must be taught

by example. They are more ready to copy what they see to be useful, than is usually imagined, but books will not teach them. Let them see how well an improved plough works, and they may be led to try it, and to imitate it.

The grand instrument for effecting a peaceful, profitable, social, commercial and agricultural revolution in India, will be the railroad — that divining rod of the nineteenth century — which not only discovers treasures, but creates them.

In this country we have seen the railroad stimulating conveyance and interchange, opening mines and creating ports, but the effects were not startling, because we already lived in the atmosphere of commercial bustle created by the most perfect system of turnpike roads and canals in the world. In the United States of America, the railroad has performed an additional task: piercing primæval forests, and passing over deserts and morasses, to reach fertile land for agriculture, and favourable sites for ports, carrying with it the population to till the soil, and build the city created by the power of steam. It is as a coloniser that the railroad has played the greatest part in America; receiving and distributing the overflowing emigrant millions of Europe. In India there is, as in America, an ample supply of fertile waste land; there is an even greater degree of isolation than existed in the United States, between the sea-ports and the interior, before the introduction of the steam-horse, and colonists are not needed to execute the works or cultivate the land, because millions of the native inhabitants would only be too happy to find constant work for little wages.

If these railroads could be constructed between the cotton-producing districts in the interior and the port of Bombay, the present minimum cost of conveying cotton by bullocks, (with all the risk and uncertainty,) of fourpence per ton per mile, would be exchanged for a fixed charge of twopence three farthings per mile, with security, certainty, and capability of delivering any quantity. As the Hindoo peasantry can afford to sell cotton of a quality equal to that which forms seventy-five per cent. of the English consumption, at from one penny farthing, to one penny three farthings per pound; as land and labour are both plentiful in that district; a large increase of cotton cultivation would be certain, thousands would be able to live well and clothe well, who are now half-naked and half-starved. The chief tax in India is the land-tax, the rent, in fact, paid to the Government. Wild land, cultivated, would become subject to tax, and thus, without an increase in the expenses of Government, Indian revenues would increase. But, not only revenues, imports would increase, too; out of every ninepence of British manufactures consumed in India, fourpence consists of cotton goods. Thus

then we arrive by railroad at a perpetual circle of prosperity. Commencing with a large growth of cotton, which affords the British manufacturer a constant ample supply of the staple on which the livelihood of some million and a half of our population depends, comes employment for shipping; while, buying what we so much need, we create in the cotton cultivators new customers for the goods, of which they supply the raw materials, as well as for the mixed goods of Yorkshire, and the hardwares of Sheffield and Birmingham. But it is not only cotton cultivators that will benefit from the construction of railroads in India: sugar, rice, indigo and grain would all find employment for labour and a market; and salt, so much needed by the vegetarian Hindoos, would be distributed in the interior, much to the benefit of the Government revenues.

At present, every ten or fifteen years, some district of India is ruined by famine; grain rises to such a price, that, while many die of hunger, those who survive have transferred all their substance to a few rich grain-merchants and money-lenders, and have to begin the world afresh. Yet the same want of roads, that destroys one district in a failing, ruins another by an abundant harvest, for then grain sinks to so low a price, that the wretched cultivators are obliged to fly to the usurers for assistance to pay their land-tax.

During the last famine at Agra, the Government was obliged to employ and feed sixty thousand persons in the city, and thirty-seven thousand in the district: the demand for grain to feed these paupers, in Agra alone, was about thirty tons per diem. The cattle by which the grain was to be brought, were incapable of travelling, and dying for want of forage. At this fearful period, at Goodwana, a distance of about four hundred miles from Agra, as much of the finest grain was to be bought for two shillings as would have cost, even if of the coarsest kind, sixteen shillings in the latter city. Thus, from the want of other than hack bullock conveyance, a price affording room for cost of carriage, at the rate of from ninepence to tenpence per mile, was insufficient to procure grain to stay the horrors of famine; as, owing to drought, there was no forage on the road to sustain them, the mere feeding of the bullocks consumed half the grain *en route*.

More evidence might be accumulated, but the corn, salt, and cotton cases are alone sufficient to prove the absolute necessity of improving the means of conveyance in India. To do this, the railroad would be at once the cheapest and most effective.

Two railroads are now in progress on opposite sides of the Peninsula — one from a point near Calcutta, for a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, to certain coal-mines; the other from Bombay, for about thirty-five miles, toward a place

called Callien. Both are being constructed under a guarantee of five per cent. from the East India Company. Neither can be considered of much importance in their present dimensions, except as model lines for the instruction of native labourers and engine-drivers; as instruments for the development of the resources of India, they are quite insignificant. That which should be, if we were wise, an extension of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, a great cotton line, stops short of the Passes of the Ghauts, at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from the cotton country. This thirty-five miles will cost half a million sterling; to complete the scheme of two hundred miles, would cost about two millions; to unite Bombay with the Bay of Bengal, traversing the principal intervening cities, would cost seven millions. In the work to which we have so often alluded in the course of this article, a mass of evidence seems to prove that what we call the cotton line from Bombay, constructed according to Mr. Robert Stephenson's estimate at fifteen thousand pounds a mile, would pay private speculators a high rate of interest, if the present goods traffic were merely doubled, without taking the passenger traffic into consideration at all. It is to be hoped that private enterprise, which has done such glorious things on land and sea for England, will not again commence sowing accumulations of capital broadcast in Spanish Bonds, South American Mines, and Mississippi Loans, without first investigating the resources of our vast Indian empire, where millions of peaceful, docile, ntelligent husbandmen are willng and able to become our customers, if we will only enable them to carry to market the staples of indigo, sugar, and cotton, of which we stand in as much need as they do of our raiment and hardware.

The East India Company, powerful as a conqueror and arbitrator, like all other governments, is the worst possible at the retail departments of administration. The ancient deeply-rooted superstitions of Suttee, Thuggee, and human sacrifices, it has suppressed in less time than it took to open the East to steamers. It can annex a quarrelsome kingdom in three months; but it takes three years to consider a crane or jetty; six years to think of a common road; and a generation, if let alone, to consent to a railway. Now, Manchester is celebrated for money-making; great in agitation; not unsuccessful in politics, and holds a deep stake in cotton. Let Manchester, which showed London the way to make railroads, unite profits and patriotism, by risking something to open the unknown oases of Central India to British Commerce.

CHIPS.

THE SPADE.

THE winnings of our "Ace of Spades"* have been doubted by several correspondents in the agricultural districts. They deny it to be the trump card John Sillet made out. We shall best answer their doubts by referring them to John Sillet's own work, which is entitled, "A New Practical System of Fork and Spade Husbandry." It is published in London by Simpkin and Marshall. We may, however, meantime observe, that our correspondents betake themselves, in criticising John's estimate of produce for 1847, to the favourite parliamentary refuge of calling that an "exceptional year," which they appear to regard as destroying the whole value of the facts. On referring to honest John's pamphlet, we find that it was indeed an exceptional year to him, but in the reverse sense to that signified by our correspondents. "I must beg my readers to bear in mind," observes he, "that the past year (1847) though very favourable for grained crops, was a very trying one for roots. In consequence my root crops were very much below the average of other years. I lost nearly the whole of my spring crop of cabbage plants of fifteen thousand." The introduction to the last edition of his work is dated 1850, and so far from making any complaints of altered prices or condition, he continues: "I have for these last seven years been enabled to support myself and family in a comfortable and respectable manner." Even the exceptors to his statements do not agree in their own account of prices — one dating from Birmingham (who, by the way, makes the trifling omission from John Sillet's account of £8 for potatoes) states the price of onions at sevenpence per peck, and allows only eightpence per pound for butter; while he reckons sixpence per pound to be the price of pigs. Another from Harwich states butter at tenpence, and allows only fourpence halfpenny for pigs. Even the former admits (adding the omission for potatoes) that thirty-six pounds six shillings and eightpence may be the nett proceeds of two acres after supplying the family; and the latter concedes that a return of forty-eight pounds six shillings and fourpence may be practicable — admissions ample for the purpose of proving the general case of which John Sillet is the practical exponent.

Having disposed of the specific objections of our friends (for whose letters we may take this opportunity of saying we feel much obliged; for it is only by temperate and earnest discussion that truth can be elicited and understood), we shall pass on to the generalities of the spade question, saying a word or two in favour of that primitive implement of husbandry.

See p. 138.

"In early ages of society," says Sir John Sinclair, the founder of the Board of Agriculture, "when oxen and horses were cheap, when they were fed at little or no expense, when their stables were little better than miserable hovels, when the wages of ploughmen were low, and when labourers were not sufficiently numerous for carrying on extensive cultivation by manual labour, it is not to be wondered at that the invention of the plough should be accounted a valuable discovery. But now horses are dear, their accommodation and food expensive, the implements of husbandry are costly, while labourers are abundant and their wages low. For porous soils, which have been so highly cultivated by the small farmers of Flanders, manual labour is sufficient for the production of abundant crops, and turns up the manure which falls below the depth of the plough."—"Spade husbandry," observes Dr. Yelloly, "is not a system of expense or risk. Less capital is necessary for it than ordinary husbandry, from the smaller number of horses and implements required, while the advantages are speedily exhibited. Its tendency is to diminish the poor-rates, while it raises the amount of the labourer's remuneration, and makes it dependent on steady habits of industry. By turning up or loosening the ground five or six inches deeper than the plough goes, there is an opportunity afforded for the descent and diffusion of the roots, which are often interrupted in their progress by a hard and impervious subsoil; and with regard to wheat, I have observed that the number and length of the roots are much more considerable in forked than in ploughed land: and the continual addition of decomposed matter afforded by a succession of rooty fibres, must effect a great and permanent improvement in its productive powers."—"By the spade," says another authority, "the ground is better levelled, the seed more evenly covered, and therefore more early ripened, and is not disturbed by horses' feet; weeds are better extirpated by being effectually buried or pulled up; and for thorough pulverisation, 'what is equal to a slap with the back of a spade?'"

Experience, however, teaches better than theory; and we learn, from various agricultural reports, and from the parliamentary evidence on the Allotment System, enough to show the value of spade husbandry, and its superiority over the plough, for, of course, small holdings.

"Mr. Falla, of Gateshead, obtained, by the plough, thirty-eight bushels of wheat per acre; by the spade, sixty-eight bushels and a half. At Sherborne, in Warwickshire, Frederick Harris, a farm labourer, produced, by the spade, sixteen bushels and a half of wheat, in 1834, on one quarter of an acre, being at the rate of sixty-six bushels per acre. Mr. Gedney, of Redenhall, near

Harleston, holder of three hundred acres, beginning with eighteen acres, increased his spade cultivation to fifty acres, encouraged by the luxuriant crops of all kinds of which it is the result; at a cost, for thorough digging, twelve inches deep, and pulverising the subsoil, and ridging it, of only two pounds per acre."

These authorities show that John Sillets are by no means agricultural phenomena. Sir Henry Vavasour instances a cottier tenant of his who rented three acres of land; his stock consisted of two cows and two pigs; he cultivated his land with the assistance of his wife and daughter, twelve years old, at their over hours. They subsisted on their daily wages at other labour; paid their rent by the sale of their butter only; and were in the habit of saving thirty pounds a year out of the produce of the sale of their crops. Mr. Howard, of Melbourne Farm, had a tenant, who, at his over hours, aided by his family, cultivated one acre and a quarter, including the site of his cottage and fences. The land was at first so poor that it was not considered worth five shillings an acre rent; in a few years, however, care and industry had improved it so much that it yielded a crop worth ten pounds seventeen shillings. This poor man, before he had any land, had the greatest difficulty in maintaining his wife and three children. His family now increased to seven children, and even his health became indifferent; yet with his acre and a quarter of, originally, the poorest land, a cow, and a pig — and a spade — he maintained and brought up his increased family in comfort, without requiring parish relief.

The evidence of Mr. John Way of Hasketon, Suffolk, introduces a female farmer — a vigorous spade's-woman: — "In 1799, a tenant of mine died, leaving a widow and fourteen children, the eldest a girl under fourteen. He had held under me fourteen acres of pasture land at thirteen pounds a year, and had kept two cows, which, with a very little furniture and clothing, was all the property. The directors of the house of industry immediately agreed to take her seven youngest children into the house. She said she would rather die in working to maintain them; and that if I, her landlord, would continue her in the farm, as she called it, she would undertake to maintain and bring up all her fourteen children without any parochial assistance. She persisted in her resolution; and being a strong woman about forty-five years old, I told her she should continue tenant, and hold it the first year rent-free. At the same time, though without her knowledge, I directed my receiver not to call upon her at all for her rent, conceiving that it would be a great thing if she could support so large a family, even with that indulgence." Mr. John Way was as wise as good; fifteen of a fa-

mily, perennially in the workhouse, at three shillings a head, per week, is one hundred and seventeen pounds per annum, and your share would probably come to something over the rent. "The result, however, was, that with the benefit of her two cows, and of the land, she exerted herself so as to bring up all her children, twelve of whom she placed out to service, continuing to pay her rent regularly of her own accord. She carried part of the milk of her two cows, together with the cream and butter, every day to sell at Woodbridge, two miles off, and with her skim and butter-milk, &c., supported her family. The eldest girls took care of the rest; and, by degrees, as they grew up, the children went into the service of the neighbouring farmers."

The moral and social elevation of the poor, to be accomplished by the spade when employed on allotments, has resulted in every instance in which it has been diligently and industriously tried. Mr. Blacker, the Irish agent for the Earl of Gosford, a strong advocate for the spade and for small holdings, draws the following graphic picture:—"I have gone," he says, "to see a poor man, the tenant of less than four acres of land, whose name and residence I can give, if required, who was threatened with an ejectment, being, as well as I recollect, two and a half years in arrear. I found him sitting with his feet in the ashes of a half-extinguished fire, his wife and five children nearly naked; want and misery surrounding him on every side — his house and farm neglected — the fear of expulsion, preying upon his mind and spirits, having destroyed his health; and there he was awaiting the beggary and starvation impending over himself and family, in a kind of listless insensibility — in short, the whole scene was one of actual despair, and the man was evidently in such a state, that he was incapable of any exertion whatever. As I explained to him the plan I had in view for his benefit, it was easy to see the feelings with which he was agitated; with tears in his eyes he promised to do everything I required, and I left him to send the agriculturist to point out to him what was first to be set about. He faithfully made good his engagement, and did everything as he was directed; and when turnips were ripe, I lent him, out of the sum placed at my disposal for that purpose, some money to buy a cow — the family had previously lived on potatoes and salt, and for even this he was in debt. This was his commencement, and in the short space of about eighteen months afterwards, I found his house clean and comfortable looking, and the place about equally so; in fact, I could not put my foot upon a spot that was not either in crop, or in preparation for one; and he himself, with his health restored, actively employed in wheeling up earth in a wheel-barrow from the

bottom to the top of a hill in his land, where the soil was shallow, in which his daughter, a fine stout little girl, was helping him, pulling by a rope in front; and the whole was a picture of activity and successful exertion. He has continued to pay up all his arrears; and although his diet and that of his family is of necessity at present confined almost exclusively to potatoes and milk, they are all healthy, happy, and contented. His rent is four pounds eight shillings and threepence, which the butter from his cow will generally pay, leaving him his pig and his crop, and the produce of his loom to himself. And yet this is the man who, upon the same piece of land, and subject to the same rent, was so lately upon the verge of beggary and starvation."

Those of our readers who desire to pursue this subject, not merely to prove a theory, or to defend a grievance from refutation, will find a mass of information gathered from all available sources in the small work entitled "The Mother Country; or, the Spade, the Wastes, and the Eldest Sow," by Sidney Smith. The authorities there quoted are not amateur philanthropists, or theoretical political economists, but landowners, land stewards, rural clergymen, bishops, farmers, and peasants, who give chapter and verse for all their facts, and narrate facts which not only match, but go beyond, the achievements of our "Ace of Spades."

At this crisis of agricultural transition, with fifteen millions of acres of waste lands in these islands capable of improvement; during, moreover, the operation of the Encumbered Estates Bill in Ireland, under such a governor as the Earl of Clarendon, the subject cannot be too copiously illustrated, or too generally investigated.

THE SHORT CUT TO CALIFORNIA.

MORE red tape! Is has been an established notion, ever since the days of Cortez, that a communication between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans would be of great benefit to the whole world. Since the discovery of the treasures of California, the necessity for a ship canal (as we pointed out in an early page of this work) has increased a hundredfold. The mere engineering of the project has been proved practicable, nay, easy. Cash is ready to leap from the purses of capitalists in both hemispheres; and nothing whatever stands in the way but — red tape.

The construction of the canal, we may remind our readers, is in the hands of the "Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company," of New York. This company, in August, 1849, purchased of the Nicaraguan Government exclusive rights, but is ready to bind itself that the canal, on completion, shall be thrown open, on equal terms, to all the world. The English Government claims, in the name of the King of Mosquito, a part of

the river San Juan, claimed by Nicaragua, together with the port of San Juan, at the Atlantic end of the proposed canal. This claim has been a source of chronic irritation. When we last spoke about Central America, there arrived, in the same week, intelligence from that quarter of unusual interest. Of course, according to the local correspondence, "things were fast coming to a crisis." The English were blockading San Salvador to enforce a claim. As retaliation for the blockade, San Salvador and Honduras, under Vasconcelos, President of San Salvador, were preparing to attack Guatemala with an army of seven thousand men, Guatemala being a head quarter for "the English interest." It was thought "that this time Canera could not escape." A new National Convention was assembling in Chinendega, but "cannot accomplish much, having no faith in America." Mr. Chatfield, the English consul, was recalled, and all were triumphing at that. Lord Palmerston wanted to annex San Juan to Costa Rica. The Ship Canal Company were only playing at surveys; but they were clearing some rapids in the River San Juan, and getting a vessel up into the Lake of Nicaragua. Then, by the last advice before the starting of that mail came positive intelligence, that the engineers of the Canal Company had only seemed to be idle; that under Mr. Oscar W. Child, their chief, who left New York in July last, the corps of engineers had actually completed four surveys; that an entirely new route from Lake Nicaragua to the Pacific had been discovered, and selected as superior even to the route which would have had its terminus at Redlejo; that this route was better, easier, and cheaper than all others; and that the digging would commence directly, if not already begun.

Our eyes and ears were quickened by these tidings, and we looked with interest for the arrival of more special information by another mail. The next mail comes, and tells us that Guatemala was not to be aggressed upon, but was itself a conspirator, with a great deal more of a like incomprehensible nature. Mr. Chatfield, seemingly not recalled at all, had written a long letter about the King of Mosquito's boundary, and a claim on Nicaragua for damage done to somebody, concluding with a warning to the Nicaraguan Government, that "while the claims of the British remain unsettled, there is no hope of a ship canal." And that is every syllable we find. Not a word more is said of surveys or diggings. The whole of the great undertaking is settled down to negotiation and letter-writing; and is, in short, hopelessly tied up in red tape.

BILL-STICKING.

If I had an enemy whom I hated — which Heaven forbid! — and if I knew of something that sat

heavy on his conscience, I think I would introduce that something into a Posting-Bill, and place a large impression in the hands of an active sticker. I can scarcely imagine a more terrible revenge. I should haunt him, by this means, night and day. I do not mean to say that I would publish his secret, in red letters two feet high, for all the town to read: I would darkly refer to it. It should be between him, and me, and the Posting-Bill. Say, for example, that, at a certain period of his life, my enemy had surreptitiously possessed himself of a key. I would then embark my capital in the lock business, and conduct that business on the advertising principle. In all my placards and advertisements, I would throw up the line SECRET KEYS. Thus, if my enemy passed an uninhabited house, he would see his conscience glaring down on him from the parapets, and peeping up at him from the cellars. If he took a dead wall in his walk, it would be alive with reproaches. If he sought refuge in an omnibus, the panels thereof would become Belshazzar's palace to him. If he took boat, in a wild endeavour to escape, he would see the fatal words lurking under the arches of the bridges over the Thames. If he walked the streets with downcast eyes, he would recoil from the very stones of the pavement, made eloquent by lamp-black lithograph. If he drove or rode, his way would be blocked up, by enormous vans, each proclaiming the same words over and over again from its whole extent of surface. Until, having gradually grown thinner and paler, and having at last totally rejected food, he would miserably perish, and I should be revenged. This conclusion I should, no doubt, celebrate by laughing a hoarse laugh in three syllables, and folding my arms tight upon my chest agreeably to most of the examples of glutted animosity that I have had an opportunity of observing in connexion with the Drama — which, by the bye, as involving a good deal of noise, appears to me to be occasionally confounded with the Drummer.

The foregoing reflections presented themselves to my mind, the other day, as I contemplated (being newly come to London from the East Riding of Yorkshire, on a house-hunting expedition for next May), an old warehouse which rotting paste and rotting paper had brought down to the condition of an old cheese. It would have been impossible to say, on the most conscientious survey, how much of its front was brick and mortar, and how much decaying and decayed plaster. It was so thickly encrusted with fragments of bills, that no ship's keel after a long voyage could be half so foul. All traces of the broken windows were billed out, the doors were billed across, the water-spout was billed over. The building was shored up to prevent its tumbling into the street; and the very beams erected against it,

were less wood than paste and paper, they had been so continually posted and reposted. The forlorn dregs of old posters so encumbered this wreck, that there was no hold for new posters, and the stickers had abandoned the place in despair, except one enterprising man who had hoisted the last masquerade to a clear spot near the level of the stack of chimnies where it waved and drooped like a shattered flag. Below the rusty cellar-grating, crumpled remnants of old bills torn down, rotted away in wasting heaps of fallen leaves. Here and there, some of the thick rind of the house had peeled off in strips, and fluttered heavily down, littering the street; but, still, below these rents and gashes, layers of decomposing posters showed themselves, as if they were interminable. I thought the building could never even be pulled down, but in one adhesive heap of rottenness and poster. As to getting in — I don't believe that if the Sleeping Beauty and her Court had been so billed up, the young Prince could have done it.

Knowing all the posters that were yet legible, intimately, and pondering on their ubiquitous nature, I was led into the reflections with which I began this article, by considering what an awful thing it would be, ever to have wronged — say M. JULLIEN for example — and to have his avenging name in characters of fire incessantly before my eyes. Or to have injured MADAME TUSSAUD, and undergo a similar retribution. Has any man a self-reproachful thought associated with pills, or ointment? What an avenging spirit to that man is PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY! Have I sinned in oil? CABBURN pursues me. Have I a dark remembrance associated with any gentlemanly garments, bespoke or ready made? MOSES and SON are on my track. Did I ever aim a blow at a defenceless fellow-creature's head? That head eternally being measured for a wig, or that worse head which was bald before it used the balsam, and hirsute afterwards — enforcing the benevolent moral, "Better to be bald as a Dutch-cheese than come to this," — undoes me. Have I no sore places in my mind which MECHI touches — which NICOLL probes — which no registered article whatever lacerates? Does no discordant note within me thrill responsive to mysterious watchwords, as "Revalenta Arabica," or "Number One St. Paul's Churchyard"? Then may I enjoy life, and be happy.

Lifting up my eyes, as I was musing to this effect, I beheld advancing towards me (I was then on Cornhill near to the Royal Exchange), a solemn procession of three advertising vans, of first-class dimensions, each drawn by a very little horse. As the cavalcade approached, I was at a loss to reconcile the careless deportment of the drivers of these vehicles, with the terrific announcements they

conducted through the city, which, being a summary of the contents of a Sunday newspaper, were of the most thrilling kind. Robbery, fire, murder, and the ruin of the united kingdom—each discharged in a line by itself, like a separate broadside of red-hot shot — were among the least of the warnings addressed to an unthinking people. Yet, the Ministers of Fate who drove the awful cars, leaned forward with their arms upon their knees in a state of extreme lassitude, for want of any subject of interest. The first man, whose hair I might naturally have expected to see standing on end, scratched his head — one of the smoothest I ever beheld — with profound indifference. The second whistled. The third yawned.

Pausing to dwell upon this apathy, it appeared to me, as the fatal cars came by me, that I descried in the second car, through the portal in which the charioteer was seated, a figure stretched upon the floor. At the same time, I thought I smelt tobacco. The latter impression passed quickly from me; the former remained. Curious to know whether this prostrate figure was the one impressible man of the whole capital who had been stricken insensible by the terrors revealed to him, and whose form had been placed in the car by the charioteer, from motives of humanity, I followed the procession. It turned into Leadenhall-market, and halted at a public-house. Each driver dismounted. I then distinctly heard, proceeding from the second car, where I had dimly seen the prostrate form, the words:

"And a pipe!"

The driver entering the public-house with his fellows, apparently for purposes of refreshment, I could not refrain from mounting on the shaft of the second vehicle, and looking in at the portal. I then beheld, reclining on his back upon the floor, on a kind of matress or divan, a little man in a shooting-coat. The exclamation "Dear me!" which irresistibly escaped my lips, caused him to sit upright, and survey me. I found him to be a good-looking little man of about fifty, with a shining face, a tight head, a bright eye, a moist wink, a quick speech, and a ready air. He had something of a sporting way with him.

He looked at me, and I looked at him, until the driver displaced me by handing in a pint of beer, a pipe, and what I understand is called "a screw" of tobacco — an of a curl-paper taken off the barmaid's head, with the curl in it.

"I beg your pardon," said I, when the removed person of the driver again admitted of my presenting my face at the portal. "But — excuse my curiosity, which I inherit from my mother — do you live here?"

'That 's good, too!" returned the little man, composedly laying aside a pipe he had smoked out, and filling the pipe just brought to him.

"Oh, you *don't* live here then?" said I.

He shook his head, as he calmly lighted his pipe by means of a German tinder-box, and replied, "This is my carriage. When things are flat, I take a ride sometimes, and enjoy myself. I am the inventor of these wans."

His pipe was now alight. He drank his beer all at once, and he smoked and he smiled at me.

"It was a great idea!" said I.

"Not so bad," returned the little man, with the modesty of merit.

"Might I be permitted to inscribe your name upon the tablets of my memory?" I asked.

"There 's not much odds in the name," returned the little man, "— no name particular — I am the King of the Bill-Stickers."

"Good gracious!" said I.

The monarch informed me, with a smile, that he had never been crowned or installed with any public ceremonies, but, that he was peaceably acknowledged as King of the Bill-Stickers in right of being the oldest and most respected member of "the old school of bill-sticking." He likewise gave me to understand that there was a Lord Mayor of the Bill-Stickers, whose genius was chiefly exercised within the limits of the city. He made some allusion, also, to an inferior potentate, called "Turkey-legs;" but, I did not understand that this gentleman was invested with much power. I rather inferred that he derived his title from some peculiarity of gait, and that it was of an honorary character.

"My father," pursued the King of the Bill-Stickers, "was Engineer, Beadle, and Bill-Sticker to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. My father stuck bills at the time of the riots of London."

"You must be acquainted with the whole subject of bill-sticking, from that time to the present!" said I.

"Pretty well so," was the answer.

"Excuse me," said I; "but I am a sort of collector —"

"Not Income-tax?" cried his Majesty, hastily removing his pipe from his lips.

"No, no," said I.

"Water-rate?" said His Majesty.

"No, no," I returned.

"Gas? Assessed? Sewers?" said His Majesty.

"You misunderstand me," I replied soothingly. "Not that sort of collector at all: a collector of facts."

"Oh! if it 's only facts," cried the King of the Bill-Stickers, recovering his good-humour, and banishing the great mistrust that had suddenly fallen upon him, "come in and welcome! If it had been income, or winders, I think I should have pitched you out of the wan, upon my soul!"

Readily complying with the invitation, I squeezed myself in at the small aperture. His Majesty, graciously handing me a

little three-legged stool on which I took my seat in a corner, inquired if I smoked?

"I do; — that is, I can," I answered.

"Pipe and a screw!" said His Majesty to the attendant charioteer. "Do you prefer a dry smoke, or do you moisten it?"

As unmitigated tobacco produces most disturbing effects upon my system (indeed, if I had perfect moral courage, I doubt if I should smoke at all, under any circumstances), I advocated moisture, and begged the Sovereign of the Bill-Stickers to name his usual liquor, and to concede to me the privilege of paying for it. After some delicate reluctance on his part, we were provided, through the instrumentality of the attendant charioteer, with a can of cold rum-and-water, flavoured with sugar and lemon. We were also furnished with a tumbler, and I was provided with a pipe. His Majesty, then, observing that we might combine business with conversation, gave the word for the car to proceed; and, to my great delight, we jogged away at a foot pace.

I say to my great delight, because I am very fond of novelty, and it was a new sensation to be jolting through the tumult of the city in that secluded Temple, partly open to the sky, surrounded by the roar without, and seeing nothing but the clouds. Occasionally, blows from whips fell heavily on the Temple's walls, when by stopping up the road longer than usual, we irritated carters and coachmen to madness; but, they fell harmless upon us within and disturbed not the serenity of our peaceful retreat. As I looked upward, I felt, I should imagine, like the Astronomer Royal. I was enchanted by the contrast between the freezing nature of our external mission on the blood of the populace, and the perfect composure reigning within those sacred precincts: where His Majesty, reclining easily on his left arm, smoked his pipe and drank his rum-and-water from his own side of the tumbler, which stood impartially between us. As I looked down from the clouds and caught his royal eye, he understood my reflections. "I have an idea," he observed, with an upward glance, "of training scarlet runners across in the season, — making a arbor of it, — and sometimes taking tea in the same, according to the song."

I nodded approval.

"And here you repose and think?" said I.

"And think," said he; "of posters — walls — and hoardings."

We were both silent, contemplating the vastness of the subject. I remembered a surprising fancy of dear THOMAS HOOD'S, and wondered whether this monarch ever sighed to repair to the great wall of China, and stick bills all over it.

"And so," said he, rousing himself, "it 's facts as you collect?"

"Facts," said I.

"The facts of bill-sti pursued His Majesty, in a benignant manner, "as known to myself, are as following. When my father was Engineer, Beadle, and Bill-Sticker to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, he employed women to post bills for him. He employed women to post bills at the time of the riots of London. He died at the age of seventy-five year, and was buried by the murdered Eliza Grimwood, over in the Waterloo-road."

As this was somewhat in the nature of a royal speech, I listened with deference and silently. His Majesty, taking a scroll from his pocket, proceeded, with great distinctness, to pour out the following flood of information: —

"'The bills being at that period mostly proclamations and declarations, and which were only a demy size, the manner of posting the bills (as they did not use brushes) was by means of a piece of wood which they called a 'dabber.' Thus things continued till such time as the State Lottery was passed, and then the printers began to print larger bills, and men were employed instead of women, as the State Lottery Commissioners then began to send men all over England to post bills, and would keep them out for six or eight months at a time, and they were called by the London bill-stickers '*trampers*,' their wages at the time being ten shillings per day, besides expenses. They used sometimes to be stationed in large towns for five or six months together, distributing the schemes to all the houses in the town. And then there were more caricature wood-block engravings for posting-bills than there are at the present time, the principal printers, at that time, of posting-bills being Messrs. Evans and Ruffy, of Budgerow; Thoroughgood and Whiting, of the present day; and Messrs. Gye and Balne, Grace-church Street, City. The largest bills printed at that period were a two-sheet double crown; and when they commenced printing four-sheet bills, two bill-stickers would work together. They had no settled wages per week, but had a fixed price for their work, and the London bill-stickers, during a lottery week, have been known to earn, each eight or nine pounds per week, till the day of drawing; likewise the men who carried boards in the street used to have one pound per week, and the bill-stickers at that time would not allow any one to wilfully cover or destroy their bills, as they had a society amongst themselves, and very frequently dined together at some public-house where they used to go of an evening to have their work delivered out untoe 'em.'

All this His Majesty delivered in a gallant manner; posting it, as it were, before me, in a great proclamation. I took advantage of the pause he now made, to inquire what a "two-sheet double crown" might express?

"A two sheet double crown," replied the King, "is a bill thirty-

nine inches wide by thirty inches high."

"Is it possible," said I, my mind reverting to the gigantic admonitions we were then displaying to the multitude — which were as infants to some of the posting-bills on the rotten old warehouse — "that some few years ago the largest bill was no larger than that?"

"The fact," returned the King, "is undoubtedly so." Here he instantly rushed again into the scroll.

"'Since the abolishing of the State Lottery all that good feeling has gone, and nothing but jealousy exists, through the rivalry of each other. Several bill-sticking companies have started, but have failed. The first party that started a company was twelve year ago but what was left of the old school and their dependents joined together and opposed them. And for some time we were quiet again, till a printer of Hatton Garden formed a company by hiring the sides of houses; but he was not supported by the public, and he left his wooden frames fixed up for rent. The last company that started, took advantage of the New Police Act, and hired of Messrs. Grisell and Peto the hoarding of Trafalgar Square, and established a bill-sticking office in Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane, and engaged some of the new bill-stickers to do their work, and for a time got the half of all our work, and with such spirit did they carry on their opposition towards us, that they used to give us in charge before the magistrate, and get us fined; but they found it so expensive, that they could not keep it up, for they were always employing a lot of ruffians from the Seven Dials to come and fight us; and on one occasion the old bill-stickers went to Trafalgar Square to attempt to post bills, when they were given in custody by the watchman in their employ, and fined at Queen Square five pounds, as they would not allow any of us to speak in the office; but when they were gone, we had an interview with the magistrate, who mitigated the fine to fifteen shillings. During the time the men were waiting for the fine, this company started off to a public-house that we were in the habit of using, and waited for us coming back, where a fighting scene took place that beggars description. Shortly after this, the principal one day came and shook hands with us, and acknowledged that he had broken up the company, and that he himself had lost five hundred pound in trying to overthrow us. We then took possession of the hoarding in Trafalgar Square; but Messrs. Grisell and Peto would not allow us to post our bills on the said hoarding without paying them — and from first to last we paid upwards of two hundred pounds for that hoarding, and likewise the hoarding of the Reform Clubhouse, Pall Mall.'"

His Majesty, being now completely out of breath, laid down his scroll (which he appeared to

have finished), puffed at his pipe, and took some rum-and-water. I embraced the opportunity of asking how many divisions the art and mystery of bill-sticking comprised? He replied, three — auctioneers' bill-sticking, theatrical bill-sticking, general bill-sticking.

"The auctioneers' porters," said the King, "who do their bill-sticking, are mostly respectable and intelligent, and generally well paid for their work, whether in town or country. The price paid by the principal auctioneers for country work, is nine shillings per day; that is, seven shillings for day's work, one shilling for lodging, and one for paste. Town work is five shillings a day, including paste."

"Town work must be rather hot-work," said I, "if there be many of those fighting scenes that beggar description, among the bill-stickers?"

"Well," replied the King, "I an 't a stranger, I assure you, to black eyes; a bill-sticker ought to know how to handle his fists a bit. As to that row I have mentioned, that grew out of competition, conducted in an uncompromising spirit. Besides a man in a horse-and-shay continually following us about, the company had a watchman on duty, night and day, to prevent us sticking bills upon the hoarding in Trafalgar Square. We went there, early one morning, to stick bills and to black-wash their bills if we were interfered with. We *were* interfered with, and I gave the word for laying on the wash. It *was* laid on — pretty brisk — and we were all taken to Queen Square: but they couldn't fine *me*. *I* knew that," — with a bright smile — "I'd only given directions — I was only the General."

Charmed with this monarch's affability, I inquired if he had ever hired a hoarding himself.

"Hired a large one," he replied, "opposite the Lyceum Theatre, when the buildings was there. Paid thirty pound for it; let out places on it, and called it 'The External Paper-Hanging Station.' But it didn't answer. Ah!" said His Majesty thoughtfully, as he filled the glass, "Bill-stickers have a deal to contend with. The bill-sticking clause was got into the Police Act by a member of parliament that employed me at his election. The clause is pretty stiff respecting where bills go; but *he* didn't mind where *his* bills went. It was all right enough, so long as they was *his* bills!"

Fearful that I observed a shadow of misanthropy on the King's cheerful face, I asked whose ingenious invention that was, which I greatly admired, of sticking bills under the arches of the bridges.

"Mine!" said His Majesty, "I was the first that ever stuck a bill under a bridge! Imitators soon rose up, of course. — When don't they? But they stuck 'em at low-water, and the tide came and swept the bills clean away. *I* knew that!" The King laughed.

"What may be the name of that instrument, like an immense fishing-rod," I inquired, "with which bills are posted on high places?"

"The joints," returned His Majesty. "Now, we use the joints where formerly we used ladders — as they do still in country places. Once, when Madame" (Vestris, understood) "was playing in Liverpool, another bill-sticker and me were at it together on the wall outside the Clarence Dock — me with the joints — him on a ladder. Lord! I had my bill up, right over his head, yards above him, ladder and all, while he was crawling to his work. The people going in and out of the docks, stood and laughed! — It 's about thirty years since the joints come in."

"Are there any bill-stickers who can't read?" I took the liberty of inquiring.

"Some," said the King. "But they know which is the right side up'ards of their work. They keep it as it 's given out to 'em. I have seen a bill or so stuck wrong side up'ards. But it 's very rare."

Our discourse sustained some interruption at this point, by the procession of cars occasioning a stoppage of about three quarters of a mile in length, as nearly as I could judge. His Majesty, however, entreating me not to be discomposed by the contingent uproar, smoked with great placidity, and surveyed the firmament.

When we were again in motion, I begged to be informed what was the largest poster His Majesty had ever seen. The King replied, "A thirty-six sheet poster." I gathered, also, that there were about a hundred and fifty bill-stickers in London, and that His Majesty considered an average hand equal to the posting of one hundred bills (single sheets) in a day. The King was of opinion, that, although posters had much increased in size, they had not increased in number; as the abolition of the State Lotteries had occasioned a great falling off, especially in the country. Over and above which change, I bethought myself that the custom of advertising in newspapers had greatly increased. The completion of many London improvements, as Trafalgar-square (I particularly observed the singularity of His Majesty's calling *that* an improvement), the Royal Exchange, &c., had of late years reduced the number of advantageous posting-places. Bill-stickers at present rather confined themselves to districts, than to particular descriptions of work. One man would strike over Whitechapel; another would take round Houndsditch, Shoreditch, and the City Road; one (the King said) would stick to the Surrey side; another would make a beat of the Westend.

His Majesty remarked, with some approach to severity, on the neglect of delicacy and taste, gradually introduced into the trade by the new school: a profligate and inferior race of impostors

who took jobs at almost any price, to the detriment of the old school, and the confusion of their own misguided employers. He considered that the trade was overdone with competition, and observed, speaking of his subjects, "There are too many of 'em." He believed, still, that things were a little better than they had been; adducing, as a proof, the fact that particular posting places were now reserved, by common consent, for particular posters; those places, however, must be regularly occupied by those posters, or, they lapsed and fell into other hands. It was of no use giving a man a Drury Lane bill this week and not next. Where was it to go? He was of opinion that going to the expense of putting up your own board on which your sticker could display your own bills, was the only complete way of posting yourself at the present time; but, even to effect this, on payment of a shilling a week to the keepers of steamboat piers and other such places, you must be able, besides, to give orders for theatres and public exhibitions, or you would be sure to be cut out by somebody. His Majesty regarded the passion for orders, as one of the most inappeaseable appetites of human nature. If there were a building, or if there were repairs, going on, anywhere, you could generally stand something and make it right with the foreman of the works; but, orders would be expected from you, and the man who could give the most orders was the man who would come off best. There was this other objectionable point, in orders, that workmen sold them for drink, and often sold them to persons who were likewise troubled with the weakness of thirst: which led (His Majesty said) to the presentation of your orders at Theatre doors, by individuals who were "too shakery" to derive intellectual profit from the entertainments, and who brought a scandal on you. Finally, His Majesty said that you could hardly put too little in a poster; what you wanted, was, two or three good catch-lines for the eye to rest on—then, leave it alone—and there you were!

These are the minutes of my conversation with His Majesty, as I noted them down shortly afterwards. I am not aware that I have been betrayed into any alteration or suppression. The manner of the King was frank in the extreme; and he seemed to me to avoid, at once that slight tendency to repetition which may have been observed in the conversation of His Majesty King George the Third, and that slight undercurrent of egotism which the curious observer may perhaps detect in the conversation of Napoleon Buonaparte.

I must do the King the justice to say that it was I, and not he, who closed the dialogue. At this juncture, I became the subject of a remarkable optical delusion; the legs of my stool appeared to me to double up; the car to spin round and round with great vio-

lence; and a mist to arise between myself and His Majesty. In addition to these sensations, I felt extremely unwell. I refer these unpleasant effects, either to the paste with which the posters were affixed to the van: which may have contained some small portion of arsenic; or, to the printer's ink, which may have contained some equally deleterious ingredient. Of this, I cannot be sure. I am only sure that I was not affected, either by the smoke, or the rum-and-water. I was assisted out of the vehicle, in a state of mind which I have only experienced in two other places — I allude to the Pier at Dover, and to the corresponding portion of the town of Calais — and sat upon a door-step until I recovered. The procession had then disappeared. I have since looked anxiously for the King in several other cars, but I have not yet had the happiness of seeing His Majesty.

"TO CLERGYMEN IN DIFFICULTIES."

THE family of the Reverend Carmichael Crample, perpetual curate of Crookenden, Hunts, is seated at breakfast. Mrs. Crample is blandly declining the request of Master Shirley Crample for more sugar to his milk-and-water; Miss Crample is reading the day-old copy of the "Times," which the vicar is so good as to send regularly; and Miss Emilia Crample is spreading butter over Master Charles James Crample's bread, with fairy-like thinness; the reverend head of the family notices through the glass door leading upon the lawn, the approach of a figure, which gives him sore disquietude.

"It is only poor Mr. Slicer, my dear," says Mrs. Crample. "He is very civil and patient; for his is only a balance since last Christmas — it is a call from Mr. Plumley which I dread most; for *he* has had no money from us since this time twelvemonth."

Mr. Slicer is shown into the study; to which the reverend gentleman, humbled and abashed, creeps unwillingly from the parlour. The butcher, equally embarrassed, stammers out something about having a large bill to meet on Thursday; and, if quite convenient — well, he hopes Mr. Crample *will* oblige him with at least something on account. The clergyman pleads poverty, and begs a little time. Slicer has not the heart to say more; but, brushing his hat very vigorously with his sleeve, trusts Mr. Crample won't forget him as soon as —

"Mr. Plumley, Sir!" says the servant, announcing the grocer; of whose visitation Mrs. Crample had expressed her apprehensions. Meanwhile the butcher, having brought his hat up to a brilliant polish, proceeds to put it to its proper use, and returns towards his shop.

"It 's o' no use, Sir," exclaims Plumley, after Mr. Crample has swiftly, but noiselessly shut the

study door. "It 's o' no use a talking any more about it. I owe a duty to my wife and family, and I owe a sum of money to Gampling and Co., my wholesale house. Their traveller worrits my life out. I 'm a poor man — I am an uncommon poor man, with a large family."

"So am I," falters Mr. Crample, timidly.

"Well," rejoins Mr. Plumley, "if I had tithes a coming in, Sir, besides a stipend, I should say I was *not* a poor man. That 's what I should say, and bless myself. Why they tell me the tithes of this parish is worth seven — teen hundred a year."

"The *great* tithes," replies Mr. Crample, with eagerness; "but, they are the dues of my principal, the Reverend Dr. Recumber. Mine are only the small tithes, and I assure you they do not amount to one hundred a year. The additional complement I receive from the vicar is very small."

These mild statements have the effect of diverting Mr. Plumley's wrath from the curate to the vicar; of whom, oddly enough, he, a parochial man (Mr. Plumley is "sidesman" for this year), has scarcely before heard. Presently he breaks out into a strong expression of the "shame" it is that the man who does all the work should have so little of the pay.

"I beg you will not imagine that the doctor is unkind or unmindful of us," says the timid curate: "for instance, he sends us the 'Times' newspaper every day gratis — and that, merely on condition of our forwarding it by every mail to his cousin in India."

"Kind you call it! It don't help you to pay your butcher, or," adds the shopkeeper with emphasis, "or your grocer?"

"Why no," continues the clergyman. "I am indeed most grieved that I am unable to meet your demand; but, Emilia's long illness, and a disappointment Jane has had in getting a situation as governess, have thrown me back; still I" — here the poor curate stops. He is about to add a hope; but, his conscience tells him that he ought not to lead his creditor astray.

The despondent manner in which he drops his voice, touches Plumley's heart. Plumley feels he has been blunt, and repents. He, too, lowers his voice; he hopes he hasn't said anything hurtful to Mr. C.'s feelings; but Gampling and Co.'s. traveller worrits men out o' their lives! "I *know*," he adds a little louder, "that if you had it you 'd pay it; but what I say, is this; — it 's a burning shame that you haven't got it!"

Mr. Plumley entered the house with the firm determination that not another ounce of tea should be supplied to the family, on credit, until his bill was paid. But as he passes the kitchen door to go out, he cannot look the servant in the face without saying, "Well, Mary Anne; any orders this morning?"

Before Mary Anne can inquire

of her mistress, her master has returned to the parlour. He is the picture of despair. Mrs. Crample has much ado to keep up sufficient spirit to cheer him. The younger children retire, and a consultation begins as to what can be done to obtain some respite from their difficulties, and pay bills off by instalments. "If," says the head of the house, "I could only borrow a sufficient sum from my stipend, it would relieve these poor, patient tradesmen!"

Jane, who had read every advertisement for governesses in the "Times" twice over, here ventures to suggest that nothing could be easier. "Look here, papa," she remarks, pointing to the front page of the Supplement. "A gentleman named N. G., who dates from Cecil Street, Strand, London, addresses himself particularly to clergymen; for the advertisement is headed, 'To CLERGYMEN (AND OTHERS) IN DIFFICULTIES.' He says he is prepared to advance, by way of loan, any sum of money, from ten, to ten thousand pounds, on personal security."

The curate takes the newspaper from his daughter, and scans the notification carefully, over and over again. He cannot exactly make out the signification of "personal security." Mr. Carmichael Crample is a profound Greek scholar. In mathematics and theology he brought away high honours from college. He can dissect a Pindaric ode, or construe a crabbed passage from any of the Latin Fathers, better than his bishop. But, of the ordinary transactions of life he is as innocent as his own baby. He does not know the meaning of "personal security"; but in order to learn, there will be no harm in inquiring. Mr. Crample is sure, from the very end and purpose of the advertisement, that N. G. must be a benevolent rich man, and will give a prompt and clear answer.

Mr. Crample immediately indited an epistle to Cecil Street, Strand, London, to go by the next post. It gave a candid statement of his wants and wishes (viz., fifty pounds immediately). It also set forth his income, to show that he would be able to repay the loan punctually by the instalments he proposed. He concluded with a request that N. G. would be kind enough to explain the exact nature of the security required.

By the very next return of post there came a letter, which the curate opened with a trembling hand; and, having first glanced it over silently, repeated it aloud to his anxious wife, in a voice faltering with joy. It ran thus:

"REV. SIR,

"Yours of yesterday came duly to hand. Though we seldom negociate with parties for small transactions; yet, under the particular circumstances of your case, are not averse.

"Our system of doing business is always to ascertain the perfect respectability of parties before we undertake commissions, &c., and are happy to state that (as a matter of business), we have made the necessary searches at Somerset House, and find your living to be as you state.

"Time being, no doubt, an object, we enclose a Bill of Exchange for amount

required, viz: — fifty pounds, at two months; renewable, if not quite convenient for you to meet, in whole or part. You have merely to sign your name under the word 'accepted' written across thereof, and remit to us; with post-office order for our charge for searches (as per account below), stamp, &c., and we will forward you the amount, less discount and commission, immediately.

"We are,
"ST. JOHN CLARE, THOMPSON, AND CO.

	£.	s.	d.
"*Mem.* No. 985423. Stamp,	0	3	6
Drawing Bill,	0	6	8
Searches at Somerset House,	2	2	0
	2	12	2"

For two pounds twelve shillings and two-pence, the Crample family, it seemed, could be released from their embarrassments; but, two pounds odd were, just then, as much at their command, as two thousand pounds. There was a family council for some hours as to how the little sum could be raised. Could anything be disposed of? Alas! the inventory of their entire possessions was called up, without much effort of memory, in Mrs. Crample's mind; and object by object was discussed, and truly pronounced indispensable. At last, Jane suggested that her father should write again, to propose that, in addition to "commission and discount," the ready-money charges should be deducted from the sum to be lent. On this advice Mr. Crample immediately acted.

On the second morning, came another letter from Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company. "Nothing," said Mr. Crample, with a smile, "could be kinder than these gentlemen; and I really marvel how, being utter strangers, they can be so considerate. They cheerfully agree to my last proposal. All I have to do, is, to put my signature to the document, and return it by post."

The villagers of Crookenden had, of late, seen almost as little of their perpetual curate as of their vicar; and when he did go abroad, he appeared dejected and unhappy. The very day, however, on which he sent off the accepted bill, a change came over him. He went out. He patted all the children on the head; he looked in at the school; he promised a little girl who read the list of hard names in the Genealogical Chapter of Numbers without a mistake, that he would very soon present her with a sixpence. He even called upon Plumley, and had a chat with Mrs. P.; in the course of which, he expressed his regret that "Jane had not been so generous a godmother to *her* Jane as he could have wished, but soon, he hoped —"

Mrs. Plumley interrupted him by begging he wouldn't mention that.

"And not only that," Mr. Crample continued, looking pointedly towards the grocer, "but other obligations we are under to our kind neighbours, we hope in a short period to — liquidate."

The butcher was not at home when Mr. Crample called; but, Mr. Crample left an ambiguous message, implying that his next

interview with Mr. Slicer should be more agreeable than the last.

Mrs. Crample employed herself in making out a list of the household liabilities, and apportioning the expected cash in various sums to each creditor. In fact, every possible preparation was made; and, on the morning when it was expected, nothing was wanted to the renovated prosperity of the Crample establishment — but the money.

The next morning, alas, the postman passed the window! Shirley was sent after him. Was he *sure* there was no letter for papa?

"None!"

The morning after, and the next, it was the same. Could the bill have miscarried?

On the fifth day, Mr. Crample wrote again, inquiring if his last letter had reached Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company. With hungry patience, he paused for a reply during another week. Poor Mrs. Crample was, meantime, obliged to turn the screw of economy tighter and tighter, until the pinch reached even the younger branches. Shirley had to drink his milk-and-water without any sugar whatever; and Charles James was reduced to dry bread. Their dress, too, was so shabby they could hardly appear at church.

Innumerable were the excuses for Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company, with which Crample amused himself. Perhaps the entire firm had gone out of town, and would send the money when they returned; possibly, their capital had suddenly got "locked up" — (he derived the expression from an indigo broker, to whose son he had been tutor, but had not the remotest idea of its meaning), and somebody had lost the key. Suddenly it struck him that he might not have addressed his letters legibly enough for post-office deciphering — a very common fault of college-bred men. He therefore wrote once more; and, in a clear round text that might have served for a sign, directed his letter to "Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company, Cecil Street, Strand, London."

In a few days the letter was returned to the writer, with the following inscription, "Gone away; not known where."

"Ah," said the reverend victim, when he showed this to his wife; "I now feel sure that the whole matter is a hoax. Peradventure, Messrs. Thompson and Co. are a fiction — some young college bloods, perhaps, who just put these advertisements into the papers for fun!"

Two months have passed. Breakfast, such as it is, has been removed. Plumley and Slicer both appear; they know that yesterday their pastor received his quarter's stipend. They have dropped in, to ascertain to what extent he is prepared to liquidate the balances upon their once little, now large accounts. They have scarcely opened the glass

door to go away, when the postman appears. The parson seizes a letter eagerly; it is directed in a strange, stiff, business hand. Would his visitors wait till he reads the first line? He breaks the seal, and the words "St. John Clare, Thompson, and Co." gladden his eyes. He turns to his creditors. He hints that Plumley's patience and the butcher's long-sufferance will now be rewarded. He turns the leaf with the greatest care, fearing that the bank note, or cheque on the neighbouring bank, may be blown away. Pleased with a confused and nervously-murmured promise of speedy payment, coupled with the word "remittance," the creditors retire joyfully. Crample has now time and composure to examine the letter carefully.

Not the vestige of a bank note or bank paper of any kind can he discern! He feels that he is not strong enough to peruse the epistle by himself, and desires the presence of his wife and eldest daughter. Thus reinforced, he reads; and the following words grow dim before his eyes:

"The Rev. Carmichael Crample,
"Crookenden Vicarage,
"Hunts.

"*Clifford's Inn.*

"Sir,

"Unless the amount of the dishonoured bill (fifty pounds), drawn by Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Co., and accepted by you, be paid forthwith (together with interest and costs), I am instructed by the present holder thereof, Oloman l'Evy, Esq., to inform you that legal proceedings will be commenced against you without further notice.

"We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
"WRINKLE AND CLIP."

The trio are silent. Each looks at the other for an explanation of the meaning of the extraordinary application. The reverend gentleman, having earnestly applied this dumb catechism first to his wife and then to his daughter, turns his abstracted look upon the backs of his books; and, staring intently at his St. Ignatius, asks it aloud "how he could be expected to pay a debt he has never incurred, while a great many which, alas, he honestly owes, he is unable to liquidate?" St. Ignatius is, of course, not communicative; but, by this time, the full scope and effect of the villany has revealed itself to Jane.

claims, weeping, "All my doing!"

"Your doing?" repeat Mr. and Mrs. Crample both at once.

"Yes! It was I who suggested that papa should write to those wicked men; and now ruin has come of it!"

The kind old man takes his daughter's hand, and says all he can think of to soothe her. He assures her, in his simplicity, that there is, without any manner of doubt, some mistake. He will write to Mr. Wrinkle, or, better perhaps, to Mr. l'Evy — probably a French gentleman — and explain to him that, from some oversight on the part of Messrs. Thompson and Co., he never was favoured with a shilling of the money; and that, consequently, they will at once perceive he is not their debtor. Mrs. Crample proposes that, to make assurance

doubly sure, an additional letter be forwarded to Messrs. Thompson and Co., to their old address in Cecil Street, Strand, London, with a memorandum requesting the postman to inquire whither they have removed; and then to be good enough to take it without delay to their new residence,

Jane, after re-perusing Wrinkle and Clip's letter, and considering awhile, weeps afresh, despite every effort to repress her grief. Without being able to disentangle the affair, she feels a distinct conviction that her father has been caught in meshes, spread in the newspapers, by a gang of swindlers. Her advice is, that her father lose no time in laying the whole case, in person, before his patron.

Poor Mr. Crample recoils at the thought. He will never have sufficient courage. Besides, the Reverend Dr. Recumber, vicar of Crookenden, and rector of No Souls, City, lives in London; and how is the expense of a journey thither to be borne?

"And then the exposure!" hinted Mrs. Crample.

"Exposure, anything, is better than ruin!" urged Jane, turning to her mother; "I feel convinced that the wretches will put papa in prison, unless he gets proper advice how to act. Dr. Recumber will, perhaps, know some solicitor who will tell him how to defend himself from these bad people. Besides, being chaplain to the Duke of Lummersley, he will have great influence in London."

"But who is to do duty in my absence?" asks the curate, rubbing his eyes like a man awakening out of one dream to be drawn into another.

"Doubtless the Doctor will recommend some friend of his!"

The next morning, the Reverend Carmichael Crample was seen in a second-class carriage, duly booked for London; paying the expenses of his journey out of the quarter's scanty stipend, which his careful wife had been, for previous days and weeks, calculating and contriving, to spread over the largest possible surface of debt.

With trembling knees and a palsied knock at the great Belgravian door, Mr. Crample announced his advent to the portentous pluralist. The Honourable Mrs. Recumber (daughter of the Earl of Pompton) passed him on the stairs on her way to the Opera; and he was ushered into the drawing-room by a powdered footman. The splendour to which Mr. Crample was here suddenly introduced, at first bewildered him. Scarcely an article upon which his wondering eyes fell, but would pay the whole of his Crookenden creditors, and leave a handsome surplus to liquidate the dreadful acceptance. The vicar — a large, pompous man — received his curate with bland surprise. He inquired after each member of his family, seriatim, with an appearance of interest in their welfare, which quite touched the husband and father. When Mr. Crample explained the object of his visit, the Doctor first ap-

peared extremely shocked, and then said he was "deeply grieved." He assured his curate that he was in the hands of swindlers: he advised him by all means to pay the money; and thus save himself endless vexation and certain exposure. It was much better to put up with the first loss. Going to law with such scoundrels was not only unsatisfactory, but, in the end, decidedly expensive.

Poor Mr. Crample felt precisely like the sick pauper, when a fashionable physician prescribed him chicken broth and carriage exercise. He stuttered out something about not having the ability to pay, and expressed — more audibly — a wish that Dr. Recumber would recommend him to a respectable solicitor.

"Well, my dear Sir, if you *will* be rash, nothing," said the Doctor, "would give me greater pleasure."

The bell was rung; another floury footman brought in a silver standish and a mother-'o-pearl writing-case: the letter was penned; and the curate, with a profusion of thanks, backed himself out of the apartment. — The next morning at the earliest business hour, he presented it.

Mr. Blindle, of the firm of Blindle and Blob, received Dr. Recumber's epistle with reverential awe. (The agency for the Doctor's property was worth five hundred a year to the "office.") Mr. Blindle produced a pair of scissors; and, instead of profanely tearing open the letter, carefully cut away the coat-of-arms, not to disfigure it with the slightest crack. Had he lived in Pekin, and not in Furnival's Inn, he would have burnt incense before the revered document.

The nature of Mr. Crample's business, however, produced a considerable change in Mr. Blindle's mind.

"This," said Mr. Blindle, "is a case rather for the Police than for Common-Law practice. You are at the mercy of a gang of bill-stealers. I presume the transaction began by your answering an advertisement in the 'Times' newspaper, headed, 'To Clergymen (and others) in Difficulties?'

Mr. Crample breathed forth "Yes!" with the wonderment of a mystified peasant replying to a conjuror.

"Exactly; and no doubt they have already proceeded against you; for Wrinkle and Clip are what we call in the profession, 'no-quarter men.' However, if you will leave the papers with me, I will send one of our clerks to Clifford's Inn, to see what can be done. Good morning, Mr. Crample."

Mr. Blindle's time was worth about sixty shillings an hour, and he could not afford to waste many minutes on a clergyman in difficulties. Having bowed Mr. Crample out, he thrust half his head into the clerk's office, and exclaimed, "Peggs! — look over this gentleman's papers, and try whether you can do anything with

Wrinkle and Clip!" He then shut himself in again.

Mr. Peggs turned over the letters (Mr. Crample had carefully folded and docketed them); and, having without much ado, recapitulated everything that had happened to Mr. Crample, concluded with the query, "Ain't I right, Sir?"

"Wonderfully correct!" said Mr. Crample, holding up his hands in amazement. He had made up his mind that the fatal bill transaction was one of a most extraordinary and unheard-of character; the like of which had never happened before. By what divination had the wonderful attorney and his more wonderful clerk come to a knowledge of the minutest circumstances?

The interview in Clifford's Inn is short and decisive. Mr. Peggs went in alone. He pushed open a faded green-baize door, which shut upon him like a rat-trap; and addressed himself to a dirty man, behind a row of rails, who answered to the name of Clip. A dirtier individual, at a side-desk, took a slip of parchment from a pigeon-hole, and began to rub a dirty roll of cloth over it.

Mr. Peggs stated his business: —

"Come to pay?" asked Clip.

"Oh, no; merely to see about an arrangement!" said Peggs.

"Debt and costs in full im-*me*diately are the only terms," re-

It's a clear case of bill-stealing," insinuated Peggs.

"My client is an innocent holder," replied Clip.

"Very!" said Peggs.

"You accept service for defendant?" inquired Clip.

"We do," responded Peggs.

"Now then, Smudge, go it!" said Clip to his clerk; and, before Mr. Peggs was out of the trap, Mr. Smudge had made him the bearer of a parchment command to Carmichael Crample, clerk, to appear before our Lady the Queen, at Westminster, to answer Oloman l'Evy, upon promises, &c.

Meantime, the clergyman had paced the flags of Clifford's Inn Passage, his mind oscillating between anxiety and hope. Despite all that had been told him, he flattered himself that Messrs. Wrinkle and Clip would rectify the "mistake," when they were fully convinced that he had not received the money they had applied to him for. When Mr. Peggs appeared, he hastily joined him, with the sanguine inquiry,

"Are they convinced of the error? Will they forego" —

"Nothing."

"Peradventure they will wait?"

"Not five minutes," replied Peggs. "They have commenced their action already. Here is a copy of the writ! When they declare, we shall plead — our defence is, no consideration, and fraud, eh?"

Mr. Crample gave a stupefied assent. Peggs walked to the end of Fetter Lane, with the bewildered defendant, and then, wishing him good day, cast him adrift

on the ocean of London, without rudder or compass.

The next morning, when Mr. Crample had slept upon his misfortunes, Hope, as was her wont in his case, returned to him with undiminished brightness. All would be right. Messrs. Blindle and Blob would, doubtless, do all that was necessary; and he would return to Crookenden to await the result.

The curate dreams on; and the creditors wait with exemplary patience. Sugar and butter are banned the parsonage; domestic prayers, read by Jane, have been established on Sundays, for the benefit of the younger branches, and for the want of Sunday attire fit for exhibition at church. At length the day of trial approaches; and, when it arrives, the defendant takes another expensive journey to London. He smilingly paces Westminster Hall; for he feels confident of a verdict in the cause of l'Evy *v.* Crample, clerk. He knows that great efforts have been made by Blindle and Blob to secure that issue; for, on making a modest application to Dr. Recumber to guarantee their costs, the Doctor declined; and, as Oloman l'Evy was reputed to be wealthy, a verdict for the defendant was a matter of moment to "the office." One favourable circumstance had occurred: Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company, had been tried at the Central Criminal Court, in the name of Higgs (with an appendix of six aliases) in respect of another bill of exchange; across which, he (Higgs) had — quite accidentally, as he averred written a wrong name. The finding of the jury implied forgery, and the sentence of the judge was transportation.

The matter of l'Evy *v.* Crample, clerk, did not occupy her Majesty, sitting by proxy in her Court of Common Pleas, much time.

The plaintiff's counsel, in opening the case, made a playful allusion to the misfortune of Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company (*alias* Higgs); but, indignantly repudiated any connexion, on the part of his unimpeachable client, with that atrocious convict. The acceptance had, he asserted, passed through several hands; and plaintiff — who was a highly respectable wine and cigar merchant at the West-end — had, in an evil hour, discounted it.

The only witness called to support these statements was the plaintiff's clerk. That young gentleman simply swore that he saw the money paid to the "party" whose name appeared as the last of the indorsers. In his cross-examination, he said yes, he *was* Mr. Oloman l'Evy's nephew. His duties as clerk were very light, for the plaintiff had no regular office nor wine-cellar, and bought his cigars, like any other gentleman — when he wanted to smoke. The "party" for whom the bill was discounted was his (witness's) father, who was Mrs. l'Evy's

brother. Knew Higgs (St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company). Was no relation whatever to Higgs — at least would not have been, if plaintiff had not married his (witness's) aunt; and if Higgs had not been Mrs. l'Evy's son by a former husband — which he was. But what had that to do with it?

As the counsel for the defence could not prove the negative that the defendant never had received a farthing of consideration for his bill, he relied upon his eloquence in denouncing the transaction as a wicked fraud, and on the facts elicited in the cross-examination of the plaintiff's witness. — The judge, however, summed up with the simple remark that, although the evidence in support of the plaintiff's case was of an extremely suspicious character; yet, no direct evidence had been adduced on behalf of the defendant to rebut it — and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

That day week was passed by the Rev. Carmichael Crample in the receiving ward of Whitecross Street prison! The hope which had buoyed him up, even to the last, had now fled. Thoughts of his parish, his home, and the dear ones there lamenting, overcame him. He sat in the darkest corner of the dismal apartment, and wept.

The condition of affairs at Crookenden will be best understood from the following letter, written by the Honourable Kenrick Speckle, B. A. (youngest son of the Earl of Pompton), whom Dr. Recumber had sent down to do duty while Crample was going through the Insolvent Court. The letter was addressed to Sir Richard Rumble, Bart., Baliol College, Oxford.

"*Parsonage, Crookenden, Hunts.*

"MY DEAR DICK,

"Here 's a go! — Old Drizzle, who is keeping the best living in our family warm for me till I can complete my title for orders, is at death's door; and I shall not become due for full orders for another twelvemonth. Even if he hold out three months longer (and I 'm game to lay a thousand to twenty he doesn't) I shall be bowled out.

"I was packed off from Town by my antique brother-in-law, Recumber, under the plea that I can read for my title, down here, as well as anywhere else; and do him a service at the same time. The fact is, the regular Crookenden Curate has gone up for a six weeks' whitewash. Our old friend l'Evy is the executioner.

"Instead of a parsonage, this is more like the Valley of the Shadow. The weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, are indescribable. The hostess — a limp lady, with a faded face — cries all breakfast-time; and, when I ask the second daughter for an egg, she bursts into tears. The two little boys cry over their milk-and-water, and Molly, the servant, never comes into one's presence without similar demonstrations. The very tradesmen are melancholy. I ordered, and *paid for* — (what d 'ye think of that?) — a quarter of a hundredweight of the best almond hard-bake, for distribution amongst the parochial juveniles, yesterday. They sucked every ounce of it; in the dumps.

"I don't think there is a smile to be had, for love or money, in the whole parish; and, if I did not contrive a chat, now and then, with the eldest daughter of the house of Crample, I should abscond. It is martyrdom to be here! She (Jane Crample I mean) has wonderful sense — and only rising nineteen; she sings much better than Miss Huskie, our Oxford *prima donna*. Indeed, all the sense and talent of the family seem centred in her. Five feet five and a half, I should say — splendidly proportioned — and a wonderful complexion. She puts the best face on

things, and keeps her spirits up, like a little heroine. I had a gossip with her last night, alone, and she spoke so sensibly of her father's affairs that—but I'm boring you, Dick.

"I will tell you what I wish you would do! Just ride over to the governor, and hint that, if old Drizzle should pop off, a month or two too soon, Jane's father would be a capital warming-pan for me. The living is worth eight hundred a year, and would be a lift for him, and save the dear old boy from the Insolvent Court.

"Yours ever,

"KEN. SPECKLE."

Not only did Sir Richard ride over to the Earl of Pompton and make the suggestion; but, it actually had to be put into force in less than a week; for, as Dr. Drizzle died next day no time was to be lost.

When Mr. Oloman l'Evy saw the appointment of Crample to the new living, in the newspapers, he instantly posted off to Whitecross Street. He expressed intense commiseration for the curate's sufferings, and told Mr. Crample he was willing to release him on his own personal security. Another bill at two months, for nearly double the amount of debt and costs. Peggs nipped the transaction in the bud. He happened to come down at the same time, paid the money by his master's orders (B. and B. took only ten per cent. upon such transactions); and the clergyman, no longer in difficulties, went down by express train to lighten the hearts and dry the eyes, not only of his dearest and nearest, but of the whole parish. Slicer and Plumley had not to wait long for the amounts of their respective bills; and the charity-girl not only got her sixpence, but as many other sixpences for distribution among her school-fellows, as made capitalists, for one whole evening, of the entire multitude.

At the end of the year, it turned out that Mr. Crample had not been a mere warming-pan for his new patron's son. A conviction had slowly crept over that young gentleman that the Church was not exactly his calling, and he had gone into the Army — (and a very good fellow he proved at heart). Mr. Crample, therefore, got the living.

The latest intelligence of the Crample family reports Miss Crample to be a guest at Pompton Castle. Captain Speckle is in India with his regiment. It is said that he and Jane correspond.

"TO CLERGYMEN (AND OTHERS) IN DIFFICULTIES" still heads an advertisement frequently inserted in various newspapers; and, as Mr. Oloman l'Evy has lately set up his carriage, there is little doubt that "our system of doing business" flourishes, in spite of exposure.

Now, my lords and gentlemen, is there anything wrong about this Mr. Oloman l'Evy and his business; and, if we tried hard, don't you think we might preserve our clergymen and others, as well as our — come! — say as well as our Game!

THE MOTHER'S TEST.

This incident is related of Mary, Countess of Orkney, born deaf and dumb, who, in the year 1753, was married by signs, to her cousin, the Marquis of Thomond.

OUR nurse, our dear, old, faithful Joan,
what pleasant tales she told,
Adventures that herself had known, or
legends quaint and old;
Unceasing marvel each excites; untired,
her stores we claim,
Close seated round o' winter nights, beside the fagot's flame.

Once lived she in a moated Hall, an
ancient, lonesome place,
Enclosing in its flanking wall a Plaisaunce and a Chace;
And there she came to tend a dame of
high degree and fair,
And her young son, a little one, the first
born and the heir.
The Countess look'd into its eyes with
bright and searching glance,
Whate'er she felt, her fate denies her
tongue the utterance;
Hearing and speech to her are lost; in
silence, day by day, —
The nurse's time of servitude were wearily away.

One night the lordling soundly slept
within its cradle bed,
A silence perfect and profound throughout the room was spread:
When mark'd the nurse the lady rise, with
strange and earnest air,
Back looping from her beaming eyes her
long luxuriant hair:
Nurse watch'd her for a little space, as
o'er the child she bent,
And strove to read upon her face her
thought or her intent.

Alarm'd, she saw her raise on high a
missile she had brought;
Ah! what avail'd the warning cry that
sudden fears extort.
Far flew the fragments of the vase, when
dash'd upon the ground;
The startled child by cries hath shown,
he heard the sudden sound.
Ah! who that mother's dread could doubt,
who saw the wild caress,
The burst of joy sincere, devout, that
greeted her success?

With him she sought her couch again,
nought then could them divide,
And morning's dawn beheld the twain
fast sleeping side by side.

The Earl came at the morning's dawn, but
started at the door,
To see the wrecks, not yet withdrawn, lie
shatter'd on the floor.
But she with fond and loving signs,
kissing her boy, explain'd
How now her heart was set at rest, how
she that rest attain'd;
That he her doubt and fear had shared,
her happy lord confess'd:
Means to remove it, she, alone, found in
her loving breast.

THE SAILORS' HOME.

I WAS thinking occasionally of Gray's "Bard," and then of old Lord Lovat and the heroes of "the forty-five," and of Horace Walpole's account of their execution, and how Lady Townsend was afraid to go anywhere to dinner for fear of "a rebel pie," as I crossed Tower Hill the other morning in my way to visit a peculiar institution in the neighbourhood of the London Docks; I mean the "Sailors' Home" in Well Street. I had learned that such an Institution did exist, some time before, from my young friend and old messmate, Mr. Pipp, late midshipman of H. M. S. "Troubadour." Pipp, who, when I was with him in the "Rattler" (sixteen gun brig), was one of the idlest men in the profession — who used to smoke cigars out on the bowsprit, when the foresail hid him from the First Lieutenant — who cut down the hammock of the respectable Greek pilot whom we employed in the Archipelago. —

Pipp, I say, has now become quite a sensible fellow. He scrutinises our naval expenditure (I wish him joy of the job), talks about "the lines" of the "Inconstant," and bids fair to be the most unpopular member of the next dandy mess he joins. We had often talked over the character of seamen; and had agreed that it was barbarous that these poor fellows should be turned adrift when they landed, at the mercy of the abominable scoundrels who look out for them in sea-ports to plunder them — treating each, as he lands, like a stranded whale, to be cut up for the sake of the blubber, and picked clean as unscrupulously as possible.

Now, the "Sailors' Home," in question, was established in 1835, to give sailors a fair chance of snug quarters when on shore — decent, orderly life — and practical assistance in the management of their business affairs. "For, it is to be observed," said Pipp, with the air of a man, conscious of his power of instructing you, "that when a fellow lives the greater part of his life afloat, all land is to him, more or less, fairy land. You see? A certain halo, you observe, surrounds the meanest land, 'long heath, brown furze, anything,' as what 's his name says in the Tempest. He feels when he gets on shore, as a respectable man would, who had been miraculously detained a year or so in a balloon. Hence, he can scarcely be called *compos*, but wanders like an Eastern in an enchanted valley, and requires protection!"

Pipp's period, though a long one, stuck to me; and I found myself a few days afterwards crossing Tower Hill as above mentioned.

Even as certain carved floating pieces of wood informed Columbus that he must be drawing near land, so changing aspects informed me that I was arriving at nautical regions. Marine stores tempted, instead of shawls. The Eastward Jews, happily adapting themselves as ever, sold pea-jackets and straw hats, as those of the West sell flash waistcoats. Some young sailor apprentices were playing at leap-frog. Here and there, a corner shop was presided over by a naval officer with a quadrant, who would infallibly be removed by night as a libel on "the profession," by some friends of Pipp's and mine, if he dared to show himself at Plymouth or Malta. There, you saw extracts from acts of Parliament about merchant seamen, stuck inside the windows, with rope, glasses, Gunter's scales, and biscuits. And along the narrowing streets, tumbling round corners with a peculiar jerk — half suggestive of the shooting of the Irishman's gun — and walking along (one foot on the pavement, one on the street) came seamen of every age and clime. A merchant seaman in a red shirt: a sailor boy "done brown" while still "tender;" being, as it were, spitted on top-gallant yards, and

cooked before tropical suns: a black negro cook, greasy and grinning, with little ear-rings as ornamental as a ring in a pig's snout. These were the most notable specimens.

I was amused with an ingenious puff of some certain "patent sails" in one window. An engraving represented a tremendous gale of wind, with two frigates on a lee-shore. The prudent frigate, which had supplied itself with "our patent sails," was thrashing away to windward, very prosperously; while the sails of its neighbour were blown from the bolt-ropes!

A fine air of free-and-easiness, indeed, prevails everywhere as you travel eastward, after passing the Tower. The rag-seller, standing under a black ruin of rags, beside his wretched window — where the mouldy fragments look like bits of a disinterred shroud, and the bottles seem only fit to keep vipers in spirits in — looks fiercely at you through a blood-shot eye. Even the policeman is not the stern composed guardian of the constitution familiar to Regent Street; he is too often an easy *dégagé* man, with loose belt and wildish air. Nay, I am not sure that a certain division is not highly convivial; — did my eyes deceive me when I saw a pewter pot or two, wearing an aureole of froth round their heads, go into a station-house?

Every now and then the Blackwall Railway seems to cross you, as you turn from street to street, and is highly puzzling. Once it will lie like a huge box, or the side-wind of a caravan, just before you; in a few minutes it seems breaking like a thunder-cloud over your head; and again, perhaps, turns up across a street with a fine airy look, while an engine flies through it like a "resonant steam-eagle," as Mrs. Browning calls it.

The "Sailors' Home" has quite a dignified look as you reach Well Street, with tall columns and steps that lead up to the porch. There is a buzz of sailors generally about the door; you pass through swinging portals, and find yourself in a large airy room, with a fire at each end. Up and down this the inmates are walking two and two, as if they were pacing the deck; or are sitting smoking by the fire. One is, perhaps, a nautical dandy, with wet curls and little ear-rings. These ear-rings always amuse me, — and there is ground, too, for philosophical speculation in considering them. Among the ancients they were badges of servitude. Plutarch gives us a very good joke of Cicero's *àpropos* of that; a noisy lawyer, of servile origin, complained petulantly that he "could not hear" something or other. "That is strange," said Cicero; "for you are not without a hole in your ear!" Nowa-days, we see, they are worn in the States — by the freest part of a free people.

Soon after my arrival the sailors went to dinner. Rows of tables in symmetrical order were spread over the floor; and seated at

these, I saw my old unmistakeable friends, the "blue jackets," discussing their beef; generally, what a naval man would call a good set of men — strong, quiet, self-reliant-looking men. One feels as if one was an intruder, and comforts one's self with thinking of one's good intentions — but don't be alarmed, visitor! That is all your conceit. Jack is nowise disturbed by *your* presence. He cuts his beef, looks at you casually as you pass in your inspection, and puts you quite at *your* ease! I really think that a sailor has as good manners as you ever see any body with. There is such a calm good-natured independence about him; a Neptunian politeness, which carries you along like a fine rolling wave. "Manners" being, however, the characteristic of a man "who feels the dignity of man, and is conscious of his own" — as Carlyle has described it, and as Brummell never knew it to be!

The fact is, that a sailor is generally in a true, real position — has certain work to do — certain people to obey. There are no false struggles, no sham pretensions, afloat. Every thing is determined by book and order. Jack will love a ruffian if he is an honest ruffian, and a barbarian if he is a well-meaning barbarian. It is the continual value set on reality at sea, that gives him independence and self-possession. The ocean knocks him about till he is rounded like a pebble. Salt water keeps character wholesome, as it preserves beef.

I did not enter much into conversation with our friends this time. The Mercantile Marine Act has so frightened them, that they are half-inclined, I really believe, to think that every civilian is in league with the Board of Trade — an imputation to which I, for one, don't desire to expose myself. I went up to one man, and asked him where he 'd been cruising lately? Oh, he had been to Buenos Ayres; he 'd been to Chili. Chili was a fine place to be ashore at. The man with him informed me very curtly that "he knew a great deal too well to go into the Queen's service."

At one side of the room was a beautiful model of a man-of-war — quite a mammoth in miniature — with fairy tackle, and airy cordage —

> "The top-mast halyards, of long spinners' legs;
> The royals, like the wings of grasshoppers —"

such a ship as that notable sailor, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, may possibly have dragged from its moorings off Blefuscu. In a corner is an elegant bust of the late Captain Robert James Elliot, R.N. This gallant and good gentleman founded the institution, and is held in honourable remembrance by all connected with it.

Above stairs are the "Dormitories," where each resident has his "crib," using that word not in its slang but in its primary sense. All the little doors

are duly numbered in rows, and the whole bears a very snug, cleanly, "ship-shape" appearance. There is a Rhadamanthine law against "smoking in the Dormitories" written up here and there, with Spartan precision — an amusing evidence of the popular love of tobacco on the high seas. There is a lecture-room, where lectures are given to the men, and spacious maps hung up for their use. There is, besides, a lending library at their service; various models, also, of English and foreign ships.

When I descended again to the dining-room, I found that a snug party had assembled round the fire with their pipes — among whom a Malay sailor seemed conspicuous as a conversationist — and a couple of big swarthy men were criticising the rig of the model man-of-war with a professional look; as they puffed their clouds amongst the rigging. Smoking is not forbidden in the dining-room. To deny a sailor tobacco altogether would be equivalent to damming up water from a duck, or fencing off thistles from a donkey.

The "Home" has its own little bank, with red ledgers all complete; and a "cashier" and "accountant," just like Coutts's! I apprehend many a sailor finds himself a capitalist, and enjoys the luxury of a capitalist in putting in and drawing out his cash at pleasure for the first time in his life, when he takes up his residence here. It must be quite a new sensation to Jack to draw a check in payment of a new tobacco-box, or a few pounds' worth of slops. Now that he has got old he finds this banking system far preferable to the plan in vogue in his youth, of eating bank-note sandwiches, and converting Mr. Henry Hase's promises to pay into pipe-lights.

There is a pretty little Church, "St. Paul's Church, for Seamen," close by, where the Chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Gribble, officiates. This church has eight hundred free seats, and is very well attended by the seamen; who have bibles and prayer-books supplied to them gratis.

To this enumeration of the comforts and advantages of the institution, I must now add something respecting its business affairs. It was first started, and has always been mainly supported, on moral as well as social grounds. What villanous cruelty, complicated with lamentable sin, sailors just turned adrift from their ships, with their pay in hand, are exposed to — is almost beyond belief. A class of men exists — forming a distinct body — and organised and recognised as such by the name of "Crimps" (a class *per se*, like "Thugs"), who look out for sailors as their destined and natural prey. I should not wonder if they defend their villanies on the same grounds as an Animal-food-man defends his steak when assailed by an argumentative Vegetarian. The "Crimp" swindles the sailor out of his money, and encourages him in vice, while representing him-

self as his friend — just as you may observe a shark turns when about to bite, and shows the *whitest* part of himself in the act. This "Home" was started mainly to save seamen from these "crimps," and furnish them not only with a place to reside in, in decency and comfort, but with moral improvement and religious instruction. Perhaps, it would interest some readers to see the charge made to the men, which we extract from one of the Institution's documents. The following is a brief summary of what it proposes to do: —

"The seamen will have to pay two shillings a-day, or fourteen shillings a-week, for living at the institution; each man has a sleeping cabin to himself; four meals a-day are provided for the boarders; and a fair allowance of washing is included in the weekly charge.

"Lads, twelve shillings a-week, washing included.

"Apprentices will have to pay one shilling and sixpence a-day, or ten shillings and sixpence a-week, upon the same terms.

"The blessing of religious instruction, the opportunity of living a sober and decent life, a just account of wages entrusted to the care of the institution, security of property, and assistance afforded in getting men shipped again, are the advantages that the Sailors' Home holds out to the seamen.

"Writing, Arithmetic, *Navigation*, &c., are taught, *without charge*, in the evening, to the Seamen and Apprentices boarding at the Sailors' Home, by the school-master of the institution."

Seaman find, therefore, in this institution, a lodging-house, club, school, and church in one. That it has already done much direct good in the neighbourhood, we learn on the testimony of Dr. Stephen Ward, a resident in the district, who gives gratuitously his medical assistance to the "Home," and is well qualified to judge on the subject, from a prolonged professional experience of sailors.

Of course there are factions about this matter, as about every other; and I learned in my inquiry that "Sailors' Homes" have their opponents. These, however, consist mainly of sailors' lodging-house keepers, nautical tavern-keepers, and a curious brood of amphibious lawyers who undertake nautical litigation. The lodging-house keepers' opposition is natural; — they seem to consider that the superiority of *their* establishments consists in the absence of religious elements! We must be allowed to deny any superiority in this peculiarity of their houses. Who would judge of the institutions of Lycurgus by the censures of the Helots?

The charge of too great constraint is disproved by examining the regulations; and another charge which I heard made (that a preference is given to "Sailors' Home" men over others at the "Shipping Office" there) is disproved by the statistics of the establishment.

The average number of seamen resident at the "Home," I understood to be one hundred and sixty. From its opening, in 1835, up to April of last year, forty-four thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight boarders were received, of whom twelve thousand six hundred and fifty-six were old boarders. One fact is decisive in proof

of the superiority of the sanitary arrangements of this establishment; — during the cholera one fatal case only occurred, the disease having been fatal to many seamen in the neighbourhood, who were less salubriously lodged.

I was told that the great mass of the boarders are generally merchants' seamen, rather than men-of-war's men; which seems attributable to the fact, that men-of-war being paid off at Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, their crews do not so naturally drop in, as it were, to such a place, as the crews of ships coming up the river. Then, of course, these seaports have their "Crimps" as well as London; and there is nobody to act wisely towards the sailor; and I have no doubt, from my knowledge of the service, that there are plenty of Old School British officers who pooh-pooh such institutions altogether. These gentlemen have a vague notion that black-guardism and efficiency go together, and that all contrary effort is "cant." You 'll curb their spirit, Sir, and take the 'dash' out of 'em; besides, you 'll never do it, Sir, believe me!" Now, all this is very melancholy and absurd, and must be got rid of before the condition of English seamen can be improved.

There is a "Destitute Sailors' Asylum," another institution in the same street, where shelter and food are given to seamen, "who are in distress from any cause." In many cases the distress arises from the recklessness of the seaman himself, which such institutions as the "Home" are intended to strive against.

Mr. Green, the ship-owner, has a special "Home" for his own seamen, which is highly prized for its excellent arrangements. Its rules and regulations were adopted from the Well Street one, of which I have been writing. The average number of men in Mr. Green's, during the year 1849, was four hundred and eighty-seven; that in Well Street, for the same year, four thousand six hundred and thirty-three.

The "Sailors' Home" numbers many naval officers of rank among its directors; and many individuals have, from time to time, supported it with donations and subscriptions, though, perhaps, it has attracted as little aid and attention for an institution with objects altogether so honourable and important, as any we know.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

Different periods of the world have been signalised by different struggles of art or science, or other intellectual endeavour, in which the greatest nations, or those possessing most mental energy, were constantly engaged. Thus, we find the early Egyptians devoted themselves to astronomy, architecture, and mythological sculpture, — and produced wonders. War, as an art, was not cultivated; they thought only of vast armies swarming like

clouds of locusts, to devastate an enemy's country. The early Greeks brought the art of sculpture to perfection; accomplished master-pieces in philosophy, and in the tragic drama, and greatly advanced the art of war. The early Romans brought the art of war to a higher state, and devoted themselves to it more than to any other study. Long periods of barbarism and feudal battles succeeded, until the revival of letters in Italy; and then we find the greatest intellects devoting themselves sedulously to all the chief branches of learning, science, and the fine arts. Astronomy was greatly advanced; chemistry, also, in many respects, by means of the passion for alchemy that so long prevailed; but painting was only brought to perfection in the time of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Titian. It was the most higly patronised of all things—kings, nobles, and the clergy, leading the way. The history of the world shows no patronage equal to it. Though adverse circumstances, by exciting the will of genius, have often proved advantageous to the ultimate development of greatness, it is yet well worth noticing what great and rapid results may be produced by the most favourable circumstances.

A period has been seen, when voyages of discovery amounted almost to a passion, with some nations. A period has likewise been witnessed, when philosophy and theology have been the leading subjects that occupied the minds of the first intellects in a given country; nor must we forget that a rage for destroying all old systems, both of theology and philosophy, without setting up, or even searching for new systems, was displayed in France to an extraordinary degree, before the first great revolution. In modern Germany, the efforts of the profoundest minds have been devoted to philosophy, literature, science, and the fine arts, pretty generally, in all their numerous branches, and without any special or exclusive devotion.

In America, the great national efforts in commerce, navigation, and the resolution to become a great maritime power, has hitherto nearly absorbed most other considerations, though men of intellectual energy have not been wanting in several departments of literature and learning. With America, however, steam and steam-boats have, for some time, been the predominating science; just as, in modern Italy, the science of music and the art of singing, have received an almost exclusive attention.

In England we have seen many changes of general study and devotion of public interest. We have been great voyagers, travellers, and discoverers; and, without being in any real danger in modern times from the attack of foreign foes, we have been much too fond of meddling in wars of almost incalculable expense, and taking the debt upon ourselves.

During fifty or sixty years the British army and navy were the "rage" among all classes, and the arts of war by land and sea were our most popular subjects of admiration. Other studies were, comparatively, of small importance with us. Since then we have absolutely had, though it is very difficult to believe it at the present time, a rage for poetry (originating with Byron), rapidly followed by a rage for novels (originating with Scott), and we have also had something very like a rage for political economy (originating with Malthus), and something nearly approaching a rage for travels and voyages of discovery (dating from Bruce, Belzoni, and Parry), which has almost extended down to the present time, in consequence of the prolonged doubt as to the fate of Sir John Franklin.

But have we not done great things in learning, science, and the fine arts? We have but to point to the works of Bacon, Newton, Shakespeare, and Milton, to answer this question. But to speak of the present time. We have several fine historians, and they are extensively read; we have astronomers, though they are not duly regarded; and we have some great physiologists, but they also, (except from their regular classes) receive little or no public attention. To speak generally, geology and botany are studied at the present day, and natural history is neglected — always excepting the actual exhibition of zoological specimens. In general prose literature much is constantly doing, and with extensive success; while for periodical literature, of a cheap kind, yet containing varied knowledge and information for the people, there is at present an unexampled craving. In learning, though we have many learned men, little is done beyond compilation, the age being much too "fast" to admit of a man, who has not an independent fortune, devoting half his life to a single great work of profound research.

In the fine arts, painting has been cultivated very successfully, but it seldom meets with any special patronage from the highest quarters, though sculpture has fared better, on account of its monumental character.

As for poetry, it is a curious, and indeed an almost anomalous fact, that England, whose people are fond of substantialities and realities, and are, apparently, not at all disposed to idealisms, has produced more really fine poets than all the rest of the world put together; and though living poets, with two or three exceptions, are little read at the present time, there are, even now, more real poets in England than all other countries combined can produce.

In music, there is little to be said for us, as composers; but some fine singers, and instrumentalists, we certainly have possessed. Of all native arts, however, those which at present must be pronounced as receiving the

greatest amount of attention and encouragement, are the industrial arts; and, with respect to science, all those sciences which can be applied to the immediate efforts, designs, and necessities of the present day. Among these latter, the most prominent are evidently those of engineering and chemistry.

For the study of military engineering, there exist first-rate institutions; but for civil engineering, there is, we believe, only one college or public institution. Chemistry is taught in a great number of public and private institutes, but merely as a branch of knowledge included in a course of general studies. We have, however, only a very few good laboratories, where studies and experiments in chemistry are practically conducted.

Of the extraordinary and highly valuable services rendered to chemistry in Germany, by the indefatigable labours of Müller, Liebig, and others; — as in Stockholm, by Berzelius; in France, by Orfila, Lavoisier, &c. &c. — we need not offer any comment, as they deservedly possess a European fame. And in our own country, since the time of Davy and Priestley, down to our present most eminent chemists — Faraday, Graham, Kane, Ure, Brande, Cooper, &. — we have not been far behind our friends on the Continent. But eminent as are our men, so few have been our regular chemical schools, and special means of communicating instruction in this department of science, that our manufacturers in various branches of the useful arts have been beaten, and are beaten, to this day, in many of the most important of these branches, by the French, German, and Belgian manufacturers, as the Great Exhibition of 1851 will, in all probability, most fully demonstrate.

In the sciences of chemistry and engineering, however, we are rich in great names, and in other names of well-deserved eminence. With respect to chemistry, if we except Faraday and Graham, our own country may be somewhat outshone by the extraordinary labours and discoveries of Liebig and Orfila; nevertheless, as we have already shown, we possess many professors of first-rate excellence; and although the metropolis may lay claim to by far the greater number, we must not forget our provincial celebrities, whose energetic efforts have done much to promote the study. Foremost among these we should mention Mr. Herapath of Bristol, Dr. Musprat of Liverpool, and Mr. Daniel Stone of Manchester. In the engineering sciences, we are fully entitled to take the highest place among all nations; and though we are well aware of the great things done in Germany and France, and (in steam science) in America, we may still assert with safety, that the great works of a Brunel, a Babbage, and a Stephenson (we are only mentioning the living) justly place England at the head of all those, of whatever

country, who have contributed to the engineering works of this most engineering age.

To sum up the gist of this concise, but comprehensive view, of the top favourites of the present time — for though there is "A time for all things," the world never takes to them all at once, but in succession — we should say that Periodical Literature, Foreign Music, and the sciences of Chemistry and Engineering, were the chief objects of practical study, and extensive patronage by the public at large, in our own country.

Having placed our great civil engineers at the head of all others, in this most extensively employed department of science, a few words should be added concerning the most important works, which the combined powers of the country have been long called upon, both by the people and by parliament, to perform. Need we say that we allude to the Sanitary regulations, affecting the interment of the dead, the removal of fever-breeding nuisances from crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, the provision of a constant supply of pure water for every house, and a new and efficient system of drainage for London, and its environs.

Why have none of these things been done? A Tunnel under the Thames is called for — and it is accomplished. A stupendous iron Tubular Bridge is called for — and it is accomplished. An enormous Exhibition Palace for the Industry of all Nations is called for — and it is accomplished. But there, lie our over-crowded burial-grounds, generating a poisonous atmosphere in the thick of the living and loathing people! There, runs the polluted Thames, of which we are compelled to drink! There, stands Smithfield and other nuisances! And there, sit the Corporation of London, and the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers! Why are none of these evils removed? Why do these great and universally-demanded national works stick fast in the mud of obstinacy and imbecility, and leave us all in the "Slough of Despond." We will answer why, in few words. Dr. Southwood Smith may work early and late, and devise, and exhort; Mr. Chadwick may issue report upon report; the best science may be employed; the best surveys, and the clearest statements, made and proved: the Press may denounce the Board of Health; the country may shout and wonder; Lord Ashley may uplift his hands and smite his forehead; — but so long as men so incapable of all great action as the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers (whose deepest anxiety, for a long time past, has been to escape out of office by a quiet back door, without even attempting to commence, or even lay down definitely, any really comprehensive system of drainage) are allowed to twaddle away so much money and time; so long as any nobleman, or gentleman, holds an authority for running wild in "woods and forests" to

qualify himself for controlling the Board of Health, precisely because it is known that he will do nothing efficient himself, nor permit anybody else under his authority; so long as the Treasury is allowed to adopt every subterfuge for delay and evasion; and finally, so long as the people of England will endure all this, no one of these most desirable and universally demanded works will ever be accomplished. There is a time for all things; the time for these has absolutely come; but if the country has not strength and perseverance to insist upon them, we shall never obtain them, nor shall we really deserve them.

THE MODERN HAROUN-AL-RASCHID.

In the district of Ferdj' Onah, Algeria, (which signifies *Fine Country*) lives a Scheik named Bou-Akas-ben-Achour. He is also distinguished by the surname of *Bou-Djenoni* (the Man of the Knife), and may be regarded as a type of the eastern Arab. His ancestors conquered Ferdj' Onah, but he has been forced to acknowledge the supremacy of France, by paying a yearly tribute of 80,000 francs. His dominion extends from Milah to Rabouah, and from the southern point of Babour to within two leagues of Gigelli. He is forty-nine years old, and wears the Rahyle costume; that is to say, a woollen *gandoura*, confined by a leathern belt. He carries a pair of pistols in his girdle, by his side the Rahyle *flissa*, and suspended from his neck a small black knife.

Before him walks a negro carrying his gun, and a huge greyhound bounds along by his side. He holds despotic sway over twelve tribes; and should any neighbouring people venture to make an incursion on his territory, Bou-Akas seldom condescends to march against them in person, but sends his negro into the principal village. This envoy just displays the gun of Bou-Akas, and the injury is instantly repaired.

He keeps in pay two or three hundred Tolbas to read the Koran to the people: every pilgrim going to Mecca, and passing through Ferdj' Onah, receives three francs, and may remain as long as he pleases to enjoy the hospitality of Bou-Akas. But whenever the Scheik discovers that he has been deceived by a pretended pilgrim, he immediately despatches emissaries after the impostor; who, wherever he is, find him, throw him down, and give him fifty blows on the soles of his feet.

Bou-Akas sometimes entertains three hundred persons at dinner; but instead of sharing their repast, he walks round the tables with a baton in his hand, seeing that the servants attend properly to his guests. Afterwards, if any thing is left, he eats; but not until the others have finished.

When the governor of Constantinople, the only man whose power he recognises, sends him a tra-

veller; according to the rank of the latter, or the nature of the recommendation, Bou-Akas gives him his gun, his dog, or his knife. If the gun, the traveller takes it on his shoulder; if the dog, he leads it in a leash; or if the knife, he hangs it round his neck: and with any one of these potent talismans, of which each bears its own degree of honour, the stranger passes through the region of the twelve tribes, not only unscathed, but, as the guest of Bou-Akas, treated with the utmost hospitality. When the traveller is about to leave Ferdj' Onah, he consigns the knife, the dog, or the gun to the care of the first Arab he meets. If the Arab is hunting, he leaves the chase; if labouring in the field, he leaves his plough; and, taking the precious deposit, hastens to restore it to Bou-Akas.

The black-handled knife is so well known, that it has given the surname of "Bou-Djenoni, *the man of the knife*," to its owner. With this implement he is accustomed to cut off heads, whenever he takes a fancy to perform that agreeable office with his own hand.

When first Bou-Akas assumed the government, the country was infested with robbers, but he speedily found means to extirpate them. He disguised himself as a poor merchant; walked out, and dropped a *douro* (a gold coin) on the ground, taking care not to lose sight of it. If the person who happened to pick up the *douro*, put it into his pocket and passed on, Bou-Akas made a sign to his *chiaux* (who followed him, also in disguise, and knew the Scheik's will) rushed forward immediately, and decapitated the offender.

In consequence of this summary method of administering justice, it is a saying amongst the Arabs, that a child might traverse the regions which own Bou-Akas's sway, wearing a golden crown on his head, without a single hand being stretched out to take it.

The Scheik has great respect for women, and has ordered that when the females of Ferdj' Onah go out to draw water, every man who meets them shall turn away his head.

Wishing one day to ascertain whether his commands were attended to, he went out in disguise; and, meeting a beautiful Arab maiden on her way to the well, approached and saluted her.

The girl looked at him with amazement, and said,

"Pass on, stranger; thou knowest not the risk thou hast run."

And when Bou-Akas persisted in speaking to her, she added: —

"Foolish man, and reckless of thy life; knowest thou not that we are in the country of Bou-Djenoni, who causes all women to be held in respect?"

Bou-Akas is very strict in his religious observances; he never omits his prayers and ablutions, and has four wives, the number permitted by the Koran. Having heard that the Cadi of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in an admirable manner, and pronounced decisions in a style

worthy of King Solomon himself, Bou-Akas, like a second Haroun-Al-Raschid, determined to judge for himself as to the truth of the report.

Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the Cadi's town, mounted on a docile Arabian steed.

He arrived there, and was just entering the gate, when a cripple seizing the border of his burnous, asked him for alms in the name of the prophet. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold.

"What dost thou want?" asked the Scheik — "I have already given thee alms."

"Yes," replied the beggar, "but the law says, not only — 'Thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'Thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

'Well! and what can I do for thee?"

"Thou canst save me, — poor crawling creature that I am! — from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules and camels, which would certainly happen to me in passing through the crowded square, in which a fair is now going on."

"And how can I save thee?"

"By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business."

"Be it so," replied Bou-Akas. And stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind

business which was not accomplished without much difficulty.

The strangely assorted riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets; and at length they reached the market-place.

"Is this where you wish to stop?" asked Bou-Akas.

"Yes."

"Then get down."

"Get down yourself."

"What for?"

"To leave me the horse."

"To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?"

"I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are now in the town of the just Cadi, and that if we bring the case before him, he will certainly decide in my favour?"

"Why should he do so, when the animal belongs to me?"

"Don't you think that when he sees us two, — you with your strong straight limbs, which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted feet, — he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him?"

"Should he do so, he would not be the *just* Cadi," said Bou-Akas.

"Oh! as to that," replied the cripple, laughing, "although he is just, he is not infallible."

"So!" thought the Scheik to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge." He said aloud, "I am content — we will go before the Cadi."

Arrived at the tribunal, where

the judge, according to the eastern custom, was publicly administering justice, they found that two trials were about to go on, and would of course take precedence of theirs.

The first was between a *taleb* or learned man, and a peasant. The point in dispute was the *taleb's* wife, whom the peasant had carried off, and whom he asserted to be his own better half, in the face of the philosopher, who demanded her restoration.

The woman, strange circumstance! remained obstinately silent, and would not declare for either; a feature in the case which rendered its decision excessively difficult. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow."

The *savant* and the labourer each bowed and retired; and the next cause was called.

This was a difference between a butcher and an oil-seller. The latter appeared covered with oil, and the former was sprinkled with blood.

The butcher spoke first: —

"I went to buy some oil from this man, and in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go; and here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist. Now, I swear by the Prophet, that this man is a liar, when he says that I stole his money, for the money is truly mine own."

Then spoke the oil-merchant: —

"This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you change for a piece of gold?' I searched my pocket, and drew out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist, and cried out 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money, so I brought him here, that your worship might decide the case. Now, I swear by the Prophet that this man is a liar, when he says that I want to steal his money, for it is truly mine own."

The Cadi caused each plaintiff to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow."

The butcher placed the coins, which he had never let go, on the edge of the Cadi's mantle. After which he and his opponent bowed to the tribunal, and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

"My lord Cadi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country, with the intention of purchasing merchandise. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then

prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented, but when we reached the market-place, he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge it to him, who wanted it most. That, my lord Cadi, is precisely the state of the case — I swear it by Mahomet!"

"My lord," said the cripple, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the road-side, apparently half dead from fatigue. I good-naturedly offered to take him on the crupper, and let him ride as far as the market-place, and he eagerly thanked me. But what was my astonishment, when, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said that my horse was his. I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us. That is the true state of the case — I swear it by Mahomet!"

Having made each repeat his deposition, and having reflected for a moment, the Cadi said, "Leave the horse here, and return to-morrow."

It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in different directions. On the morrow, a number of persons, besides those immediately interested in the trials, assembled to hear the judge's decisions.

The *taleb* and the peasant were called first.

"Take away thy wife," said the Cadi to the former, "and keep her, I advise thee, in good order."

Then turning towards his *chinaux*, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows."

He was instantly obeyed, and the *taleb* carried off his wife.

Then came forward the oil-merchant and the butcher.

"Here," said the Cadi to the butcher, "is thy money; it is truly thine, and not his." Then pointing to the oil-merchant, he said to his *chinaux*, "Give this man fifty blows."

It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward.

"Would'st thou recognise thy horse amongst twenty others?" said the judge to Bou-Akas.

"Yes, my lord."

"And thou?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple.

"Follow me," said the Cadi to Bou-Akas.

They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse amongst twenty which were standing side by side.

"'T is well," said the judge. 'Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary hither."

The disguised Scheik obeyed, delivered his message, and the cripple hastened to the stable, as

quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He possessed quick eyes and a good memory, so that he was able, without the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

"'T is well," said the Cadi; "return to the tribunal."

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived, judgment was pronounced.

"The horse is thine;" said the Cadi to Bou-Akas. "Go to the stable, and take him." Then to the *chinaux*, "Give this cripple fifty blows."

It was done; and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

When the Cadi, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him.

"Art thou discontented with my award?" asked the judge.

"No, quite the contrary," replied the Scheik. But I want to ask by what inspiration thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not that the other two cases were decided as equitably as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, Scheik of Ferdj' Onah, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

The Cadi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand.

"I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to know the reasons which determined your three decisions."

"Nothing, my lord, can be more simple. Your highness saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?"

"I did."

"Well, early in the morning I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her suddenly — 'Put fresh ink in my inkstand.' Like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dexterity. So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands — she must belong to the *taleb*."

God," said Bou-Akas, nodding his head. "And the money?"

"Did your highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?"

"Certainly, I did."

"Well; I took the money, and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this money belonged to the oil-merchant it would be greasy, from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be true.'"

Bou-Akas nodded in token of approval.

"Good," said he. "And my horse?"

"Ah! that was a different business; and, until this morning, I was greatly puzzled."

"The cripple, I suppose, did not recognise the animal?"

"On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately."

"How then did you discover that he was not the owner?"

"My object in bringing you separately to the stable, was not to see whether you would know the horse, but whether the horse would acknowledge you. Now, when you approached him, the creature turned towards you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the cripple touched him, he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master."

Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said: —

"Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. And yet, I know not; thou art certainly worthy to be Scheik, but I fear that I should but badly fill thy place as Cadi!"

END OF VOL. VI.

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