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BRITISH AUTHORS.

VOL. CCXXXI.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XIII.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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

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VOL. XIII.

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BERNH. TAUCHNITZ JUN.
1852.

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VOL. XIII.

POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDERS.

In 1792, when the true British sailor was stoutly preparing to defy the French in various parts of the globe at thirty shillings a-month; and when British military valour was fighting Tippoo Saib, in India, at a shilling a-day; it was felt as a great hardship, that the affluent warriors of both services could not transmit, safely and speedily, to their sweet-hearts and wives, even from one part of the United Kingdom to another, their surplus capital. The Government — seeing the danger of allowing the savings of its servants to burn holes in their pockets — was good enough to concoct a snug little "job," by means of which such pocket-conflagrations might be extinguished. The monopoly of transmitting money from one place to another was conceded to three gentlemen, in connection with the Post-office. Their terms were — eight-pence for every pound; but, if the sum exceeded two pounds, a stamp-duty of one shilling was levied by Government, in addition. Five guineas was the highest amount which could be thus remitted; and the charge for that sum was four shillings and sixpence, or nearly five per cent., besides the price of the postage of the letter which contained the advice — perhaps a shilling more.

Now, happily, the days of monopoly have passed, and Mr. Rowland Hill does the same thing for the odd sixpence, with an odd penny, at a profit to the Government of about seven thousand pounds a-year; exclusive of the gain derived from the enormous number of letters of advice which Post-office orders have created. When the privilege was extended from soldiers and sailors to the general public, the three monopolists of the last century could divide between them, on an average, no more than six hundred and fifty pounds per annum. No longer ago than the year 1838, the Money-order Office was absorbed into the Post-office; and, although the charges were reduced to a commission of sixpence for sums

not exceeding two pounds, and of one shilling and sixpence for sums up to five pounds (which was, and is still, the limit), a chief clerk and two assistants were appointed to do all the business the public brought to them; and even they could only do it at a loss to the department. People could not afford to increase even the reduced charges for commission, by the eight-penny and shilling postages, for their letters of advice.

Penny Postage, therefore, is the parent of the gigantic Money-order system, which now flourishes in full activity. In estimating the advantages of that great stroke of economical, administrative, and commercial sense, many of its less prominent agencies for good are overlooked. The facilities it has afforded for epistolary intercommunication are so wonderful and self-evident, that we who benefit by them, are blinded to the hidden impulses it has given to social improvement and to commerce. Regarded only as the origin of the present Money-order system, Penny Postage has occasioned the exercise of prudence, benevolence, and self-denial; it has, in many instances, stopped the sufferings of want by timely remittances; and it has quickened the under-currents of trade by causing small transactions to be easily and promptly effected. These advantages can only be estimated by a consideration of the following facts.

the advent-year of penny
mmission on Post-

office orders was reduced to threepence and sixpence for sums not exceeding two pounds and not exceeding five pounds respectively. In that year the number of orders granted in the United Kingdom was (in round numbers, which we shall use throughout, for the reader's greater convenience) one hundred and eighty-eight thousand, for an aggregate amount of three hundred and thirteen thousand pounds. Even this was a great advance on the business previously done at the old prices; but what are the figures for the tenth year of penny postage? During the year 1850, the number of orders granted in the United Kingdom was four million four hundred and forty thousand, for amounts making up eight million four hundred and ninety-five thousand pounds; — only a million less than the yearly produce of the income and assessed taxes put together! This marvellous increase can, perhaps, be better appreciated by being seen through a diminished medium. In the first *month* of the penny postage (1840), the issue of orders was about ten thousand in number, for something over sixteen thousand pounds; but in the month of December, 1851, the number of orders issued was more than three hundred and sixty-seven thousand, for six hundred and ninety thousand pounds. That is to say, during that single month twice as many orders were taken out and paid for than were issued and paid in 1840 during the whole *year*. This astonishing

increase will be accounted for when we explain the apparent hyperbole which classes Money-orders with prudence, charity, and commercial activity.

No one will deny, that of all the possessions vouchsafed to mankind, the most difficult to keep, is money. That difficulty — a difficulty universally experienced and felt as pressingly in Her Majesty's naval and military services, as in any kind of service whatever — first brought the Money-order Office into existence. It is because it relieves that difficulty in some degree, that the Money-order Office is now so extensively patronised. Formerly, when the young English provincial, or aspiring Scotchman, left his straightened home to seek his fortune in some distant town — and found it — the temptations that gleamed from his hoarded earnings often overcame him; and, instead of keeping them to remit, at some uncertain opportunity, to his struggling relations, he squandered them on his own pleasures. Now, that temptation is greatly lessened; he can send home his spare cash by the cheap, immediate, and safe agency of Post-office orders: to be applied either in relieving the wants of the recipients, or to be prudently invested for himself. The amount of money which is passed to Ireland in this way is very great. It can be ascertained, approximately, by a comparison between the number of orders issued in England, and paid in Ireland, at ordinary times, and so issued and paid during the Irish invasion, at hay-making time. For instance, during the month of February 1851 (the business during which month affords a fair monthly average), thirteen thousand orders were issued in England, and paid in Ireland with nineteen thousand pounds; but in the July following, thirty-three thousand English orders were presented in Ireland, in exchange for nearly thirty-three thousand pounds; being an excess over the transactions of February of nineteen thousand orders, and thirteen thousand eight hundred pounds. It would be a curious (but impossible) calculation which should show us how much of this large sum would have reached Ireland, under the respected ancient dispensation, when Irish hay-makers hoarded their money; — after it had been hidden in holes and hedges; or screwed up in worsted stockings; or inserted in the linings of brimless hats. During the famine year (1847), the orders transmitted hence and paid in Ireland, exceeded the average by one hundred and forty-three thousand, representing about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This shows how readily the poor will help the poor, when facilities for so doing are presented to them. — The Money-order Office accounts paint the character of Scotland for prudence, saving habits, and commercial activity in small matters, in glowing colours. With a population two-thirds less than Ireland,

her absent sons and daughters sent home, for various purposes, during the year which ended on the 30th September, 1851, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. During the same period, the Irish absentees and their commercial connexions in this country forwarded to Ireland very little more; namely, two hundred and ninety thousand pounds. The poverty of the Irish remitters is strikingly shown by the smallness of the average amounts. Less than one hundred and fourteen thousand orders were issued to send the two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to Scotland; while nearly double that number were taken out to forward the two hundred and ninety thousand pounds to Ireland. The average amount of each remittance to Scotland was two pounds, three shillings, and fourpence; while the average of each order on Ireland was not quite one pound, five shillings, and sixpence. During the hay-making season, the average of each order on the Irish offices was only fourteen shillings and five farthings.

The Money-order system has opened up an enormous amount of small traffic. In many country places it has superseded the pedlar, and has lessened the number and variety of those commissions with which any member of a country family is loaded, when he happens to be "going into town." Whatever articles may be required by families, by small manufacturers or by petty shopkeepers, can now be ordered at once from head quarters in a penny letter. The goods are sent, through various conveyances, by the town shopkeeper; and payment for them is made per Post-office orders. Thus, we find that in all the great centres of trade or manufactures, there is a great excess of orders paid, over orders granted. During the year ending on the thirtieth of last September the excess of payments over receipts, in Birmingham, was ninety-five thousand pounds; in Liverpool, eight thousand pounds; in Manchester, thirty-six thousand five hundred pounds. The great excess of payments is in the manufacturing towns; for, by the medium of Money-orders and penny postage, the watchmaker at Cheltenham or Plymouth can as readily write for, pay for, and obtain by return of post from Birmingham, any tool he may require, as if the maker were his neighbour in the next street. In places, therefore, where trade and manufactures are not the staple; where fashion resorts; or where — as in cathedral cities — pursy respectability vegetates, the excess is the other way. The year's transactions, at Cheltenham, for example, leave a large balance of orders issued, over orders paid. It is found, in effect, that all small Money-order offices issue more orders than they pay.

A great many money-orders are taken out as answers to advertisements. Tradesmen especially have widened the circles of their

connection in this way. The amount of tea, coffee, confectionery, books, jewellery, wearing apparel, and innumerable other articles, which advertising traders get paid for in Post-office orders, would be astounding, if it could be ascertained. Answers (in cash) to charitable appeals, and payment of small debts, are also much facilitated by Post-office orders. We mentioned in our account of "My Uncle," that bank-notes were sometimes pawned for safety's sake. In like manner, hawkers, trampers, sailors, and other humble travellers, take out money-orders in one place, to be paid to themselves in another.

The Central Money-order Office in which these remarkable results have been produced and ascertained, is in Aldersgate Street, London, hard by the Post Office. It is a large establishment — large enough to be a very considerable Post Office in itself — with extensive cellarage branching off into interminable groves of letters of advice, and receipts, all methodically arranged for reference. The room in which the orders are issued and paid, has a flavour of Lombard Street and money. It has its long banker's counter, where clerks sit behind iron gratings, with their wooden bowls of cash, and their little scales for weighing gold; and vistas of pigeon-holes stretch out behind them — which are not without their pigeons, as we shall presently see. Here, from ten o'clock to four, keeping the swing-doors on the swing all day, all sorts and conditions of people come and go. Greasy butchers and salesmen from Newgate Market with bits of suet in their hair, who loll, and lounge, and cool their foreheads against the grating, like a good-humoured sort of Bears; sharp little clerks not long from school, who have everything requisite and necessary in readiness; older clerks in shooting-coats, a little sobered down as to official zeal, though possibly not yet as to Cigar Divans and Betting-Offices; matrons who *will* go distractedly wrong, and whom no consideration, human or divine, will induce to declare in plain words what they have come for; people with small children which they perch on edges of remote desks, where the children, supposing themselves to be for ever abandoned and lost, present a piteous spectacle; labouring men, merchants, half-pay officers: retired old gentlemen from trim gardens by the New River, excessively impatient of being trodden on, and very persistent as to the poking in of their written demands with tops of canes and handles of umbrellas. The clerks in this office ought to rival the lamented Sir Charles Bell in their knowledge of the expression of the hand. The varieties of hands that hover about the grating, and are thrust through the little doorways in it, are a continual study for them — or would be, if they had any time to spare, which assuredly they have not. The coarse-grained hand which

seems all thumb and knuckle, and no nail, and which takes up money or puts it down with such an odd, clumsy, lumbering touch; the retail trader's hand which chinks it up and tosses it over with a bounce; the housewife's hand which has a lingering propensity to keep some of it back, and to drive a bargain by not paying in the last shilling or so of the sum for which her order is obtained; the quick, the slow, the coarse, the fine, the sensitive and dull, the ready and unready; they are always at the grating all day long. Hovering behind the owners of these hands, observant of the various transactions in which they engage, is a tall constable (rather potential with the matrons and widows on account of his portly aspect) who assists the bewildered female public; explains the nature of the printed forms put ready to be filled up, for the quicker issuing of orders and the greater exactness as to names; and has an eye on the Unready one, as he knots his money up in a pocket-handkerchief, or crams it into a greasy pocket-book. If you have any bad money by you, be careful not to bring it here! The portly constable will whisk you into a back office before you can say Jack Robinson: will snip your bad half-crown or five-shilling piece in half, directly; and (at the best) after searching inquiry, will fold the pieces in a note of your name and address, and consign them to a bundle of similar trophies for evermore!

A prosaic place enough at first sight, the Money-order Office is; but, when we went there to look about us, the walls seemed presently to turn to burnished gold, the clock to go upon a thousand jewels: the clerks to be the ministers of Fortune, dispensing wisdom, riches, beauty, to the human race. For, if you want to know what you are fit for (true wisdom in itself) will not a money-order for five shillings in favour of the gentleman who pierces you through and through if you only show him your handwriting, settle it beyond a doubt! If you seek that one efficient recipe for curls, eyebrows, whiskers, sparkling eyes, and general bloom, can it not be yours to-morrow, through this wonderful establishment! If you want to acquire, for seven-and-sixpence sterling, that light and elegant accomplishment which will enable you to realise from two to twenty pounds per week, during the whole remainder of your natural life, have you anything to do but to take your money-order out and send it to the great philanthropist, whose modesty is equal to his merit, and who lives retired behind initials! Or, if your tastes be sporting tastes, and you would prefer to realise a handsome competence on the turf, is not "The Kiddy's Tip" (for the small charge of a crown, and a percentage on your winnings) to be had by the next post, on remittance to the Kiddy from this place; and has not the Kiddy ever been The Lucky One: and does he not refer

with pride to that eventful day when he cautioned his kind patrons to beware of Staggers's lot; and is not the Kiddy absolutely sure that he can pick the winner from the field, this time, and lead the sporting gents who honour him with their confidence, to wealth and laurels!

All these people, we found, on sober inquiry, in common with a host of quacks and fortune-tellers, really do use the office, and really do receive large sums of money from the unlucky pigeons, the records of whose folly pass into the pigeon-holes. We were shown a circular, which has been very extensively disseminated in the provinces. It explains (with patterns of the article produced) a pretended patent for the manufacture of a fabric in universal demand. It promises to each subscriber for one share, price five shillings, (to be sent, of course, per Money-order), not a paltry return of three or four hundred per cent.; but a good round income. "Subscribers," we quote the precise words of the printed bait, "will, for every five shillings they invest, realise from seventy-five to three hundred pounds sterling *per annum!*" — to be paid, it is politely stated in another part of the prospectus, quarterly. Now, rational people will say that the wild extravagance of such a promise, exceeding all possible gullibility, would be its own defeat. The said rational people, however, will be (as they sometimes are) in error. Credulity has no bounds. It is a fact, that since the issue of that golden circular, the Post-office authorities have paid to its concocter, — not hundreds, but thousands of pounds. Post-office orders have poured in from believers in impossible profit, at such a rate, that three hundred pounds were handed over to the successful schemer in the course of one single week! Could Clairvoyance get a postman's place, and read the sealed letters as well as deliver them, what insane credence, what impossible hope, what glowing cupidity would be revealed in the wrappers to those particular Post-office orders! Perhaps a clergyman writes to inquire whether the first quarter's produce of his five shillings enclosed (on the before-mentioned scale of productiveness), is likely to become due about September? because, at the beginning of that month, possibly, "he has a little bill of exchange to take up!" So, a lady, writing, it is likely, in August, wishes to open a school in December: and does the gentleman think that, by that time, her five shillings will have grown into, — say even fifty pounds? The next letter may show (mesmerically) the inmost soul — and the five shillings — of a young gentleman, who is "loved and beloved," &c., and who wishes to know whether, if he take a house at Lady-day, the first instalment of the annual fortune will arrive in time for him to enshrine his idol in it with the requisite appliances for persons about to marry?

It is right, however, to observe, that the authorities, when they find themselves accidentally and innocently agents in carrying on such infamous schemes, take advantage of any informality to withhold the payment, and restore the orders to the deluded senders.

This sort of mystification is even more surprising than that under which certain uneducated individuals (Irish) have been known to labour. The belief has more than once been manifested at a Money-order office window, that the mere payment of the commission would be sufficient to procure an order for five pounds; the form of paying in the five pounds being deemed purely optional. An Irish gentleman (who had left his hod at the door) recently applied in Aldersgate Street for an order for five pounds on a Tipperary Post-office: for which he tendered (probably congratulating himself on having hit upon so good an investment) sixpence! It required a lengthened argument to prove to him that he would have to pay the five pounds into the office, before his friend could receive that small amount in Tipperary; and he went away, after all, evidently convinced that his not having this order was one of the personal wrongs of Ireland, and one of the particular injustices done to hereditary bondsmen only.

To pass from the Pigeons to the Pigeon-holes, it may be observed that, in the paying department, there are eleven hundred of the latter (Heaven knows how many of the former; they are incalculable) corresponding to the eleven hundred Money-order offices spread all over England. The Scotch and Irish advices have pigeon-holes to themselves. When an order is presented, the clerk goes straight to the hole marked with the name of the town it has been issued from. If the order correspond in every respect with the advice, the cash is instantly paid.

The number of Money-order offices in the United Kingdom is nearly seventeen hundred; their accounts are dealt with, in Aldersgate Street, by one hundred and seventy-eight clerks. So promptly and accurately are these accounts posted up, that a balance of the whole kingdom as to money-orders is struck daily; and, by two o'clock, the state of each deputy's (or post-master's) account can be accurately ascertained — what he owes, or what is due to him — up to the latest postal communication.

That the gigantic operations of the entire system may be seen at one view, we present an account of its transactions during the year which ended on the thirty-first of last December: — The number of orders issued in the United Kingdom during that time, was nearly four million seven hundred thousand, for money amounting to nearly nine millions sterling. The cash which changed hands by the intervention of the Post-office Money-order office — in other words, the combined total of issues and payments of money-orders,

in the United Kingdom, during last year, was upwards of seventeen millions sterling; a sum more than equal to one-third of the whole official expenditure of this very expensive and rather official country. Every day, an interchange of small sums (each averaging in England and Wales no more than one pound, eighteen shillings, and ninepence) takes place in the United Kingdom by the agency of Money-order offices, to the amount of upwards of fifty thousand pounds.

The revenue of the Money-order Office exceeded its expenses, in the year 1851, by more than seven thousand pounds of profit. The same office, before the important improvements of the last few years had been effected, cost the country *a loss* of ten thousand six hundred pounds.

Despite the prodigious increase in the business of the department, which we have pointed out, its efficiency has been doubled, and its cost almost halved. By superseding seventy-eight superfluous ledgers, the labour of sixty clerks has been saved; by simply reducing the size of the money-orders and advices, the expense of paper and print alone has been diminished by eleven hundred pounds per annum; while the abolition of separate advices of each transaction has economised the number of letters by forty-six thousand, weekly. The upshot is, that these economical reforms have effected a saving in the Money-order Office, alone, equal to *seventeen thousand pounds per annum!*

HOUSES TO LET.

I HAVE often heard doubts expressed, and conjectures hazarded, as to who and what manner of people they may be that read the Supplement of the Times newspaper. That a very fair proportion of the subscribers and readers of that journal do so, is a fact, I take it, apparent to, and acknowledged by, the frequenters of parlours, coffee-houses, club-rooms, and hotel snuggeries. Admitting always that it *is* read, it is not by any means so certain *who* reads it. The advertisers may do so, wishing, like careful men of business, to make sure that they have had their pennyworth for their penny. The proof reader reads it *bon gré, malgré*, though, very likely, while toiling down the dreary columns of uninteresting announcements, he may say, with Ancient Pistol, in the Great Leek Consumption Case, — "I read and eke I swear." But do you or I, reader, affect the perusal of that portentous broad-sheet with the halfpenny stamp? From time to time we may glance at the Education near London column; at the New Discoveries in Teeth; at the Sales by Auction; and the Horizontal Grand Pianofortes: but we know that the really interesting "ads." are in the body of the paper; that the profligate initials are entreated to return to

their parents, or to send back the key of the tea-caddy in the second or third column of the front page; and that the unfathomable hieroglyphics hold sweet converse in the same locality. In that Pactolean front page, who knows, from morning to morning, but that Messrs. Wouter, Gribble, and Sharp, of Gray's Inn, may publicly express their wish to communicate something to our advantage to us? In that front page, conscientious cabmen have found the wearing apparel and jewellery we have lost, or dog-fanciers (more concientious still) the dogs which have been st — well, mislaid. In that same page we can put our hands on all the announcements we want: — the Steam Navigation, which is to waft us to Rotterdam and the Rhine, or to Paris, *viâ* Calais, in eleven hours; of the exhibitions and dioramas we delight in witnessing; of the charitable associations it so pleaseth us (kind souls!) to subscribe to; of horses and carriages, we buy or sell, and of the oats, which good Mary Wedlake so pertinaciously desires to know if we bruise yet. If we want clerks or governesses, or, as clerks and governesses, are ourselves wanted; if we wish to borrow or to lend money, or to see what new books or new music appeal to our taste, literary or musical, we find them, if not in the front page, still almost invariably in the main body of the "Times;" it is only on special occasions — when the honourable Member for Mugborough divides the house at two o'clock in the morning; or the Crushclod Agricultural Society holds a meeting, unusually stormy or lengthy; or my Lord Centipede gives a dinner, at which everybody drinks everybody's health, and returns thanks into the bargain, — that the really interesting advertisements are crowded into the Supplement. On other occasions, that document remains a dreary acceptance for the education, teeth, pianoforte, and auctioneer advertisements, with the addition, perhaps, of a few camphine lamps, liquid hair-dyes, and coals at nine shillings per chaldron. Yet the Supplement is read by thousands, — not merely by that pale man in the brown cloak and the discontented face opposite to me, who has engaged the Times *de facto* after me, and is only, I can plainly see, affecting to read the *de jure* Supplement; having rage in his heart, caused by the conviction (wherein he is right) that I intend to keep the paper till I have read the leaders through; — not merely by him, but by the numerous and influential class of persons who are interested in a phalanx of advertisements, which I have hitherto omitted to enumerate, as among the contents of the dullest Supplement; and which have reference to Houses to Let. This is, at least, *my* theory. If ever I see a man really immersed in the perusal of the Times Supplement, and appearing to derive any genuine interest therefrom, I make

pretty sure that he has either a House to Let, or that he wants to take one.

Houses to Let! The subject is fraught with speculative interest for those philosophers who are content to leave the sun, the moon, the pre-Adamite dynasties, the Mosaic theory of creation, the digamma, and the perpetual motion, to their betters; and can find sufficient food for philosophy in the odds and ends, the sweeping of the house of life — who can read homilies in bricks and mortar, sermons in stones, the story of a life, its hopes and fears, its joys and woes, in the timbers of a dilapidated pigstye, in the desolation of a choked-up fountain, or the ruins of a springless pump!

We change our dresses, our servants, our friends and foes — how can our houses expect to be exempt from the mutabilities of life? We tire of the old friend, and incline to the new; the old baby is deposed in favour of the new baby; the fat, turnip silver-watch our father gave us, gives place to a gold Geneva — we change, and swop, and barter, and give up, and take back, and long for, and get tired of, all and everything in life — why not of houses too? So the Supplement of the Times can always offer Houses to Let; and we are continually running mad to let or hire them, as *vice versâ*, six months hence, perhaps, we shall be as maniacally eager to hire or to let.

Subdivision, classification, and elaboration, are certainly distinguishing characteristics of the present æra of civilisation. The house-agents of the Daily Courant now, of the Public Ledger, or the Evening Intelligencer, would have been coupled with the announcement *pur et simple*, that in such and such a street, or part of the court, there was a House to Let. They might, perhaps, have added, at the most, that it was over-against the Bear Garden, or that it formerly belonged to a tradesman possessing an infallible cure for the scurvy, and who "made the very best purl that ever was brewed;" but there they would stop. Catch *us* doing anything of the sort in these enlightened days. Where our benighted grandfathers had boys' and girls' schools, we have seminaries, academies, lyceums, and colleges, for young ladies. Where they had sales "by inch of candle," we have Mr. George Robins. A spade isn't a spade in 1852, but something else; and with our house agents, a house is not only a house, but a great many things besides.

A House to Let may be a mansion, a noble mansion, a family mansion, a residence, a desirable residence, a genteel residence, a family residence, a bachelor's residence, a distinguished residence, an elegant house, a substantial house, a detached house, a desirable villa, a semi-detached villa, a villa standing in its own grounds, an Italian villa, a villa-residence, a small villa, a compact detached cottage, a *cottage ornée*,

and so on, almost *ad infinitum*. Rarely do the advertisements bear reference only to a house, a villa, or a cottage: we *must* call the spade something in addition to its simply agrarian title.

Now, are all these infinitesimal subdivisions of Houses to Let merely intended as ingenious devices to charm the house-hirer by variety, in the manner of Mr. Nicoll, with regard to his overcoats, and Messrs. Swan and Edgar with reference to ladies' cloaks and shawls; or do there really exist subtle distinctions, minute, yet decidedly perceptible, between every differently named house? Can it be that the desirable residence has points calculated to satisfy desire in a different degree to the elegant predilections to be gratified by the elegant residence? Can it be that a residence, after all, is n't a house, nor a house a residence? It may be so. People, in the innocence of their hearts, and unaccustomed to letting or hiring houses, may imagine that there can be no very material difference between a villa, a genteel villa, and a compact villa; but in the mind of the astute house-agent, and equally intelligent house-hirer, differences, varieties of size, aspect, and convenience, immediately suggest themselves, and to their experienced eyes there are as many points of distinction between the genteel and

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a horses

between a cob and a hack, a racer and a screw; or to the initiated in dog-lore, between a greyhound and a setter.

I do not pretend to any peculiarly nice perception as to things in general. I cannot tell to this day a hawk from a falcon (between the former bird and a hand-saw I might be able to guess). It was a long time before I could distinguish between a leveret and a rabbit, or tell very high venison from decomposed shoulder of mutton; and I will not be certain, even now, if I could tell, from the odour (being blindfolded), which was pitch and which tar. So, the immense variety of Houses to Let has always been to me a mystery, the subtle distinctions in their nomenclature sources of perplexed speculation. There may be those who are more learned than I am — those who, with similar acuteness as the gentlemen mentioned in Hudibras, who had been beaten till they could tell to a splinter of what wood the cudgel was composed, and kicked till they knew if the shoe were "calf-skin or neat's leather" — can mark the strong connections, the nice dependencies, the gradations just of houses, mansions, villas, and residences, and with their "pervading souls look through" the wondrous variety of Houses to Let.

I can only theorise. I have studied the Times attentively, and gazed wearily at the elongated crimson baize-covered panels in the use-agents' win-

dows, on which, written on slips of foolscap, the announcements of Houses to Let are secured with party-coloured wafers. Goodness knows how far from the actual mark I may be; but you shall hear what my ideas are on this very open House question.

First, of the Mansion. What manner of house would you imagine that to be? I take it to be situate at Kew, possibly at Chiswick, peradventure at Putney. Red brick, stone window casings, a great many chimney-pots, a steep flight of steps before the door. Perhaps the advertisement [illegible] that it is "approached by a carriage drive." I can see that carriage drive, the mangy gravel, weeds and grass springing up between; the brown ragged lawn in the middle; the choked-up flower-beds, with pieces of broken bottles and fractured tobacco-pipes, where there were once geraniums and heliotropes. There must be a wall in front, and a pair of rusty iron-gates, or more probably a paint-destitute portal, scored over with drawings in crayons of unpopular church-wardens, and fierce denunciations of the Pope of Rome, the College of Cardinals, and the New Police Act. This door is blistered with the sun, dinted by the peg-tops and hocky-sticks of savage boys. In the centre you may see a parallelopipedal patch, where the paint is of a lighter colour, and where there are marks of bygone screws. That was where the brass plate was, when the mansion was occupied by the Reverend Doctor Brushback. It was called "Smolensko House" then, and on Sundays and holidays a goodly procession of youths educated therein issued from it. A small confectioner's ("sock-shop," the boys called it) was started in the adjacent lane, on the sole strength of the school custom; and Widow Maggle, the green-grocer, who supplied the establishment with birch-brooms, actually started her boy Dick in a cart with a live donkey from her increased profits. But the Reverend Doctor Brushback, at the age of fifty-seven, and in a most unaccountable manner, took it into his head to turn the wife of his bosom out of doors. Then he flogged three-fourths of his scholars away, and starved the remainder. Then he was suspected of an addiction to strong drinks, and of breaking Leather's (the shoe, knife, and general errand boy's) head, because he could not tell him what was Greek for a boot-jack. Smolensko House speedily presented that most melancholy spectacle, a bankrupt school; and the last time I heard of Doctor Brushback, it was on a charge (unfounded, of course) at the Public Office, Bow Street, of being drunk and disorderly in the gallery of the Standard Theatre. Was not our mansion, after this, Minerva House Finishing Academy for [illegible] Ladies? Surely so. The [illegible] Gimp devoted themselves [illegible] task of tuition with a high sense of its onerous

duties, and strenuously endeavoured to combine careful maternal supervision with the advantages of a finished system of polite education (*vide* Times). But the neighbourhood was prejudiced against the scholastic profession, and the Misses Gimp found few scholars, and fewer friends. Subsequently, their crack scholar, Miss Mango, the heiress, eloped with Mr. De Lypey, professor of dancing, deportment, and calisthenics. The resident Parisienne married Mr. Tragacanth, assistant to Mr. Poppyed the chemist, and the Misses went to ruin or Boulogne. sight of my mansion about h for a time at least. It must, however, have been rented by Captain Vere de Vere Delamere, and his family, who paid nobody, and, owing innumerable quarters for rent, were eventually persuaded to remove by a bribe from the landlord. Or was the mansion ever in the occupation of the celebrated Mr. Nix, who said he belonged to the Stock Exchange, and removed in the midst of winter, and at the dead of night, taking with him, over and above his own furniture, a few marble mantel-pieces, register stoves, and other trifles, in the way of fixtures? Or was this mansion the one taken by Mr. Pluffy, immensely rich, but very eccentric, who turned his ews and ces out of d nted all the windows a , kept a tame hyena, sisted in standing outside his gate on Sunday mornings with nothing on, to speak of, save a leather apron and a meerschaum, assuring the public generally that he was Peter the Great?

I glance again at the advertisement, and find my mansion described as a "noble" one. In that case, I should say it was in some nice, marshy, swampy, reedy part of Essex, where the owls scream, and the frogs croak blithely at night. There are two stone hawks sculptured above the gates; a garden, as tangled and savage-looking as an Indian jungle; a ed-up fountain; and maimed, oken-nosed, mildewed statues, ottering on moss and weed-covered pedestals. In the old time, the Earl of Elbowsout lived at the "noble" mansion; but his lordship has resided in sunny Italy for many years, deriving immense benefit (not pecuniary, of course) from a judicious consumption of Professor Paracelsus's pills. He has an heir; and, whenever Inspector Beresford forces open the door of some harmless house in Jermyn Street, with sledge hammers, you will be pretty sure to find, among the list of prisoners conveyed to Bow Street, on a suspicion of indulging in the forbidden game of chicken-hazard, the names of Robert Smith or of John Brown; one of whom, you may be as certain, is no other than Lord Viscount Hawker, his lordship's son.

"Convenient Mansion," says the Times, again. Ah! I know. A big, square block of a house,

very small windows, iron-barred, and a high wall inside. Just suitable for Doctor Muffles's asylum for the insane; plenty of cold water laid on. Very convenient! — Family Mansion. Plenty of bed-rooms, high gate on the nursery-stairs, stables, coach-house, and detached room, for the gardener. — "Picturesque Mansion." Decidedly picturesque, but damp. Picturesque in proportion as it is ruinous, and out of all habitable repair. Thomas Hood wrote a beautiful poem once, of a Picturesque Mansion—A Haunted House — and which has haunted me ever since. The choked-up moat; the obscene birds, that flapped their wings on the roof; the foul insects, that wove webs inside; the gaunt rats, that held unholy gambols in the kitchen; the weed-grown courtyard, window-sills, and door-steps; the damp feculence, dust, dirt, rust, about all or everything; the one sunbeam, coming through a grimed window, and illuminating a bloody hand. There had been a murder done there, and the house was haunted. I can well believe it. I, too, saw, once upon a time, a mansion, where a foul and wicked murder had been done. I saw labourers searching the muddy moat for the weapons of the assassins; I was taken to see the corridor where the deed had been done; and I followed the footsteps of the murderer through mud and slush, snow and straw, from the mansion to the farm he lived at. I never read poor Hood's plaintive poem without thinking that Stanfield Hall — shut up, untenanted, moat-dried — would be a very counterpart, now, of the house he shadowed forth.

Not, however, to forget Houses to Let. Shall I take the Bachelor's Residence? An invisible hand points to Highgate — an inward feeling suggests Mitcham. *I* go for Cricklewood: Kilburn is too near, and Edgeware too far; but Cricklewood holds a *juste milieu* between them. I can see the Bachelor's Residence — a pert, smart, snug, little habitation, standing alone, mostly; for your bachelor is incorrigible (steady or fast) with regard to musical instruments. Your fast Bachelor will manage the Redowa on the cornet-à-piston; and your steady one, set "Ah! non giunge," to hard labour on the flute — but *will* practise; and — should their bachelors' quarters happen to be supported, right and left, by family residences — the inhabitants of Acacia Terrace or Plantain Grove are apt to become remarkably disagreeable in their reclamations to the bachelor himself. The bachelor is a bank-clerk, very likely, or a stock-broker, not over-plethoric just yet with profits; or a young fellow with a small independence. He has a front garden and a back garden; both, ten to one, provided with a trim little summer-house, where he is very fond of sitting on fine afternoons with his friends, clad in bachelor-like

deshabille, consuming the grateful beer of Bass, and gently whiffing the cutty-pipe of Milo, or the meerschaum. He has flowers, but has a faint idea that the tobacco-smoke does not do them any good. He has a housekeeper — generally middle-aged, and frequently deaf — many friends, more pipes, and frequently an anomalous kind of little vehicle, drawn by an eccentric pony, and which he calls his "trap." Sunday is his great day. All his fly-rods, fishing-tackle, gardening implements, guns, rabbit-hutches, and pipe-racks, are overhauled on that day; grave judgments are passed on the dogs and horses of his friends; and an impervious cloud of Bird's-eye or Oronooko hangs about the little summer-houses. But the bachelor marries; goes a little too fast, perhaps, or dies (for, alas! even bachelors must die); and so his Bachelor's Residence is To Let.

The Desirable Residence. I have the secret of that "House to Let," I will be bound. A lodging-house! What could there be more desirable, in the way of a residence than that, I should like to know? Twelve-roomed house, in Manchester Street, Manchester Square. Blue damask curtains in the first-floor windows; red ditto in the parlour windows; a never-disappearing placard, of Apartments Furnished (for, however full the g-house may be, it always to have a marvellous capamore); and area railings, frequently enlivened and ornamented by the three-quarter portrait of a pretty servant maid. Whenever you see the butcher, or the baker, or the grocer's man, at the door of the Desirable Residence, you will be sure, if you watch, to see him produce a red account-book; for people who keep lodging-houses invariably run bills with tradesmen, probably to give an air of veracity and colourable truth to their persevering assertion, that they have a little bill to pay to-morrow. If the lady who keeps the Desirable Residence is married, you will not be very far out, if you assert that her husband has something to do with the Docks, or that he is a barrister's clerk, in good practice. You can't be wrong, if you set him down as an indifferently-dressed man, with an umbrella, who, whenever he speaks to you, calls you "Sir." If your landlady should happen to be a widow, take my word for it, that "she was not always in these circumstances;" that her late husband's executors have used her shamefully; and that she has a pretty daughter or niece.

Unless I am very far out in my theory, the "Substantial Residence" is a lodging-house too, and the "Genteel Residence" not very far from it. Cecil Street, Strand, for the former, and Camberwell for the latter, would not be very wide of the mark. Cecil Street is full of substantial houses, in which lodgers, sometimes not quite so substantial as the houses,

continually dwell. The prices of provisions are high in Cecil Street, and the quantity of nourishment they afford far from considerable. Penny loaves are twopence each, and you can't get more than one dinner off a leg of mutton. The profits arising from the avocations of the landladies of substantial residences must be so large, that I wonder that they ever come to be advertised as "to let" at all. Perhaps it is that they make their fortunes, and migrate to the "elegant residence," [illegible] "dished residen[illegible] 'onder whether I am wrong [illegible]cing the *locale* of these two pecies of "Houses to Let," lgravia and Tyburnia? They after all, be wasting their [illegible]nce and their distinction in Golden Square, Ely Place, or Kennington Oval. Yet I am always coming across, and reading with great unction, paragraphs in the newspapers, setting forth that, "after the marriage of Miss Arabella Constantia Tanner, daughter of Hyde Tanner, Esq., of the firm of Bender, Cooter, and Tanner, of Lombard Street, to the Honourable Captain Casey, son of Lord Latitat, the happy couple partook of a magnificent *déjeûner* at the elegant residence of the bride's father in Hyde Park Gardens;" or else it is, that "last evening the Earl and Countess of Hammersmith and Ladies Barnes (2), Sir John Bobcherry, Pillary Pacha, &c., &c., honoured Sir Styles and Lady Springer with their company to dinner at their distinguished residence in Eaton Place." I can always imagine tall footmen, magnificent and awful in plush and embroidery, lolling at the doors of elegant and distinguished residences. I don't think I can be very far wrong. I reside, myself, over a milk-shop, and I know that to be neither an elegant nor a distinguished residence; but are there not both elegance and distinction in the stately Belgrave Square, and the lofty Westbourne Grove?

Coming, in the pursuit of this superficial examination of "Houses to Let," I stop puzzled at the word "House," simple, unadulterated, unaccompanied with eulogy, or explanatory prefix. I have my theory about it, though it may be but a lame one. The lone, silent "House" must be one like that celebrated one at the corner of Stamford Street, Blackfriars, which, with its two companions, everybody has seen, and nobody knows the history of — a house unlet, unletable, yet always to let. Now, a house agent having any bowels or conscience whatsoever, could not call this a desirable house, nor a convenient house, nor an elegant house. So, being too good a man of business to call it an ill-favoured house, a dirty house, and a villanous house, as it is, he calls it a "House." A ho[illegible] it is, sure enough, just a[illegible]rse, albeit spavined, wind-[illegible], glandered, staggered, lame, [illegible]own, a kicker

and a roarer, is a horse still. But what a horse, and what a house!

A "Genteel House" seemeth to me different to a genteel residence. The latter's employ I have elsewhere hinted at; the former I take to be situate somewhere in Gower Street, Keppel Street, or Guildford Street, or in some of those mysterious thoroughfares you are always getting into when you don't want them, and never can find when you do. In the genteel house, I should think, two maiden ladies must have lived — sisters probably; say, the Miss Twills, whose father was Twills of Saint Mary-Axe, sugar-baker; and whose brother, Mr. Twills, in partnership with Mr. Squills, can be found in Montague Place, Bedford Square, where the two carry on a genteel business as surgeons and apothecaries. The Miss Twills kept a one-horse fly (not one of your rakish-looking broughams, be it understood), with a corpulent horse (serious of disposition, and given to eating plum-cake when he could get it), and a mild-looking coachman, who carried a hymn-book in his pocket. One day, however, I surmise, Miss Jessy Twills, the youngest and prettiest sister (she did not mind owning to forty) married the Reverend Felix Spanker, of Saint Blazer's Chapel, in Milman Street. Miss Betsy Twills went to live with her married sister, and the two lead the poor parson a terrible life between them, and Felix is more irate in the pulpit against the Pope than ever), and the genteel residence took its place in the category of "Houses to Let."

The "Detached House" bears its peculiar characteristic on its front; it stands alone, and nothing more can be said about it; but with the "semi-detached house" there is a subtle mystery, much to be marvelled at. Semi-detached! Have the party-walls between two houses shrunk, or is there a bridge connecting the two, as in Mr. Beckford's house in Landsdown Crescent, Bath? A semi-detached house may mean a house with a field on one side and a bone-boiling factory on the other. Semi-detached may mean half-tumbling to pieces. I must inquire into it.

The "mansion," the "residence," and the "house," seem to indicate to me dwellings of some considerable degree of importance and extent; the "villa," the "cottage," and the "lodge," seem to indicate smaller places of abode, though perhaps equalling if not surpassing, their contemporaries in elegance, gentility, distinction, convenience, desirableness, substantiality, &c., &c. There is one thing, however, certain about the villa — one sound basis to go upon, which we do not possess as regards the "house." The "house" is ambiguously situated, it may be, in Grosvenor Square, in Pall Mall, or in Brick Lane, Spitalfields, or Crown Street, Seven Dials; but the villa is necessarily suburban. You could not call a house (however small it might be) situated between a pie-

shop and a public-house, a "villa." A four-roomed house in Fleet Street would be a novelty, and if you were to call it a Gothic lodge, would be a greater novelty still; while Covent Garden Market, or Long Acre, would scarcely be the *locale* for a *cottage ornée*, or an Italian villa. I recognise cottages, villas, and lodges, with the addition of "hermitages," "priories," "groves," "boxes," "retreats," &c., on all suburban roads; — in Kensington, Hammersmith, and Turnham Green; in Kingsland, Hackney, and Dalston; in Highgate, Hampstead, and Hornsey; in Camberwell, Peckham, and Kennington; in Paddington, Kilburn, and Cricklewood; their roads, approaches, and environs, inclusive. And a fair proportion do these suburbs contribute to the "Houses to Let" in the Supplement of the Times.

The "villa standing in its own grounds," is generally suggestive to me of stockbrokers. Great people are these stockbrokers for villas; for driving mail-phaetons, or wide-awake looking dog-carts; for giving capital dinners and wine. The young man who has a stockbroker for a friend, has need but to trouble himself only concerning his lodging and washing; his board will take care of itself, or, rather, will be amply taken care of in the villa of his Amphitryon. Next, I should say, to a decided *penchant* for betting odds, and a marked leaning towards the purchase and sale of horseflesh, hospitality is the most prominent characteristic of a stockbroker. He is always "wanting to stand" something. His bargains are made over sherry and sandwiches; he begins and ends the day with conviviality. What a pity it is that his speculations should fail sometimes, and that his clients should lose their money, and himself "sold up" — ostracised from 'Change, driven to dwell among the tents of Boulogne-sur-Mer, or the cities of refuge of Belgium, the boorish and the beery! Else would he be living in his own ground-surrounded villa to this day, instead of its being confided to the tender mercies of Messrs. Hammer and Rapps, auctioneers and house-agents, as a "House to Let."

"An Italian Villa to Let." Pretty, plausible, but deceptive. The house-agent who devised the Italian prefix was a humbug. Start not, reader, while I whisper in your ear. The Italian villa is a shabby little domicile, only Italian in *so far as it possesses Venetian blinds*. I know it; for I, who speak, have been egregiously sold, lamentably taken in, by this mendacious villa.

"A Villa to Let." Not elegant, desirable, distinguished, nor Italian; but a villa. It has bow windows, I will go bail. A green verandah over the drawing-room window, for a trifle. *Two bells*, one for visitors, and one for servants. The villa is suitable for Mr. Covin (of the firm of Feraud and Covin; Solicitors), who has

been importuned so long by Mrs. Covin to abandon his substantial residence in Bedford Row, that he has at last acceded to her wishes. Covin is a portly man, with a thick gold chain, a bald head, and a fringe of black whisker. He is fond of a peculiarly fruity port; and his wife's bonnet-box is a japanned tin-coffer, labelled "Mr. Soldoff's estate." He won't live in the villa long, because he will get tired of it, and long for Bedford Row again, with its pleasant odour of new vellum and red tape. *He* will let it to Mr. Runt, the barrister, or Mr. Muscovado, the sugar-broker of Tower Street, or Mrs. Lopp, the comfortably-circumstanced widow, who was so stanch a friend to the Reverend Silas Chowler; the same who, in imitation of the famous Mr. Huntingdon, S.S., called himself H.B.B., or Half-Burnt Brand.

What should the "*cottage ornée*" be like, I should wish to know (to jump from villas to cottages), but that delightful little box of a place at Dulwich, where a good friend of mine was wont (wont, alas!) to live. The strawberries in the garden; the private theatricals in the back parlour; the pleasant excursions on week days to the old College — (God bless old Thomas Alleyne and Sir Franc[illegible] Bourgeois, I say! Had the former done nothing worthier of [illegible]ction in his life than found[illegible] r old place, or the latter [illegible]ed for all the execrably bad modern pictures he painted in his life-time, by the exquisitely beautiful ancient ones he left us at his death); — the symposium in the garden on Sundays; the clear church-bells ringing through the soft summer air; the pianoforte in the boudoir, and Gluck's "Che faro senza Euridice?" lightly, gently elicited from the silvery keys (by hands that are cold and powerless now), wreathing through the open window; the kind faces and cheerful laughter, the timid anxiety of the ladies concerning the last omnibus home at night, and the cheerful recklessness with which they subsequently abandoned that last omnibus to its fate, and conjectured impossibly fortuitous conveyances to town, ultimately terminating in impromptu beds. How many a time have I had a shakedown on the billiard-table of the *cottage ornée*? How many a time — But my theme is of Houses to Let.

And of "Houses to Let," it appeareth to me, I have been unconscionably garrulous, without being usefully communicative. I have said too much, and yet not half enough. In houses, I am yet at fault about the little mushroom-like rows of flimsy-looking tenements that spring up on every side in and about the suburbs; in brick-fields, in patches of ground where rubbish was formerly shot, and vagabond boys turned over three times for a penny. I have yet to learn in what species of "House [illegible] Let" the eccentric

gentleman formerly resided, who never washed himself for five-and-forty years, and was supposed to scrape himself with an oyster-shell after the manner of the Caribbees; where it was, whether in a house, a villa, a residence, or a cottage, that the maiden lady entertained the fourteen tom cats, which slept each in a fourpost bedstead, and were fed on turtle soup. I want to know what "every convenience" means. I should like to have some further information as to what "a select number" implies. I am desirous of learning in what category of Houses to Let" a house-agent would rank a tenantless theatre, a chapel without a congregation or a minister, an empty brewery, or a deserted powder-mill.

Finally, I should like to know what a "cottage" is. Of the *cottage ornée* I have spoken; the compact cottage, the detached cottage, the semi-detached cottage, speak for themselves; but I am as much puzzled about the simple cottage as about the simple house, mansion, or villa. In my youth I had a chimera of a cottage, and drew rude outlines thereof on a slate. It had quadrangular tiles, a window immediately above the door, palings at the side, and smoke continually issuing from its chimney. Its architecture was decidedly out of the perpendicular; afterwards, perusing works of a rural and pastoral description, a cottage became to me a little paradise of ivy, and honeysuckles, and woodbine. It had a pretty porch, where a young lady in a quilted petticoat, and a young gentleman in a flapped waistcoat, both after the manner (and a very sweet one it is) of Mr. Frank Stone, made first and last appeals to each other all the year round. The times have changed, and I, so I suppose, have changed with them. I am sceptical, ignorant, undecided, about the cottage now. Sometimes it is the slate-pencil cottage, sometimes the Frank Stone one, sometimes the cottage of the sixpenny valentines, quitting which, by a bright yellow serpentine path, a gentleman in a blue coat, and a lady in a pink dress, wend their way to the altar of Hymen. Sometimes, oh reader of mine! I see other cottages, dreadful cottages, squalid cottages, cottages in Church Lane, Saint Giles's, where frowsy women in tattered shawls crouch stolidly on the door-step; where ragged, filthy children wallow with fowls and pigs amidst the dirt and squalor. Sometimes I see cottages in my fondly pictured rural districts — cottages dilapidated, half unroofed, where gaunt agricultural labourers are sullenly wrangling with relieving officers; where white-headed, brick-dust faced children cry for bread; where mother is down with the fever, and grandmother bedridden, yet querulously refusing to go into the dreaded "House."

Perhaps I am wrong in all this. Perhaps all these theories about mansions, residences, houses, villas, and the inexplicable cottages,

after all may be but wild and improbable theories — crude, vague, purposeless speculations. But I have said my say, and shall be wiser some day, I hope, in other matters besides "Houses to Let."

THE CAMERA-OBSCURA.

A SUNDAY MORNING LECTURE.

OH, NATURE! ever wondrous, ever new,
Whose magic varies with each passing glance;
Thy common scenes are lovely as romance;
Thy daily life a miracle most true,
Ever awake, our senses to entrance.

All thou dost touch, a similar touch can give,
And all become enchanted who touch thee:
Thy forms, that breathe in vital energy,
Are of such power their very shadows live,
Till Art partakes thine immortality.

'T is Sunday morn: a bright and lovely day!
Come, then, with me, and mark how Nature moves
In the broad field of Christian faiths and loves;
And, in a mirror, lit by her own ray,
See how her smile all narrow feuds reproves.

Grey misty light the shadowy disk illumes,
Which sways and lurches like a deck, at sea; —
And clouds, fields, house-tops, in confusion flee,
Till the round plane a steady blank becomes,
And all stand round in darkness, silently.

A mead appears, all bright with pasture green,
Where moving miniatures of cattle graze:
A Liliputian herdsman loitering strays
Across the delicately-pictured scene; —
And his dog follows — searches, leaps, and plays.

Now glides the disk; a windmill from grey space
Works threatening into view, with whirling arms,
Whose fleeting shadow o'er the grass, alarms
A group of children, coming near the place,
Who pause — and watch the giant's dangerous charms!

The miller's wife in the trim garden stands,
And trains the tangled honeysuckle bowers;
Then stoops. — Ah, see! are those enchanted flowers,
Which now she gathers in her tiny hands,
And shakes them clear from recent spring-tide showers?

A promenade — with many a varied group:
Ladies in undulating robes — young maids,
Old men, and boys — all living, yet all shades!
And now a child comes with a rolling hoop!
'T is gone — 't is here again — it nears — it fades!

Now, in a sandy bay upon the shore,
Two lovers enter slowly; — all unseen,
As they believe — bending with tender mien —
Hand clasping hand, and looks that tell far more,
While thus they pass, and glide beyond the scene

A pier slides in! — the masons chip the stone,
And near them stands a sun-burnt sailor-boy;
A horse and cart, no larger than a toy,
Move onwards, while a distant kite is blown
Among the clouds, and dances as in joy.

The harbour, with the shipping; — masts and spars,
And miniatures of men, and boys in boats,
Who row across; and now all darkly floats
Black smoke along the air — yon steamer roars!
But of her storm-song spell-bound are the notes.

Silence and wonder, darkness, and soft light,
Surround us — fill us with their influence;
We feel strange pleasure, like a novel sense
Derived from Art and Nature — Science, Sight —
Which GOD permits, in His munificence.

Glide onward, disk: — and now we 're in the bay,
With all its tossing billows, life, and foam;
A sea-gull soars above its briny home,
Descending now, to swim amidst the spray;
Now rising, o'er the masts and cliffs to roam.

Hither the steamer beats her noiseless way!
Real — yet silent, as 't were all a dream!
Men, engines, motion, colour — as we deem
Proofs of reality — doth she display; —
Yet 't is a picture passing o'er a screen!

She steams along — her passengers we scan —
She hoists a sail — she tacks — a very sprite
Smiting the waters backward in her flight;
Her size, from stem to stern, not half a span!
And thus she works her way beyond our sight.

The lone sea-shore. The tide is coming in,
And breaks in rows of silver-gushing waves,
As silently as spirits rise from graves!
And all is rapture — with no earthly din, —
Nor e'en a whisper from the hollow caves.

Divine, bright solitude of soundless motion,
Whose foam, like year on year, flows up the shore!
Imagination loves thee evermore,
Bowing itself in this reflected ocean,
God's slightest shadow truly to adore!

Again the sea-gull passes through the sky —
Dips in the surge, and beats her sparkling wings!
Rises aloft in widening oval rings!
Down-slanting near dark rocks, she now doth fly,
And a white wavering line, soft gleaming, flings.

Once more green meads, with cattle grazing round!
A mimic orbit have we traversed, fleet!
Are we awake? This earth — these moving feet —
Seem perfect; yet no odour, taste, touch, sound!
The real and the visionary meet!

'T is a new planet-surface we behold!
Our own — yet not our own — diminished — dumb;
A world of dream-like coloured shadows come —
And go — more exquisite than e'er was told
By pen or pencil; yet they have no home.

Their birth is from the darkness into light;
But into darkness when their forms return,
For them no spheric installations burn —
No glories treasured in the ecstatic night:
Poor pilgrims are they of earth's shows extern!

Not so, the substances that lend them life;
Not so, the human images that give
These fleeting miniatures the means to live;
For we are born with inward essence rife,
Both substances and shadows to survive.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF WINTER?

PEOPLE are now putting on the best faces they can to welcome the Spring. Welcome the Spring, indeed! when we have had no winter; — welcome a light pudding, when we have had no meat! I trust I am a Briton and know how to grumble. "In those vernal seasons of the year when the air is

calm and pleasant," says Milton, "it were an injury and sullenness against Nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicings with heaven and earth." If Nature is mean enough to rejoice after having defrauded me of my winter, I scratch her name out of my visiting book; I won't "got out and see her."

I want my Winter. — As Fanshawe says:

"Spring, the year's youth, fair mother of new flowers,
New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged Hours,
Thou art returned; but nought returns with thee,
Save my lost joys' regretful memory."

Now, Spring, it would serve you right that a lost joy's regretful memory should stick to you also; and I mean to make you cry half April through by letting you understand what pretty things I might have said about you, if the conduct of Nature on a late occasion had not put me out of temper. I want you to feel what you have lost, and for that reason only touch you with a little praise which I might have meant in earnest, but distinctly now inform you that I utter only out of spite, to let you see how delicately I could flatter, if I chose, your vanity and beauty. Now hear what I could have done.

Dear little Spring, the black and withered twigs, that have worn ame livery of mourning, ut the dreary months of because there was no be had), are tricking themselves out in their holiday garbs, because you are coming down to see them. One is dressed in virgin white, one wears a saffron-coloured robe, another puts on blue, and some twig somewhere plays the dandy in a scarlet uniform. The sunny slopes are reeking with the early mists, and the fields are laying down their carpets for the lambs to dance upon. The sap is stirring in the trees and swelling in the bud, and the early breeze comes fresh and fragrant, as if it blew through the boudoir of Nature, while she was getting up in the morning and making a free use of her perfumery. The owl is hooting from the turret, and by so doing shows his wisdom; for to hoot at Spring when she appears out of her turn, is only proper. Her true cue is "hard frost," and she should have waited for it. The owl is hooting from the turret, the rook screaming from his swinging nest on the tall tree top, and the cuckoo shouting from the lonely glen. The blackbird whistles from the bush — and he *may* whistle, if it 's Winter that he wants to see ever again on this side of the year 2000. I 'm driven to be despondent. The blackbird whistles from the bush, and the throstle from the grove, and the deep coo of the ringdove is heard in the woods. The feathered emigrants who had taken refuge on our shores from the illiberal edicts of an arctic winter — though an arctic winter is much better than none — liberty of the plume being restored, go

back to the North again. Those who emigrated from our winter, before they knew that we were not to have any, are now returning one flight after another, to join in the ornithological concert that takes place under the management of Spring. The martins and the wrens and the redstarts have come into the concert with small pipes, the nightingale has come with a flute, the linnet and the goldfinch with a lute, the lark, that sky-rocket in feathers, gets its music up so thoroughly, that as it twinkles a mere speck in the clear air of the sunrise, almost out of sight and very far from being out of hearing, we know very well what the thing is, it is one of the morning stars singing for joy.

Then there are the woodlark and the pipit — the lark of the wilderness — whose health requires that they should bathe their beaks in music every morning. From the tall hedge or cottage-shading tree, the magpie, dressed like a gentleman in black and white, chatters as idly as is usual with gentlemen who are not men. In the heart of the thick wood the jay is screaming, or giving an entertainment similar to that of the late Mr. Mathews, to an audience as full of noises as the House of Commons. The rackdaw jabbers from a steeple, and along the wild, or from a naked cliff, the raven bids us think about a sepulchre, if we are superstitious. If we are reasonable souls, it does not. Except when dogs are fighting and on a few similar occasions, beasts, birds, and insects are a happy set of fellows, and "in Reason's ear they all rejoice." The crow means to be jolly when he sings, as thoroughly as any nightingale.

Then, Spring, if you had a fair claim on my praises, I should not object to state that these winged voices — rich, and abundant, and varied, as they are, in the glades and groves of our, on the whole, not disagreeable country — make but a small portion of the pleasant noise with which you are accompanied. There is a voice from all things. Emancipated from the wintry thraldom which had claimed their waters (you perceive how inappropriate the praise would be, when no brook has been frozen), the streams are murmuring through mead and valley; the trout are leaping in their depths, and cattle lowing on their banks. The bleat of the lamb comes from the hill-side (mint is, happily, at the same period fresh and green), and the laughter of young human voices fills the sunny glade. The doors of habitations stand wide open to let in the air of heaven; the fireside — where the poker stimulates no more the flagging coal, and fires are dying of neglect — the fireside is forsaken for the field; and the whistle of the ploughman — painfully prone to perform nigger melodies — comes cheerily from the up-turned glebe. But the great Spring minstrel is the Wind; wind music is the sweetest. In the Spring it plays all kinds of

melodies; sometimes, a forest piece on its trombones and bassoons; sometimes, a song about a violet, upon one little piccolo. Man laughs, and loves, and thinks, when the Spring comes, with a more delicate expression. In the Winter he had skated, or he ought to have skated, roared over good jokes, and enjoyed, when he was shut up in-doors, a concentration of home jollity. Man's general sympathy with external objects is, in the presence of Spring, wholesomely set in action; and the pervading sentiment of resurrection is full to him of fine, unconsciously-received suggestions. "In the motion of the very leaves of Spring," says Shelley, "in the blue air, there is found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks, and the whistle of the reeds beside them; which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes — like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved, singing to you alone."

Lists of fashionable arrivals are now charged, I believe, as advertisements in country papers. Whether birds are fashionable, I am not quite sure, but perhaps I may be allowed to risk incurring the expense of duty upon the following list of movements in what, I confess, must be admitted to be high life, passed as it is, on tree tops, or in a yet more elevated sphere. Pigeons move in higher circles than even dukes and duchesses. Liable, or not liable, to advertisement duty, here is a list of movements in high life for the present season.

Arrivals: — Wryneck, Reed Sparrow, Bunting, Smallest Willow Wren, Stone Curlew, Wheatear, House Swallow, Martin, Sand Martin, Black-cap, Nightingale, Cuckoo, Middle Willow Wren, Whitethroat, Redstart, Grasshopper Lark, Swift, Lesser Reed Sparrow, Land Rail, Fern Owl, Fly-catcher, Turtle Dove, Ring Dotterell, Wagtail, Water Rail, Largest Willow Wren, Lapwing, Titlark, Razor-bill, Corncrake, Ring Ouzel, Yellow Wren.

Departures: — Fieldfare, Redwing, Woodcock, Hooded Crow, Snow Bunting, Widgeon, Teal, Snipe, Merlin, Solan Goose, Grey Gull, Cross-bill, Bean Goose, Herring Gull.

Spring is said to begin in March; meteorologists say on one day, astronomers say on another day; but *I* say, that Spring 1852 began in November 1851. Spring has the Yankee blood in her, and has annexed Winter; or, at least, is infusing a Spring temper into it, with a view to ultimate annexation. However, let us take March. Let us look at March. He used to have a little bluster in him — to be something of a roaring blade. Whether he has got married, or what else may be the reason, I don't know; but all his boast seems to be taken out of him.

There ought to be a wind-spirit abroad in March to sweep the floor of heaven, preliminary to the laying down of a fresh pavement of sunshine. March ought, like a child, to play with flowers, and destroy them in its wilfulness. If March behaved like March, and, if I had no quarrel with the Spring on other grounds, I would speak of it somewhat after this fashion: Wooed by its smile, some insect troop will venture forth, too soon, to thread a maze in honour of the welcome guest; and, ere they have had time to try their glancing wings, the frown succeeding to the smile, chases the affrighted band, and they are scattered. In its sunny moods a coronal of violets is given to the child; but the wrathful fit comes on, and the sweet toy is torn to pieces, trampled beneath the foot of the capricious month. Awakened by one of the bright flashes of its laughing eyes, the bee looks out; and, thinking it is summer, rushes abroad in coat of gold, sounding his premature summons on his tiny trumpet: but the wing of the snow-spirit (which I strongly suspect Time of having clipped with his scythe, some years ago) shadows for a moment (or used to shadow when it was big enough) the face of the youthful month; and, unable to borrow the umbrella of a single flower-cup, the false herald perishes, the victim of his own mistake.

Down the long winding lane, over the broad meadow, and on the sunny bank by the way-side, are peeping up, amid the emerald grass, the gem-like flowers that were the playthings of our childhood — that lured us, years ago, through the dewy dell. When we look at them, we call to mind how our hands in their first state of chubbiness, or in their second state of ink and slate-pencil dust, grasped at the

. . . . . "Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

When our yet plastic and undeveloped noses breathed over the

. . . . . "Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

And when we wore our first gold chains, made of

. . . . . "Pale Primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength."

Then what work have we not made in childhood wi[illegible]

. . . . . "the Dai[illegible]
That well by reasson men it calle maie
The Daisie, or else the Eye of Daie,
The emprise, and the floure of flouris all.

The daisy is the pet of poets; and, while I *am* tagging these snips of verse together, let us say some more about the "wee modest crimson-tipped flower" — the

. . "silver shield, with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover."

A graceful lady-writer calls the daisy, the Robin of flowers. I 've an idea. Had she been as fanciful as Mr. Wordsworth, she might

have added its *red breast* as amongst the reasons for her pleasant conceit.

Now I am going on with what I might say, if I chose, concerning March. The alder wears her dark wreaths, and the hazel and willow have hung out their catkins in the fields. The marsh is gay with the bright orange-flowers of the marsh-marigold; and the shady grove and humid bank, with the pilewort's yellow stars. Before the end of the month, the leaves of the honeysuckle are nearly expanded; the garden is beautiful with the pink flowers of the mezereon; and the greenhouse, besides the pale narcissus and the bright camellia japonica, has the brilliant tulip, and all the rich and graceful hyacinth array. Leeks flourish in the caps of Welshmen on St. David's Day; and in the Irish bonnets, on St. Patrick's Day, shamrock is planted. David and Patrick are March saints. Of David we have heard how

> . . . "through the press of war
> His gallant comrades followed his *green crest*
> To conquest."

As a hint to future commentators, I suggest a misprint here. Leeks were more likely to have been written, by poetic license, as *green cress*, than as a crest, which we know to be a thing usually composed of hair or feathers. The leading act of the life of St. Patrick, performed on Croagh Patrick, is thus beautifully narrated by a native minstrel: —

> "Och! Antrim hills are mighty high, and so 's the Hill of Howth, too;
> But we all do know a mountain that is higher than them both, too:
> 'T was on the top of that high mount, St. Patrick preached a sermon;
> He drove the frogs into the bogs, and banished all the vermin."

Then, after March, the noisy boy, comes — or used to come — April, the crying girl. Whatever trick she may play us, in behaving as she ought not to behave, she cannot trick us out of her great day of tricks; we will be April Fools! The man who doesn't like to be a fool, is fit for treasons, murders, and, particularly, stratagems; he is the very man to punish on the first of April. "Beshrew the man," says Elia, "who, on such a day as this, should affect to stand aloof! I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wiseacre, I can tell him! *Stultus sum* — translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains.... I have never made an acquaintance that lasted, or a friendship that answered, with any one that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters.... And take my word for this, reader — and say a fool told it you, if you please — that he who hath not a drachm of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition." April has her own small jokes in the way of fool-making. The prudent father of a family, before taking an extended walk, looks up into her

face for a hint about the weather. "There 'll be a severe shower!" says April, with a frown. So, the father commits himself to walk out with the family umbrella; April takes to shining; the sky looks as if there would be no more rain till Midsummer; and the umbrella makes the prudent man look like a fool. Then April has not only fools, but birds. There is that much over-rated vocalist, the nightingale. No doubt his night-strain is unrivalled; because nobody else would think of playing melodies at midnight, except students who are learning the trombone, and are ashamed to practise it when people are about. The nightingale is all very well; but why not praise the throstle, and the blackbird, and the woodlark? I should like to hear a better ballad-singer than the robin! As for the nightingale being crossed in love, and sentimental in its habits; though

. . . "many a poet echoes the conceit,
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilight of the Spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
. . . . . We have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! — 'T is the MERRY nightingale!
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast, thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music."

After the nightingale, there comes the wryneck, our woodpecker, and the cuckoo: he is melancholy, perhaps. Spring pigeons are to hand, and a rage for building speculation seizes all the birds. Now is the time for feathering their nests.

Then, there comes also, in April, the festival of the English Patron St. George, formerly of Cappadocia, the most unmitigated rogue that ever got a church legend to himself, and suffered registration in the list of saints.

There. I shall say nothing about May. I scorn to talk of May till I have had my Winter. I don't care for the disappointment that the Spring must suffer in losing all the praise I could have showered on it; it is nothing to the disappointment I have suffered from the constant liquidity of the Serpentine. If I have tagged rhymes from all manner of poets about flowers, and that sort of thing, I beg to inform Londoners that they are of no consequence. Let them stand on any of their bridges in the morning, and they will see what Wordsworth himself declares to be quite equal to Cumberland. Hear him: —

'Earth has not anything to show more fair.
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty!
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning. Silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie,
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valleys, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I — never felt — a calm so deep!"

So let us not be sighing here in London after fields and flowers. We are better off. What are the lambs to us unroasted? And what do birds concern us with their feathers on? They had better float in gravy than in music. Others may do as they please, but I shall stop in town. I suspect foul play. I suspect that Winter has been made away with, and Spring is too clearly a gainer not to lie open to suspicion. Spring was seen where she had no business to be, stealing about timidly at Christmas; and, when her proper time came, stealing away altogether to let Winter in where, and when he was not wanted. There is something wrong in all this; although I hope it is all right; but I shall stay in town; for I do not choose to be mixed up with such irregular transactions.

CHIPS.

LOCKING UP THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and from treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasion were actually afoot. Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled; and, the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness can procure their being re-opened till the appointed hour the next morning.

The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious, and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven — on Tuesdays and Fridays, twelve — the Head Warden (Yeoman Porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother Warden, carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and calls out in a loud voice, "Escort keys!" At these words the Sergeant of the Guard, with five or six men, turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate; each sentry challenging, as they pass his post, "Who goes there?" — "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred — the Warden wearing as solemn an aspect and making as much noise as possible — the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more in front of the main guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and the following conversation takes place between him and the approaching party: —

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The Yeoman Porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria." The main guard devoutly respond "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms!" the fire-locks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions; and the Yeoman Porter marches majestically across the parade alone to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings.

The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign; and any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with his talisman, is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses.

All of which is pleasantly absurd, and reminds us of the stately manner in which the Crown was carried about, when the White Tower was on fire.

THREE GUNS IN ALBANIA.

True yachting takes a man a bit about the world. Last August, I left Cowes, one of a party in a yacht, which, if nobody objects, I will call the Scowler. The party consisted, as to its heads, of three men: 1. Myself, not to be described by myself. 2. Francis Silvertop, a man of fashion, and a crack shot over the Moors. 3. Major Blaze, a card accustomed to turn up in unaccustomed places, and tremendously experienced in foreign sports. We all carried our guns, a taste for game being a common weakness with us. After a few days spent at Malta, we steered Eastward; and one fine afternoon, towards the end of October, cast anchor in Corfu Bay.

Shooting is not to be enjoyed in Corfu itself; for every Greek who has a gun, and can beg, borrow, or steal powder and shot, is watchful to bag any luckless specimen of game that he may chance to see or hear of in the swampy ground of the valleys, or the drier elevations of the olive groves. The shooting which will bring an Englishman to Corfu, is to be had on the opposite shores — the coasts of Albania, the classic regions of Thessaly; and there, during the winter, he may have the finest shooting, perhaps, in the world.

The Sanitar Boat visited the Scowler: the harbour-master satisfied himself touching the clean "bill of health" from Malta: my two friends went ashore with me; called at the palace of the Lord High Commissioner; dined at the said palace; made the acquaintance of the best fellows in the garrison; and nothing remained to hinder us from spending one day in Albania. Neither Silvertop nor myself had ever been there before; Major Blaze had. We had accepted the friendly offer of a brown-visaged, red-night-capped, dark-whiskered Corfiote to act as pilot, and were all prepared to

start, when the Major puzzled us, at-starting, with a pull upon his old experience: "Is the *Guardiano* on board, Peter?" was his first inquiry. "Yes, signor." "And the dogs?" "Yes." So the boat was shoved off, and glided from the ditch into the open bay of Corfu. We were soon on board the Scowler; and on the deck found an odd-looking figure, dressed in coarse rifle-green cloth, his shoulders protected by a short capote, or shaggy cloak, with arms, and his dark-mustachioed face topped with a geranium-coloured cap. This was the Guardiano, a Corfu policeman. One of these gentlemen accompanies every shooting party from Corfu into Albania, to see that there shall be no risk incurred of taking the infection of the much-dreaded plague, by handling forbidden things. "To bed, now," said the Major; "we shan't rest to-morrow. Butrinto, Peter." "Butrinto! vera good, Sir," was the pilot's reply. Butrinto was our destination; a place once of note under its classical name of Buthrotum, and now as celebrated for the variety of its game and its woodcocks, as Cateito, a little further down the coast, is for its snipe-marshes.

The Scowler was soon runnin for the Albanian shore, before a pleasant breeze. The night was somewhat chilly; but the stars were bright, and the shore-lights from Corfu glistened in long tideless waters of We rounded the little island of Vido, that lies in the middle of the bay, crowned with enormously strong fortifications, whose guns, should their proprietors so will it, could lay all Corfu town in ashes; the Guardiano lay curled up asleep in the fore hatchway; and, as we stood across what is called the Northern Passage, I turned in with my companions.

Morning discovered us at anchor in the Bay of Butrinto; the Major was on deck, looking about first for weather signs, and then for scenery. "By jingo, this is very fine!" Before us lay the Albanian shore, with a wide valley running up between two chains of hills clad with verdure, and running into other chains, which intermingled till they were lost in the blue distance. On the side of one hill, some way off, were the white walls of a straggling Albanian village. Near the shore was an old ruined castle, now tenanted by a Turkish Aga, the sole representative of the supreme authority, and who consults his best interests by exhibiting civility, on any needful occasion, to English sportsmen. Many a hill in the neighbourhood bore the ruins of a castle or tower, the relics of the military sway of the celebrated and notorious Ali Pasha. Almost the most striking feature of the landscape was its perfect quiet; no labourer was to be seen a-field; no herdsman with his flocks; no sign of population: it was more than silence; it was desolation to the ear; but, to the eye, fertility.

Behind the yacht, at a distance, rose the heights of San Salvador, a mountain on the opposite side of the Bay of Corfu to that on which the town is built, and, as it seemed, beyond that the citadel of Corfu was refracted through the morning light, and stood above and apart from the water. A flock of gulls were soaring about, every now and then making a dash at their prey in the shallows that ran a long way out from the shore, while at a little distance, rested on the water a whole host of wild-ducks and other water-fowl, with three or four majestic swans among them, apparently unconscious of an enemy. These provoked us to bring up our double-barrelled Mantons, and paddle quietly towards the game. The swans and ducks were perfectly at their ease, and I had raised my gun, when, certain Albanian fishermen, who were lying in their boats unnoticed under the shore, threw their heavy net with an astounding splash. It was all over — away went ducks and geese and swans scared by the sound; and the double bang! bang! of our guns served only as a parting salute. Pietro, who had been sculling the dingey with all caution, muttered between his teeth a complimentary word to the fishermen; but, suddenly brightening up, suggested to the Major the propriety of buying some fresh fish for breakfast; accordingly, the dingey visited the dirty fishing-boat, and opened treaty with its dirtier proprietor. The price first asked was about double that eventually taken, and the fish (probably red mullet) having been thrown into the dingey, and the money thrown back into the fishing boat, and Pietro, having taken especial care not to let the boats touch each other, and thereby incur for us the penalty of quarantine, on the information of the Guardiano, sculled us back to breakfast. I pity these fishermen. They live in a perpetual quarantine as regards any shore but their own. They come into Corfu Bay, transfer their fish to another boat which takes the cargo to market; and, if they remain there an hour, their vessel is made to bear the dreaded yellow flag, and is carefully avoided by all other craft. Their life seems wholly to be passed in the vessels, on the Albanian coast, with their nets; and, should repairs compel them to abide awhile upon the islands among their fellow men, it is only after a fortnight's imprisonment in the Lazaretto.

Breakfast over; cigars lighted; powder-flasks, shot-belts, and percussion-caps ready; guns duly loaded, dogs (three spaniels and a retriever) brought out from the fore-hatchway; and the Guardiano's paper cigar manufactured and lighted, that he might start on good terms with himself, for what he feared would be a heavy day's work, we stepped into the boat; and at about nine o'clock found ourselves grounding on the Albanian shore, a little below the Aga's Castle. Peter received his

directions as to the creek up which he was to bring lunch, and pushed off again. The shore was low and swampy, and piles of firewood were heaped up along it, under the guardianship of a wretched-looking Turkish soldier, in a dirty yellow jacket with black braid, who was appended to an enormously long gun and (of course) a pipe. He exchanged nods with the Guardiano. The Major led our way, I follwing with Silvertop; — Silvertop, clad in a dapper-shooting costume of faultless cut, and one conglomerate of pockets. We passed under the walls of the old Castle, and entered upon a wild, marshy, reedy tract, which stretched some little way before us, and was intersected by numerous creeks. "We shall find snipe here," said the Major; and as he spoke, snipes rose to confirm his opinion. The sport once begun went on in earnest, and the snipes got up in front, and on the right and left, in a manner and in a number that entirely astounded me. We gradually advanced, extending our line of beating; and before we had passed the swampy tract of ground, had bagged enough snipe to make a Lincolnshire fen poacher open his eyes for ever. Silvertop at length found himself separated from our party by an uninviting swamp, and, not yet become reckless about his apparel, wandered on seeking for [illegible]r passage. At length he l a spot where the creek d into a small lagoon, with tall rushes and reeds; he pushed them aside, and stared when he saw the whole surface of the lagoon literally alive with teal, widgeon, and every kind of wild duck. Hundreds of these birds were gathered on this their favourite feeding-ground; and Silvertop was somewhat nonplussed at the spectacle, when he looked up and saw the sun shining above him, as it might do on an English summer's day; the only trace of winter visible being the snowy peaks of the Pindus chain, glistening from very far away through a gap in the adjacent hills. Luckily some of the birds were scared; and as they flew over Silvertop's head he secured a couple; and after some splashing in the mud, succeeded in carrying off his trophies, and rejoining us, his friends. We had quitted the snipe country for the present, and now entered upon a wood, pursuing a sort of green lane which ran through it, full of ruts and holes, and very like an English woodland path. The wood on each side was pretty thick with trees, and between them was the most wonderful underwood. It looked as though the strongest thorns, brambles, and briars, had been suffered to grow and entwine themselves at will and undisturbed since the Creation; only a bill-hook could make means of passage through the tangled wall. The spaniels crept in here and there; and, after several unsuccessful attempts, re-appeared in the lane. "Mark cock!" shouted the Major, and a woodcock came

out above the brambles, speeding down the lane. I secured him for my bag. The woodcocks seemed as much inclined to play at follow-my-leader as the snipes had been; and for a couple of hours sport was found for the English guns. We reached the extremity of the wood, and then beat back again down the side towards the sea, still gathering woodcocks, but occasionally losing a bird among the brushwood. A hare also made its appearance, and Silvertop made that his own. Having again reached the open ground, we followed the windings of a creek; till under the bank was seen the dingey, with Pietro waiting.

The hour of lunch had arrived, and the morning's work rendered it very welcome, while the wet which we had sustained about the legs made a draught of weak brandy-and-water both advisable and pleasant. The Guardiano, who had been following us all the morning at the distance of about half-a-mile in the rear, came in for his share; and having received it, retired into the same state of mental seclusion as he had hitherto maintained. Luncheon despatched, the game already killed was sent back in the boat to the yacht; Pietro ordered to be at the landing-place at five; and we all started off again inland.

We returned up the side of the wood, and, on reaching the extremity, turned off to the left, when our progress was apparently stopped by a small stream. Silvertop began looking about for a bridge, while the Major, without pausing a moment, tucked the skirts of his sporting-coat under his arms to keep his pockets dry, and holding his gun over his head, waded through the stream, which was about up to his hips, and gave a satisfied stamp or two on the opposite bank. We took his hint. I followed quickly enough, rather pleased than otherwise with a fresh incident of the day's proceedings, and Silvertop was not less ready, though he evidently cast a look of pity on his shooting costume; whereat the Major's eye twinkled a little.

The stream we had just passed, seemed to be the threshold of more swampy ground than we had yet encountered, and presently we found ourselves walking along, very unconcernedly, through a tract of land on which the water was often half-way up to our knees. Our minds were now again directed to the snipe, and so successfully, that the Major himself spoke of the sport as "good," and his companions looked upon it as something very far beyond the power of an adjective to qualify. This tract passed, and the afternoon passing away, we determined on beating back towards the shore, but this time in a most extended range. The Major was to beat the copses which lay under the hills to the right; I was to go back through the wood where we found woodcocks in the morning; Silvertop was to beat off to the left, and have another look after the wild

ducks. The creek on which he saw ducks in the morning did not run very far up; but beyond it, quite unknown to him, there was a stream that ran down to the sea; this stream he reached, and began to follow, ignorant of the fact that he was separated from his friends. He wandered on, and for some reason or other best known to himself, the Guardiano followed him, though still at the usual respectful distance. Presently, to Silvertop's great astonishment, a gaunt miserable figure appeared from under the bank, and regarded him with a fixed and stolid gaze; it was the first human being any of us had seen in the country that day. His appearance was abrupt enough and singular; on his head was a miserable fez, or Turkish cap, which once might have been red, but then neutral tint; there was no trace of hair upon his temples, and his whole apparel appeared to consist of a dirty yellow capote. He was a peasant, probably come out of some miserable hut on the hill or in the valley to catch fish, or, having heard the guns, to obtain the Albanian's great hope in life, a little powder. Silvertop was addressed by the stranger in a whining voice, of which one word was evidently "Baronte;" the Englishman said "Ah!" and bowed politely, having some idea about national peculiarities of salutation, but the Albanian went on with his whine

Baronte."

ituation was utterly inca-

explanation, till the Guardiano arrived, having quickened his course on hearing voices, and he vouchsafed a solution of the difficulty by remarking to Silvertop, "Want powder, Sir." The Englishman was perfectly ready to bestow this new kind of alms, and was going towards the object of it, when he was stopped by the Guardiano, who took his powder-flask, and said a few words to the Albanian. The latter approached a little way, took off his cap, put it down on the ground, and retired some yards. The Guardiano opened the powder-flask, and shook a portion of its contents into the cap, but carefully avoided touching it, because being of woollen manufacture it is among the plague-branded articles of quarantine. The powder-flask was returned to its owner, and the Albanian, taking up his cap, went off with much apparent gratitude. The Guardiano, having done what was wanted, struck off, unobserved, by another path, and Silvertop wandered on till he reached an open space, which ran, uninterrupted by trees, quite across the valley. He could see me, about half a mile to his left, plodding away, and about a mile beyond him he could discern the occasional smoke of the Major's gun, which gave evidence of his having found something to amuse him in the hill-side shrubberies. Either of us might have incurred the penalties of quarantine fifty times over, for all the Guardiano could tell, but the Albanians are scarce, and also repulsive; at any rate

the plague has never yet reached Corfu by such means. Silvertop, having tried somewhat of a cross-country movement, was stopped by the creek already mentioned, which had again narrowed in breadth, but of which the waters were wofully muddy. He followed the bank some way, but found he was approaching the lagoon; and so, encouraged by the Major's late example in fording, he selected an apparently favourable spot, and stepped cautiously in. Two steps took him half across the creek; he took the third, and found himself floundering in a treacherous hole, with the water up to his chest, and the mud splashed into his eyes. Luckily there were overhanging bushes on the bank, and by their aid he dragged himself out. There was no help for it; his gun had escaped wetting, and he came out safe: the only thing that suffered was his shooting dress. So he trudged on, and made for the rendezvous. He arrived there first of the party, and saw the dingey coming off from the yacht, while his companions were fast approaching from the inland covers.

The evening was as beautiful in its calm as the morning had been in its brightness. The sun was going down behind Santa Deca (the hill of the Ten Saints, in Corfu), and the peaks of the Pindus mountains glowed with rosy hues, in the light shed upon the silver snows. Groups of wild ducks, in sixes and sevens, were continually passing overhead to their evening feeding grounds; the Albanian fishing boats were moving out of the bay, with supplies for the market at Corfu; and Pietro, in the dingey again, took the opportunity to make a purchase of fish, this time, for our dinner. Silvertop sat down, and mused with himself on the day; — shooting, and yet no keepers, no preserves, no game-laws, streams to ford, holes to tumble into, and a health officer dogging one's heels.

By way of finale, a huge eagle came sailing by. Silvertop discharged his last barrel at him; but, except a shake of the feathers, and an extra flap of the wings, the eagle took no notice of the insult; we were then partly rowed and partly punted through the shallows to the Scowler. Fifteen couple of snipe, twenty of woodcocks, and eight brace of et-ceteras, were the spoil we counted.

Once on board the yacht, a change of apparel was quickly effected; and, as we sat down to a snug dinner in the cabin, the rattling of the chain told us that the anchor was up, and the yacht sped on her return voyage to Corfu. The night deepened quickly around us; and when, later in the evening, I lighted a cigar on deck, we were crossing the Northern passage, and the only sound which broke the silence was the howling of the jackals on the Albanian shore. The wind suited, and, at about eleven o'clock, the anchor

was let go in our former roadstead; and, having resolved to sleep ashore, we again landed in the citadel ditch. The Guardiano touched his cap, and vanished in the gloom.

FLOATING SENTINELS.

WHAT finger-posts, warning-boards, mile-stones, sign-posts, watchmen, watch-dogs, lanterns, and long poles with wisps of straw at the top, are to the wayfarer by land — a certain fleet of wooden and iron sentinels, bobbing about among the waves, are to the wayfarers round our most dangerous coast. They are of various shapes, and sizes, and colours, and each has its special duty. We hear that a fleet of these sentinels has just come ashore for a holiday, and accordingly we betake ourselves to their house and premises, which we find to belong to the Honourable Corporation of the Trinity Board, at Blackwall. We are received by the worthy and hospitable godfather of these Buoys, Captain Poulter, Superintendent under the Elder Brethren, who kindly offers to introduce us to the Buoys at their abode in the great store-room of the Trinity Wharf, where they are now taking their ease and some "refreshments" after their long absence at sea.

We proceed along the wharf, arrive at a huge building of simplest order of architecture, the order of the "barn," being a great one-roomed house. We enter by a door of considerable dimensions, suited to the convenience of the nautical Patagonians; and, without any intermediate ceremonies, we find ourselves at once in the presence of the burly crowd of British Coast-Buoys.

Imagine yourself in the midst of an assemblage of three or four hundred peg-tops and hummingtops of eight and ten feet in height, some humorously standing on their heads with their pegs uppermost, others lying on their great round stomachs asleep, or in meditation; a few youngsters are only of six feet in height, at present, but here and there are some of seventeen feet and upwards, being grown to full maturity. Some of these very jolly buoys are all white, others all black; some all red; others of blak and white in stripes — horizontal or vertical stripes — or black and white in chequers. Some are all green, with an ominous word in great white letters upon them — "WRECK."

But though the general form of these Patagonian Peg-tops is pear-shaped or conical, their appearance is greatly diversified by sundry insignia they bear, stuck on the top of their pegs on their upper side — whichever side is intended to be uppermost—these insignia being squares, circles, bird-cages, rat-traps, diamonds or lozenges, upraised fingers, funnels, stars, and other crosses and orders, which denote the rank of

the Buoy in question, and which by a mutual telegraphic understanding between it and the captains of vessels, serve to designate the position and point of duty it is placed to occupy and fulfil at sea.

The Buoys have all been at sea for six months; and they are now ashore for six months, at the end of which period they will all go to

n.

e presented, in due form,
ain Poulter to most of the
oys of this great maritime
ıment. This robust figure

in the white pea-jacket, with a thin neck and a small round head, is Master Knowle; and the fellow to him, here, is Master South-East Whiting! This figure in the black jacket, with a large cross through his head, is Master Long Sand Head; this tall, gourd-shaped youngster, in a long coat, encircled with broad horizontal stripes, is Master South-West Shipwash; this large red-coated youth, with a red funnel-head, is no less a person than Master North-East Goodwin (of Goodwin Sands, Ramsgate), and his companion, here — though they are much further apart when out at sea — in the long black pilot-coat, with a black round bird-cage head, is Master South-East Goodwin! Master North Cross Sand, in his red-ochre jacket, Master South Scroby, in black, and Master Morte Stone, of Bristol Channel, who, in his severe simplicity of outline, presents the figure of an acorn, or filbert, are all excellent persons, whose acquaintance we are delighted to make. We also make a low bow to Master South Calliper, not so much on account of his broad black-and-white stripes, as out of reverence for the mysterious, inverted bushel-basket sort of crown he wears upon his head! Another figure now claims a marked attention. Master Elbow, of Broadstairs! He is painted in black-and-white Scotch Tweed chequers, lies upon his stomach when on duty, and is surmounted by an iron rod with a "stay" or support of another iron rod placed at an acute angle abaft, on the united points of which at the top there is placed a small circle of iron. *Sat verbum* — see the chart of the Channel. The very diversified appearance of these Buoys excites our admiration; but let no one, for an instant, suppose that there is any mere notion of "ornamental art" in these varieties. Each has its special post; so that if you took Master Long Sand Head this morning, and made him change places with Master South-East Goodwin, before to-morrow morning there would be a score of wrecks and no end of confusion in ships' reckonings — in fact, any exchange suddenly made would produce extraordinary disasters. But who is this? Master Aldborough Knapes! This ingenious young person presents the appearance of an enormous kitchen candlestick, the foot and entire pedestal of which remain

under water when he is on duty, by which means he is ballasted and kept in an upright position. His peculiar faculty, and the cause and consequence of his singular shape, is that of being able to dive under a ship's bottom, and instantly bob up again on the other side, as if nothing had happened. As he is in a position which renders him very liable to be run over at night, and even by day, he finds this peculiar faculty very convenient. This White Buoy, supposed to be of Irish origin, which lies in the same horizontal attitude when at sea, and displays a similar insignia upon his iron rods above, is Master South Margate; and this prodigious black Humming Top, who stands bolt upright, with a small iron circle exhibited on the top of a structure of iron bars fixed into his flat head, is Master East Margate! We beg that our presentation to the rest of these floating sentinels may be postponed to another visit, as we have now many other things to see. The Buoys, in reply, quote Dr. Johnson, as we are informed, and say, "They can wait!"

We have mentioned our friend Captain Poulter, as the godfather of all these big buoys; but he stands in a yet nearer and dearer relation to many of them, the invention and design of which are attributable to him, under the advice of the Board, and their fabrication having taken place under his immediate eye. Not only does he give each of them a new coat (of many colours), and a new breeching, too, every six months, but he has instituted a change in the structure of those made of wood, which tends to preserve the coat in its original purity for a much longer period than before its adoption. Formerly the wooden buoys used to be bound with iron hoops, and, notwithstanding the paint, they soon corroded sufficiently to emit streaming stains of rust, so that a white buoy shortly became a mottled buoy, and eventually almost a Red Indian. The change and preservation of the coat has been effected by an internal arrangement of wood-work, as hold-fasts and strengtheners, so that all the outer hoops and iron-work are dispensed with; yet, such is the dread of innovation in the sage and mature mind of maritime authority, that it took the little interval of seventeen years to get this improvement brought into general adoption. But buoys, made entirely of wrought-iron, have subsequently been introduced among the fleet of wood, and are found to have advantages in certain localities. The last improvement proposed by the Superintendent, and adopted by the Board, is the construction of a larger-sized buoy of wrought-iron, as a three-decker — or having three compartments, each air-tight, so that in the event of a ship dashing against it, and bursting in one compartment, the buoy would still float by means of the air in the other compartments.

These buoys are of the enormous size of seventeen feet in height, and one of them is twenty feet. We should not omit to state that a buoy is made to retain its upright position by means of a lower division, or cell, which has a hole in it below to admit the water, with an air-hole above; by means of which water-weight at the lower end, the buoy is ballasted. This lower division, whether in wood or iron, is called the ballast-bag. By similar means a buoy is made to float horizontally or aslant, as may be most suitable to circumstances. A buoy is kept in its place by a large chain affixed to a ring at the bottom, which descends the requisite number of fathoms, when it is fastened to a large flat iron slab, called a "sinker," as well it may be, for it weighs twelve hundred weight: and sometimes, where the situation is exposed to the violence of winds and tides, as much as two tons. There are occasions, also, when a mushroom anchor is employed, which weighs nearly this amount, having besides a holding property, that would render it impossible to be dragged by any amount of force which the buoy could experience, or his chain endure.

The importance of the chain being of an ascertained and reliable strength for a given purpose, is obvious, and we should not omit to mention the means that Captain Poulter adopts for testing and proving every chain used for a buoy, or supplied to any of the light-ships in the service. The required amount of strength being known, he causes the chain to be tried, by appending weight to it far greater. If the force required, for instance, amount to a strain equal to eight or ten tons, he applies a weight of twenty tons. In general, he tries each chain up to sustaining a weight of thirty tons, — eighty tons being known as the fair breaking point. If a chain has undergone the ordeal of thirty tons uninjured, he then examines every fathom, link by link, and selects any one link that appears, in the least degree, to suggest an imperfection, or to be, in the least degree, less strong than the rest. The chain is then taken to an anvil, and this particular link being singled out, two blacksmiths with massive hammers continue to strike it, cold, in successive blows. It may be beaten into triangles, squares, octagons, ovals, and finally flattened, and cut away from the chain; but it must not break, split, or show a flaw. If it does "flinch" in any respect, the whole chain is condemned, and returned to the severely-tried contractor. It would be well for the public service if all government contracts (so long as the odious and mischievous system exists of proposing to men to under-bid each other, instead of offering a fair sum to the best man) were tested with the same severity. A record of all these chain-tests is kept, and of a most substantial kind; the link in

question being preserved, ticketed and hung up, and a book kept; so that reference can be made directly, if any chain, furnished by the Trinity Buoy Wharf, is reported to have "parted," when it ought to have held fast.

Attached to this establishment is a blacksmith's shop, and a whitesmith's, for the repair, testing, and so forth, of all iron-work, and for the manufacture of any small articles needed for the buoys or the light-boats — the latter being supplied and fitted out with every thing necessary at this Wharf. A room is set apart as a butcher's shop, where the masters of the light-boats cut up and salt all their store of meat; and by the side of it is another small room, which contains the pump-works of an Artesian well, of two hundred and forty-five feet in depth, where all the supply of fresh water for their tanks is obtained.

Let us proceed to look at the general store-rooms for supplying the light-houses, light-boats, and beacons along the coast — not forgetting any little additional matter that may add to the comfort and safety of the buoys.

We pass through store-rooms — clean, as only naval officers seem to know how to keep a place clean (for certainly the sight of a morsel of rag, a fallen button, or a pin, would "stand out" as an effect upon the surface); and in side offices and closets we dis- shelves full of lamp-glasses ferent sizes; cupboards full of reflectors; drawers full of lamp-wicks, like rolls of linen; shelves crowded with bright copper oil-measures; nooks and corners filled with bales of lamp-leathers, cloths, and whitening, and soap, and other cleaning and polishing materials; while overhead are hanging groves of mops, hand-brushes, and brooms. All this light-house chandlery on the left side: on the right are stowed, like a dead wall rising up to the ceiling, a battery of black round-headed oil-cans, each fixed firmly in a circular black basket, so as to be protected from injury when carried up cliffs, or sent up by the side of rocks or light-house stone-work from boats below, or other rough-and-ready-work, on emergencies.

We pass on to the oil-store. This is a great square room, paved with large slabs of slate, so clean and clear from the slightest crumb to catch the eye, that the entire surface looks like one enormous slate. On the right-hand side is ranged a compact set of oil-tanks and cisterns, all painted in Venetian red, and fixed close against the wall. At the opposite end stands a row of smaller tanks, containing olive oil, for engines, also painted red. Each has a large brass tap, with a copper mouth-piece hung beneath it, to catch any dripping, together with a copper trough on the floor below, to prevent waste or untidiness. Copper oil-measures of all sizes are ranged on shelves. These tanks and cisterns contain the

enormous quantity of one hundred and thirteen tons of oil. All the light-houses, light-boats, and beacons on the coast are supplied from this source.

Passing out through other store-rooms, the floors of which are half-covered with small kegs of whitelead for painting purposes, and with ranges of small red windlasses, or cranes, for heaving up lanterns to the mast-heads of lights, we arrive at the chain-e tiers of the buoys, all ranged rding to their several sizes lengths, and all painted black, shining in their dark massive se. A litt!e railway, or tram-, is constructed from the level of the store-rooms, which runs straight down to the end of the wharf, so that trucks laden and empty can go and return from the stores to the boats, without delay or effort, and a cargo of all sorts of things is thus "trundled out" in a surprisingly short space of time. Certainly no practical operations, requiring strength, precision, and celerity, are carried out with such undeviating accuracy, as when they are under the direction of an active and intelligent naval officer of experience.

A light-ship (we call them all light-boats) is a creature of peculiar construction; all its fittings-up are peculiar; its crew is peculiar, and all their duties are peculiar. Imagine a three-masted vessel ef the size of a small steamboat, but with bulwarks of great strength, and, in short, presenting all the features of strength and compactness, and the whole frame-work painted a dull Venetian red. All its fittings-up and apparatus on deck are painted red also. Every piece of machinery that is on deck is either painted red, or protected by a red waterproof canvas cover. There is a lantern for each mast-head, but not visible during the day. Each one is lowered and sleeps in a locker, or case, at the foot of the mast — or rather, where the mast joins the deck. The lantern is a circular frame-work of metal, with glass windows all round, and varying from three to four feet in diameter. They are hoisted up to their position at the mast-head every night, by means of a small crane, called from its shape an A crane. Some of these lights in the light-ships are revolving, for which there is a clock-work apparatus on the deck, with a communication up the sides of the mast. During the day-time, a signal to vessels is given by means of a top-mast, on the summit of which is placed a large globe made of wooden hoops, and having somewhat the appearance of a globular bird-cage. To get this up to such a position, as no shrouds run so high, and the globe could only be fixed there by a manual operation (to leave it swinging would be out of the question, as it would soon be knocked to atoms) was found to be a work of so much difficulty, that Captain Poulter at length devised an alteration in the construction of the globe, by which it

should taken up one half at a time, and then fixed on the top of the topmast. The man who first performed this experiment, found that he could not fix the globe without standing in the inside of one half while he fastened up the other. This being successfully done, it *then* occurred to him, and to all those on deck who were looking on, that there had been no provision for his getting out! There stood the man in the globe-cage at the tip-top of the topmast, in a situation at once painful and ludicrous — so excellently had he fastened himself in this novel prison. After a time, he was enabled to break out and come down, and the globe has now a little trap-door underneath. These hoop globes are of great use, being visible from a great distance at sea. A flag is not visible far off, as it straightens in the direction of the wind. Many of the buoys display a hoop-globe of similar construction on the top of an iron rod sticking out of their heads.

In the exposed and stormy positions where most of the light-ships are destined to be moored, they are continually exposed to tossing seas, and to waves running completely over the decks — and this for days together. Every precaution is taken to keep out the sea from the interior of the vessel, where men are destined to live under such tempestuous circumstances, cut off from all the rest of the world. The decks are saturated all over with a mixture of resin and turpentine, so as to render them impervious to wet, and not only is each hatchway carefully defended, but even the apertures through which the mooring-cables pass up from below, are protected by iron hoods, like helmets of a primitive form.

The crew of the light-ship is composed of eleven men, with a mate and captain. They are all picked men, as to character; and to provide against illness, as well as to break the monotony o life, seven only remain on l at a time, and four ashore, a ready to attend a summons. then, in some position of the most dangerous kind, on the most dangerous part of our dangerous coast, does the light-ship ride — or rather toss, roll, heave, and plunge — at anchor; battered by the raging seas, howled round by the raging winds, threatened at all times by wreck upon the lee of those very sands or rocks she is placed to warn others to avoid, and remaining fixed at her post in "thunder, lightning, or in rain," even while the "hurly-burly" of the elements seems determined at every moment to drive her to utter destruction. Great care, however, is taken to provide for her safety, as far as practicable. She is always moored by the mush-room anchor, and anchors of a ton weight.

The fitting-up of the interior is of the most careful and ingenious description. The berths, the mess-table, and seats (all fixtures), the lockers, the oil-room, with its tanks, each with a copper

trough under its nose, to prevent the least waste or uncleanliness; the copper oil-measures "all of a row;" the spare hoop-globes for the topmasts, made to collapse, so as to present a flat surface, and thus occupy much less space; Captain Poulter's iron invention for securing any link of a chain-cable which may be thought faulty, so that it cannot break; the rocket-store; the life-preservers; the powder-magazine; the obviously pervading system that there is a place for everything, and everything must be *in* its place, — all these things denote a degree of foresight and order that reflect the highest credit upon the service, as well as the officer who superintends them.

The men are promoted according to seniority and good conduct. It is a high honour to be made a lamp-lighter. He must be a steady man, of much light-boat experience, and be able to read and write. Why must a man be able to read and write in order to rise to the post of a lamp-lighter, we enquired? We were informed that it was expected of him to keep a reckoning of his "oil and wicks," of which a strict account was always required. The senior lamp-lighter becomes mate; the senior mate becomes master.

In vessels requiring such an exact performance of duties, where great precision like this, relating to all the lamps and their apparatus, is imperatively necessary, in addition to the care of the ship under her perilous circumstances; it may be imagined that many hours of the time not devoted to sleep are fully occupied. Still, there will be spare time; and the men are ordered to make mats and other articles. Still, there will be more spare time; and as this might be filled up by "grog and tobacco," it has been thought prudent to encourage reading, writing, and the employment of leisure in any sort of industry for which the men have a "turn." This has brought to light many an original genius (of a sort), and some have had a sudden fancy that they could paint a portrait, or a shipwreck, or a church, with a sailor and his lass going to be married; and others have shone forth as makers of nautical Tonbridge-ware; some have knitted purses and stockings, and night-caps and comforters; and others have made shoes and ankle-jacks —to say nothing of "fashionable" coats and trousers — all self-taught. Occasionally the heterogeneous collection of these works of art and utility which is brought ashore as the product of the extra spare time, forms an exhibition of an amusing, and yet more interesting kind, as the product of those honest active minds, and huge mahogany hands,

These Light-ships, thus nobly manned, are the grand floating sentinels of the British Channel; and in conjunction with the Buoys, are the great protection against shipwreck along our perilous coast. Experience shows that it is much better these things should

be thus managed by a regular system laid down by a competent Board, than by any individual speculations.

THE BURIED CITY OF CEYLON.

ROBERT KNOX was the captain of an English ship which was wrecked in 1659, upon the coast of Ceylon. The other survivors of the wreck perished in the forest — about which they wandered many days naked and hungry. The captain fell in with some people of the nation, who took him to Kandy. There he was kept a prisoner for about twenty years, forbidden to attempt departure by the penalty of death; but otherwise permitted unrestrained intercourse with the inhabitants. He at length escaped, and found his way home to England, where he soon published a very interesting account of his life in Ceylon. During his flight from Kandy, which is in the centre of the country, to the northern coast — a very ticklish enterprise — he passed the ruins of the ancient capital of Ceylon.

This ancient capital, Anurajapoora by name (which means the city of Anuraja, its founder), once the chief town of a luxuriant kingdom, and evidently of considerable extent, lies buried in the northern portion of the island. At the time when it was in its most flourishing condition, it has been estimated that Ceylon contained five millions of inhabitants. It does not now contain one-third of that number, but Ceylon is an island that has seen better days; Eastern wealth of matter has long yielded before the rivalry of Western wealth of mind. Ceylon was one of the good things of the world more than one thousand years ago. The island then carried on an important trade with China and Siam; it was conne with those countries by relig ties; and it was through Ce that the productions of the East made their way to the Sea and the Persian Gulf. agriculture was then in a thriving condition; for the mountains, even now, are covered to their summits with terraces on which rice grew for the sustenance of men who have become dust — and which have become rice, and food, and men, and dust again, through many a long succession of ages. The kings of Ceylon, too, had conquered Southern India.

A few of the larger monuments and more massive structures of Anurajapoora still remain standing and exposed; but, generally speaking, the various ruins have become so overgrown with vegetation, that they resemble natural hills, covered with a forest, rather than [redacted] remains of works of art. and there," writes Robert in the account of his flight, re and there by the side of this little river, is a world of hewn stone pillars, which I suppose were formerly buildings; and in three or four places are the ruins

of bridges built of stone, some remains of them yet standing upon stone pillars. They told me that ninety kings reigned here successively, where, by the ruins that still remain, it appears they spared not pains and labour to build temples and high monuments to the honour of their gods, as if they had been made only to hew rocks and great stones, and lay them up in heaps; these kings are now happy spirits, having merited it by these their labours."

In 1815, the British became the rulers of the whole island; and early in 1846, I turned my face in that direction — having seen all the lions of Kandy — and, with several attendants carrying all the necessary comforts for a journey in the East, succeeded in getting over the sixty miles. The road was but a "trace;" that is, trees were felled in the forest, where the road was to be, and thrown on one side; the brooks and rivers were unspanned by bridges, and the sides of the hills no smoother than they had been made by nature. Here and there some big tree stretched across the "trace;" not having been able to combat the storms, when deprived of the support of its neighbours on that side, it had fallen. Tropical trees of a very large size are so accustomed to grow in a tangle, mutually propping one another, that they take weak hold of the ground with their roots, and need no very heavy storm to blow them down, when they are left lone and lorn. Such trees my horse could, now and then, leap over, but more frequently we had to force a way through the jungle round the base of an obstructive monster. Forcing the jungle is no joke when the wiry plants cling to each other, and co-operate against an interloper; the brushwood being so dense, that one cannot see five feet into the forest on either side.

However, I reached Anurajapoora, famous now as the head quarters of miasma, foul damps, feverish winds, and ague exhalations, formerly the abode of hundreds of thousands of men, sunning themselves, generation after generation, in the presence of a series of kings, who held court in pomp and splendour where there is now nothing but jungle.

On reaching the site of the ancient city, I immediately went to the top of a small hill, formerly a majestic pile of building. Thence I surveyed the district. Here and there all around rose various mounds, for the most part covered with thick jungle to the summit, and varying in height from fifty to three hundred feet. All these were ruins of large domed buildings, erected to enclose some relic. Pillars surround these mounds; some elegant shafts, and others massive columns, which originally supported spacious verandahs, by which each mass was surrounded. These buildings were almost all alike in form and in the purpose they had served. They had been originally bell-

shaped, and designed for the entombment of some bone of the great prophet, Buddha, or a well-known saint. The annals of Ceylon, which begin in the fifth century before our era, give circumstantial details respecting the erection of these stupendous piles; and there can be little doubt, judging from the ruins alone, that two of them at least were higher than St. Paul's Cathedral. The building of these *dagobahs*, as they are called, was thought to be an act of merit, consequently kings who had probably not been very noted in their prime for a religious cast of mind, endeavoured, as the years stepped on, to make up for lost time by erecting these sacred structures. They were built commonly of brick, coated with hard cement. The base and foundation consisted, however, of enormous blocks of granite, which abounds in the north of the island, and the sides were richly ornamented with carvings in bas-relief, executed with some skill and correctness. The carvings generally represent religious processions, in which the elephant, horse, ox, camel, and goat take a large part. A small spire usually surmounted the great bell-shaped dome; and this form of construction is characteristic of the sacred dagobahs of Buddhism in every country which builds dagobahs, from Ceylon and Siam to Tartary and China.

One of these singular structures was opened, in another part of the island, by Mr. Layard — not Layard, late of Nineveh, but his father, who was a Civil servant in Ceylon for upwards of thirty years — and the interior was found accurately to correspond with the descriptions left us in the native annals. A small cavity was found in the centre; in its shape a miniature of the dagobah itself, the four sides of which were found to be mathematically correct in bearing North, South, East, and West. The contents were; — a rude stone urn, containing some decayed bones, a little heap of coins, several gold and silver plates, and ornaments of no great value, and a collection of dust which had probably once lived and breathed in the shape of an offering of flowers.

Had these buildings been erected in the dry atmosphere of Egypt, they would have doubtless been at the present day objects of curiosity and admiration to a great many visitors; but in Ceylon, where the atmosphere is moist, and the parasitic plants seek in every direction for support and soil, trees are soon to be seen growing on the highest piles of masonry, and every breeze tends to break up the building, and adds its crumb to the surrounding ruins. The most remarkable of these dagobahs at Anurajapoora were raised during the second and third centuries before the Christian era; and, when we consider the time and the destructive influences to which they have so long been subject,

we rather wonder that the faintest outline of their old form should remain.

These are not the only evidences of the former greatness of Anurajapoora, although, from their size and elevation, they are the most conspicuous. The vast extent of the ancient city is proved by the ruins of the walls, which have been completely traced. They form a square of which each side is sixteen miles in length; and, although we know very well that such cities were not like our own — that they contained large gardens, tanks, and fields within them — yet there can scarcely be a doubt that, in this case, the population must have been large, and its wealth and importance great, if it was thought worth while to build so ample a defence.

The tanks — now sources of malaria and fever, from neglect and the breaking down of their sides — were formerly works of much importance. Many of them, in the neighbourhood of the capital (that is, in the north of the island), were from ten to fifteen miles in circumference, and supplied water to extensive tracts of country. Those within the walls were surrounded by dykes formed of gigantic blocks of granite, which astonish even the European traveller by their enormous size. The natives of the vicinity gravely tell us, and firmly believe too, that these works were the works of giants, and not of ordinary men. It was estimated by an intelligent officer who visited the district in 1830, that it would be beyond the power of the British Government in the island, with its present resources, to restore one of these vast excavations to its first condition.

The native annals tell us, that in the second century before our era, one of the greatest of Ceylonese Kings, Gaimour, erected a great palace for the accommodation of several hundreds of priests; it was two hundred and seventy feet square, and as many in height, containing nine stories, and in every story one hundred apartments. It stood upon sixteen hundred granite pillars. On account of its having been roofed with metal, it was called the Lowa Maha Paya, or Great Brazen Palace.

When we read a narrative like this in the early annals of a remote island, we feel disposed to regard it as a fiction. Possibly it was not. The building has disappeared; but the granite columns remain to attest the truth of at least one part of the description. Massive, grand, and dark — exposed to the rain and winds of nearly two thousand years — the majority of them yet rise above the surface of the ground; some have fallen, and some have been removed, but the places of all are clearly to be distinguished; and the traveller, by pacing the district, can satisfy himself of the general correctness of the measurements given by the Cingalese historian, for the ground plan, at any rate. The building

was visited by a Chinese traveller, Fa Hian, in 412 A. D., and the account he gave of it, as translated by M. Remusat in Paris, exactly corresponds with the description I have quoted. A spacious hall occupied the centre, adorned with gilt statues of lions and elephants. At one end of it an ivory throne of beautiful workmanship was erected for the high priest; on one side shone a golden image of the sun; on the other side a silver image of the moon. It was probably to these ruins that Knox referred in the quotation we have given from his very interesting work.

It is worthy of observation, that the ruins in Anurajapoora, which strike the visitor as most worthy of notice, are not the remains of royal palaces. The dagobahs and the great brazen palace were evidently erected by the zeal of mistaken piety. The walls of the city, massive and extensive as their foundations prove them to have been, seem to have been raised for the protection of the people, and there cannot be a doubt of the utility of the immense embankments of the tanks, when we consider the tropical situation of the island, and the fact that its supply of rain is only periodical.

We retired to the cool grot afforded by the *cella*, or inmost fane, of a tremendous temple; and, in the presence of at least twenty centuries — lunched. Before, however, falling to in earnest, we thought it but decently respectful to dedicate the first glass of champagne to the founder of the place; and we drank, in the solemn silence the scene demanded — a bumper to the immortal memory of Anuraja.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION.

On a wintry afternoon in the month of February — carnival time — in Paris, I sat in my room, in the Rue Rambouillet, Quartier Latin, alone. The course of lectures in the Collège de France which I had been following, were suspended for the holidays. All serious things were put aside for that round of gaiety which was to fortify the Parisians against the supposed privations of Lent. I, however, had determined to eschew all pleasures for awhile. Upon a serious review of my career for soome months previously, I had come to the conclusion, that nothing short of hard study and moderate fare, in my hermitage, far removed from the gaiety of Paris, in the time of carnival, could atone for the past, and bring me upon good terms with myself. So, upon this afternoon — being the third day of my voluntary confinement — I had returned from the *restaurant*, and putting on my dressing gown and Greek cap, sat down with my book open before me.

There is a solemn sensation in a wintry afternoon, when the dusk comes on early, and we sit quietly alone, which belongs to no other

season. Mine was a retired street, and my room heing *au sixième*, I was as much removed from the bustle of Parisian life as if I had been in Palmyra or Pompeii. Yet, sometimes, in the pauses of my reading, out of the very solitude and stillness, perhaps from an involuntary listening for some sound, there grew up a low noise in the air, which seemed always about to become more distinct; but dying away, returned again, in a manner that perplexed me. I speculated upon the cause of it. I fancied it was the whole noise of the city blended and softened down into one deep murmur. I imagined the variety of sounds of which it was composed. I analysed it into the rumbling of vehicles, voices of people, bells, shutting of doors, working of machines, falling of waters, music, laughter, wailings: and, letting my fancy take such shapes as it would, I saw, in my reverie, many scenes from which such sounds might arise. I found pleasure in such fancies, and gave myself up to them easily. When I aroused, the sound was hushed; but on waiting awhile and listening attentively, the same murmur seemed to fill the air. A suspicion that it was a deception of a sense overstrained by listening, set me meditating; for with this, as with most trifling things which baffle our inquiries into their causes, I was reluctant, having begun my speculations, to give them up without coming to some satisfactory conclusion.

I rose from my seat and looked out of the window. In the square yard below, the bare branches of the trees were not stirred by a breath of wind. The sky was cloudy as if snow were about to fall: in the dusk, here and there, I saw lights at the windows. My neighbour, the daguerreotyper, who lived with his wife — a Norman woman — and four children, in a little erection upon the next roof, I could see smoking and reading by the fire. For three weeks, nobody had been on his roof to *pose* for a portrait; the sun having altogether withdrawn his smiles from the people of Paris during that time, and the secret of taking photographic portraits *par tous les temps*, not having been then discovered. He was a cheerful man, and his wife was a cheerful woman, yet he was poorer even than I was. He had a little glass-case beside a shop-door in the Rue Dauphine, with an announcement that he would take portraits, in a style there exhibited, at two francs fifty centimes; or in family groups, of not less than four, at one franc per physiognomy; and directing the public to "M. Brison, Rue Rambouillet, No. 2, top of the house." His roof was never crowded at the best of times, and in dull weather his occupation was gone. At such times, with the wind that way, I have missed the savoury smell of soup or bouilli at the accustomed hour of eleven in the morning. A Frenchwoman can make soup of anything; and the poverty must

be sad indeed, when she can no longer provide this.

I took an interest in this family. I climbed up their dark staircase one day, six flights of stairs and a ladder, and as soon as I could recover my breath, demanded a portrait at two francs fifty centimes. They had attracted my attention from my window, and I was prompted more by curiosity than aught else to pay them a visit. The sun was feeble that day; and after "posing" eight times, and waiting while his wife gave an extra polish to the plate; and, finally, for the ninth time putting on that look of profound sagacity, mingled with good-humour, which all people try to get into their portraits, I was obliged to give it up. The time was not wholly lost; I had seen something of Monsieur Brison's home in the time that I had waited, and this was my chief object in going to him. Indeed a portrait would have been of no manner of use to me, and I half suspected myself of a secret design in choosing such a dull day. So I rose to go away; and, after remarking upon the trouble to which I had put him, held out two francs in my hand. Poverty was written on his walls, and in his patched blue blouse; but he resolutely refused my offer, with a speech that would have brought down an avalanche of applause on the stage of the Gymnase, if he had pronounced it there in a tone a trifle more tragic than that in which he then spoke, and had paused to take the sense of the house on the propriety of his sentiment. That man's cheerfulness puzzled me. I strove to account for it upon philosophical principles, and thought all daguerreotypers in Paris must be cheerful, because they live on the roofs, and are most subject "to skyey influences." So I fell meditating deeply upon this subject.

When I looked out again, it was getting darker, and there was a slight fog, which made some lights, a long way off, across the house-tops, glimmer in a halo. Looking round my room, it had to me a drearier air than usual, with its scanty furniture, and floor of polished tiles. My fire was nearly out — if an Englishman could give the name of fire to a few chips of charcoal, shut up closely in a porcelain cylinder, standing out in the room, and communicating with the chimney by a rusty tin-pipe. I opened its little door; and, kneeling down, was just in time to blow out the last remains of vitality. The weather was cold, but I did not care to light it again. It was becoming too dark to read, and I determined not to light my lamp. I sat down again, and wrapped my dressing-gown about me with a shiver. The great pipe, which my friend Louis Raynal gave me, when he came back from Africa, hung upon the wall. I sat looking at its enormous bowl — carved into the face of an Arab, with a fierce grin and small black eyes — until I could scarcely see it; though, now and then, I knew

not why, it suddenly became more distinct. When I was tired, my eye wandered, and fixed itself upon the carving of the Crucifixion on the mantelpiece. This was of white wood, and consequently remained distinct, for a longer time, in the deepening twilight of the room. I was not sorry when I could see it no longer. I would have preferred that that carving had not been in the room alone with me that afternoon.

It was growing darker still; and, as the few objects near me faded away, and my attention was no longer occupied, I heard again the murmuring in the air, which had troubled me at first; but this time it was still more perplexing. Now and then, as I listened, it seemed about to become deeper; and then, with the utmost effort, I could not hear it at all. It was its monotony (while it lasted) that teased me. If any one of the multitudinous noises, of which I supposed it to be composed, would have predominated for a moment, I should have been content. If some clanging peal of bells would have broken out near me, or come from a distance upon a sudden shifting of the wind, I would have lighted my lamp, and gone on with the perusal of my book. But it was still the same confusion of noises — so perfectly blended that although sometimes it became louder, no distinct sound could be caught: as if, at a certain moment, all its components increased, in exact proportion in order to preserve a perfect monotony.

It is strange that this trifling fancy was gradually sapping the foundations of my resolution — holding me with so singular a facsination, that I was compelled to abandon my studies for that day. I began to suspect that the sudden change, from a life of pleasure, to one of solitary study, had wrought some injury to my mind. I experienced a degree of timidity and irresolution that I had never known before. I had other strange fancies. Once, while walking to and fro, in my room, I had seen my features, darkly, in the glass, and instinctively shrunk from looking there again. Afterwards, on reflecting, I could not divest myself of the notion that they were not my features that I had seen there, but a face wholly different. I sat down again, and thought of going out and wandering in the streets. I knew that, during the cold weather, great wood fires were lighted at midnight, in certain open places in the city, that the houseless might not perish of the cold; and I thought of spending the night by one of these, and not returning to my room until daylight.

From this mood I was suddenly startled by a noise, as of something falling on the floor of the adjoining room. I was startled, because I had always known that room to be uninhabited; and as it communicated by a door with my room, I knew that I should have heard of any change in this re-

spect. It was one of those rooms, often met with in the great houses of Paris (where each floor is divided into many apartments, or, as we should say in England, sets of chambers), into which it had been found impossible to admit sufficient daylight for a sitting-room. In such a case, the usual course would have been to let it with my room as a sleeping-chamber; but I had declined it, and it had remained unoccupied during the several years of my residence there.

I listened attentively for a repetition of the noise; and now all my wild fancies were forgotten in this new feeling of curiosity. I had never been in that room, for the door had always been kept locked, and the key was in the possession of the porter below; but I recollected, now, having frequently heard noise in the night, which I had attributed to the wind out of doors, but which, I seemed now to remember, had come from the empty garret. I had once heard from the Concierge (though I had taken it for an idle story), that Danton — memorable among the tyrants of the Revolution — had lived in a room in that house. And now I thought I remembered that it was in a house in that quarter where he had spent the night (it was the night of the terrible butcheries at the prisons of La Force and the Conciergerie) in conversation with Camille D[illegible] moulins, until, seeing the [illegible] glimmering of the dawn a[illegible] the house-tops, he told Ca[illegible] that a terrible blow had been struck at Royalism, even while they had been sitting there. It seemed to me remarkable that I had not thought of this before. I remembered now distinctly the words "across the house-tops," in the account that I had read; and a superstitious conviction forced itself upon me, that it was in that very room that Danton (affecting, as was common with the revolutionary leaders, an appearance of poverty) had dwelt.

My fancy had wandered away among the scenes of that terrible Revolution, when I was roused again by a second noise. But this time it was the sound of a light footstep walking in the room. I listened, and waited, with my eye fixed upon the door, and now for the first time I remarked a faint light shining through the key-hole. The footstep ceased for a moment; and then I saw by the long light in the crevice, that the door, which I had always supposed to be locked, was ajar. I had not heard any movement of the handle of the lock, but I felt convinced that it had only just been opened; for it was impossible, otherwise, that I should not have observed it. The door trembled for a moment, as if an undecided hand were upon the lock, and then, opening wide, I saw, to my surprise, the figure of a man standing in the doorway.

He held in one hand a thin [illegible]ndle, with a shade, which threw [illegible]hat part of the room in which I [illegible]sat into darkness; but I could see

him distinctly, as he stood there a moment, apparently hesitating whether to go on or turn back. His face was deadly pale, and his eyes, in the light that struck upward, through the aperture in the shade, were fixed and sunken. His dress was that which was worn by the old revolutionary leaders; but he bore no resemblance to the portraits of Danton. I recognised him at a glance. The prominent forehead, the short pointed nose, the scornful curl of the upper lip, the powdered hair, the frilled shirt, the broad sash, and even the nosegay in his hand — all, except the general faded look of his attire, identified him at once with the ideal indelibly fixed in my mind, by portrait and tradition, of the great fanatical Jacobin, Maximilian Robespierre. The door closed sharply behind him, as if by the current of air, for his light was extinguished at the same moment. I heard his footstep across my room; the door closed behind him as he went out upon the landing. I listened, but could hear no footstep descending the stairs. I walked to the door, and looked down into the darkness of the great staircase, and listened, but the house was quite still.

Was I to believe my senses? Here I sat, exactly as I had sat ten minutes before. My stove was cold: my room was dark: I was alone: my book was open before me. I saw the light still in the daguerreotyper's window, on the roof, and at other places, far off. I walked over, and tried the door of the room, but it was fast locked again. Everything was in its usual state. In a few minutes from the time when I first fancied that I heard the noise, the door had been unfastened, this strange apparition had passed through my room, the door was re-fastened, and no trace, of what had happened remained. I was not dreaming? No. But how often, in sleep, had I questioned myself of the reality of my dream, and invariably ended by convincing myself that I was awake — sometimes even remembering that I had so deceived myself before; but always, at last, conquering my own objection, and coming to the conclusion that this time, at least, I stood amid the real life of the daylight world. But I rubbed my eyelids, rose again, and walked to and fro, and convinced myself that I was really awake.

What could I think, but that my reason was becoming weakened? The life I had led for some time had been wild and reckless. I had become so accustomed to excitement, that it was almost necessary to my existence; so that when I applied myself to a steadier life, I experienced something of the depression of the drunkard in the first days of his reformation. The mood in which this vision had found me was favourable to such hallucinations. My mind had been unsettled. My fancies would not let me apply myself to my task. Whimsical, and filled with vague apprehensions, I knew that my mental state

with the descriptions of those who have been visited by similar apparitions.

Smoking would, I thought, soothe me. I lighted some wood in my stove with a fusee, and taking down my pipe from the wall, filled it, and sat there smoking hour after hour. The great transparent bowl glowed in the darkness at every puff, so deeply, that I could watch the wreaths of smoke by the light that it gave. I strove to fix my mind upon cheerful images — thinking of an English home, where the fatted calf was ever ready to be killed when I should return; but chiefly of thee, Eugénie, (of whom I knew myself unworthy,) lily-handed, lovelier than the loveliest of all flowers!

I dropped asleep, and awoke several times, always dreaming and waking up with the feeling, that my strange vision was a portion of my dream; but the burning embers in my stove recalled to me what had passed, and each time, putting on more fuel, I dropped asleep again.

I do not know how long I had been sleeping the last time. When I awakened, my fire was out, and I was in darkness. I knew, however, that it was past midnight, the hour at which my ghostly visitor would probably have returned, if he had had an intention of returning. My slumbers had tranquillised me. Looking out of the window, it did strike me that a certain dark object, close upon the next roof, ook of a monk, staring out of his cowl through my window; but I speedily recognised it for a portion of the daguerreotyper's apparatus for fixing his customers in the required position. The fog had cleared away. There were no lights on any of the roofs, or at any windows far and wide. In the distance rose the dusky towers of St. Sulpice; and the stars were shining.

I had determined to go to bed, and think no more of my apparition until the morning, when turning to light my lamp, my eye caught again a faint light through the key-hole of the adjoining room. This was stranger still; for I knew that no one, in the habit of shutting doors so noisily, could have passed through my room while I had been sleeping. I lighted my lamp and listened. I heard again a light footstep, and presently a voice as of some one talking to himself, though loud enough, sometimes, for me to distinguish his words:

"A good wind getting up, such a wind as blows sharp dust into the face on a frosty night. Whew! I wouldn't turn a dog out. This is cheerless; but better than that hot cursed place, full of shrieking, whining men and women. How the dusky Satan took that girl, and turned her till her brain was giddy, and she swooned! She had a pretty simple look; but she would not have been there if she were as innocent as her face. They knew me. The priest taunted me with my free use of

the guillotine. No matter. That peasant girl did not shrink from the monster, nor look upon my hands to see if they were blood-stained, when we joined the others in their devilry. Oh, it was a pretty sight for them to see a man with some thousands of murders on his mind, looking so merry, and handling a nosegay so delicately—a nosegay that they knew so well in all my portraits! Well, well! enough of this for to-night. My feet can scarcely forget their habit. The fascination of that whirling multitude haunts me. I seem to have her still — my peasant girl. Steadily! Hold me firmly. Now then! Away!"

My mysterious neighbour seemed to be turning rapidly about the room. I heard the quick movement of his feet; and then a noise, as if a heavy body had come violently in contact with the wainscot. I walked on tiptoe to the door, and looked through the keyhole, but my sight only ranged over a small portion of the room, and I could see no one. There was a silence for some moments. Then I heard him talking — again:

"This kind of sport does not suit the middle of the night. I shall wake the whole floor. Let me see; how am I to amuse myself? No rest for me to-night. At daylight I must begone."

I heard again a noise, as if he had flung himself heavily into a chair; and then there was a long silence again. I sat listening for any sound, and wondering at the strange words that I had heard; but, when the church-clocks had twice chimed the quarters, the room was still quiet. Looking at the keyhole, the light was gone; but, on observing again, I thought I saw a faint glimmer, as if the candle were still burning, with the shade down. After a while, however, I resolved to retire to bed; taking first the precaution to place a chair against the door, in such a manner that it would fall and awaken me, if he attempted again to enter my room; besides which, I placed my sword-stick within reach. I tried to persuade myself that this was some trick of my fellow-students to alarm me, or that my neighbour was a harmless madman, personating the great republican; although I felt uneasy at remembering that he was in possession of the key of the door opening into my room. Resolved, however, at any rate, to shake off my alarm, I strove to rally myself upon the subject. "If M. Robespierre," said I, aloud, "takes a fancy to walk through my room again, he will be kind enough to shut the doors with less noise, if I am sleeping."

Instantly, I heard the footstep again; the handle of the lock turned; the chair, with some articles that I had designedly placed upon it, fell with a loud clatter; the door opened wide; and the same figure that I had seen before stood in the doorway.

"Keep off!" I exclaimed, seizing my sword-stick and planting

myself, like Roderick Dhu, with my back to the wall.

"I beg your pardon!" said my disturber, with a low bow.

"Who are you? What do you do here?" I demanded, waxing bolder.

"M. Hector Favart — at your service; student of the École de Médécine; having the honour to do duty in the Third Legion of the Garde Nationale — an honour that will take me out of doors at daylight this frosty morning."

"What!" said I, letting my sword-stick fall from my hand — "the cousin of my Eugénie?"

"Eugénie de la Tour?"

"Eugénie de la Tour."

"The same!"

"But how do you find yourself in that room?" I asked, still somewhat incredulous.

"I took this little place to-day," said he, "as a quiet room to read in, and to sleep in at night. By the way, I have to apologise for coming through your apartment in your absence, for the porter had not yet given me the key of the other door upon the landing."

"I saw you," said I; "but how did you contrive to lock your door again without my hearing it?"

"Do you not know that when this door is once shut, it cannot be opened again, from your side, without a key?"

"I understand," said I, advancing, with the light, to shake hands with him. But his unaccountable resemblance, in dress and features, to Robespierre himself (which I had almost forgotten), his pale face, and sunken eyes, struck me again so forcibly, as the light shone upon him, that I started back. "I hope you will not think me unpolite," said I, "if I observe, before coming closer, that I am struck very forcibly with the remarkable resemblance that you bear to a certain historical personage."

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, in a tone that sounded strangely hollow. "To whom, now? Tell me. To Louis Seize, or the Cardinal Richelieu; Jean Jacques Rousseau, or the Emperor Napoleon; the lean Frederick of Prussia, or the portly Mirabeau?"

"To none of those," said I.

"To a man of the Revolution — eh? A Girondin, or a Cordelier; a Feuillant, or a Jacobin?"

"To a Jacobin!" said I, "without any offence."

"No doubt!" he replied; "but to which of them? Not to Marat, the blackguard, I hope? nor little Camille Desmoulins? nor the jolly Danton? Something more of the Robespierre look about me—isn't there?" Holding the nosegay in one hand, he placed himself exactly in the attitude of Robespierre it the portraits.

"I certainly," said I, "did have such an impression when I first saw you; and now that you stand in that position, I cannot help being struck with the similitary between you."

He laughed again, in the husky tone of a man afflicted with a severe cold. "The day I was born,

my nurse — who never before, in her life, admitted a child to have the slightest resemblance with anybody but his own father — could not help exclaiming, '*Ah, le petit Robespierre!*' for she had seen the great man when a girl. Everybody said I resembled him exactly; everybody was right. Faith! to-night, at the fancy ball at the Chaumière, I make my appearance in this style, with nosegay complete, and everybody recognises me in a moment."

"Ha! ha!" I exclaimed, laughing in my turn. "The mystery is unravelled! Pray, step in; I will light my fire in a moment. I think I have materials for a bowl of punch."

"With all my heart," said he. "I dare not go to bed, lest I should oversleep myself, and forget my engagement."

"To your fair cousin, Eugénie!" said I, when the bowl stool smoking on the table, while we struck our glasses together, in ratification of the toast.

"To one not less fair!" said he, filling again, "whose name I need not tell."

BIRMINGHAM GLASS WORKS.

LITTLE children are sometimes as much puzzled as older people, about how the world got on before they and other wise moderns were born; about how men lived without the conveniences and comforts afforded by our arts of life. We are not quite so conceited now as we were a century ago, in regard to our superiority to the ancients; for, the farther we go back among ancient monuments, the more evidence we find, that some of our most recent inventions and luxuries were in common use before old Troy was founded, and before the venerable Abraham set out on his travels a young man. About one thing, however, little children are right enough, as far as we know. They are not absurd in asking, how people, in old times, ever got on without glass windows? We knew a little child, who was fond of looking out of the window in bad weather, when there was no getting a walk: and the same child had to go a long journey in a post-chaise, day after day, before railroads were made; and how any child could have borne the being boxed up in a post-chaise so long, without a window to look out of when it was windy, and the rain-drops to watch on the pane during the showers, there is no saying. She was so far aware of this, that she asked everybody likely to answer her, what people did when there were no windows? The more she was told of wooden shutters, that were closed in bad weather, or of horn or parchment panes, which let in a dim, dirty light, but could not be seen through, the more she pitied the ancients, who knew nothing of the amusement of watching the jerking, capricious drops on a window, which seem never to be able to make up their minds

which way they shall run, in their inevitable general direction from top to bottom. And what groping work, trying to read, write, or sew, behind parchment panes! and how cold, most days of the year, if the wooden shutters were opened to let in light! Something of this may be seen now, in the homes of some people who speak our language, and otherwise live pretty much as we do — the settlers in the wilder parts of the American woods, where the glazier has not yet found his way.

When the mail drives up at night, with its load of hungry passengers, there shines the settler's dwelling — the yellow light, and the scent of broiling ham or venison, diffusing themselves at once through the square holes, which will be closed by shutters when the mail drives off. The light streams out, and strikes red upon the stems of the pines, or yellow upon those of the beeches; the fragrance streams out upon the fainting senses of travellers, and unto the nostrils of the negroes, who gather about the door, as the heavy coach jolts up to the threshold, and the chill night air rushes in upon the cooking dame and her "help," and makes the lamp flare; or, if the air be not chilly, swarms of mosquitoes invade the dwelling, and amply prove the curse of the want of glass windows. Yet this — if we leave out the mosquitoes, and aggravate the dulness and dampness of the air — was what our forefathers had to put up with, not so very long ago. Three centuries since — when Alnwick Castle was in its glory, and had all manner of conveniences that ordinary dwellings were without — the glass windows of the Duke of Northumberland were put up only when the family were at home, and taken down immediately on their departure, for fear of accident. So lately as two centuries ago, the only glazed windows in Scotch dwellings were those of the upper rooms in palaces; the lower windows being still furnished simply with wooden shutters. It is true, this was one thousand years after some of our churches and abbeys had been graced, and kept warm and dry, by the use of glass windows. At least, we know that artists were brought from the Continent to glaze the windows of a church and monastery at Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, in the year 674; and the mention of the subject brings before us the beautiful painted windows that the pious put up in our cathedrals, and other churches, long before that Duke of Northumberland was born, whose "casements" were taken such care of whenever he left Alnwick.

Suppose any one had mentioned, at any of these dates, such a thing as a whole house made of glass, — what a romance the notion would have appeared! Some say, indeed, that old Chaucer did imagine such a thing; and in his "House of Fame" there is a description of a dream of a temple

of glass, with metal pillars, stretching far away, and crowds of people from all regions roaming about within it: but Chaucer's readers received this as a dream. The chimera has come among us, and sat down in our midst, in solid reality. Most of us can testify to it on the evidence of our own senses. But so few have visited the awful birthplace of this chimera—so few have any idea of the fire caverns, the dim vaults, the scorching air, the rush, roar, glare, and appalling handicraft from amidst which that light and graceful creation came forth to lie down on the grass in Hyde Park, that we must tell a little of what we saw when we went hunting out its birthplace.

In plain words, we have been permitted to see the glass-works of the Messrs. Chance, near Birmingham. In old reports of the glass-manufacture, we find Birmingham low down in the list of places in England where the process is going forward. It can never be so again. The establishment which produced the Crystal Palace must stand first in the world until something greater has been done. It is only within three centuries that the manufacture has been heard of at all in the district; and a century ago it was not known in the town of Birmingham. Messrs. Chance's works are not in the town, but at Smethwick —. half-an-hour's drive from it: and, indeed, they would take up too much room in any town. The buildings occupy many acres; and the canal has to stretch out various branches among them. The number of men, women, and children employed, are twelve hundred or upwards. The schools on the estate contain from four hundred to five hundred children (not all connected with the works, however); and the consumption of coal is,—but we will excuse any reader from believing it, without seeing the coal heaps,—from eight hundred to one thousand tons per week. To those of us who consider and calculate about buying ten or twenty tons of coal per year, it is a marvellous thought, — that of the coal-bill for an establishment which consumes nearly one thousand tons in a week, and in every week of the year; — say forty-seven thousand tons in a year. Visitors to the works may pass hither and thither for four or five hours together without entering the same place twice; and they may go again and again, without coming upon many traces of their former visits. The vastness of the buildings is as striking as their number; and the passage through lofty, dim, cool, vault-like sheds, is an admirable preparation for entrance among the furnaces and kilns.

In one of these sheds we see, heaped up against the walls, masses of sulphate of soda. This portion of the material is brought from the alkali works of the same firm, not very far off. In another shed there are millstones, revolving on edge, for grinding to dust the small proportion of coal re-

quired hereafter. Elsewhere, we see heaps of chalk; and, in one shed, the greatest quantity of fine sand we ever saw in one place, except on the sea-shore. St. Helens, near Liverpool, yields very fine sand for glass-making; but this roomful is from Leighton-Buzzard, where there is a sandpit belonging to this firm. As it is sifted, wreaths of it rise, like white smoke, and curl under the rafters. Thus, we have seen the materials; and must next observe the apparatus for the cooking of them.

It is a desperately rainy day; and the roads which lead from one place to another are inches deep in black mud and puddles. Of course, the canal does not look very engaging; and the procession of boats on it, laden with coal, is about as wet as everything else. There are carts in the alleys filled with broken glass; and there are heaps of broken glass piled up against the walls. Women are at the cart's tail, or under sheds, picking the glass; that is, separating whatever is stained with iron in the process of glass-making, or otherwise coarse, to be made into coarse glass again, while the clear and fine is set apart for higher purposes. A cart-load of rubbish and sweepings is about to be shot into a canal-boat. Being drawn across our path, the cart is ordered away, but the man in charge calls out from the other side, that we must wait our turn. Shocked at such a speech, men within hearing rush to turn the horse, and spill the rubbish on the wharf, which afflicts the strange-looking carter. The poor fellow is not quite sane. One of the pleasant incidents often observable in these large establishments is the employment of poor creatures who would otherwise be sadly desolate. Where there is a will there is a way, in such large concerns, of finding something that the foolish or the partially infirm can do; and it seems as if the will was never wanting.

Up an inclined plane we go now, under heavy drops from the eaves, and take shelter in a place curiously furnished. The large floor is almost wholly occupied with great caldrons of ash-grey clay; — very handsome caldrons, round, smooth inside and out, with a thick smoothly-rounded edge, and each standing on its own platform. These are the "pots" in which the "metal" is to be melted in the furnace. There are three pot-makers in the establishment; each of whom makes three pots in a week. One of them is busy now, with a labourer and a girl to help him. The labourer is treading the clay. He has a watering-pot in his hand: his feet are bare, and his trousers turned up; and he tramps about on his platform with a squashing tread, which is not pleasant to us, and can hardly be more so to him. Everybody says there is no way but this of making the clay fit for pots; but we cannot help fancying that one will soon be found. The girl is at a table, with a mass of

clay at her right hand. She is making it into sausage-like rolls; and her employer is building up his pot, by laying these rolls in order round the edge, and squeezing them down smooth, so as to exclude the air, and make the whole of as close a grain as possible. The bottom is no less than five inches thick, and the sides nearly as much; and five or six months are required for the drying of a pot — passing, as it does, through various degrees of heat, from that of the room in which it is built (seventy degrees when we were there) to that which is to cause its destruction. Inquiring when this catastrophe was likely to happen, we found that a pot may last any time between one day and three months. Few last so long as three months. It must be a grief to see a pot fall to pieces in one day, after having been watched in the drying for half-a-year; but there may be some little consolation in its not being wholly lost. The fragments are ground down to powder, and mixed with four times the amount of fresh clay, to make new pots. The clay is from Stourbridge. The pots hold thirty-five hundred-weights each of molten metal.

And now we must go and look at the molten metal in the pots, and see how it is treated. We find ourselves on a sort of platform, in front of six furnace mouths, which disclose such a fire within as throws us into a secret despair; despair for ourselves, lest we should lose our senses, and for the men, because it seems impossible to live through the day in such a heat. Looking into one of the openings, as well as we can from behind a screen, we see that the speclacle is one of exquisite beauty. There are the great pots, transparent with heat, and of the palest salmon colour, just distinguishable by their rims from the fire which surrounds them. Rising on tiptoe, we can see the metal — a calm surface, somewhat whiter than the pots. Turning to the men, we observe that they work over a row of troughs of water. We should like to plunge our head in, if the water were not so dirty. It is for cooling the pipes. The workman dips one end of his pipe into the metal, taking up a portion which is of the consistence of honey. He lays his pipe across the trough, and laves it with water, while a boy blows into the end, swelling the metal into a small globe. The effect of the breath is seen in a paler central bubble, spreading itself through the red mass, and expanding it. When more metal has been taken up, enough for a sheet of glass, it is to be carried to the next shed, where there are more furnaces, and the globe is to become a cylinder. Before we follow it there, we are offered the privilege of blowing through a pipe. We empty our lungs into it, again and again, but without producing the slightest effect. Our breath goes away easily enough, but no bubble ensues; we look rather foolish; so we hasten away, to see what

becomes of the globe we have seen created.

We pass a man who is hewing out, with a small hatchet, a hollow in a block of wood, large enough for the globe to be rolled about in. In the next shed, each workman has one of these blocks to himself. It contains some water; and as he rolls his red-hot globe in it, a boy sprinkles more water upon it. The water seethes and bubbles, but does not reek. The heat is actually too great to permit evaporation. The globe is tossed about, and blown into again. If the pipe is raised in the air while blown into, the metal becomes cheese-shaped: if held horizontally, the form produced is a globe: if pointed downwards, the globe is elongated. This particular mass is elongated. In a moment it must be heated again. Between the range of blocks and the furnace, there are bridges across a deep chasm; a bridge to each furnace mouth. The workman runs along his particular bridge, holds his metal into the furnace, withdraws it for another toss, heats it again with another puff through the pipe, and at last has blown a hole through the further end. The whole expands, the edges retreat, and we now see the cylinder form arranging itself. There he stands on his bridge — as half-a-dozen more men are standing on their respective bridges, swinging the cylinder at arm's length, even swinging it completely round in the maddest way; the scarlet colour at the further end shading off beautifully into soberer reds up to the point of the pipe, where the central knot is still scarlet. When it is of the right length (that is, for the Crystal Palace panes, somewhat above forty-nine inches), the cylinder must be detached from the pipe. For this purpose it is laid upon a wooden rest; a touch of cool iron breaks off the pipe; with pincers, a strip of red-hot glass is drawn off from the end of the pipe, and laid like a ribbon round the cylinder, near its closed end. After this, a gentle tap severs the closed end, and we have the cylinder complete.

While it lies cooling for a minute or two, we observe the making of a glass shade, large enough to cover a time-piece, or a statuette on its pedestal. Stopping short of blowing a hole in his *cul-de-sac*, the workman deposits his red bubble in a wooden mould which stands in the chasm below his bridge. The sides are flattened, while the top and ends remain round; and thus, amidst a little rush of sparks, the shade receives its form. The work done on these bridges is, perhaps, the most imposing to a novice of any part of the business. Some of the men have bare feet and legs; some have no clothing but drawers and a blue shirt; one or two, indeed, add the article of gold earrings, being Frenchmen. All have glistening faces; and all swing their glowing cylinders as if they were desperate or demented; a condition which we

suspect we are approaching, under the pressure of the heat, and the strangeness and the hurry of incessantly getting out of the way of red-hot globes, long pipes, and whirling cylinders.

If we are to follow our own particular pane of glass, we must be off; for the cylinder is cool enough to be carried in a man's arms to the annealing, in preparation for the splitting. How this round thing is ever to grow flat, we cannot conceive. Supposing it split, the inside must have a more contracted surface than the outside. Well; we shall see. It has to be annealed, before anything more can be done to it, and for this purpose, it is carried to the kiln, where it is to be well baked, and gradually withdrawn into a lesser and lesser heat, until it will bear what else it has to undergo. As we cannot stand here for a day or two till it is done, we must transfer our attentions to another cylinder, to see how the splitting is effected.

The diamonds, for cutting, are shown to us. One is mounted as on one point of a pair of pincers, the diamond looking inwards. The pincers are mounted upon wheels. This is for cutting off the edge of the cylinder, which is more or less jagged. The little carriage runs round under the upright cylinder, the diamond marking the glass as it travels; and a gentle tap severs the jagged end at the mark. Next, the cylinder is laid along upon a table, and another mounted diamond is run through the inside of it, from end to end, guided by a ruler. Another tap, and there is a split along the line, and the edges actually overlap. The glass is seen to be thicker than it is to remain. It will lose one fifth, or one sixth of its thickness in the grinding. A curious fact is observed here. Looking at the edge of a piece of red glass, we see that it is not red throughout — that, in fact, the glass, seen sideways, is greenish; but how this happens we cannot divine. It is done by taking up first a little of the red honey from the ruby glass-pot, and afterwards white — again and again, in proportion to the intended paleness of the hue. Thus, the red, while completely incorporated in substance with the rest, is spread over only the inner surface; and thus, when cut, the sheet can be embossed with white figures. Red or white, the cylinder is now to become a sheet of glass.

We adjourn to the mouth of a kiln, where we see that a slab of stone, moveable, forms the floor. On this slab lies a sheet of glass; and our cylinder is to be unrolled upon it, or its lower side would be made rough by contact with the stone. A little lime or chalk is sprinkled on the sheet, and then the cylinder is laid down upon it. As it heats, it begins to gape at the slit. The process is aided by the man at the kiln. He takes up a pole which has a wooden block at the end of it, thrusts in the block, and proceeds to iron out the relaxing cylinder. His block begins to smoke, and presently

throws out sparks, more and more; but he perseveres until every corner is levelled; the sheet lies as flat as a pancake, and its two surfaces are equalised, in its semi-fluid condition. By observing the reflection of the fire on its surface, we see that it is rapidly melting. But it is not to melt away; so the slab is drawn away backwards, by a stout chain; and another is to take its place from one side.

We go round to see what becomes of the sheet. We find it in a somewhat cooler part of the kiln, about to be removed, that the stone slab may go back to its proper work. A boy is to effect the removal. He lifts up the sheet with a long "fork," as he calls it, and gently lays it on the top of a pile of predecessors, which are gradually cooling. When nearly cooled, they are to be transferred, in the iron box which now contains them, and where they are to stand on edge, separated by iron bars, to a sort of railway truck, where they stand, shut up in their box, until they have become accustomed to a natural temperature, and may be carried on to the grinding. There we must leave them, while we take a look at the treatment of two other kinds of glass — flint-glass, or crystal, and crown glass.

There is no flint now really used in the manufacture, though there was when crystal glass was called after it. Flints were, in those days, heated red-hot, and thrown into cold water, when they fell to pieces, so far as to be easily reducible powder. It is still easier, however, to pick up the sand ready powdered at Lynn and in the Isle of Wight. Red lead is added, to give density to the glass; but in what proportions we did not inquire here, having learned elsewhere that that is the one question which a stranger ought not to ask. It is the grand secret of most glasshouses. Red lead also promotes the melting of the sand; it gives a greater refracting power, and a higher lustre; and it is some protection against fracture from sudden changes of temperature. It renders the glass more ductile in the working also; but there must not be too much of it, or the material will be too soft. In these works, the flint glass has a furnace to itself — built for it. It is melted in crucibles, or small pots, over and over again, until it is pure. It is left in the pots, and the furnace is shut up, and allowed to cool very slowly; when the pots fall away, and leave the glass in masses. A man holds each mass between his eye and the light; and, if he sees any speck, he splits the glass, and removes the offending particle. Peeping into the annealing oven, we see flat cakes of flint glass, about an inch thick; and it is with a sort of veneration that we look upon them. They have grand work to do soon. They are to bring down to us much that is too high, and up to us much that is too small, for our discovery without their help. They are to open to us the spectacle of starry systems — reach beyond reach, until our faculties can endure no

more. They are to show us (what we could not believe without seeing) how every drop of water in a stagnant pond is thickly peopled with living animals, and how whole quarries and sea-beaches are composed of the remains of dead animals. They are to separate the rays of the sun into parts for us; and to enable the aged to read and work, forgetting their years; and to repair many a mischief of imperfect sight; and to improve the beacon-lights upon our coasts, saving many a seaman from the snares of the ocean, and giving him years more of life. It is this particular glass of which all kinds of lenses are made; and when we think of what is included in this set of uses, we feel that all the wonders of windows and glass palaces are of small consequence in comparison with them.

Passing from thoughts of telescopes, microscopes, spectacles, and lighthouse lenses, we go to see some more window-glass — the very best kind — namely, Crown Glass. We cannot in the least comprehend how and why the "metal" we saw treated, becomes the great and beautiful disc that we beheld it grow into; we can only relate what the process is, as we witnessed it. It is considered the most striking and wonderful of all the spectacles of this fire-palace. The same sort of tube that we had tried to blow through, now took up the same kind of material, in the same manner as in the case of sheet glass; a globe was formed in just the same way, and rolled on a metal table. After many heatings, and much blowing, the farther side of the globe was somewhat flattened, by pressing it against an upright surface; and then a boy brought a solid rod, with a dab of the fiery honey upon it, and fixed it in the middle of the flattened side. As soon as the rod is safely fixed, the original tube is detached by a touch of cold iron, and comes away, leaving a small hole. The workman throws down his tube, takes the rod, and twirls the globe like a mop, thrusting it into the furnace very often, to prevent its cooling. It swells and spreads, and reflects the flames on its filmlike surface; the hole enlarges, and the edge curls back, till the globe looks like a vast lamps-shade. As the twirling continues, the edge folds backwards, more and more, till it makes a tubular ring all round. Suddenly, this ring bursts, and its substance melts into the flattening material which it surrounds, and the whole becomes a disc, or circular plate, of from fifty to sixty inches in diameter, of the same thickness throughout, except just round the rod in the centre. The plate is carried to the annealing kiln, and there is tilted with a "fork," until it stands on its edge — the foremost of a regiment of discs, separated from each other by bars. Window-panes are to be cut out of it, by-and-bye; and the thick part, in the centre, is glaze out-houses and the like.

The heat from these last-seen furnaces is tremendous. The men

do what they can to shield themselves from it. They wear masks — gauze, fastened to the rim of an old hat. One holds a wooden screen before the face of another, and all are as quick as possible, both for their own sakes and that of the glass. Still, it is a marvel how they can bear it. We are told that it is by their working very moderately, as to time — four or five days (of seven hours) in a week. Thirty-five hours in a week are considered a fair share of work for glass-blowers; but, if a pot breaks, they must work until another is put in. Thus, their time is spent between arduous toil and leisure; and this circumstance points to the expediency of furnishing them with amusement which may make their leisure harmless. The public-house used to be a terrible temptation to men so tired, heated, and thirsty; and to many it is so still. Of late, reading-rooms have been opened, which appear to be an inestimable resource. There the workman may enter at any hour during the day, and find a good fire, a table covered with newspapers and other periodicals, and some comrades reading the news. There is a good and increasing library; and the men may take the books home, and are encouraged to do so, that they may spend the evenings with their families.

We have still to see how the sheet-glass becomes smooth and polished. It has to undergo three processes more; — grinding, smoothing, and polishing. Probably the first thing every stranger does on entering the grinding-room is to burst out a-laughing,— the machinery is so grotesque; — so like being alive and full of affectations. It is patent machinery: the exclusive possession of this house. One sheet is moved about upon another with a movement like that by a human arm, scrubbing and grinding; and the repetition of this, by scores of machines in rows, produces a most ludicrous effect. The sheets have been properly squared before by being cut with a glazier's diamond. The grinding now, with sand between the sheets, takes three hours for each side; and they come out of the process opaque, but without seams or serious blemishes. They must be smoothed by hand; and this is done by women, who rub them with fine emery, and remove any remaining specks. From forty to fifty women are employed in this work at long tables, where their action is very graceful, as they bend over their work, and use the steady and equable pressure required. The polishing is done by machinery, in the same sort of red apartment, filled with red machines, tended by red work-people, which was described in the account of Plate-glass making, at page 49, of our sixth volume. The noise here is horrible. Noise and rouge, and the tyranny of the rolling presses over the tortured sheets, bound down immovable, give an infernal aspect to the place, very unlike some things that remain to be seen.

We pass through more and more of these vast rooms, each of which would contain a house. One is full of glass shades, of all sizes, from that which would cover a life-size statue, to such as would preserve butterflies from dust. In a closet, opening out of this room, a man is plying the wheeled diamond with a weight and measure, carefully cutting the bottom of shades true and even. Here are bell-glasses for fern-houses, and some with a trough for water round the edge. Here, too, are shades made to order, for particular objects, — as a group of statuary, — where the back of the shade is wider than the front. In another room, boys are cutting little squares of glass on marked counters, with rulers and glaziers' diamonds. These are to cover miniatures and daguerreotypes; but where they can all go to — many thousands in a week — we cannot conceive. The demand from America is very great, we are told: but it seems to us, that if all American and English children were to amuse themselves with breaking the glasses of miniatures, what we now see in this room would repair the damage. If such be the quantity of glass in bits, it may be conceived what the amount must be in sheets. We pass hundreds and thousands set on edge. Handfuls of straw are thrust between the plates to keep them apart; and in rooms near there is a vast packing always going on.

The conclusion of our survey is charming. We find men, women, and boys painting and enamelling glass. A sheet is covered smooth with a white enamel, which has itself much of the character of glass. Slips of brass, with patterns cut out, are laid on the enamal, and rubbed over, so as to leave the pattern clear. It is, in fact, stencilling; only, instead of laying on paint through the holes in the pattern, the enamel beneath is rubbed off there. A woman is covering a sheet all over, except a border, with some thick black substance. This sheet is to be embossed. The border is to be corroded by an acid, and she is protecting all the rest of the surface by this covering. An artist is painting a broad border with the blue iris — as beautiful as life — and convolvulus and poppies. The panes of lanterns are almost as astonishing for quantity as the miniature glasses; and extremely various in patterns. But we should never have done, if we told what pretty things we saw; or if we entered into details about the schools; or described the life and condition of the twelve hundred work-people connected with this vast establishment.

There was a certain fountain in the centre of a certain Exhibition which need not be described, because everybody knows it. We have been to see how that fountain was made, and have had the honour — a somewhat laborious one — of lifting some of its portions; a shell, a spike, an ornament or two each of which required the whole

strength of an unpractised person to raise from the ground. The weight of the fountain, before the trimming and dressing, was upwards of four tons. Mr. Osler engaged three railway carriages (passenger train) to convey it to London, he taking his own seat in a fourth. A wall was built in the centre of the transept for the foundation of this beautiful structure; and the building up was done slowly and carefully. When the Queen and Prince Albert walked round the screen which surrounded the work which Mr. Osler was superintending within, they could not have imagined — for none but the artificer could — what would be the beauty of this transparent shaft, with its streams of water falling like a veil around it, when the slanting sunlight from the roof touched it, and sent thousands of gleams and sparkles through it. It could be, and it was, removed in one night; but many were the anxious nights and weary days which passed over the making of it. If the Messrs. Osler could have devoted their works and their people wholly to the making of this fountain, it would have been pleasant enough; but it had to be done in addition to their ordinary business; and desperately hard work it was.

We saw how some of its parts were made, in seeing how ornamental glass — vases, pitchers, decanters, chandeliers, and many fancy articles, come out of the hands of the workmen. Of the earlier processes of the art we need not speak, as they resemble those which were described long ago; but there is one circumstance which ought to be noted; the form of the great chimney of the glass-house. Mr. Osler knows what he is about in matters of science; and he perceived that the prejudice in favour of a chimney with a narrow top was a mistake. He determined to build his the same width, inside, all the way up. Perhaps, if he had to do it over again, he might even make it wider at the top, as the heated air requires plenty of room for expansion : Some people thought very odd one, and said be no proper draught. else about this carefu glass-house was capital; but who ever heard of such a chimney for a glass-house? There it is, however, resting upon strong pillars; and with such a draught, that at times the business is to moderate it.

Passing the mixing rooms, the pots, the melting, the blowing, we give a moment's attention to the method of forming a decanter or pitcher. The workman sits in a "chair" — a bench with two long arms to it — and rolls his iron pipe or tube, with the left hand on these arms, to keep the soft glass in shape, while with the right he applies a pair of tongs to fashioning the neck of his decanter, or claret-jug, or whatever it may be. It is a pretty sight; and so are the long vistas of glass, in the kiln first, and then in the "lear" — the milder en, in which the annealing of

the smaller articles is done. We leave the glass-house, and travel to the manufactory, where we see how the drops for chandeliers, and all manner of arms and branches, are made, and how the cuttings, and polishings, and putting together are done. Here is a deaf and dumb man casting drops and "spangles," as small square drops are called. Why not? Hearing and speech are not required for this work; and there he sits diligent and still. One wonders what he thinks about, all the while. He tosses a bit of coal into his little furnace, every minute or so. The coal is on his right hand, and on his left are the "lumps" of flint-glass he is to use. He pushes forward one at a time into the heat before the fire, that it may be warming for its work. With his left hand he holds the rod, on the end of which is the "lump" he is using; and in his right is the mould in which the drops are to be formed. He melts his lump, and lays a yellow trail into his mould, and shuts down the lid upon it. Out comes the drop, three-sided, rough, and attached to the lump. He knocks it off, pushes it on one side, and begins another. When he comes near the end of his lump, he makes smaller drops and "spangles," until only enough remains to fasten on the new lump which has been roasting in preparation. The place is lighted only by the furnace fires. The glare is intense to the workman on his stool; and his sight would suffer if the daylight were mixed with it: so he darkens the window.

We find women at work in the next place we enter. Wheels are whirling and whizzing, and the drops are first ground smooth, and then polished. The most wonderful thing is, the skill with which the facets of a drop or spangle are ground by the eye. Ridges meet at the top; planes slope away to the side, with a regularity truly mysterious to the novice. Out come the drops, smooth in their edges, polished in their sides, and with the obtuse angles at their ends all without a fault. It is a wonderful education of eye and touch.

In the moulding of the pendants, holes were made, by wires standing up in the mould. Hooks and eyes have to be inserted in these holes, and in the plates to which they are to hang. Girls insert these, and put the parts together.

There is a long and peopled apartment, called the metal-room, where the metallic parts of chandeliers, &c., are prepared. But more interesting, because more unlike other manufactures, is the glass-cutting, which proceeds in a vast right-angled room, where whole rows of iron mills, as they are called, are at work. Above each wheel or "mill" is a funnel, which drops sand and water on the edge of the wheel. It is, in fact, the sand which cuts the pattern—the mill being the means of applying it. Down dribbles and drips the sand; whizz goes the wheel; the glass held to the edge

vibrates and seethes; and, after being dipped in the tub of water at each man's elbow, it shows the desired form and pattern; the curve, or the facet; the star, or the Greek border, or the flower and leaf garland. To save some kinds of articles which are slender, or much curved, from too strong a vibration, clay is plastered into hollows or angles. Some of the work is, necessarily, "underhand," though everybody prefers the "overhand" process: that is, it is more convenient and easy, and catches more sand, to hold the article to the upper part of the wheel than to the under. In the one case, the glass is thrust against the wheel; in the other, it is lifted against it, which involves the holding the whole weight of the article, while much less sand finds its way to the right place. The work is both laborious and anxious. One article may require a succession of mills; and it may be spoiled in any one stage of the manufacture. Here is the anxiety of the case. In metal-working, all is pretty secure when once the model is obtained, and the first casting is found to succeed. In the glass manufacture, each article must stand on its own merits, and the thousandth requires as much pains as the first. Those pains have their reward, however, as some of our readers may be aware, if they have overheard remarks on the collection of graceful and brilliant glassware, in the Messrs. Osler's rooms in London. Another kind of tribute arrived lately from a very distant place. The Messrs. Osler had sent to Egypt, by order of the Viceroy, two pairs of crystal glass candelabra, ten feet high. The Viceroy is so delighted with them, that he has sent them — who would guess where? — to the tomb of the Prophet, at Medina; where, as his Highness's Secretary observes, they will be the admiration of hundreds of thousands of pilgrim worshippers. It is a singular destination of Birmingham products — to keep watch over the pair of genii, who are keeping watch over the Prophet in his tomb; reminding him of his good and evil deeds, and balancing the account which his resurrection is to settle. How very far have they travelled over sea and land, to stand within those iron rails, and under the charge of the forty eunuchs who keep guard there! It is a symbolic incident, indicating the spread of British arts among the remotest regions, and the strangest races and faiths on earth.

CHIPS.

NOBILITY IN SPAIN.

Excepting Hungary and Poland, the most numerous crowd of nobles in the world is to be found in Spain; and here, again, the crowd is thicker in Castile and in the Basque provinces, especially in Alava, than elsewhere. In the last-mentioned district, indeed, almost every peasant is Hijo de

Algo (the son of something), or, in short, Hidalgo.

In what are called everywhere the good old times, the Spanish nobility possessed many privileges, and among others was one which still exists; *viz.*, they do not stand up to be hanged for any crime, but have the right of taking a chair, and being strangled in a comfortable manner. This punishment is called "El Garrote noble." The nobles claim a right to be addressed as "Tu" (thou) by the sovereign, signifying that they are thus acknowledged as his peers. They are divided into three ranks. In the first come the *Grandees*, who claim equality by birth with the king, and derive their origin, at some time or other, from one of the reigning families; then follow the *Titulados*, formerly called "Ricos ombres," to which class belong the Counts, Barons, and Marquisses, who are not grandees: and lastly, the numerous *Hidalgos*, or infanzones, many of whom are in the utmost misery of poverty, answering, in some respects, to the one-spurred nobles, created by Maria Theresa in Hungary, or the Provincial Barons of France, in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The grandees of Spain are altogether an anomaly in our own railroad century. Mentally and physically degenerated, crippled in mind and body, they saunter, now-a-days, so listlessly about the streets of Madrid, that it is scarcely possible to believe them the descendants of those men who fought so long and bravely in old time against the Moors, who scorned privation, and became the theme of song and story; men who, through good and evil fortune, struggled on and knew no rest till the banners of the Cross were floating upon the battlements and minarets of Granada, and reflected themselves in the waves of the Xenil and the Darro.

The grandees of to-day appear to be below the weakness of ambition. Unlike their hardy forefathers, they are so bred into the ways of wealth, that dressing is a labour to them, and even eating and drinking seem, in the vulgar forms at any rate, to be a bore. They pass the night in revelry, and doze away the day. They go out at four, five, or six o'clock in the afternoon, according to the time of year, usually in close carriages, with the windows carefully closed, even in summer: they show themselves for a short time in the Prado, or the "Fuente Castellana," pleasure-grounds, without the town, and so kill time till dinner. While the Spanish grandee wastes his life, the "Intendant" (agent) of his immense estates usually mismanages them in a prudent way, certain that he shall never fall into disgrace while he provides money daily for the follies of his lord. The result of this is naturally that the grandees are miserably indebted, and according to all appearance will soon be utterly beggared, their properties passing into the

hands of the prudent "Intendants," who are usually their chief creditors.

Among so large a body there are, of course, exceptions. The Duke de Rivas, for instance, stands honourably out from many of his equals. Poet and scholar, wise and brave, he is an example of manliness, of feeling of honesty of purpose, and active beneficence, which the nobles of any land might be proud to imitate.

A few years ago, when the strife of parties ran so high that it would seem impossible for any Spaniard to have been uninterested in the struggle, what was the part played by the grandees? During the whole of that wretched period they held aloof. They passed their time in strange tranquillity in Paris or in London, and sent their homage to Don Carlos or to Queen Christina, even as the case might be, as fortune gave a master or a mistress to these dignified incapables. Only *two*, the Count of Via Manuel, and the Count of Campo Alanza, displayed any valour, and of these the first was taken prisoner of war, and shot by the express order of Don Carlos; the other fell, sword in hand, at the storming of Luchana. Scarcely, however, was the treaty of Bergara concluded by the treason of Maroto, when the grandees hurried back to Madrid, and flocked to the feet of the young Queen, vying outbidding each other in protestations of attachment and allegiance.

The whole of the ancient nobility of Spain consists of about fifty families; some of these, such as the Dukes of Osuna and Medina-Celi, possess six or eight dukedoms, and as many titles of count and marquis. Thus, for example, the present Duke of Osuna, of the house of Giron, is also Duke of Arcos, of Bejar, of Gandia, of Infantado, of Lerma, of Pastrana, of Placentia, and of Benavente. His estates, which, like Berkeley Castle, for the most part belong to the titles, are immense; and one which he inherited in 184[illegible] with the dukedom of Infantado, is said to be alone worth nearly a million sterling. The present possessor of the title of Alva is the Duke of Berwick, an illegitimate descendant of our James the Second. The family name of the Duke of Medina-Celi (said to be the richest of all the Spanish grandees) is the famous one of Fernandez de Cordova, descending, in a direct line, from the great hero, who stands among the worthies of the nation next in esteem to the Cid Campeador.

All grandees are born knights grand cross of the order of Charles the Third, of the Immaculate Conception. They are also either knights of Alcantara or Calatrava, or of St. Jago de Compostella, and Montesa; but these four military orders of knighthood, once so celebrated among the chivalry of Christendom, have lost all significance of merit, and are now

merely badges of distinction for the old nobility. The only order which still claims respect among military men in Spain, is that of the Holy Ferdinand, which is not hereditary, and, according to statutes, can be bestowed only for personal bravery in battle.

The grandees are divided into two classes. The grandees of the first class appear before the monarch without uncovering their heads; they take off their hats only while kissing hands, or when personally addressed by Majesty. The grandees of the second class must appear uncovered, and may only put on their hats after they have kissed hands; of course they also must stand uncovered while they are speaking with the sovereign.

There are no other privileges that have not been run away with by the constitution. It abolished even the law of entail, — a great boon to the country, but a death blow to the nobles. By-and-bye, perhaps, agriculture may be benefited, as the possessors of small estates will be likely to look after their land more. There are, altogether, sixty-seven ducal titles in Spain, and with them, for the most part, is joined a grandeeship of the first class. The oldest dukedom is that of *Benevente*, and it is among the titles of the Duke of Osuna, who is thus the premier noble of Spain. This title was created in 1461. Then follow the titles of Alva Medina-Celi, Arcos, Grandia, and some others, all of the fifteenth century. The youngest titles are those of the Duke of Valencia (Narvaez), 1847, Tarrancon, a brother of Munoz, the soldier of fortune, who married Queen Christiana, 1848; and Saragossa, possessed by the famous defender of that town, General Palazon, whose heroism was only rewarded at last under the ministry of Narvacz.

With these recent dukedoms, however, no estates were bestowed, and their only privilege consists in that of kissing hands on gala days a few minutes sooner than more ancient nobility of lower grades.

The number of Marquisates is five hundred and twenty-four, only four dating so far back as the fifteenth century. The first marquis in Spain was the famous scholar and natural philosopher, Villena (1445), who, like all clever men in the good old times, was believed by his contemporaries to be a dealer with the devil. The present possessor of this title is the Duke of Frias. Most of the marquisates, however, belong to the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; no less than one hundred and thirty-four have been made in the century to which we ourselves belong.

There are three hundred and ninety-eight Counts, and among them many of the most famous names in Spanish story, such as the Count de Valencia de Don Juan (1387), the Count de Trastamaro (1445), Trevino (1493). Of Viscounts there are forty-eight; of Barons forty, mostly creations

of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. All the dukes are grandees, and many of the marquisses, counts, and viscounts, but not any of the barons, who are the lowest order of the nobility. Those who are not grandees are called simply *Titulados*. They are less connected with the court, and usually live upon their own estates, which thus mostly show better signs of care and culture than the others. Under these lords the peasantry are not quite naked, and have now and then something more solid than pomegranates for their dinner.

At this moment, perhaps, the nobles of Spain are displaying no abatement of their ostentation and extravagance, but their latter day is near. Most of the entailed estates are hopelessly encumbered, and must shortly pass into the hands of creditors. Where this is not the case they will be divided by the new laws of succession. Then there is another law that makes the possibility of their existence as a large class, for another century, extremely difficult. Every new heir to a title must pay a sum of money to the government before he can lay claim to his privilege; for this he obtains what is called a *real carta personal*, or certificate of identity. Should the first heir not be able thus to take up the title, any of the collaterals may do so; but if on account of the magnitude of sum all should refuse, the title becomes extinct.

Then, again, when the several heirs to one estate cannot agree about the terms of its division, it has to be sold, and the title travels with it to the purchaser. Should any unauthorised person use a title, he is liable to a fine of double the sum fixed to be paid for it in law by an heir; and having been thus made to pay double for his whistle, it is taken from him.

The title of duke costs 500,000 reals, or about £5000; a marquis, who is at the same time a grandee, pays 300,000; if not a grandee, 200,000; a count being a grandee 250,000; otherwise, 150,000. A viscount pays 100,000, and a baron 80,000 reals to government, as the fine on entering into possession. Only one person in a family is permitted to wear the title, as with us. Before the abolition of majorities, it was customary for the heir apparent to be also titled; but this is now no longer the case. The younger branches of the family go by the family name, without any addition.

In the year 1847, when the present Duke of Medina-Celi succeeded to his property, he found himself no less than thirty-six-fold a grandee, and had, therefore, to settle the following little bill, made out in this form by government: —

H. G. the Duke of Medina-Celi,
Dr. to the Royal Treasury of Spain.

To 6 Titles of Duke	3,000,000	reals.
„ 14 Marquisates .	4,200,000	„
„ 16 Countships .	4,000,000	
Total	11,200,000	reals.

Or about £112,000, which must

have shaken the accumulations on the rents a little. Besides this expenditure of money, there must be a great sacrifice of time and ink, whenever his grace wishes to sign his six-and-thirty names. A humbler Spanish grandee, who was once benighted, knocked at a lonely inn. When asked the usual "*Quien es?*" (who is there?) he replied, "Don Diego de Mendoza Silva Ribiera Guzman Pimentel Osorio Ponce de Leon Zuniga, Acuña Teller y Giron, Sandoval y Roxas, Velasco Man" — He had not nearly finished when the landlord exclaimed, shutting his window, "Go with God! There is not room for half of you."

In 1836, the Cortez thought proper to abolish all tithes of whatever kind soever, without indemnity of any sort to their possessors. Many of the tithes being, as with us, in the hands of laymen, this loss fell heavily on the nobles; and the Marquis de St. Jago lost no less than 80,000 reals a year. In fact it ruined him, there being only a very insignificant estate joined with the title; but the Count de Quale suffered a still heavier blow, in losing a tithe of all the receipts of the post-office, an immense income in these degenerate letter-writing days.

The higher nobles are usually quite as unwilling as they are unfit to serve the state. Now and then, indeed, when government desires to be well represented by some splendid embassy, it takes advantage of the grandee passion for display, and despatches one of the class on a foreign mission; but then he is usually sent in company with some shrewd secretary, who performs the work.

Lastly, the *Hidalgos*. To this class belong, almost entirely, the small house and landowners, and the greater part of the persons employed by government. Fortune, on the whole, however, deals but hardly with them. But never mind, whichever way the winds of fate may blow, the weathercock of his prosperity, the genuine creak of a Hidalgo never changes; whether he owned Peru or a pomegranate, he would be Hidalgo still. His very walk betrays him; you can see him afar off snuffing the air, and know him by his knees so close together, and his feet so wide apart. Almost a third part of the nation is said to belong to this class; and it is surprising how it nevertheless keeps up its distinctive character, and how carefully fathers and mothers will warn their offspring from the horrors of those so-called misalliances, which might yet regenerate and save them from contempt. It is a melancholy farce to see how these great minnows insist on the proofs of ancestry before contracting marriage with a stranger, and how every act of social intercourse is encumbered with forms and ceremonies, one more ridiculous than the other. No Hidalgo may become a public executioner, a butcher, crier, or the landlord of an inn, if he will not lose his rank and become in-

capable of holding any other office. In every peculiarity the inhabitants of the Basque provinces, said to be all Hidalgos, bear away the palm; and one, so late as the reign of Philip V., is said to have written on his marriage contract, "*Don X. noble come el Rey*" (noble as the King).

On the whole, Spain may be said to be in the blest condition, pictured in the eloquent prayer once put up by a noble Poet at present roaming in the Woods and Forests. It holds no high place among nations, but it has its "old Nobility" left — and plenty of it. Spain can want nothing more.

OUR HOUSE.

MAY a comfortable person talk about his comfort? Let me speak. Our house stands on the site of a rookery. Our viaduct of a street has been elevated above the level of one of the most fetid, ill-drained, and disreputable parts of Westminster. But a few years ago, it required a stout heart, a strong arm, and a light purse, to walk from Parliament Street to our house after nightfall. There were narrow, dirty, ill-drained streets, gin-palaces, night houses, smelters' dens, where the "kettle was always kept boiling," to receive and melt down the ill-gotten gold and silver which sturdy, grim-visaged men, and haggard, hardy women, brought from all parts of the town. A few years ago, the site of our street was to Westminster what the "Mint" still is to the other bank of the river — the home and the breeding-place, of fever, dysentery, and crime, neighbour to virtuous poverty and hopeless suffering. Philanthropic adventurers undertook expeditions across our district, but on such occasions they were escorted by the police; and even with this protection they were advised to leave their watches and jewellery in some place of safety.

All this is changed now. The Board of Health, and the Improvement Commission, have been at work in our district. They have cleansed it and ventilated it. They have made drains, and cut it in all directions with broad long streets. What they have done for the people who thronged in the little houses — upon whom they are now pressed — Heaven knows! Our street was the first improvement finished, and it was opened with great ceremony.

For every foul hut pulled down, there ought to be a fair one built, or other lodging space provided for the miserable people "cleared away." If not, of course we only aggravate the misery which we affect to put more out of sight. How the case may be in this respect as regards our street, I do not know, but in itself it is a great improvement. It is all very well, some said, to put down a rookery and make a long street, but who would take the building-ground in such a locality, and who would build the houses such a street required? and if the houses were

built, who would take them? That was the question, and they paused for a reply.

While they still were pausing, our house was run up. It is a large house, with dozens of windows. It is three stories high; it has above thirty rooms, and looks like a castle; but none of us can say it is "his castle." None of us can shut the house-door, put the key in his pocket, take in provisions through a loophole, and [illegible] the sheriff's officers. One [illegible]he chief peculiarities of our [illegible]se is, that a man must not be [illegible]t if he would live in it. Our [illegible], in fact, is built on the plan of [illegible]ge Paris houses, to make up [illegible]-dozen homesteads, and ac[illegible]odate half-a-dozen families. [illegible]ke one of the hotels in the Faubourg du Roule, specially improved and adapted for the use of English families. It has no French back-doors and back-stairs; nor is our house made to assemble all social ranks and grades under the same roof. Our house is built on the same plan throughout. The upper floors are exactly on the same scale as the lower ones; they have the same accommodation, and are let at very much the same price. I cannot, of course, be expected to divulge the secrets of our account-books; and it will be enough to say, that our rents would command for each of us the sole possession of a small house, in one of the streets contiguous to our suburban square. We have resigned the right of having our "house for our castle," and we have the advantage of airy, roomy dwellings, in the immediate vicinity of the business and pleasure quarters of the town.

At the bottom of the plan of our house, there is a reasonable co-operative principle. The houses of the great and wealthy of this world are in the immediate vicinity of the great squares and thoroughfares of the town; they are conspicuous, easily accessible, and their inmates avoid those long and wearisome town travels, which those must undertake who seek decent and comfortable quarters in the suburbs. The houses of the great have spacious halls and apartments, and commodious, safe, and roomy stairs. None of our purses, I believe, could command all these advantages, if each of us desired to have his "castle" to himself; but a rational spirit of combination steps in, and supplies us with all — with a situation near the centre of the town, with large, comfortable rooms, and magnificent stairs. Our house has all the advantages of a great house, without its cares; our porter (for we have a porter) maintains its privacy; and the open door of our house is more secure from intrusion than the heavy-barred and brass-knockered doors of our friends in other parts of London.

I said before that our house consists of three stories. Of these each is divided into two habitations of five rooms, that run from the public stairs, by a most myste-

rious-looking, dark polished door, with a bronze handle and bell-knob at the side. A visitor ascends the stairs (of which the windings form a large shaft for ventilation), and demands admittance to one of our habitations. A gentle pull at the bell — a low soft ringing in some mysterious locality within, and the door is immediately opened by a comfortable servant, whose cosey looks show that though fully occupied, she is not overburdened with labour. For the servants in our house have no door-steps and stairs to clean. All this rough work is taken from them by the porter. Then, as for the interior, a single look will tell the visitor how easy it must be to keep order in a house which seems to be made for comfort and cleanliness. As you look along the lofty corridor (which receives its light from a large window of painted glass, communicating with the central shaft, which, in its turn, lets in a flood of sunlight through a skylight on the roof), you see the doors opening to the right and left into the various sitting and sleeping rooms; each door with its china handle and finger-plates. Let him open the first door. He will peep into a kitchen, fitted up in splendid style, with massive shelves and dressers, marble slabs, gas-burners, aud all fittings which do not usually belong to private houses. For the dust and refuse, a door communicates by means of an inclined plane with the dust-shaft. The kitchen has its water-pipes, and the range its gas-stoves. Now let me praise our rooms. Exquisite paper-hangings and costly fixtures everywhere! Surely the landlord of "our house" must be a very liberal man. Liberal, true! but prudent also; for our house, with its six families, pays double the rent which it would be possible for him to obtain in any other manner. It is an odd humour, but our landlord has a horror of "Chambers." It is his ambition to build small houses in a large house; and he lets them to none but families. Bachelors have applied in vain: vainly spinsters exerted their pov persuasion. He remaine durate; only the married a children would have ro cover them, if all landlords resembled ours.

"But," asks a friend, "is the speculation likely to answer?" It *has* answered beyond speculator's boldest hopes. Here we are with our banisters unfinished, with our stairs and corridors partially still in the possession of workmen; here we are, people from various parts of the town, each clinging to his allotment, and preferring the necessary discomforts of this domicile to the hearthstones and door-steps of the Englishman's Castle. But who are the tenants? Who should they be but people whose avocations call them to the centre of the town, whose means are too small, or who are too prudent to live in houses in Pall Mall or St. James's Square, who detest lodgings, and

who cannot live in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn? There are thousands of such in this large town; and there will soon, I hope, be a dozen landlords who will build for their use and comfort club-homes, such as that which I inhabit.

HOW TO BE AN EVERGREEN.

If old Fiz-Baynard, of the Old Fellows' lodge of Odd Fellows, would listen to my advice — old man as I am — I could give him a hint how to make himself a little less ridiculous to our club. He looks like the choleric, retired uncle, in all the farces at the Haymarket Theatre. Doesn't he know that his camlet roquelaire, with a poodle collar, has been superseded, five outer-garments deep? Its only merit is, that it hides that absurd, sparrow-tailed, blue dress-coat, with gilt buttons, which he is so fond of buttoning tightly up to his chin. Five-and-twenty years ago, he wore his coat stuffed and wadded all over, like that, and close-buttoned up, with the exception of the third button from the top; where, to this day, he stuffs in his crimson pocket-handkerchief, which always hangs — accidentally, of course — half out. But what is to hide that chimney-pot hat, with a broad, turned-up brim? or those boots, coming to a point, like a pair of flat-irons? His eye-glass would be all right enough if he would keep it in his eye, and look about him: though that heavy bunch of seals, with their stones the colour of anchovy sauce, dangling by a broad bit of black ribbon, is a positive eyesore. Then why is he continually disparaging young people? Let me tell him young men are the blood of the nation; they keep the world in motion.

Our club calls itself the "Youthful Britons," not because we are all young fellows, but because our taste and opinions are exactly opposed to those of old Fitz-Baynard. Threescore years, with us, is no objection to a man, so long as he keeps his head up, and does not hold the belief that whatever is is right, and that whatever is not, oughtn't to be. Our opinion is, that things generally might be a great deal better than they are; and that, whether in fashions, politics, or social economics, when a man comes forward to do a little good, even though he should propose to disturb the existing order of things a little, he is entitled to fair play. If any member uses the word "Utopian" we fine him. Not that we believe that there are not many things well deserving of that adjective; but, firstly, because we have seen so many Utopian schemes pass into realities, that we are suspicious of it; and, secondly, because the word, from the time of Sir Thomas More downwards, has been so much abused that we think every honest man ought to scratch it out of his dictionary. Why, the very steel

pen with which I write this, was once an Utopian steel pen — a new-fangled pen — a mere toy — a thing that never could and never would supersede the good, old, stout goose-quill, that you went cutting away, and notching, and slitting up the middle, and pointing, and nibbing every quarter of an hour. There was not an old man in the three kingdoms — unless it was a schoolmaster, sick of hearing little boys standing of a row beside his desk all day, with the eternal refrain of "Pleasir, will you mend my pen?" — who did not say that they would not answer. In vain we pointed to the increase of the number who were taught to write, the spread of literature, and the insufficiency of all the geese in the kingdom to the growing demand for feathers. They shook their heads. "You will do as you please, Sir; but give me a good, strong-barrelled goose-quill." And so say their survivors to this day. They don't believe in the millions of grosses that are said to be made in Birmingham every day. "They don't know. *They* never see anything but quills wherever they go. Where are they all, if such a number is made?" If there had been none but old men, we should have had no steel pens to this day. But the boys took them up. They wrote the Creed with them in the size of a split-pea; they did the Ten Commandments, and illustrated them with spread eagles and cherubim, and set them up in the windows of steel-pen makers, until there was no shutting the eyes to their merits, and a revolution was partially accomplished. We all use steel pens to a man. I will add that when that admirable invention, a candle which requires no snuffing, was universally decided to be fandangle, we unanimously adopted it; and have never had a pair of snuffers on our tables since.

When Mr. Winsor lighted his house with gas, the Edinburgh Review said it wouldn't do; and the Fitz-Baynards of 1805 applauded, and thought they and the reviewers had put it out for ever. Now, even Westminster Hall — the last place where a man would look for novelty — is lighted with it. When I look around me, and see the endless variety of new-fangled things, which it has been confidently said a thousand times "would never do," which have now become familiar servants, or absolute necessaries, I am inclined to propose that the word "Utopian" be reinstated; and that its employment, in a youthful Britonian sense, be henceforth encouraged. Have we not Utopian Railways, and Utopian Ragged Schools; impossible Telegraphs; ruinous Free Trade, and dangerous County Courts — where plaintiff and defendant are admitted to give evidence, in direct opposition to one of the most venerable law maxims, in the immortal Latin language; all in full operation, and the constitution as sound as ever? Why, then, should we shrink from admitting that the

abolition of the Court of Chancery is somewhat Utopian; and that the demolition of Temple Bar, and removal of Smithfield and slaughter-houses, are notions a little tainted with fandangleism?

Personally, I do not mind acknowledging that I am fond of novelty. I like to be up to the time. One or two instances will suffice to show what I mean. I can remember Kemble, Cooke, Elliston, Kean, and the legitimate drama, for example; but I never talk about them, because I like the opera. I believe the notes of Mario, in the "Prophet," to be at least as pleasing to the ear as the rolling *r's* of the late Mr. Kemble. Many a pleasant day I have spent outside the stagecoach; but I do not grumble at railways. If any man says you cannot enjoy a sight of the country from a railway carriage, I differ with him. If he says you have no time to observe a hedge or a post against your nose, I admit it; but let him take a view of the country, and I say he will, in most cases, remain long enough in the same landscape to observe its beauties. I consider the late change in the Ministry as decidedly no improvement; but I hope I am as free from prejudice as any man. I am ready to try anything except patent medicines and Protectionist Ministers. Attracted by an announcement in the Times (for example) that "Hadjee Allee, the celebrated Indian cook, having arrived at the Bengal Hotel, makes Indian Dupeajja, and Keorma, Jerdu and Krooma Plow, Idian Coaptu, Kitcheree, Mancooly, and Cawabs," I sauntered into the Bengal Hotel the other day. I know the merits of old English fare, and could live contentedly upon "plain roast and boiled;" but I determined to give Hadjee Allee a chance of convincing me: so I called for "a couple of cawabs," by way of commencement. "A couple of cawabs, Sir?" said the waiter; "cawabs is a soup, Sir." "Very good," said I; "then bring me a basin of cawabs." I was not ashamed of my ignorance. I came there to learn, and I did learn; though I burnt my mouth in the trial. These are my principles; and I think I have said enough to show the difference between myself and Fitz-Baynard.

When I was a young man I wrote poetry. All young men did not write poetry then, as they did afterwards, when Lord Byron came more into fashion. I recollect, when Lord Byron died, it was generally considered that if he had not died, as he did, just on the right side of forty, his reputation would have been materially damaged. I had held similar opinions when a youth; and had determined to "play the Roman fool" upon my thirty-ninth birthday. But my ideas had undergone some modification before that time, I was, indeed, within a short march of that [illegible] bicon, at the ti[illegible] lord's decease. [illegible] the sincerest of hi[illegible] cross the fatal line if his turn came;

and I was sure that Lord Byron had an intention of doing so, if he had not been cut off in his youth. I remember a stanza in Don Juan, in which an allusion is made to the author's intention of purchasing a peruke; and a speculation upon the probable appearance of his hair at forty; from which I infer, that with a full consciousness of the fact that time was fast hurrying him towards that critical period, he had taken the resolution calmly to abide the event. And why should he not? Do such minds grow old?

That *I* have contrived to keep something of my juvenility, I think is pretty well proved by the fact of my being still the president of the "Youthful Britons." And how have I done this? Not by standing stock-still, and bending my back for the years to play at leap-frog over it; and growling at everybody else because they would not stand still in like manner. Neither was it by constantly "thinking of my grave," as I overheard my pious, well-meaning old landlady say I ought to be doing "at my time of life;" but I am not offended. Here am I in my sixty-sixth year, as youthful as ever I was, and as cheerful, thank God! Three stairs at a time is my way of getting up stairs; and, as to playing on the fiddle, I flatter myself I can tear my way through "mad" quartette with ur of a much younger valked down to Rolay last summer, and ext morning as fresh as a daisy. I don't say I could stand such a life as our friend Stow leads. My wild oats are sown. But I can walk a match, or bowl a ball at cricket, with most men. Ask any of our club if their hands have ever tingled after blocking a ball from me. And do I owe all this to Nature? I think not.

What I have said, what I do say, and what I will say, as long as I have health, (and I flatter myself I have as much of that article as most people,) is, that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred a man need not grow old unless he likes. This is what you may learn from looking at Fitz-Baynard, and then at me; this is the moral of what I have been saying. This is the important truth which I have to proclaim — I believe that I have discovered the true Elixir of Life. I am not fond of making myself conspicuous, in print, or elsewhere; but my motives are philanthropic motives. I am ready to do a little good where I can. I did not sit down to write this article for the mere sake of abusing Fitz-Baynard, in a periodical that he does not read; but I say, that if Fitz-Baynard senior, or any of Fitz-Baynard senior's class, feel themselves to be miserable old fellows, they have none but themselves to blame. For, let me tell them, that it is not years, nor bald heads, that constitute the right definition of old age. While a man keeps up in the march, and does not stand still to look back, he is as good as any of them. It

is giving in that does it; it is being lazy, and over-comfortable—fancying that you have marched far enough; that there is no better land than that you have come to; and persuading yourself that you do not envy those who have gone on, and left you behind; and, when a man so persuades himself, and tries so to persuade others, he is become an old fellow, and a Fitz-Baynard senior.

Now, I consider the father of our young friend knocked under in the year 1825. I regard his coat, trousers, hat, and watch-guard as so many outward symbols of that inward stoppage which took place in that year. To any person acquainted with the history of costume, the fact is as clear as the date of a cathedral to a student of architecture. There he stands, as perfect an embalmment of the past as any Roman idler, suddenly imbedded in lava in the streets of Herculaneum. In the year '25 he rebelled against the great law of change and movement; and there he stands to this day, grumbling, and trying to persuade us to rebel too. But we won't.

DROOPING BUDS.

In Paris, Berlin, Turin, Frankfort, Brussels, and Munich; in Hamburgh, St. Petersburgh, Moscow, Vienna, Prague, Pesth, Copenhagen, Stuttgard, Grätz, Brünn, Lemberg, and Constantinople; there are hospitals for sick children. There was not one in all England until the other day.

No hospital for sick children! Does the public know what is implied in this? Those little graves two or three feet long, which are so plentiful in our churchyards and our cemeteries — to which, from home, in absence from the pleasures of society, the thoughts of many a young mother sadly wander — does the public know that we dig too many of them? Of this great city of London—which, until a few weeks ago, contained no hospital wherein to treat and study the diseases of children — more than a third of the whole population perishes in infancy and childhood. Twenty-four in a hundred die, during the two first years of life; and, during the next eight years, eleven die out of the remaining seventy-six.

Our children perish out of our homes: not because there is in them an inherent dangerous sickness (except in the few cases where they are born of parents who communicate to children heritable maladies), but because there is, in respect of their tender lives, a want of sanitary discipline and a want of medical knowledge. What should we say of a rose-tree in which one bud out of every three dropped to the soil dead? We should not say that this was natural to roses; neither is it natural to men and women that they should see the glaze of death upon so many of the bright eyes that come to laugh and love among them — or that they should kiss so many

little lips grown cold and still. The vice is external. We fail to prevent disease; and, in the case of children, to a much more lamentable extent than is well known, we fail to cure it.

Think of it again. Of all the coffins that are made in London, more than one in every three is made for a little child: a child that has not yet two figures to its age. Although science has advanced, although vaccination has been discovered and brought into general use, although medical knowledge is tenfold greater than it was fifty years ago, we still do not gain more than a diminution of two per cent. in the terrible mortality among our children.

It does not at all follow that the intelligent physician who has learnt how to treat successfully the illnesses of adults, has only to modify his plans a little, to diminish the proportions of his doses, for the application of his knowledge to our little sons and daughters. Some of their diseases are peculiar to themselves; other diseases, common to us all, take a form in children varying as much from their familiar form with us as a child varies from a man. Different as the ways are, or ought to be, by which we reach a fault in a child's mind, and reach a fault in the mind of an adult; so, not less different, if we would act successfully, should be our action upon ailments of the flesh. There is another thing, also, which puzzles the physician who attends on children. He comes to us when we are ill, and questions us of this symptom and of that; and on our answers he is taught, in very many cases, to base a large part of his opinion. The infant can only wail; the child is silenced by disease; or, when it answers, wants experience, and answers incorrectly. Again, for life or death, all the changes in the sickness of a child are commonly very rapid: so rapid, that a child which suffers under an acute disease should be seen at least every five or six hours by its medical attendant. He knows this quickness of action; he knows how swiftly and how readily the balance may be turned upon which hang life and death. He may have been to Paris or to Vienna, and have studied in an hospital for children; and, out of his experience, he may know how to restore the child whole to the mother's bosom. But all English students cannot go abroad for this good knowledge; nor is it fit that they have need to do so. They have need at present. In a rough way, English practitioners of medicine no doubt administer relief to many children; but, that they are compelled to see those perishing continually whom a better knowledge might have saved, none are more ready than themselves—the more skilful the more ready — to admit and to deplore.

The means of studying the diseases of children in London have been confined to one dispensary, and the general hospitals. In these, the hours, the management, and discipline are not readily

adapted to the wants of children. It was found, when a committee of the Statistical Society, in 1843, inquired into such matters, that only one in a hundred of the inmates of hospital wards was a child suffering from internal disease. Can we wonder, then, — when we call to mind the peculiar characteristics of disease in a child, and the sagacity and close observation they demand — can we wonder that the most assiduous students, growing into medical advisers, can in so many cases, do no more than sympathise with the distress of parents, look at a sick child's tongue, feel its pulse, send powders, and shake their heads with vain regret over the little corpse, around which women weep so bitterly?

The want of a Child's Hospital in London is supplied. The Hospital for Sick Children, lately established and now open, is situated in Great Ormond Street, Queen Square.

London, like a fine old oak, that has lived through some centuries, has its dead bits in the midst of foliage. When we had provided ourselves with the address of the Child's Hospital, and found it to be No. 49, Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, we were impressed with a sense of its being very far out of the way. Great Ormond Street belonged to our great-grandfathers; it was a bit of London full of sap a great number of years ago. It is cut off, now, from the life of the town — in London, but not of it — a suburb left between the New Road and High Holborn. We turned out of the rattle of Holborn into King Street, and went up Southampton Row through a short passage which led us into a square, dozing over its own departed greatness. Solitude in a crowd is acknowledged by the poets to be extremely oppressive, and we felt so much scared in Queen Square at finding ourselves all alone there, that we had not enough presence of mind to observe more than space and houses, and (if our vague impression be correct) a pump. Moreover, there were spectral streets, down which the eye was drawn. Great Ormond Street was written on a corner house in one of them. It was the enchanter's label by which we were bidden forward; so we went into Great Ormond Street — wondering who lived in its large houses, some of them mansions — and looking hazily for No. 49. That was a mansion too: broad, stuccoed front, quite fresh and white; bearing the inscription on its surface, "Hospital for Sick Children." A woman with a child in her arms was finding ready admission at the great hall-door. The neat and new appearance of the hospital walls from the outside restored our thoughts to our own day; and we presently resolved, and carried, that the committee had shown great judgment in their selection of a situation — quiet (very quiet), airy, and central.

At the hall-door there was a porter, so new to his new work that the name of a surgeon to the

Institution was a strange sound in his ears. Crossing a spacious hall, we were ushered into a fine old ancestral parlour, which is now the board-room of the Institution; and there, before a massive antique chimney-piece, we found a young house-surgeon.

Many stiff bows and formal introductions had those old walls seen, when Great Ormond Street was grand, and when frills and farthingales lent state to the great mansion. Many a minuet had been solemnly danced there; many hearts and fans had fluttered, many buckram flirtations had had their little hour; many births, marriages, and deaths, had passed away, in due and undue course, out of the great hall-door into the family vaults — as old-fashioned now, as the family mansion. Many little faces, radiant in the wintry blaze, had looked up in the twilight, wondering at the great old Monument of a chimney-piece, and at the winking shadows peeping down from its recesses. Many, far too many, pretty house-fairies had vanished from before it, and left blank spaces on the hearth, to be filled up nevermore.

O! Baby's dead, and will be never, never, never, seen among us any more! We fell into a walking dream, and the Spring air seemed to breathe the words. The young house-surgeon melted out of the quaint, quiet, room; in his place, a group of little children gathered about a weeping lady; and the lamentation was familiar to the ancient echoes of the house. Then, there appeared to us a host of little figures, and cried, "We are Baby. We were Baby here, each of us in its generation, and were welcomed with joy and hope and thankfulness; but no love and no hope, though they were very strong, could keep us, and we went our early way!" — "And we," said another throng of shades, "were that little child who lived to walk and talk, and to be the favourite, and to influence the whole of this great house and make it very pleasant, until the infection that could not be stopped, was brought here from those poorer houses not far off, and struck us one day while we were at play, and quenched the light of our bright eyes, and changed our prattle into moaning, and killed us in our promise!" — "And I," said another shadow, "am that girl who, having been a sick child once, grew to be a woman, and to love and to be blessed with love, and then — O at that hardest time! — began to fade, and glided from the arms of my young husband, never to be mine on earth!" — "And I," said another shadow, "am the lame mis-shapen boy who read so much by this fireside, and suffered so much pain so patiently, and might have been as active and as straight as you, if any one had understood my malady; but I said to my fond father carrying me in his arms to the bed from which I never rose: 'I think, O dear Papa, that it is better I should never be a man, for who could then carry me like this, or who could be so

careful of me when you were gone!'" Then all the shadows said together: "We belonged to this house, but others like us have belonged to every house, and many such will come here, now, to be relieved, and we will put it in the hearts of mothers and fathers to remember them. Come up, and see!"

We followed, up the spacious stairs into a large and lofty room, airy and gay. It had been the drawing-room of the old house. A reviving touch had passed over its decorations; and the richly-ornamented ceiling, to which little eyes looked up from little beds, was quite a cheerful sight. The walls were painted, in panel, with rosy nymphs and children; and the light laughter of children welcomed our entrance. There was nothing sad here. Light iron cribs, with the beds made in them, were ranged, instead of chairs, against the walls. There were half-a-dozen children — all the patients then contained in the new hospital; but, here and there, a bed was occupied by a sick doll. A large gay ball was rolling on the floor, and toys abounded. From this cheerful place we looked into a second room — the other drawing-room, furnished in a like manner, but as yet unoccupied.

There were five girls and a boy. Five were in bed near the windows; two of these, whose beds were the most distant from each other, confined by painful maladies, were resting on their arms, and busily exporting and importing fun. A third shared the profits merrily, and occasionally speculated in a venture on its own account. The most delightful music in this world, the light laughter of children floated freely through the place. The hospital had begun with one child. What did *he* think about, or laugh about? Maybe those shadows who had had their infant home in the great house, and had known in those same rooms the needs now sought to be supplied for him, told him stories in his sleep.

One of the little patients followed our movements with its eyes, with a sad, thoughtful, peaceful look: one indulged in a big stare of childish curiosity and wonder. They had toys strewn upon their counterpanes. A sick child is a contradiction of ideas, like a cold summer. But to quench the summer in a child's heart is, thank God! not easy. If we do not make a frost with wintry discipline, if we will use soft looks and gentle words; though such an hospital be full of sick and ailing bodies, the light, loving spirits of the children will fill its wards with pleasant sounds, contrasting happily with the complainings that abound among our sick adults. Suffer these little ones to come to such a Christian House, and forbid them not! They will not easily forget it. Around the gates of the Child's Hospital at Frankfort, hangs a crowd of children who have been discharged, lying in wait to pounce with a loving word upon any of those who tended them when sick. They send little

petitions in to the hospital authorities to be allowed, as a special favour, to come into the garden again, to play. A child's heart is soon touched by gentle people; and a Child's Hospital in London, through which there should pass yearly eight hundred children of the poor, would help to diffuse a kind of health that is not usually got out of apothecaries' bottles.

We have spoken only of five children; the sixth was not in bed and not at rest. He was a literary character, studiously combining into patterns letters of the alphabet; but he had removed his work so far out of the little world to which he belonged, that he attracted no attention from his neighbours. There are larger children in a greater world who do the like. The solitary child was lonely — not from want of love — its thoughts were at home wandering about its mother; it had not yet learnt to reconcile itself to temporary separation. We seemed to leave the shadows of our day-dream in attendance on it, and to take up our young surgeon again.

Having paid as we were able brief respects to each member of the little company, and having seen the bath-rooms on this floor, we continued our progress upward. Of course there were no more stately drawing-rooms, but all the rooms were spacious, and by modern care had been, moreover, plentifully furnished with the means of ventilation. There were bath-rooms, of course; there were wards cut off from the rest for fever cases. Good thought had been evidently directed to a good purpose everywhere.

Having seen all these things, we came downstairs again, and passing through the surgery — upon whose jars and bottles our eyes detected many names of compounds, palatable to little mouths — we were shown through an excellent consulting-room, into a wide hall, with another of the massive chimney-pieces. This hall is entered from a side street, and is intended for a waiting-room for out-patients. It had always belonged to the brave house in Great Ormond Street, and had been used at one time for assemblies.

What we have said of the few patients admitted at the early period of our visit, will have shown the spirit in which a Child's Hospital should be conducted. Of course, to such an institution a garden and play-ground for the convalescent is an essential requisite. We inquired, therefore, for the garden in Great Ormond Street. We were shown out through a large door under a lattice, and found a terrace in the old style, descending by steps to a considerable space of ground. The steps were short, suited to little feet; so also in the house, according to the old style, which curiously fits itself to the modern purpose. We found that an air of neatness had been given to that portion of the ground immediately near the house; but the space

generally is very ample, and is at present a mere wilderness. The funds of the hospital have only sufficed to authorise the occupation of a building, and the preparation for a great useful work. For means to plant the roses in the garden, and to plant the roses in the cheeks of many children besides those who come under their immediate care, the Hospital Committee has support to find.

So large a piece of garden-ground waiting for flowers, only a quarter of a mile from Holborn, was a curious thing to contemplate. When we looked into the dead house, built for the reception of those children whom skill and care shall fail to save, and heard of the alarm which its erection had excited in the breasts of some "particular" old ladies in the neighbourhood, we felt inclined to preach some comfort to them. Be of good heart, particufar old ladies! In every street, square, crescent, alley, lane, in this great city, you will find dead children too easily. They lie thick all around you. This little tenement will not hurt you; there will be the fewer dead-houses for it; and the place to which it is attached, may bring a saving health upon Queen Square, a blessing on Great Ormond Street!

Is it too much to hope that in a few years there will not be many students at the Adult Hospitals in London who will fail to contribute animation, by their frequent presence at the Child's Hospital, to these deserted pavements of a bygone fashion? Is it too much to believe that the little beds in the great house will never be suffered to remain empty, while there are little shapes of pain and unrest to lie down in them; or that the wilderness in the garden will be taught to bloom with recovered infant health? Who that knows how sweet a part of home the children are — who that knows how ill our hearts can spare one child to Death, far less the dreadful and reproachful thought of one in three — can doubt the end of this so sorely needed enterprise! Its way to the general sympathy and aid, lies through one of the broadest doors into the general heart; and that heart is a great and tender one, and will receive it.

NORTHERN LIGHTS AND — SHADOWS.

We may look at Legendary Superstitions as relics of our heathen times; as fragments of the world's old dress which lie about in little black rags, looking shabby enough under the light of Christianity. We may look at them also as wild and wilful creations of the mind, and dive after the psychological phenomena which they expound. We may trace the same legend with surprise from land to land, and find it now and then connecting regions so remote, as to suggest many valuable thoughts to the ethnologist. In fact, wise men may handle legends to good pur-

pose in a serious and learned way. Moralists may dwell upon the ignorance which they reveal, as having entered so largely into the composition of the good old times; and may point out the huge sum of injustice and cruelty which must have attended the working of a superstitious system, which founded upon trivial accidents suspicions, accusations, condemnations. Then, if we have legends in store, they are such capital things that, if the owner be not disposed at any time to philosophise or to moralise over them, he may amuse himself by laughing over them, if it so please his fancy. We may dwell on quaint, wild, and extravagant inventions, which caught the common taste, and have been repeated with reverent and simple faith, by credulous and ignorant folk over their hearths.

That is the use which we mean now to make of certain volumes recently published on Northern Mythology, by Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, in which volumes are collected for the use of moralists, philosophers, or lovers of amusement, a large mass of the popular traditions and superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands. The Scandinavian we shall not touch, lest they tempt us into mythological discussion. With the Netherlandish we shall not greatly concern ourselves, because they are horribly low-spirited. Any one might tell they came out of the Low ntries by their flat, depressing ... They want lightness of fancy and ingenuity; most of them are little better than nightmares. We prefer, therefore, to go for legends to our cousins of North Germany. Great numbers of the superstitions of North Europe, as might be supposed, exactly correspond with notions that prevail among the ignorant in England. In North Europe, however, it is to be remembered that "the masses" are instructed, and that these old notions and sayings exist now among them chiefly in the form of customs, humours and pleasant tales; while, in England, our untaught millions receive such things in sober, heathenish good faith.

The attention of naturalists is respectfully directed to the following fact, which satisfactorily accounts for the whiteness of the cliffs at Dover. There is a ship, say the North Frisian mariners, called Mannigfual. The Mannigfual is a ship much larger than the Great Britain. Its deck is so long that the captain gallops over it on horseback to give out his orders. The sailor boys who climb the rigging have so far to go up that they come down old men with grey hair and beards; and, because they could not live through the years till they were greybeards without eating, the blocks in the cordage are made hollow, and contain spacious refreshment-rooms. — If all the ship be built in this proportion, and the captain does his duty by her, we are bound to feel compassion for his horse. — This splendid vessel once for-

sook the pool of the Atlantic, and attempted to steer through the British Channel. Between Dover and Calais the straits were found to be so narrow that the ship stuck fast. The captain, however, was a clever man, and there occurred to him the happy thought of smearing white soap over the whole larboard side. This having been done, the ship slipped through, but in its passage ground so much soap into the English coast, that Dover cliffs have been white ever since.

Shirt buttons are unjustly cast against their wives by English husbands. Our cousins, the Germans, show a much more accurate sense of the character of woman as a wife. The following legend represents her sense of tidiness and duty to her husband, in respect of managing his linen, as surviving when all else is gone. When, says the legend, seven boys or seven girls are born in succession, one of them, without knowing it, is a nightmare. Now, there was a man who had a nightmare for his wife, and he became sensible, in course of time, that she was in the frequent habit of disappearing from his bed; when in fact she was gone to sit on other people's chests in their sleep. One night, the husband kept himself awake in order to watch his spouse. He saw her rise from bed, go to the door, and, as her husband had taken the precaution of locking it, she slipped out through the hole for the strap by which the latch was lifted. After some time she came back by the same road. The husband thereupon plugged up the hole, and after having done so, always found his wife to remain by his side. At length, after a very long time, he thought that she must now have been quite broken of her uncomfortable habit, so he took the peg out of the door in order that he might be able to use the latch again. In the very next night his wife was gone, and what was worse, she never came back again; although every Sunday morning the man found that his clean linen was laid out for him.

That is homage to wives; now here is a hint to unmarried damsels. In Schleswig, at a splendid wedding in the noble mansion of Hoierswort in Eiderstedt (it is essential to be particular in fixing the spot, lest any one should doubt the story), there was a young girl among the company who was a most enthusiastic dancer. "You are dancing too much, my dear," said her mamma, "and you are not being particular enough in choice of partners." The naughty damsel answered mamma in a pet, and said, "If the devil himself were to call me out, I would not refuse him." A polite stranger at this moment entered the room, and asked the honour of her hand for a dance. The courtly stranger whirled her about so long, that at length blood streamed from her mouth and she fell dead. Mamma knew very well who was her partner. The blood-stains are still visible in the saloon; of course

they cannot be scraped out, and every night, as the clock strikes twelve, the music plays, the girl comes in, and all the house is in an uproar. If any person dares to pass a night in the saloon, the ghost of the girl asks him to dance with her. Nobody ever dares, and yet if any Christian would, she would be released from her penalty. This is a fine opportunity, therefore, for any good man, clever at a polka, who desires to do a charitable and gallant thing. Let him go out to Eiderstedt and free the dancing lady. She once so frightened a wild young fellow, that he never afterwards went out to any merrymaking, because the sound of a fiddle made him fancy the spectre and her midnight company had broken loose. Young ladies will learn from this example to be particular in saying that they are engaged six deep, when they are asked to dance by any gentleman who shows the least trace of the cloven foot.

There is another moral legend founded on the will-of-the-wisp, which does credit to the northern races, when contrasted with the classic applause bestowed on trickeries of a like nature with hides and other things by southern fables. At the time of partition and fencing of the land, there arose a great boundary question between two villages in South Ditmarschen. At length a man appeared who undertook to settle it by oath. He filled his shoes with sand from his own village, and then walking some way into the lands of his neighbours, stood still on a marshy tract, and swore that there he stood on ground belonging to his village. He thought that by this trick he had avoided perjury: but after death he was doomed to wander on the boundary line as a fire-sprite. A flame, of the height of a man, was often to be seen dancing about there until the moor dried up, and people said, "That is the land-divider!"

The North Frisians are very unmerciful to people who don't marry. One of their legends says, that after death old maids are doomed to cut stars out of the sun when it has sunk below the horizon, and the ghosts of the old bachelors must blow them up in the east, running, like lamplighters, all night up and down a ladder.

Now-a-days we say "It is of no use wishing;" once upon a time, wishing was powerful. There was a man who stole cabbages on Christmas-eve out of his neighbour's garden. A number of people saw him walking off with them, and wished him up in the moon. There any one with eyes may see him still, holding his load of cabbages, which he is not allowed to drop, to all eternity. Perhaps the Frisians had got this man into a mesmeric state, and powerfully, consentaneously willing him up to the moon, they got him there. It is quite evident that there he is.

We often talk of letting the cat out of the bag. Here we have

probably the origin of the expression in a popular tradition. If a man wants what the Germans call a Heckethaler — that is to say, a piece of gold, which he may spend as often as he likes, and never lose out of his pocket — he must select the longest night in the year for the performance of his incantation. His incantation is this: he is to put a black tom-cat in a bag, and bind the mouth of the bag round with a cord, fastened with ninety-nine knots. Taking the bag on his back, he must walk three times round the church; and every time he comes to the door, he must call to the sacristan through the key-hole. The sacristan is the Mr. D. who danced with the lady just now. At the third time of asking, the sacristan steps out, when the man asks him if he wants to buy a hare. In that character he sells the cat, and gets for it the magic dollar, but he must take to his heels immediately. If Mr. D. can untie the knots, let the cat out of the bag, and overtake the man who sold it as a hare, his dollar is exchanged for dolour, equally everlasting.

Mr. D., of course, plays part in many legends, and there is much pleasure derived from tales which convert him from D. sharp into D. flat. There was a peasant in Eiderstedt (we are in Eiderstedt again) whose house was burnt down. A little man, in a grey coat, with a horse's foot, came to him in his affliction, and told him not to be cast down, as he wouldn't charge more than a single soul for building him a new house with a hundred windows in it. The peasant accepted his tender, binding him to the condition that the building was to be complete next morning before cock-crow. The grey-coated contractor was at once up to his chin in bricks and mortar. Long before cock-crow all was built, and the last window was being put in, when the peasant, while his friend's back was turned, screwed up his mouth and began crowing, as much like a cock as possible. Mr. D. turned round and laughed at him; he was a great deal too sharp to be deceived so clumsily. But there is a habit, inveterate among cocks, of answering each other's trumpets; and a cock, in an adjacent barn, happening to be awake, slowly became aware of some very bad crowing in his neighbourhood, and thought it right to let his neighbour see that he could manage things a great deal better. So the cock answered lustily from within the barn just as the architect was putting the last pane into the last window. He threw it down in a great pet and disappeared: and ever since then, the window has wanted that pane. It never has been, never can be, and never will be put in. At the same time the wind blows through the hole so angrily, that all the chamber is kept cleanly swept, and any goods or furniture that any one may try to put into the room, is immediately blown out through the door.

The gentleman who was out-

witted as an architect on this occasion, also acts as schoolmaster, and now and then has some unmanageable scholars. All pastors in Friesland were thought, by the ignorant, to know something of the black art; in the good old times a very little knowledge gave to a man a character for magic. Some pastors knew a great deal of this art, which they had learnt in the Black School, which the Black Doctor himself teaches at a trifle less than a soul for each pupil. The retaining of the soul by the pupil is left in his power, if he adhere through life to the fulfilment of some ridiculous or troublesome condition. He must only shave on a Saturday, or he must, all his life, wear only one woollen under-waistcoat, or never wear more than one garter. Pastor Fabricius was one whose soul hung on a garter; a garter was his tie to the old teacher; it was the peppercorn-rent he paid for the command of a wide magical domain. Traps are always being laid for these people. Pastor Fabricius, who knew where he was to go when he wore two garters, could in no way be put off his guard. If he saw in the morning two garters lying naturally by his bed, he always left one. The old schoolmaster would often take the shape of a flea, to bite and torment the maid-servant while she was knitting the pastor's stockings; so that he made her lose the calculation

er stitches, and provide for
nas[illegible]r stockings, which were
y and wide, and hung about

his heels. That was the reason why the learned pastor was so often seen walking about the village with his stockings down at heel. He was not to be tempted.

Once upon a time, a lad and lass were working in a hay-field, near the Stellerberg. They were betrothed, and would have been married, if they had not both been wretchedly poor. While they worked, there was a toad slipping quietly by. The young man saw it, and was about to kill the poor reptile with his hay-fork; but the girl held his hand, and bade him not be cruel. He was quite willing to obey her; but, because he liked to hear her plead so tenderly, he held the fork some time above the toad, as if about to strike, until it had crawled out of reach. When they went home that evening, their master told them that they were invited to a christening next day, by a voice that didn't leave any address. Means were, however, found next day to bring them both to a grand hall of gold and precious stones, inside the Stellerberg, where the dwarfs were: there was a dwarf lady, and there was a baby, and there was a costly feast. The young man was desired to hold the baby at the font; while he did so, he observed that a millstone hung over his head, suspended from the ceiling by a silken thread. He tried to move, but could not stir a step. The ceremony appeared very long; when it was over, he received thanks from the master of the house. With respect to the

millstone, the gentleman told him that he could now perfectly imagine what his wife must have suffered on the previous day, when he was about to stab her with his fork — for she was the toad. The little people then entertained the pair, and gave to the girl, when they left, an apron-full of shavings. On their way, the weight became so heavy that she threw the half of it away; the rest, when they got e, were turned out as a heap acats. So the lad and the lass ; a farmhouse, and were mar- , and if they don't live happi- you and I never will.

Now, by way of change, let us pile up a little heap of superstitious practices and opinions, of which the record is come to us from the good old times. If any young gentleman wishes to know what sort of a wife he shall have — on the night of May the first, he must ride on a broomstick to the stable, and knock thrice; then go to the pigstye, and hear what pig grunts — whether an old or a young one. His wife will be old or young accordingly.

"The devil has thrashed peas upon him," is said of one whose face is pock-marked. — If new-baked bread has a crack, one of the family will die soon. How great must have been the discomfort caused by a superstition like this last, among villagers who drew a weekly batch from their own ovens!

The next is an invention absolutely wicked (a Netherlandish superstition). If a child falls into the fire, you must not take it out till you have seen how the loaf lies, and turned it, if it should lie topsy-turvy.—A German superstition for St. Andrew's-eve must make a prettier sport than our own dull pack of fortune-telling cards, or our Doll-Sibyls. To learn which of the persons present love one another, or will one day be united — a vessel, with pure water, is placed on the table, and there are placed, to float upon the water, little cups of silver-foil, inscribed with the names of those whose fortune is to be determined. If a youth's cup advances to a maiden's, or a maiden's to a youth's — it is worth while to note which makes the chief advances — and if they eventually cling together, they will be sweethearts. But, little cups must also be set floating, marked as priests; and it is only when the youth and maid, coming together, get a priest between them, that they can look forward, with any certainty, to marriage.

To "the Mariners of England" we commend a bit or two of information. When there is a calm — tradition says at Hamburgh — scratch with an old nail on the foremast, then wind will rise. Again, when the wind has long been contrary, and you meet with another ship, throw an old broom before it; the wind will then change; you will get a fair, the other ship a contrary wind.

There is a severe legend against tailors, who must have suffered long under the reproach of cab-

baging. Bearing hard upon the proverbial dishonesty (tailors have not been equitably dealt with in the sayings of our ancestors), they said, in some parts of North Germany, "If it rains while the sun shines, a tailor has gone to Heaven!" Popular superstitions bring us into very close contact with many of the choice secrets which were accepted even by the learned in the good old times. Two or three hundred years ago a large number of the legends and sayings, which now live as curiosities among the people to be laughed at, were solemnly believed, and gravely put in books, by men who were comparatively clever. Then it might gravely be written: "To obtain what you wish from another, lay a swallow's tongue under your own, and then kiss the person whom you wish to influence." Can we imagine, now, that a party of agricultural labourers, feeding their families on six shillings a-week, would ever put on clean smocks, slip swallows' tongues into their mouth, and go up in a body sworn to kiss the farmer into letting them have better wages!

Here is a superstition, which, in the present slate of flour-mills, we do not hesitate to back as true. If a girl finds a whole corn in her bread and butter, she can see her future husband. She must stick the corn in a crack of the door, and then keep watch. The third person that passes is the future one. In love matters it is always some unfortunate third party who is made to suffer trouble.

BRITISH COTTON.

The words British Cotton will perhaps sound as significantly as Gooseberry Champagne, conveying to the mind the embodiment of one of the "shams" of the present age. Some may "pooh, pooh!" the flax-cottonising process as very much akin to a discovery for converting silver into lead, linen goods being dearer than those made from cotton; whilst not a few express their astonishment at the recent "Flax Movement," and wonder why we should be so desirous of finding any substitute for what has hitherto answered, and still continues to answer our purpose remarkably well.

The annual importation of raw cotton into Great Britain has risen enormously since the commencement of the present century. In 1800, it amounted to fifty-six millions of pounds; in 1815, to one hundred millions; in 1835, to four hundred millions; and at the present time it is upwards of seven hundred millions of pounds, equal to one thousand tons a-day. Nearly the whole of this arrives at the port of Liverpool. Seventeen-twentieths of this aggregate is imported from the United States of America, the remainder from the Brazils, the East Indies, and Egypt. About one-seventh leaves the country

for other places in the raw state; so that fully six hundred millions of pounds are wrought into goods in our factories, the greater portion of which are in Lancashire, affording employment to a million-and-a-half of inhabitants. The quantity manufactured is thus disposed of: — one-tenth is wasted in the process, in dirt and refuse; one-fourth is worked up for home consumption; and the balance is shipped to other countries as manufactured goods. The present yearly value of the Cotton manufacture of this country is estimated at forty-five millions sterling, of which thirty millions are believed to be paid away in wages; one-third being the original cost of the raw material. In some inferior descriptions of goods the value of the material is far beyond that of the labour and skill expended on them. In others, the labour bestowed in their production is infinitely more costly than the original value of the material operated upon. Samples of cotton yarn have been recently produced so exquisitely fine in texture, that a single thread is found to be invisible to the naked eye, unless placed upon some dark substance. A hank of cotton measures eight hundred and forty yards; yet it would require more than two thousand hanks of this gossamer to weigh one pound. Twenty-five pounds weight of such a fibre would encircle the globe at the equator, whilst in value it would far exceed it own weight in gold. In the importation of the raw cotton into this country, and in the exportation of the manufactured goods, about eight hundred thousand tons of shipping are yearly employed.

Perhaps a better idea of the magnitude of this branch of our national industry can scarcely be embodied than in these two facts: — Firstly, a rise in the price of the raw material of twopence the pound, costs the manufacturers four millions sterling; Secondly, in the simple process of starching the fibres whilst being spun, two hundred and fifty thousand barrels of flour are annually used, worth about half a million sterling.

Such is the Cotton trade of England; unequalled by any industry of any other country in the world. It is not difficult, therefore, to understand how important becomes any question affecting the future supply of this great staple commodity. We are at present dependent upon another nation for the staff of our national prosperity, and that nation depends upon the labour of a race of slaves. Let any great social or physical convulsion visit that country, and England would feel the shock from Land's End to John O'Groat's. The lives of nearly two millions of our countrymen are dependent upon the cotton crops of America; their destiny may be said, without any sort of hyperbole, to hang upon a thread. Should any dire calamity befal the land of cotton, a

thousand of our merchant ships would rot idly in dock; ten thousand mills must stay their busy looms; two thousand thousand mouths would starve for lack of work to feed them.

It is not, however, sufficient that we glance at the Cotton manufacture; we must say a few passing words touching that of Linen, before pointing out the operation of the present "Flax Movement." For the supply of flax, we are equally dependent upon foreign countries; not more than one-fourth of the flax required, that is, a hundred thousand tons, being grown in Great Britain. We pay to other countries for flax, for linseed, and for oil-cake, not much under seven millions sterling annually; whilst we ship linen goods to the yearly value of three millions sterling. Flax is employed in the manufacture of the most delicate French and Irish cambrics, and of the coarsest sail-cloth and tarpaulins; of the most beautiful laces from Lisle and Valenciennes, and of the heavier sacking and towelling. The folds of snowy lawn that deck a bishop's arms, and the stout storm-sail that rides out the fiercest gale, are both the produce of the same plant.

The propriety of rendering ourselves independent of other nations for the supply of cotton, is no new idea. It has been enter- for many years past. The icturers of Manchester have rging the cultivation of in our Indian possessions, where vast tracts of land are known to exist well suited to the cultivation. Our own chilly climate is utterly unfitted for the growth of this plant; with flax, however, the case is different, and, as already stated, about one-fourth of our requirements of this article is raised on British ground. There appears to be no reason whatever, why the remaining three-fourths should not also be grown upon our own soil. Besides which, recent experiments have demonstrated that flax may be substituted for one half of the cotton at present in use, which would give an additional demand for the article of five hundred tons daily, requiring for their growth twelve thousand acres every week. The experiments alluded to were made by the Chevalier Clausson, who has thus originated what is known as the "Flax Movement." By these he discovered a simple and at the same time beautiful and effective process, by which flax may be "cottonised" or converted into what is termed "British Cotton."

Some of the more important processes in the manufacturing arts have been the result of mere accident. It was even so with Flax Cotton. The accidental discovery of the new application of the flax-plant has been thus described, in the last edition of the Chevalier Clausson's little work on the subject of the "Movement:" —

Wandering along the luxuriant banks of one of the Brazilian

rivers, his attention was attracted to a white, down-like substance, adhering to the branches of trees, overhanging and touching the stream. On obtaining a quantity of it, he was so pleased with its character, that — thinking he had discovered some vegetable product hitherto unknown — he determined to trace it, if possible, to its source, and to ascertain the plant which produced it. Pursuing his task with great ardour, he eventually found that the substance had been washed from a bed of flax-straw, the produce of some of his own land; and which, long before, he had caused to be thrown, as useless, near the banks of the river. As the swollen waters had occasional access to this heap, fermentation, and the decomposition of a portion of the plant, had taken place; and, in time, the influence of natural chemistry had so separated the filaments of the flax-fibre, as to give the mass a cotton-like appearance. Some of it having been washed by the river, had been arrested by the overhanging branches.

The process thus casually observed in a very imperfect state, Clausson afterwards imitated by the aid of chemistry; and he can now supply the factories of Lancashire with a home-grown substance, capable of being worked up with certain portions of cotton, silk, or wool, with the machinery already in use for those manufactures. And herein lies the great value of the discovery. From the peculiar structure of the flax-fibre, and the consequent nature of the machinery to work it up, it now costs tenpence per pound in the manufacture; whereas cotton is made up for threepence per pound. It is obvious, therefore, that by preparing flax, so as to be capable of being worked upon the ordinary machinery at the same cost as cotton, the process must be one of great value. Next in importance to this, is the greater yield of marketable fibre from a given quantity of straw, than by the old mode of steeping and preparing.

We will now examine the new process; which we witnessed a short time since, at the Chevalier's model establishment at Stepney. An old poorhouse has been converted into a factory; oakum-picking has been supplanted by the magic transformation of chemistry; iron soup-boilers are now busy with mysterious mixtures, producing results which, when the old fabric was built, would have consigned every man and woman concerned to the stake at Smithfield, for sorcerers and witches.

The flax plant is composed of three distinct parts, the wood, the fibre, and the gum-resin, which causes the fibres to adhere together. To remove the wood is the first object; and this, under the old system, was performed by a machine little better than a flail. Here commences the first improvement. At the Stepney factory we saw a small apparatus at work,

which costing a mere trifle, removed the wood from the fibre with astonishing rapidity and cleanliness. It is proposed that growers should employ this machine on their farms; by which means they reduce the bulk by one-half, and at the same time retain the portion most useful for manure. In this state it will be brought to market for sale to the manufacturers, who will then have to free it, in the first instance, from the gum-resin. Under the old system, this was effected by steeping the flax in cold water, a process which occupied from four to six weeks, and frequently caused much discoloration of the fibres. The Chevalier's mode consists in boiling the material in a weak alkaline solution for about four hours, after which it is washed first in a slightly acidified liquor, and then in plain water. It is then dried and in a fit state for the various processes of scutching, heckling, &c., necessary to render it fit for the linen manufacture. In order to "cottonise" the flax, according to the Clausson's patent, the fibres are taken from the washing vats direct to a series of other vats, ranged side by side; and it is in these that the magic of chemistry is so brought to bear as to transmute a heavy mass of dark, harsh straw, in the course of some minutes, to a light, silky, snow-white wool.

In the first of these vats is a weak solution of carbonate of soda: here the previously boiled and washed fibres are steeped for about fifteen minutes, during which time they become completely saturated with the soda liquid. To explain the chemical action which follows, it is necessary to point out the structure of the flax fibre. These fibres, minute though they be, are cellular, composed of a number of smaller cylinders, united closely at their side. It is the separation of these finer fibres, and the consequent addition to the length and surface of the whole mass, that has now to be accomplished; a process that may well be likened to hair-splitting. These cellular fibres being thoroughly saturated with the soda in most minute quantities, are removed from the first vat, and placed in vat number two, containing water slightly acidulated with one part in five hundred of sulphuric acid. The change which now takes place is instantaneous. A rapid frothing and ebullition of the liquor may be observed, and the heavy mass of flax which, in the first liquor, sank far below the surface, is now seen floating lightly on the face of the water: it is no longer flax — it is British Cotton. And how has this happened? The acid in this liquor, finding its way into the little cylinders already saturated with the soda, immediately effects a chemical change; the sulphuric acid combines with the alkali, and forms sulphate of soda, giving out the carbonic acid gas from the carbonate of soda, which, seeking its liberation, expands and bursts

open the cellular tubes. The cottonised flax is next placed in a weak solution of soda, in order to free it from any remaining acid; and thence transferred to the bleaching vat, which contains a mixture of solution of chloride of lime and sulphate of magnesia. Here it remains during two hours, at the end of which time it wears a perfectly snow-white appearance. The process is then completed by washing, first in a weak acid liquor, and afterwards in pure water. It then only remains to dry the flax-cotton, in order to fit it for the after processes, preparatory to spinning. The same method as has been here described can be made available for converting the refuse tow from the flax establishments into a fine white article, admirably adapted for paper-making, and at a less price than he pays for linen rags. The value of this latter preparation may be estimated, when it is known that one manufacturer of linen in the north of Ireland throws aside "refuse tow" to the yearly value of five thousand pounds sterling; all of which, at present, is utterly useless.

From what has been stated, it is evident that the objection held against this process, of its converting a dear article into a cheap one, does not hold. Not only is the value of the British cotton greatly enhanced by being rendered capable of spinning at the low cost of ordinary cotton goods, but the yield of marketable fibre is much increased, and at a much less cost of time and labour than was needed under the old method. The new fibre is so completely assimilated in character to cotton, that it readily receives the rich dyes imparted to the latter, and is, in short, capable of being printed or dyed in a precisely similar manner.

At the Stepney model factory we examined specimens of flannel, felt, and woollen cloth, manufactured of equal parts of British cotton and wool; also, a felt that was composed entirely of the former material. All of those goods had a remarkably stout feel, and appeared to be strong in their body.

Combined with silk, British cotton may be worked up with great ease on the existing silk machinery, and when so wrought, is capable of receiving the same colours in dying, and materially adding to the strength of the fabric manufactured.

We saw two other substances, which, it appears, are quite as susceptible of being "cottonised" as flax: one was a coarse species of China silk, at present of little value; the other was "Jute," or Indian hemp. Both of these fibres were materially improved in appearance and feel, and are, no doubt, in their new form, adapted to purposes for which they were not at all available, previously.

Looking at this "Flax Movement" in an agricultural point of view, we shall find as many advantages likely to arise from it in that direction as in any other.

Hitherto it has been a most prevalent opinion that flax crops were exceedingly exhaustive in their effect upon the soil. Experiments fairly carried out have shown this to be a fallacy. Chemical analysis of the plant, and a series of flax crops taken from the same land, have proved beyond a doubt, that not only does this cultivation not weaken the soil, but tends to keep it in a state of great productiveness.

An examination of the structure of the plant demonstrates that those portions of it which absorb the alkalies and the nutritive properties of the soil, are those which are not required for the purpose of manufacture; namely, the woody part, the resinous matter, and the seed. The fibres derive their elements almost entirely from the atmosphere, one hundred parts containing not more than two parts of mineral matters. Under the old process of steeping, the nutritive portions contained in the wood and gum, as well as the whole of the seed, were lost in the fermentation during steeping; so that nothing whatever was restored to the land. By the new method, these properties are capable of being returned whence they were taken. The seed may be either employed in feeding cattle, or crushed for oil; the oil-cake being in that case returned for the cattle-yard.

Estimates, based upon several years of actual experience, go to show that, by this cultivation, the farmer may realize a yearly profit from fifteen pounds to eighteen pounds the acre, and that, too, upon land which has been just previously heavily cropped in cereals. Many thousands of acres which hitherto have yielded but indifferent and uncertain crops, or which have scarcely been worth cultivation, may be brought under flax without any fear of the result. Hitherto, the absence of linen manufactures, and the consequent want of markets, in so many parts of England and Scotland, have proved a serious obstacle to any attempts at extending flax culture. But now that every grower may, by the purchase of an inexpensive and simply constructed machine, convert the flax-straw into a fit condition for economical and convenient transport to a market, and now that conveyance is so much lessened in cost, and that the patent process will before long be in active operation in every agricultural county of Great Britain and Ireland, it is to be hoped that a widely extended cultivation of this article may take place, affording active employment to a vast number of persons of all ages.

Already the patent has been taken in hand in Scotland: arrangements are in progress for a similar undertaking in Ireland; and, should the like activity be manifested in England, there can be little doubt that two most important results will have been attained — the providing a great portion of our poorer population with good employment, and rendering our manufacturers less dependent upon the United

States for the supply of flax and cotton.

THE GROWTH OF GOOD.

FAR where the smooth Pacific swells,
Beneath an arch of blue,
Where sky and wave together meet,
A coral reefiet grew.

No mortal eye espied it there,
Nor sea-bird poised on high;
Lonely it sprang, and lonely grew,
The nursling of the sky.

soft-caressing touch, the wind
summer round it play'd;
murmuring through its tiny caves,
easing music made.

ministering wind, so sweet
h mountain-perfume, brought
ngeful robe of emerald moss,
By fairy fingers wrought.

Thus day by day, and year by year,
The little islet grew;
Its food, the flower-dust wafted by;
Its drink, the crystal dew.

By night the lonely stars look'd forth,
Each from his watch-tower high,
And smiled a loving blessing down,
Gently and silently.

And forest birds from distant isles,
A moment settled there;
And from their plumage shook the seeds,
Then sprang into the air.

The islet grew, and tender plants
Rose up amidst the dearth —
Bloom'd, died, and dropt upon the soil,
Like gifts from Heaven to Earth.

Thus ages pass'd; a hundred trees
Graced that once barren strand;
A hundred ships its produce bore
To many a distant land.

And thus in every human heart
A germ of good is sown,
Whose strivings upward to the light
Are seen by God alone.

VISITING AT CRANFORD.

ONE morning, as Miss Matey and I sat at our work — it was before twelve o'clock, and Miss Matey had not yet changed the cap with yellow ribbons, that had been Miss Jenkyns' best, and which Miss Matey was now wearing out in private, putting on the one made in imitation of Mrs. Jamieson's at all times when she expected to be seen — Martha came up, and asked if Miss Betty Barker might speak to her mistress. Miss Matey assented, and quickly disappeared to change the yellow ribbons, while Miss Barker came up stairs; but, as she had forgotten her spectacles, and was rather flurried by the unusual time of the visit, I was not surprised to see her return with one cap on the top of the other. She was quite unconscious of it herself, and looked at us with bland satisfaction. Nor do I think Miss Barker perceived it; for, putting aside the little circumstance that she was not so young as she had been, she was very much absorbed in her errand; which she delivered herself of, with an oppressive modesty that found vent in endless apologies.

Miss Betty Barker was the daughter of the old clerk at Cranford, who had officiated in Mr. Jenkyns' time. She and her sister had had pretty good situations as ladies' maids, and had saved up money enough to set up a milliners' shop, which had been patronised by the ladies in the

neighbourhood. Lady Arley, for instance, would occasionally give Miss Barkers the pattern of an old cap of hers, which they immediately copied and circulated among the *élite* of Cranford. I say the *élite*, for Miss Barkers had caught the trick of the place, and piqued themselves upon their "aristocratic connection." They would not sell their caps and ribbons to anyone without a pedigree. Many a farmer's wife or daughter turned away huffed from Miss Barkers' select millinery, and went rather to the universal shop, where the profits of brown soap and moist sugar enabled the proprietor to go straight to (Paris, he said, until he found his customers too patriotic and John Bullish to wear what the Mounseers wore) London; where, as he often told his customers, Queen Adelaide had appeared only the very week before in a cap exactly like the one he showed them, trimmed with yellow and blue ribbons, and had been complimented by King William on the becoming nature of her head-dress.

Miss Barkers, who confined themselves to truth, and did not approve of miscellaneous customers, throve notwithstanding. They were self-denying, good people. Many a time have I seen the eldest of them (she that had been maid to Mrs. Jamieson) carrying out some delicate mess to a poor person. They only aped their betters in having "nothing to do" with the class immediately below theirs. And when Miss Barker died, their profits and income were found to be such that Miss Betty was justified in shutting up shop, and retiring from business. She also (as I think I have before said) set up her cow; a mark of respectability in Cranford, almost as decided as setting up a gig is among some people. She dressed finer than any lady in Cranford; and we did not wonder at it; for it was understood that she was wearing out all the bonnets and caps, and outrageous ribbons, which had once formed her stock in trade. It was five six years since they had given shop: so in any other place th Cranford her dress might h been considered *passée*.

And now, Miss Betty Barker had called to invite Miss Matey to tea at her house on the following Tuesday. She gave me also an impromptu invitation, as I happened to be a visitor; though I could see she had a little fear lest, since my father had gone to live in Drumble, he might have engaged in that "horrid cotton trade," and so dragged his family down out of "aristocratic society." She prefaced this invitation with so many apologies, that she quite excited my curiosity. "Her presumption" was to be excused. What had she been doing? She seemed so overpowered by it, I could only think that she had been writing to Queen Adelaide, to ask for a receipt for washing lace; but the act which she so characterised was only an invitation she had carried to her sister's

former misstress, Mrs. Jamieson. "Her former occupation considered, could Miss Matey excuse the liberty?" Ah! thought I, she has found out that double cap, and is going to rectify Miss Matey's head-dress. No! it was simply to extend her invitation to Miss Matey and to me. Miss Matey bowed acceptance; and I wondered that, in the graceful action, she did not feel the unusual weight and extraordinary height of her head-dress. But I do not think she did; for she recovered her balance, and went on talking to Miss Betty in a kind, condescending manner, very different from the fidgety way she would have had, if she had suspected how singular her appearance was.

Mrs. Jamieson is coming, I think you said?" asked Miss Matey.

"Yes. Mrs. Jamieson most kindly and condescendingly said she would be happy to come. One little stipulation she made, that she should bring Carlo. I told her that if I had a weakness, it was for dogs."

"And Miss Pole?" questioned Miss Matey, who was thinking of her pool at Preference, in which Carlo would not be available as a partner.

"I am going to ask Miss Pole. Of course, I could not think of asking her until I had asked you, Madam — the rector's daughter, Madam. Believe me, I do not forget the situation my father held under yours."

"And Mrs. Forrester, of course?"

"And Mrs. Forrester. I thought, in fact, of going to her before I went to Miss Pole. Although her circumstances are changed, Madam, we can never forget her alliance to the Bigges, of Bigelow Hall."

Miss Matey cared much more for the little circumstance of her being a very good card-player.

"Mrs. Fitz-Adam — I suppose" —

"No, Madam. I must draw a line somewhere. Mrs. Jamieson would not, I think, like to meet Mrs. Fitz-Adam. I have the greatest respect for Mrs. Fitz-Adam — but I cannot think her fit society for such ladies as Mrs. Jamieson and Miss Matilda Jenkyns."

Miss Betty Barker bowed low to Miss Matey, and pursed up her mouth. She looked at me with sidelong dignity, as much as to say, although a retired milliner, she was no democrat, and understood the difference of ranks.

"May I beg you to come as near half-past six, to my little dwelling, as possible, Miss Matilda? Mrs. Jamieson dines at five, but has kindly promised not to delay her visit beyond that time — half-past six." And with a swimming curtsey Miss Betty Barker took her leave.

My prophetic soul foretold a visit that afternoon from Miss Pole, who usually came to call on Miss Matilda after any event —

or indeed in sight of any event — to talk it over with her.

"Miss Betty told me it was to be a choice and select few," said Miss Pole, as she and Miss Matey compared notes.

"Yes, so she said. Not even Mrs. Fitz-Adam."

Now Mrs. Fitz-Adam was the widowed sister of the Cranford surgeon, whom I have named before. Their parents were respectable farmers, content with their station. The name of these good people was Hoggins. Mr. Hoggins was the Cranford doctor now; we disliked the name, and considered it coarse; but, as Miss Jenkyns said, if he changed it to Piggins it would not be much better. We had hoped to discover a relationship between him and that Marchioness of Exeter whose name was Molly Hoggins; but the man, careless of his own interests, utterly ignored and denied any such relationship; although, as dear Miss Jenkyns had said, he had a sister called Mary, and the same Christian names were very apt to run in families. Soon after Miss Mary Hoggins married Mr. Fitz-Adam, she disappeared from the neighbourhood for many years. She did not move in a sphere in Cranford society sufficiently high to make any of us care to know what Mr. Fitz-Adam was. He died and was gathered to his fathers, without our ever having thought about him at all. And then Mrs. Fitz-Adam reappeared in Cranford, "as bold as a lion," Miss Pole said, a well-to-do widow, dressed in rustling black silk, so soon after her husband's death, that poor Miss Jenkyns was justified in the remark she made, that "bombazine would have shown a deeper sense of her loss."

I remember the convocation of ladies, who assembled to decide whether or not Mrs. Fitz-Adam should be called upon by the old blue-blooded inhabitants of Cranford. She had taken a large rambling house, which had been usually considered to confer a patent of gentility upon its tenant; because, once upon a time, seventy or eighty years before, the spinster daughter of an earl had resided in it. I am not sure if the inhabiting this house was not also believed to convey some unusual power of intellect; for the earl's daughter, Lady Jane, had had a sister, Lady Anne, who had married a general officer, in the time of the American war; and this general officer had written one or two comedies, which were still acted on the London boards; and which, when we saw them advertised, made us all draw up, and feel that Drury Lane was paying a very pretty compliment to Cranford. Still, it was not at all a settled thing that Mrs. Fitz-Adam was to be visited, when dear Miss Jenkyns died; and, with her, something of the clear knowledge of the strict code of gentility went out too. As Miss Pole observed, "As most of the ladies of good family in Cranford were elderly spinsters, or widows without

children, if we did not relax a little, and become less exclusive, by-and-bye we should have no society at all."

Mrs. Forrester continued on the same side.

"She had always understood that Fitz meant something aristocratic; there was Fitz-Roy — she thought that some of the Kings' children had been called Fitz-Roy: and there was Fitz-Clarence now — they were the children of dear good King William the Fourth. Fitz-Adam! — it was a pretty name; and she thought it very probably meant 'Child of Adam.' No one, who had not some good blood in their veins, would dare to be called Fitz; there was a deal in a name — she had had a cousin who spelt his name with two little ffs — ffoulkes, and he always looked down upon capital letters, and said they belonged to lately invented families. She had been afraid he would die a bachelor, he was so very choice. When he met with a Mrs. ffaringdon, at a watering-place, he took to her immediately; and a very pretty genteel woman she was — a widow with a very good fortune — and 'my cousin,' Mr. ffoulkes, married her; and it was all owing to her two little ffs."

Mrs. Fitz-Adam did not stand a chance of meeting with a Mr. Fitz-anything in Cranford, so that could not have been her motive for settling there. Miss Matey thought it might have been the hope of being admitted in the society of the place, which would certainly be a very agreeable rise for *ci-devant* Miss Hoggins; and if this had been her hope, it would be cruel to disappoint her. So everybody called upon Mrs. Fitz-Adam — everybody but Mrs. Jamieson, who used to show how honourable she was by never seeing Mrs. Fitz-Adam, when they met at the Cranford parties. There would be only eight or ten ladies in the room, and Mrs. Fitz-Adam was the largest of all, and she invariably used to stand up when Mrs. Jamieson came in, and curtsey very low to her whenever she turned in her direction — so low, in fact, that I think Mrs. Jamieson must have looked at the wall above her, for she never moved a muscle of her face, no more than if she had not seen her. Still Mrs. Fitz-Adam persevered.

The spring evenings were getting bright and long, when three or four ladies in calashes met at Miss Barker's door. Do you know what a calash is? It is a covering worn over caps, not unlike the heads fastened on old-fashioned gigs; but sometimes it is not quite so large. This kind of head-gear always made an awful impression on the children in Cranford; and now two or three left off their play in the quiet sunny little street, and gathered, in wondering silence round Miss Pole, Miss Matey, and myself. We were silent, too, so that we could hear loud, suppressed whispers, inside Miss Barker's house: "Wait, Peggy! wait till I've run upstairs, and washed my

hands. When I cough, open the door; I'll not be a minute."

And, true enough, it was not a minute before we heard a noise, between a sneeze and a crow; on which the door flew open. Behind it stood a round-eyed maiden, all aghast at the honourable company of calashes, who marched in without a word. She recovered presence of mind enough to usher us into a small room, which had been the shop, but was now converted into a temporary dressing-room. There we unpinned and shook ourselves, and arranged our features before the glass into a sweet and gracious company-face; and then, bowing backwards with "After you, Ma'am," we allowed Mrs. Forrester to take precedence up the narrow staircase that led to Miss Barker's drawing-room. There she sat, as stately and composed as though we had never heard that odd-sounding cough, from which her throat must have been even then sore and rough. Kind, gentle, shabbily dressed Mrs. Forrester was immediately conducted to the second place of honour — a seat arranged something like Prince Albert's near the Queen's — good, but not so good. The place of pre-eminence was, of course, reserved for the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson, who presently came panting up the stairs — rlo rushing round her on her)gress, as if he meant to trip : up.

' d now, Miss Betty Barker ı proud and happy woman! tirred the fire, and shut the door, and sat as near to it as she could, quite on the edge of her chair. When Peggy came in, tottering under the weight of the tea-tray, I noticed that Miss Barker was sadly afraid lest Peggy should not keep her distance sufficiently. She and her mistress were on very familiar terms in their everyday intercourse, and Peggy wanted now to make several little confidences to her, which Miss Barker was on thorns to hear; but which she thought it her duty, as a lady, to repress. So she turned away from all Peggy's asides and signs; but she made one or two very mal-apropos answers to what was said; and at last, seized with a bright idea, she exclaimed, "Poor sweet Carlo! I 'm forgetting him. Come down stairs with me, poor ittie doggie, and it shall have its tea, it shall!" In a few minutes she returned, bland and benignant as before; but I thought she had forgotten to give the "poor ittie doggie" anything to eat; judging by the avidity with which he swallowed down chance pieces of cake. The tea-tray was abundantly loaded. I was pleased to see it, I was so hungry; but I was afraid the ladies present might think it vulgarly heaped up. I know they would have done at their own houses; but somehow the heaps disappeared here. I saw Mrs. Jamieson eating seed-cake, slowly and considerately, as she did everything; and I was rather surprised, for I knew she had told us, on the occasion of her last party, that she never had it in her

house, it reminded her so much of scented soap. She always gave us Savoy biscuits. However, Mrs. Jamieson was kindly indulgent to Miss Barker's want of knowledge of the customs of high life; and, to spare her feelings, ate three large pieces of seed-cake, with a placid, ruminating expression of countenance, not unlike a cow's.

After tea there was some little demur and difficulty. We were six in number; four could play at Preference, and for the other two there was Cribbage. But all, except myself — I was always rather afraid of the Cranford ladies at cards, for it was the most earnest and serious business they ever engaged in — were anxious to be of the "pool." Even Miss Barker, while declaring she did not know Spadille from Manille, was evidently hankering to take a hand. The dilemma was soon put an end to by a singular kind of noise. If a Baron's daughter-in-law could ever be supposed to snore, I should have said Mrs. Jamieson did so then; for, overcome by the heat of the room, and inclined to doze by nature, the temptation of that very comfortable arm-chair had been too much for her, and Mrs. Jamieson was nodding. Once or twice she opened her eyes with an effort, and calmly but unconsciously smiled upon us; but, by-and-bye, even her benevolence was not equal to this exertion, and she was sound asleep.

"It is very gratifying to me," whispered Miss Barker at the card-table to her three opponents, whom, notwithstanding her ignorance of the game, she was "basting" most unmercifully — "very gratifying, indeed, to see how completely Mrs. Jamieson feels at home in my poor little dwelling; she could not have paid me a greater compliment."—Miss Barker provided me with some literature, in the shape of three or four handsomely bound fashion-books ten or twelve years old, observing, as she put a little table and a candle for my especial benefit, that she knew young people liked to look at pictures. Carlo lay, and snorted, and started at his mistress's feet. He, too, was quite at home. The card-table was an animated scence to watch; four ladies' heads, with niddle-noddling caps, all nearly meeting over the middle of the table, in their eagerness to whisper quick enough and loud enough: and every now and then came Miss Barker's "Hush, ladies! if you please, hush! Mrs. Jamieson is asleep."

It was very difficult to steer clear between Mrs. Forerster's deafness and Mrs. Jamieson's sleepiness. But Miss Barker managed her arduous task well. She repeated the whisper to Mrs. Forrester, distorting her face considerably, in order to show, by the motions of her lips, what was said; and then she smiled kindly all round at us, and murmured to herself, "Very gratifying, indeed; I wish my poor sister had been alive to see this day."

Presently the door was thrown wide open; Carlo started to his feet, with a loud snapping bark, and Mrs. Jamieson awoke: or, perhaps, she had not been asleep — as she said almost directly, the room had been so light she had been glad to keep her eyes shut, but had been listening with great interest to all our amusing and agreeable conversation. Peggy came in once more, red with importance. Another tray! "Oh, gentility!" thought I, "can you endure this last shock?" For Miss Barker had ordered (nay, I doubt not prepared, although she did say, "Why! Peggy, what have you brought us?" and looked pleasantly surprised at the unexpected pleasure) all sort of good things for supper — scalloped oysters, potted lobsters, jelly, a dish called "little Cupids," (which was in great favour with the Cranford ladies; although too expensive to be given, except on solemn and state occasions), maccaroons sopped in brandy, I should have called it, if I had not known its more refined and classical name; in short, we were evidently to be feasted with all that was sweetest and best: and we thought it better to submit graciously, even at the cost of our gentility — which never ate suppers in general — but which, like most non-supper-eaters, was particularly hungry on all special occasions.

Miss Barker, in her former sphere, had, I dare say, been made acquainted with the beverage they call cherry-brandy. We none of us had ever seen such a thing, and rather shrunk back when she proffered it us — "just a little, leetle glass, ladies; after the oysters and lobsters, you know. Shell-fish are sometimes thought not very wholesome." We all shook our heads, like female mandarins; but, at last, Mrs. Jamieson suffered herself to be persuaded, and we followed her lead. It was not exactly unpalatable, though so hot and so strong that we thought ourselves bound to give evidence that we were not accustomed to such things, by coughing terribly — almost as strangely as Miss Barker had done, before we were admitted by Peggy.

"It's very strong," said Miss Pole, as she put down her empty glass; "I do believe there's spirit in it."

"Only a little drop — just necessary to make it keep!" said Miss Barker. "You know we put brandy-paper over preserves to make them keep. I often feel tipsy myself from eating damson tart."

I question whether damson tart would have opened Mrs. Jamieson's heart as the cherry-brandy did; but she told us of a coming event, respecting which she had been quite silent till that moment.

"My sister-in-law, Lady Glenmire, is coming to stay with me."

There was a chorus of "Indeed!" and then a pause. Each one rapidly reviewed her wardrobe, as to its fitness to appear in the presence of a Baron's widow; for, of course, a series of small

festivals were always held in Cranford on the arrival of a visitor at any of our friends' houses. We felt very pleasantly excited on the present occasion.

Not long after this, the maids and the lanterns were announced. Mrs. Jamieson had the sedan chair, which had squeezed itself into Miss Barker's narrow lobby with some difficulty; and, most literally, stopped the way. It required some skilful manœuvring on the part of the old chairmen (shoemakers by day; but, when summoned to carry the sedan, dressed up in a strange old livery — long great-coats, with small capes, coeval with the sedan, and similar to the dress of the class in Hogarth's pictures) to edge, and back, and try at it again, and finally to succeed in carrying their burden out of Miss Barker's front-door. Then we heard their quick pit-a-pat along the quiet little street, as we put on our calashes, and pinned up our gowns; Miss Barker hovering about us with offers of help; which, if she had not remembered her former occupation, and wished us to forget it, would have been much more pressing.

Early the next morning — directly after twelve — Miss Pole made her appearance at Miss Matey's. Some very trifling piece of business was alleged as a reason for the call; but there was evidently something behind. At last out it came.

"By the way, you'll think I'm strangely ignorant; but, do you really know, I am puzzled how we ought to address Lady Glenmire. Do you say, 'Your Ladyship,' where you would say 'you' to a common person? I have been puzzling all morning; and are we to say 'My Lady,' instead of 'Ma'am'? Now, you knew Lady Arley — will you kindly tell me the most correct way of speaking to the Peerage?"

Poor Miss Matey! she took off her spectacles, and she put them on again — but how Lady Arley was addressed, she could not remember.

"It is so long ago!" she said. "Dear! dear! how stupid I am! I don't think I ever saw her more than twice. I know we used to call Sir Peter, 'Sir Peter,' — but he came much oftener to see us than Lady Arley did. Deborah would have known in a minute. My lady — your ladyship. It sounds very strange, and as if it was not natural. I never thought of it before; but, now you have named it, I am all in a puzzle."

It was very certain Miss Pole would obtain no wise decision from Miss Matey, who got more bewildered every moment, and more perplexed as to etiquettes of address.

'Well, I really think," said Miss Pole, "I had better just go and tell Mrs. Forrester about our little difficulty. One sometimes grows nervous; and yet one would not have Lady Glenmire think we were quite ignorant of the etiquettes of high life in Cranford."

"And will you just step in here, dear Miss Pole, as you come back,

please; and tell me what you decide upon. Whatever you and Mrs. Forrester fix upon, will be quite right, I'm sure. 'Lady Arley,' 'Sir Peter,'" said Miss Matey to herself, trying to recall the old forms of words.

"Who is Lady Glenmire?" asked I.

"Oh! she's the widow of Mr. Jamieson — that's Mrs. Jamieson's late husband, you know — widow of his eldest brother. Mrs. Jamieson was a Miss Walker, daughter of Governor Walker. Your ladyship. My dear, if they fix on that way of speaking, you must just let me practise a little on you first, for I shall feel so foolish and hot, saying it the first time to Lady Glenmire."

It was really a relief to Miss Matey when Mrs. Jamieson came on a very unpolite errand. I notice that apathetic people have more quiet impertinence than any others; and Mrs. Jamieson came now to insinuate pretty plainly, that she did not particularly wish that the Cranford ladies should call upon her sister-in-law. I can hardly say how she made this clear; for I grew very indignant and warm, while with slow deliberation she was explaining her wishes to Miss Matey, who, a true lady herself, could hardly understand the feeling which made Mrs. Jamieson wish to appear to her noble sister-in-law as if she only d "county" families; Miss y remained puzzled and per- d long after I had found out the object of Mrs. Jamieson's visit.

When she did understand the drift of the honourable lady's call, it was pretty to see with what quiet dignity she received the intimation thus uncourteously given. She was not in the least hurt — she was of too gentle a spirit for that; nor was she exactly conscious of disapproving of Mrs. Jamieson's conduct; but there was something of this feeling in her mind, I am sure, which made her pass from the subject to others, in a less flurried and more composed manner tha Mrs. Jamieson was, inc more flurried of the tw could see she was glad tc leave.

A little while afterwa Pole returned, red and i... "Well! to be sure! You've had Mrs. Jamieson here, I find from Martha; and we are not to call on Lady Glenmire. Yes! I met Mrs. Jamieson, half-way between here and Mrs. Forrester's, and she told me; she took me so by surprise, I had nothing to say. I wish I had thought of something very sharp and sarcastic; I dare say I shall to-night. And Lady Glenmire is but the widow of a Scotch baron, after all! I went on to look at Mrs. Forrester's Peerage, to see who this lady was, that is to be kept under a glass-case: widow of a Scotch peer — never sat in the House of Lords — and as poor as Job, I dare say; and she — fifth daughter of some Mr. Campbell or other. You are the daughter

of a rector, at any rate, and related to the Arleys; and Sir Peter might have been Viscount Arley, every one says."

Miss Matey tried to soothe Miss Pole, but in vain. That lady, usually so kind and good-humoured, was now in a full flow of anger.

"And I went and ordered a cap this morning to be quite ready," said she, at last, letting out the secret which gave sting to Mrs. Jamieson's intimation. "Mrs. Jamieson shall see if it's so easy to get me to make fourth at a pool, when she has none of her fine Scotch relations with her!"

In coming out of church, the first Sunday on which Lady Glenmire appeared in Cranford, we sedulously talked together, and turned our backs on Mrs. Jamieson and her guest. If we might not call on her, we would not even look at her, though we were dying with curiosity to know what she was like. We had the comfort of questioning Martha in the afternoon. Martha did not belong to a sphere of society whose observation could be an implied compliment to Lady Glenmire, and Martha had made good use of her eyes.

"Well, Ma'am! is it the little lady with Mrs. Jamieson, you mean? I thought you would like more to know how young Mrs. Smith was dressed, her being a bride." (Mrs. Smith was the butcher's wife.)

Miss Pole said, "Good gracious me! as if we cared about a Mrs. Smith;" but was silent, as Martha resumed her speech.

"The little lady in Mrs. Jamieson's pew had on, Ma'am, rather an old black silk, and a shepherd's plaid cloak; Ma'am; and very bright black eyes, she had, Ma'am, and a pleasant, sharp face; not over young, Ma'am, but yet, I should guess, younger than Mrs. Jamieson herself. She looked up and down the church, like a bird, and nipped up her petticoats, when she came out, as quick and sharp as ever I see. I'll tell you what, Ma'am, she's more like Mrs. Deacon, at the 'Coach and Horses,' nor any one."

"Hush, Martha!" said Miss Matey; "that's not respectful."

"Isn't it, Ma'am? I beg pardon, I'm sure; but Jem Hearn said so as well. He said, she was just such a sharp stirring sort of a body" —

"Lady," said Miss Pole.

"Lady — as Mrs. Deacon."

Another Sunday passed away, and we still averted our eyes from Mrs. Jamieson and her guest, and made remarks to ourselves that we thought were very severe — almost too much so. Miss Matey was evidently uneasy at our sarcastic manner of speaking.

Perhaps by this time Lady Glenmire had found out that Mrs. Jamieson's was not the gayest, liveliest house in the world; perhaps Mrs. Jamieson had found out that most of the county families were in London, and that those who remained in — shire were not so alive as they might have been to the circumstance of

Lady Glenmire being in their neighbourhood. Great events spring out of small causes; so I will not pretend to say what induced Mrs. Jamieson to alter her determination of excluding the Cranford ladies, and send notes of invitation all round for a small party, on the following Tuesday. Mr. Mulliner himself brought them round. He *would* always ignore the fact of there being a back-door to any house, and gave a louder rat-tat than his mistress, Mrs. Jamieson. He had three little notes, which he carried in a large basket, in order to impress his mistress with an idea of their great weight, though they might easily have gone into his waistcoat pocket.

Miss Matey and I quietly decided we would have a previous engagement at home: — it was the evening on which Miss Matey usually made candle-lighters of all the notes and letters of the week; for on Mondays her accounts were always made straight — not a penny owing from the week before; so, by a natural arrangement, making candle-lighters fell upon a Tuesday evening, and gave us a legitimate excuse for declining Mrs. Jamieson's invitation. But before our answer was written, in came Miss Pole, with an open note in her hand.

"So!" she said. "Ah! I see you have got your note, too. Better late than never. I could have

/ Lady Glenmire she would
d enough of our society
a fortnight was over."

"Yes," said Miss Matey, "we're asked for Tuesday evening. And perhaps you would just kindly bring your work across and drink tea with us that night. It is my usual regular time for looking over all the last week's bills, and notes, and letters, and making candle-lighters of them; but that does not seem quite reason enough for saying I have a previous engagement at home, though I meant to make it do. Now, if you would come, my conscience would be quite at ease, and luckily the note is not written yet."

I saw Miss Pole's countenanc change while Miss Matey wa speaking.

"Don't you mean to go then?" asked she.

"Oh no!" said Miss Matey, quietly. "You don't either, I suppose?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Pole. "Yes, I think I do," said she, rather briskly; and, on seeing Miss Matey look surprised, she added, "You see, one would not like Mrs. Jamieson to think that anything she could do, or say, was of consequence enough to give offence; it would be a kind of letting down of ourselves, that I, for one, should not like. It would be too flattering to Mrs. Jamieson, if we allowed her to suppose that what she had said affected us a week, nay ten days afterwards."

"Well! I suppose it is wrong to be hurt and annoyed so long about anything; and, perhaps, after all, she did not mean to vex us. But I must say, I could not

have brought myself to say the things Mrs. Jamieson did about our not calling. I really don't think I shall go."

"Oh, come! Miss Matey, you must go; you know our friend Mrs. Jamieson is much more phlegmatic than most people, and does not enter into the little delicacies of feeling which you possess in so remarkable a degree."

"I thought you possessed them, too, that day Mrs. Jamieson called to tell us not to go," said Miss Matey, innocently.

But Miss Pole, in addition to her delicacies of feeling, possessed a very smart cap, which she was anxious to show to an admiring world; and so she seemed to forget all her angry words uttered not a fortnight before, and to be ready to act on what she called the great Christian principle of "Forgive and forget;" and she lectured dear Miss Matey so long on this head, that she absolutely ended by assuring her it was her duty, as a deceased rector's daughter, to buy a new cap, and go to the party at Mrs. Jamieson's. So "we were most happy to accept," instead of "regretting that we were obliged to decline."

The expenditure in dress in Cranford was principally in that one article referred to. If the heads were buried in smart new caps, the ladies were like ostriches, and cared not what became of their bodies. Old gowns, white and venerable collars, any number of brooches, up and down and everywhere (some with dogs' eyes painted in them; some that were like small picture-frames with mausoleums and weeping-willows neatly executed in hair inside; some, again, with miniatures of ladies and gentlemen sweetly smiling out of a nest of stiff muslin) — old brooches for a permanent ornament, and new caps to suit the fashion of the day; the ladies of Cranford always dressed with chaste elegance and propriety, as Miss Barker once prettily expressed it. And with three new caps, and a greater array of brooches than had ever been seen together at one time, since Cranford was a town, did Mrs. Forrester, and Miss Matey, and Miss Pole appear on that memorable Tuesday evening. I counted seven brooches myself on Miss Pole's dress. Two were fixed negligently in her cap (one was a butterfly made of Scotch pebbles, which a vivid imagination might believe to be the real insect); one fastened her net neck-kerchief; one her collar: one ornamented the front of her gown, midway between her throat and waist; and another adorned the point of her stomacher. Where the seventh was I have forgotten, but it was somewhere about her, I am sure.

But I am getting on too fast, in describing the dresses of the company. I should first relate the gathering, on the way to Mrs. Jamieson's. That lady lived in a large house just outside the town. A road, which had known what it was to be a street, ran right before the house, which opened out

upon it, without any intervening garden or court. Whatever the sun was about, he never shone on the front of that house. To be sure, the living-rooms were at the back, looking on to a pleasant garden; the front windows only belonged to kitchens and housekeeper's rooms, and pantries; and in one of them Mr. Mulliner was reported to sit. Indeed, looking askance, we often saw the back of a head, covered with hair-powder, which also extended itself over his coat-collar down to his very waist; and this imposing back was always engaged in reading the "St. James's Chronicle," opened wide, which, in some degree, accounted for the length of time the said newspaper was in reaching us — equal subscribers with Mrs. Jamieson, though, in right of her honourableness, she always had the reading of it first. This very Tuesday, the delay in forwarding the last number had been particularly aggravating; just when both Miss Pole and Miss Matey, the former more especially, had been wanting to see it, in order to coach up the court-news, ready for the evening's interview with aristocracy. Miss Pole told us she had absolutely taken time by the fore-lock, and been dressed by five o'clock, in order to be ready, if the "St. James's Chronicle" should come in at the last moment, — the very "St. James's Chronicle" which the powdered-head was tranquilly and composedly reading as we passed the accustomed window this evening.

"The impudence of the man!" said Miss Pole, in a low indignant whisper. "I should like to ask him, whether his mistress pays her quarter-share for his exclusive use."

We looked at her in admiration of the courage of her thought; for Mr. Mulliner was an object of great awe to all of us. He seemed never to have forgotten his condescension in coming to live at Cranford. Miss Jenkyns, at times, had stood forth as the undaunted champion of her sex, and spoken to him on terms of equality; but even Miss Jenkyns could get no higher. In his pleasantest and most gracious moods, he looked like a sulky cockatoo. He did not speak except in gruff monosyllables. He would wait in the hall when we begged him not to wait, and then look deeply offended because we had kept him there, while, with trembling, hasty hands, we prepared ourselves for appearing in company. Miss Pole ventured on a small joke as we went upstairs, intended, though addressed to us, to afford Mr. Mulliner some slight amusement. We all smiled, in order to seem as if we felt at our ease, and timidly looked for Mr. Mulliner's sympathy. Not a muscle of that wooden face had relaxed; and we were grave in an instant.

Mrs. Jamieson's drawing-room was cheerful; the evening sun came streaming into it, and the large square window was clustered round with flowers. The furniture was white and gold; not the

later style, Louis Quatorze I think they call it, all shells and twirls; no. Mrs. Jamieson's chairs and tables had not a curve or bend about them. The chair and table legs diminished as they neared the ground, and were straight and square in all their corners. The chairs were all a-row against the walls, with the exception of four or five which stood in a circle round the fire. They were railed with white bars across the back, and knobbed with gold; neither the railings nor the knobs invited to ease. There was a japanned table devoted to literature, on which lay a Bible, a Peerage, and a Prayer-Book. There was another square Pembroke table dedicated to the Fine Arts, on which there was a kaleidoscope, conversation-cards, puzzle-cards (tied together to an interminable length with faded pink satin ribbon), and a box painted in fond imitation of the drawings which decorate tea-chests. Carlo lay on the worsted-work rug, and ungraciously barked at us as we entered. Mrs. Jamieson stood up, giving us each a torpid smile of welcome, and looking helplessly beyond us at Mr. Mulliner, as if she hoped he would place us in chairs, for if he did not, she never could. I suppose he thought we could find our way to the circle round the fire, which reminded me of Stonehenge, I don't know why. Lady Glenmire came to the rescue of our hostess; and somehow or other we found ourselves for the first time placed agreeably, and not formally, in Mrs. Jamieson's house. Lady Glenmire, now we had time to look at her, proved to be a bright little woman of middle age, who had been very pretty in the days of her youth, and who was even yet very pleasant-looking. I saw Miss Pole appraising her dress in the first five minutes; and I take her word, when she said the next day,

"My dear! ten pounds would have purchased every stitch she had on — lace and all."

It was pleasant to suspect that a peeress could be poor, and partly reconciled us to the fact that her husband had never sat in the House of Lords; which, when we first heard of it, seemed a kind of swindling us out of our respect on false pretences; a sort of "A Lord and No Lord" business.

We were all very silent at first. We were thinking what we could talk about, that should be high enough to interest My Lady. There had been a rise in the price of sugar, which, as preserving-time was near, was a piece of intelligence to all our housekeeping hearts, and would have been the natural topic if Lady Glenmire had not been by. But we were not sure if the Peerage ate preserves — much less knew how they were made. At last, Miss Pole, who had always a great deal of courage and *savoir faire*, spoke to Lady Glenmire, who on her part had seemed just as much puzzled to know how to break the silence as we were.

"Has your ladyship been to

Court, lately?" asked she; and then gave a little glance round at us, half timid, and half triumphant, as much as to say, "See how judiciously I have chosen a subject befitting the rank of the stranger!"

"I never was there in my life," said Lady Glenmire, with a broad Scotch accent, but in a very sweet voice. And then, as if she had been too abrupt, she added "We very seldom went to London; only twice, in fact, during all my married life; and before I was married, my father had far too large a family" — (fifth daughter of Mr. Campbell, was in all our minds, I am sure) — "to take us often from our home, even to Edinburgh. Ye 'll have been in Edinburgh, may be?" said she, suddenly brightening up with the hope of a common interest. We had none of us been there; but Miss Pole had an uncle who once had passed a night there, which was very pleasant.

Mrs. Jamieson, meanwhile, was absorbed in wonder why Mr. Mulliner did not bring the tea; and, at length, the wonder oozed out of her mouth.

"I had better ring the bell, my dear, had not I?" said Lady Glenmire, briskly.

"No — I think not — Mulliner does not like to be hurried." We should have liked our tea, for we dined at an earlier hour than Mrs. Jamieson. I suspect Mr. Mulliner had to finish the St. James's before he chose to imself about tea. His mistress fidgetted and fidgetted, and kept saying, "I can't think why Mulliner does not bring tea. I can't think what he can be about." And Lady Glenmire at last grew quite impatient, but it was a pretty kind of impatience after all; and she rung the bell rather sharply, on receiving a half permission from her sister-in-law to do so. Mr. Mulliner appeared in dignified surprise. "Oh!" said Mrs. Jamieson, "Lady Glenmire rang the bell; I believe it was for tea."

In a few minutes tea wa brought. Very delicate was th china, very old the plate, very thi the bread-and-butter, and ve small the lumps of sugar. Suga was evidently Mrs. Jamieson's f vourite economy. I question the little filigree sugar-tong made something like scissor could have opened themselve wide enough to take up an hones vulgar, good-sized piece; an when I tried to take two littl minikin pieces at once, so as nc to be detected in too many re turns to the sugar-basin, they ab solutely dropped one, with a little sharp clatter, quite in a malicious and unnatural manner. But before this happened, we had had a slight disappointment. In the little silver jug was cream, in the larger one was milk. As soon as Mr. Mulliner came in, Carlo began to beg, which was a thing our manners forbade us to do, though I am sure we were just as hungry; and Mrs. Jamieson said she was certain we would excuse her

if she gave her poor dumb Carlo his tea first. She accordingly mixed a saucer-full for him, and put it down for him to lap; and then she told us how intelligent and sensible the dear little fellow was; he knew cream quite well, and constantly refused tea with only milk in it: so the milk was left for us, but we silently thought we were quite as intelligent and sensible as Carlo, and felt as if insult were added to injury, when we were called upon to admire the gratitude evinced by his wagging his tail for the cream, which should have been ours.

After tea we thawed down into common-life subjects. We were thankful to Lady Glenmire for having proposed some more bread-and-butter, and this mutual want made us better acquainted with her than we should ever have been with talking about the Court, though Miss Pole did say, she had hoped to know how the dear Queen was from some one who had seen her. The friendship begun over bread-and-butter, extended on to cards. Lady Glenmire played Preference to admiration, and was a complete authority as to Ombre and Quadrille. Even Miss Pole quite forgot to say "my lady," and "your ladyship," and said "Basto! Ma'am;" "you have Spadille, I believe," just as quietly as if we had never held the great Cranford parliament on the subject of the proper mode of addressing a peeress.

As a proof of how thoroughly we had forgotten that we were in the presence of one who might have sat down to tea with a coronet, instead of a cap, on her head, Mrs. Forrester related a curious little fact to Lady Glenmire — an anecdote known to the circle of her intimate friends, but of which even Mrs. Jamieson was not aware. It related to some fine old lace, the sole relic of better days, which Lady Glenmire was admiring on Mrs. Forrester's collar.

"Yes," said that lady, "such lace cannot be got now for either love or money; made by the nuns abroad they tell me. They say that they can't make it now even there. But, perhaps, they can, now they 've passed the Catholic Emancipation Bill. I should not wonder. But, in the meantime, I treasure up my lace very much. I daren't even trust the washing of it to my maid" (the little charity school-girl I have named before, but who sounded well as "my maid"). "I always wash it myself. And once it had a narrow escape. Of course, your ladyship knows that such lace must never be starched or ironed; some people wash it in sugar and water; and some in coffee, to make it the right yellow colour; but I myself have a very good receipt for washing it in milk, which stiffens it enough, and gives it a very good creamy colour. Well, Ma'am, I had tacked it together (and the beauty of this fine lace is, that when it is wet, it goes into a very little space), and put it to soak in milk, when, unfortunately, I left

the room; on my return, I found pussy on the table, looking very like a thief, but gulping very uncomfortably, as if she was half-choked with something she wanted to swallow, and could not. And, would you believe it? At first, I pitied her, and said, 'Poor pussy! poor pussy!' till, all at once, I looked and saw the cup of milk empty — cleaned out! 'You naughty cat!' said I; and I believe I was provoked enough to give her a slap, which did no good, but only helped the lace down — just as one slaps a choking child on the back. I could have cried, I was so vexed; but I determined I would not give the lace up without a struggle for it. I hoped the lace might disagree with her, at any rate; but it would have been too much for Job, if he had seen, as I did, that cat come in, quite placid and purring, not a quarter of an hour after, and almost expecting to be stroked. 'No, pussy!' said I; 'if you have any conscience, you ought not to expect that!' And then a thought struck me; and I rang the bell for my maid, and sent her to Mr. Hoggins, with my compliments, and would he be kind enough to lend me one of his top-boots for an hour? I did not think there was anything odd in the message; but Jenny said the young men in the surgery laughed as if they would be ill at my wanting a top-boot. When it came, Jenny and I put pussy in, with her fore-feet straight down, so that they were fastened, and could not scratch, and we gave her a tea-spoonful of currant-jelly, in which (your ladyship must excuse me) I had mixed some tartar emetic. I shall never forget how anxious I was that next half-hour. I took pussy to my own room, and spread a clean towel on the floor. I could have kissed her when she returned the lace to sight, very much as it had gone down. Jenny had boiling water ready, and we soaked it, and soaked it, and spread it on a lavender-bush in the sun, before I could touch it again, even to put it in milk. But now, your ladyship would never guess that it had been in pussy's inside."

We found out in the course of the evening that Lady Glenmire was going to pay Mrs. Jamieson a long visit, as she had given up her apartments in Edinburgh, and had no ties to take her back there in a hurry. On the whole, we were rather glad to hear this, for she had made a pleasant impression upon us; and it was also very comfortable to find, from things which dropped out in the course of conversation, that, in addition to many other genteel qualities, she was far removed from the vulgarity of wealth.

"Don't you find it very unpleasant, walking?" asked Mrs. Jamieson, as our respective servants were announced. It was a pretty regular question from Mrs. Jamieson, who had her own carriage in the coach-house, and always went out in a sedan chair to the very shortest distances. The

answers were nearly as much a matter of course,

"Oh dear, no! it is so pleasant and still at night!" "Such a refreshment after the excitement of a party!" "The stars are so beautiful!" This last was from Miss Matey.

"Are you fond of astronomy?" Lady Glenmire asked.

"Not very" — replied Miss Matey, rather confused at the moment to remember which was astronomy, and which was astrology — but the answer was true under either circumstance, for she read, and was slightly alarmed at, Francis Moore's astrological predictions; and, as to astronomy, in a private and confidential conversation, she had told me, she never could believe that the earth was moving constantly, and that she would not believe it if she could, it made her feel so tired and dizzy whenever she thought about it.

In our pattens, we picked our way home with extra care that night; so refined and delicate were our perceptions after drinking tea with "my lady."

A TOWER OF STRENGTH.

"EVERY man's house is his castle," has long been a favourite saying in England, and in Wales, too, where I live, when at home; and it suggests, and indeed is meant to imply, not only the abstract inviolability of a man's own private property, but the external demonstration of a good substantial wall, and a stout door with a lock and bolt to it, by way of a good practical sign and token of the fact. If a man dwelling in an old barn were to say this, it would obviously lose half its effect; and if he said it while strutting up and down in front of a dilapidated pigstye, he would, assuredly, be regarded either as a madman or a very sorry jester. We English and Welsh can very well understand a moral right, and the strength of it, as in the law, though this may generally be associated with the impression of a number of ponderous volumes bound in calf, and the prospect, or presence, of a prodigious bill of costs; but when direct reference is made to a substantial object, such as a house or a tower, we do expect that it shall be in a bodily condition to maintain and justify the opinion entertained and declared of it.

Full of these thoughts, the other day, I chanced to stroll up a certain hill in the neighbourhood of a fortress of time-honoured repute for its great strength — a strength not confined to the periods of history, in many grave and terrible records of which it is peculiarly rich; but, still held in extraordinary estimation at the present day. I should premise, that I only learnt all this afterwards; but, being a total stranger, I had no notion at the time what fortress it was that I was approaching. I bent my steps towards the dark place of strength, anxious to gratify my feelings by the discovery, that while "every man's

house is his castle," we possess castles in England which are capable of resisting all possible assaults upon the houses of those who reside within the protecting shadow of their embattled walls.

I advanced up the hill above mentioned, and emerging upon a great swelling summit, I presently found myself near to an immense range of old neglected walls and turrets, such as we see down in Wales very commonly, though I certainly had expected something very different of this place from its imposing look at a little distance. As I walked round, my wonder increased at its dirty, weed-grown, squalid appearance. Of course I now perceived that I had been quite mistaken in my first impression; because, so far from being a fortress of great strength, it was evidently not habitable, except by a few old crones and their pensioner husbands, who were allowed to reside there, and make a few pence by showing visitors what a place it once was, a very long time ago; just as they do at Caernarvon Castle, and Caerphilly, and other majestic remains of antiquity in the ancient principality, God bless it!

I descended towards what appeared to be the drawbridge and grand entrance-gate, or rather the place where they used to be, and I found myself passing between a high row of fresh wooden palisades, surrounding irregularly — and with unfinished gaps between mass of bricklayers' rubbish, masons' refuse, and carpenters' leavings, and navigators' work, in midway of confusion of hillocks of mould, and masses of dirt, and dry turf, and shavings, and pieces of wood, and heaps of brick rubbish, and round hard puddings of old mortar, and rags, and charred wood, and flat pieces of fresh mortar, and bricklayers' little quaint wheelbarrows, with ricketty planks for their thin round heads to run upon, and navigators with pickaxes, and spades, and mauls, and mallets, and mattocks, and paviors with trowels and paving-rammers, and beetles, almost as big as Falstaff's "three-man beetle;" and here and there the faded red-coat of a soldier, making its way through the workmen down towards the place which one may suppose was once called the drawbridge, as the passage in question, however overwhelmed with the doings and materials and rubbish, extended over a great broad trench below, which was no doubt the moat.

I eventually made my way down to this bridge of many wrecks, and standing close to one side, in order to avoid the press of passengers and soldiers and workmen passing to and fro, I looked down into the moat below. It was of great width, extending, probably, some fifty or sixty feet from the base of the fortress to its enclosing walled banks on the opposite side. It must have been a long time since any water was there. The walls displayed no remains of the usual moat or ditch-stains, and all the surface below

was covered with a dry scrubby sort of dusty grass, of a russet hue. Two small, ragged, hungry-looking urchins were playing a melancholy game at marbles in the centre; and a girl, without shoes or stockings, and who had lost her front teeth (better off than the fortification, which seemed to have lost all the teeth it ever had), was standing by, with a vacant look, trying to be interested in the game. I crossed over to the other side, and gazing down into the moat, I saw several extremely thin sheep, whose wool was of that sort of dull neutral tint that leaves one in some doubt as to whether the sheep was originally a white sheep smutted, or a black sheep faded. The creatures had been wandering about to try and find a few blades of grass worth cropping, and had evidently failed, and arrived at a half-patient, half-stupefied stand-still. As my face looked over into the moat below, the face of one of the sheep looked up at me, interrogatively; then another sheep looked up in my face; then they all five looked up; then one of them said "*baa!*" — then I withdrew. I had nothing to give them but sympathy, and they could not eat that.

Now, I was not aware whether this great fortress had the reputation of a "fine old ruin," such as travellers are directed to go and see in different parts of North and South Wales, or in many parts of England and Scotland; but such I imagined it, till I heard some of the passers-by remark, "What a strong place!" Could I have been so much mistaken, and was it really considered a place of strength? If so, I took it for granted that the condition of affairs outside was merely a temporary matter, involving some repairs of drains, sewers, gas-pipes, new paving, and so forth; perhaps the repair or construction of tunnels, secret passages, and other underground work of elaborate fortification. I passed over the bridge, therefore, and through the entrance-gate. Looking up at the iron-cased spikes of the portcullis, I saw that they were so rusty and rotten, that, if the gate had been suddenly lowered, they would have shattered themselves in a shower of old touchwood and dust. Still, I made no doubt that within I should find everything in high order, and fully justifying, by its tremendous batteries of guns, admirable arrangements for their service, and all other means and appliances of war, that this "Tower of Strength" was prepared to maintain its historical fame and present reputation.

I passed through stone courtyards and ways, and up stone steps, and found myself wandering round a kind of circuitous, narrow street, very squalid and deserted, having a line of small houses on one side, with dirty windows, some of them broken, and with locked doors, appearing as if seldom opened and having the words written "Artillery Officers If an Artillery offi

sided there, it is more than I should have expected. On the other side arose high walls, of different kinds, which at times I thought might form some portion or wing of the great castle within; others, I took to be the walls of some dilapidated house of old stores and refuse, while now and then was presented the remains of a house or building that had fallen in ruins a long time since, and sometimes leaving a gap, with a mass of rubbish heaped up below — all evidently of long standing, and no signs visible of any intention either of repairing the structure, or clearing away the wreck. Amidst one of these mounds of rubbish, I saw a poor old wounded wheelbarrow, lying hopelessly upon its back, with one leg and a stump sticking up in the air; but this was the only token of a thought having once dawned, that it might be as well not to leave things in this wretched state.

Noticing, here and there, a narrow passage between the queer-looking little houses called "Artillery Officers' Quarters," with a narrow flight of stone steps, I ascended them, and presently found myself on "the lines" or lower works of the fortress, with the back windows (or front, whichever they should be called) of the same houses on my right, and the walls, with their embrasures for musketry, on the left. At inter-
a certain number of
res, a stone shield
omething about the
size and shape of a tall tombstone, behind which two or three men might stand with loaded muskets, and peeping round, now and then, take a shot at any advancing party of an enemy who had penetrated the fortress gates, and ascended the lines at the other end. I walked along upon the slanting pavement of this desolate place, feeling uncommonly like some lonely cat in search of adventures, till I found the passage open upon a broad flight of stone steps; mounting which I gained the platform of a battery, and her
the first time, I came upon
try on duty. He inquired
smile if I belonged to the
son? The word astonished me. Garrison! What—which—where? I had never imagined there was any garrison among these ruins. Such was my thought, though reduced to words, and accompanied with a smile in return for that of the sentry, my reply only amounted to a simple and dignified "No."

"Then," said the sentry, "you must not come up here." As I was up there already, and had perambulated the lines in all the observing leisure of undisturbed solitude, this order had rather a pleasant effect. Of course I immediately complied. Yet I did think the thing odd; for what was he there to guard? Old brick rubbish and broken windows. This was the first time I had ever heard of a sentry being placed among ancient ruins. They never do this in Wales.

Arrived at the bottom of the

flight of steps, I moved forwards, attracted by a large range of building apparently new. Several soldiers were now visible, and I soon came to a guard-room, with a score of soldiers loitering about in the colonnade, and some of them being placed in marching order, and sent away to relieve the sentries. Ascending another flight of steps, I arrived in a large square. Here there were no ruins, excepting the cannon (long rows of which were displayed in all the deformity and rust of by-gone years), but I noticed ranges of great and comfortless-looking buildings, and in the middle, amidst much bleak wind and sharp flying dust, I saw a tall statue of an officer raised upon a pediment, with one leg, and a very handsome one, put forth to display a particularly well-made Hessian boot. Not finding anything attractive in this great draughty square, I turned off to the left, and very quickly found myself in the vicinity of barracks, where soldiers were standing out in front of their doors, without coat or waistcoat, washing their faces, and laughing, and carrying on practical jokes with each other. A strange mixture of things, all this seemed. A great square, great new buildings, and barracks with soldiers, all in the midst of dilapidation and absolute ruins of long standing, exactly like the appearance of things after a great fire!

I turned down a passage, and soon discovered that I was making a semicircle in the opposite direction to the one I had first perambulated. Similar sights presented themselves. Everywhere the same melancholy, squalid, deserted appearance — dilapidated houses, fallen houses, heaps of brick-rubbish — desolate Artillery Officers' Quarters — soldiers' canteens, sending forth prelusive odours of beer, tobacco, and sawdust, so that I knew of them before I came upon their crude and careless temporary sheds — and broken windows in houses that ought to have known better, some of which were patched up with rags and paper.

I made my way out in a far more puzzled state of mind than when I came in; and, passing over the drawbridge, I stopped to read an inscription upon a long board. It was exhibited upon a place that looked — from the booth-like shape and colour of it, its dirty locality, the heaps of rubbish all round it, its huge, showman-like placard, and its man in a very dirty dress of red cloth and old gold-lace, with a little round black squab hat and gold band, walking up and down in front — exactly like a show at a fair, the morning *after* the fair. The inscription upon the long board was: — "Ticket Office for the Sale of Tickets of Admission. Tickets for the Armouries, Sixpence each person; Tickets for the Jewel Houses, Sixpence each person."

On inquiry, I learned that this was the great TOWER OF LONDON! But so far from considered as a ruin, it with all manner of a

midable place of strength; so far from being uninhabited, many soldiers, and many officers (most of them superiors, having leave of absence, we suppose) resided in it; and that, so far from being neglected, it was regarded as a sort of dusky town, or very close and quiet borough, out of which a very great variety of incomes, places, fees, and emoluments were derived by a great number of meritorious individuals, whose claims upon the gratitude of their devoted country were fully recognised by those eminent personages who happened to be aware of the fact, and had the power to bestow such rewards.

That a place of such magnitude — comprising a number of great stone buildings, surrounded by a ruined town of small houses — should need a good many officers, as well as men, to keep it in proper order, I can have no doubt. The sort of order, or disorder, that it really presents, cannot, however, lay an equal claim to be represented by many persons of authority and importance. I trust, therefore, that it is only the gossip of the place which boasts that the Tower still has its Constable, the Duke; its Lieutenant, the Knightly Major-General; its Deputy Lieutenant, the Honourable Colonel; its Gentleman Porter; its *Gentleman Gaoler;* its Physician; its Chaplain; its Chief Bailiff: and—but really this is rather

entleman Headsman,

his be a true list of

osts and places, I cannot help fancying they must be uncommonly like sinecures! Nice quiet "places," quite in the shade, never dreamed of by any hunter after abuses in the disposal of the public money. Besides the above, there are the Major; certain other officers, and non-commissioned officers: the Assistant Chaplain; the Apothecary (who is, no doubt, the Deputy Physician); the Yeoman Porter (obviously the deputy of the Gentleman Porter); the Master Gunner; the Coroner; the Clerk of the Peace (who, we make bold to imagine, might be turned into a War Clerk in time of need), and some others, — by whom all the onerous and inexplicable duties of the place are carried on. I admit that this was not given to me upon evidence and authority; and yet I can't help fancying that some part of it must be true. The Tower is certainly a tempting opportunity for a quiet shady "place" or two.

I returned to my hotel, somewhat humbled at my mistake or my stupidity. I was as sure as ever that the Castle of Caernarvon was a magnificent old ruin: but after what I had seen of the Tower of London, and been told of the many high offices it finds cover for, all the old fortresses in my poor country must hide their dismantled heads. If, however, the Tower really be a strong place and worth keeping up, why on earth should it be left surrounded by such squalor and disgrace, and with no apparent intention of making itself decent?

OLD CLOTHES!

A STERN legislature has laid its red, or rather blue, right hand, in the shape of police enactments, upon many of the Cries of London. No more may the portly dustman toll his bell, and with lusty lungs make quiet streets re-echo to his cry of "Dust-ho!" The young sweep's shrill announcement of his avocation is against the law; and the sweep himself — first mute, perforce — has now ceded his place to the Ramoneur voluntarily, and has vanished altogether. Of the Cries which the New Police Act has not included in its ban, many have come to disuse, and must be numbered now with old fashions and old-fashioned people. The Cries are dead, and the criers, too. The "small-coal-man," and the vender of saloop; the merchant who so loudly declared in our boyhood, that if he had as much money as he could tell, he would not cry young lambs to sell; the dealer in sweet-stuff, who sang in so fine a barytone voice, and with so unctuous an emphasis, the one unvarying refrain, "My brandy-balls! my brandy-balls! My slap-up, slap-up brandy-balls!" the seller of rotten-stone and emery, who, by way of rider to the announcement of his wares, added strong adjurations; the reduced gentlewoman, who cried "cats'-meat!" in so subdued a tone (*she* flourished before my time, and I only regard her in a traditional light); — all these are gone. There was a work published towards the close of the last century, full of copperplate pictures of the various London criers, with notices of their "Cries." Look through the book now, and you will find few not obsolete. We have grown luxurious, and cry, "Pine apples, a penny a slice!" — moral, and have superseded the tossing pieman, who cried, "Toss or buy! up and win 'em!" by a gaudy "hot-pie depôt," with plate-glass windows and mahogany fixtures. We have grown fastidious, and have deserted "'Taters, all hot!" for the "Irish fruit warehouse;" the voice of him who cried, "One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns!" is hushed. Lord help us! where are we going to? The cry of "kea-rots" and "sparrowgrass" will go next, I suppose; "cats'-meat" will no longer be allowed to be cried; "milk ho!" is doomed; the cries of "butcher!" and "baker!" will be rendered illegal, and contrary to the statute in those cases made and provided.

But as I write, floats on the ambient air, adown the quiet street in which I live, softly through the [illegible]w, gently to my pleavery familiar and welcome cry. I have always heard *that* cry, and always shall, I hope. It was cried in London streets years before I was born, and will be cried years after I am dead. It never varies, never diminishes in volume or sonorous melody, this cry; for, as the world wags, and they that dwell in it live and

die, they must be clothed — and, amidst the wear and tear of life, their clothes are worn and torn, too; — so we shall always have old clothes to buy or sell; and for many a year, down many a quiet street, through many an open window, shall float that old familiar cry — "Old Clo'!"

My first recollections of Old Clo' are entwined with the remembrance of a threat, very awful and terrifying to me then, of being imprisoned in the bag of an old clothesman, and forthwith conveyed away. My threatener was a nurse-maid, who, if I remember right, left our service in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of a new silk dress, which she solemnly averred my mother to "have worn clean out;" and the clothesman was a dreadful old man, with a long, tangled, grey-reddish beard, a hawk nose, which, like the rebuke of the nautical damsel at Wapping Old Stairs, was never without a tear, and a bag of alarming size. I am not ashamed of saying, now, that I perfectly believed this clothesman (a harmless Israelite, no doubt,) to be capable of effecting my capture and abduction on the commission of any juvenile indiscretion whatsoever; and that he, and "the sweep," a mysterious bogey I was often menaced with, but never saw; a black dog, addicted to sitting on the shoulders of naughty children; and a "big, black man," supposed to be resident in the back kitchen, whence he made periodical irruptions for the purpose of devouring insubordinate juveniles, formed in their glomerate natures the incarnation, to my youthful and confused mind, of a certain personage who shall be nameless, but who has been likened to a roaring lion.

Strangely enough, this old clothesman of mine (he was dreadfully old when I first knew him) doesn't seem to get any older, and cries "Clo'!" to this day with undiminished voice and bag. I am not afraid of him now, and have even held conversations with him touching the statistics and profits of his trade. But I dream about him sometimes, and never look at that very large bag of his without a certain sort of awed and hushed curiosity. Very curious are early impressions in their ineffaceability. We can remember the father or the sister who died when we were babes almost, with minute distinctness; and yet forget what happened the day before yesterday. How well we can remember the history of Jack Horner, and the adventures of the other Jack, who rose in life through the instrumentality of a bean-stalk; and yet, how often we forget the matter of the first leader in the Morning Bellower, before we have got half through the second one!

The subject of left-off garments has always been an interesting one to me, for it is fertile in the vagabond-picturesque, a quality I much affect. Yet are there many mysteries connected with the old clothes question; which, though

I have studied it somewhat profoundly, I am as yet unable to fathom. To what I *do* know, however, the reader is perfectly welcome.

The statistics of ancient habiliments have already been fully and admirably touched upon, in "another place," as honourable Members say. The aspect of Rag Fair, Cloth Fair, Petticoat Lane, and Holywell Street, have, moreover, been described over and over again; so that my lay will be, perhaps, only an old song to a questionably new tune, after all. But there is nothing new under the sun to speak of, and to be entirely original would be, too, as out of the fashion, as it is out of my power to be so.

Imprimis, of old clothesmen. Why should the Hebrew race appear to possess a monopoly in the purchase and sale of dilapidated costume? Why should their voices, and theirs alone, be employed in the constant iteration of the talismanic monosyllables "Old Clo'?" Is it because Judas carried the bag that all the children of Israel are to trudge through London streets from morn till eve with sack on shoulder? In Glasgow, they say, the Irish have commenced the clothes trade, and have absolutely pushed the Jew clothesmen from their stools. I can scarcely believe so astounding an assertion. I could as soon imagine an Israelitish life-guardsman as a Hibernian old clothesman. I can't — can you — can anybody — imagine the strident, guttural "Ogh Clo'" of the Hebrew, the *mot d'ordre*, the shibboleth, the password of his race, transposed into the mellifluous buttermilky notes of the sister isle?

My old clothesmen are all of the "people." Numerous are they, persevering, all-observant, astute, sagacious, voluble yet discreet, prudent yet speculative. They avoid crowded main streets, and prefer shadier and quieter thoroughfares. These do they perambulate indefatigably at all seasons, in all weathers. Lives there the man who ever saw an old clothesman with an umbrella? I mean using it for the purpose an umbrella is generally put to. He may have, and very probably has, half-a-dozen in his bag, or somewhere about him, but never was he known to elevate one above his head.

I am sorry to gird at an established idea, but duty compels me to do so. Artists generally represent the old clothesman with three, and sometimes four, hats superposed one above the other. Now, though I have seen him with many hats in his hands or elsewhere, I never yet saw him with more than one hat on his head; and I have been assured by a respectable member of the fraternity, with whom I lately transacted business, that the three-hat tradition has no foundation whatever; in fact, that it is a mere device of the enemy, as shallow a libel as the ballad of "Hugh of Lincoln," or the assertion that Jews cannot expectorate, but

must, *nolens volens*, slobber. The three-hatted clothesman, if he ever existed, is obsolete; but I incline to consider him a myth, an æsthetic pre-Raphaelite abstraction, like the Sphinx, or the woman caressing her Chimæra.

The *old* old clothesman is, I am sorry to say, becoming every day a swan of blacker hue. Young Israel has taken the field, and Old Jewry — old, bearded, gabardined, bent-backed Jewry is nearly extinct. It may be, perhaps, that after a certain age he abandons the bag, and laying in a large stock of crockery-ware, and vouchers for enormous sums, retires to the East, where he awaits the goods which the gods of diplomacy provide him.

Very rarely now is the gabardine — that long, loose, shapeless garment, the same on which Antonio spat — to be seen in London streets. I recollect the time when nearly all the old clothesmen wore it, and I am certain *my* clothesman — the bogey of my childhood — was wont to be habited therein. Young Israel wears cut-away coats, and chains, and rings; has eschewed the beard for the curl known as aggravator, the chin tuft, and the luxuriant fringe of whisker; carries the bag jauntily, not wearily and cumbrously, as Old Jewry did. But the *inside* is the same, the sagacity, the perseverance, the bargaining — oh! the keen bargaining is as keen as

n there is the bagless
the apparently bag-

less one at least — the *marchand sans sac*. You may be in the street, and meet a gentleman attired in the first style of fashion, walking easily along, twirling his cane, and thinking, it would seem, of nothing at all. Passing him, you catch his eye; you find out that he has not got that piercing black eye and that acutely aquiline nose for nothing. He sidles up to you, and in an insinuating *sotto voce*, something between a stage "aside" and an invitation to "buy a little dawg" from a Regent-street fancier, asks you the momentous question, "Have you anything to shell, Sir?"

The interrogatory may have been put in Kensington, and you may live at Mile-end; but the bagless clothesman will not be deterred by any question of distance from accompanying you. He would walk by your side from Indus to the Pole, with that peculiar sidling, shuffling gait of his, on the bare chance of the reversion of a single pair of pantaloons. And, should you so far yield to his seductive entreaties as to summon him to your domicile, he will produce, with magical rapidity, from some unknown receptacle, a BAG — when, or where, or whence, or how obtained, it is not within the compass of human ken to know.

A marvellous article is that bag. It will hold everything and anything: always stuffed to repletion, it will hold more. The last straw, it has been aphoristically observed, breaks the camel's back; but trusses of trousers, stacks of pale-

tôts, ricks of waistcoats, thrust into this much-enduring bag, seem not to tax its powers of endurance to anything above a moderate degree. As to breaking the bag's back, it is far more likely that it would dislocate the dorsal vertebræ of any novice bold enough to carry it than its own.

A friend of mine met with a bagless clothesman on the Queen's highway, and in his habit as he lived. Being about to leave London, he acknowledged the soft impeachment of having a few old clothes to dispose of, and of which he thought he might as well make a few shillings. Trousers, waistcoats, and coats were produced, and passed in review, and then my friend yielded to a Machiavelic suggestion of the clothesman relative to old boots. Remembering the existence of a dilapidated pair of Wellingtons under the parlour sofa, he descended to fetch them, leaving — *infelix puer!* — the clothesman alone. He reascended: the usual chaffering, bickering, and eventual bargain-driving took place. The money agreed on was paid, and the clothesman departed. But — oh duplicity of clothesmankind! — the nefarious Israelite had stuffed into his bag the only pair of evening dress continuations my friend possessed. There was likewise a blue satin handkerchief with a white spot — what is popularly, I believe, known as a bird's-eye fogle — which was missing; and though, of course, *I* would not insinuate anything to the disadvantage of the carriers of the bag, the disappearance will be allowed to be strange. Mrs. Gumm, however, my friend's landlady, (who has sheltered so many medical students beneath her roof that she may almost be considered a member of the profession, and who reads the "Lancet" on Sunday afternoons with quite a relish), Mrs. Gumm now stoutly avers that he *did* annex them; declaring, in addition, her firm belief that he appropriated at the same time, and stowed away in his bag, a feather-bed of considerable size, and a miniature portrait of the Otaheitan chief who was supposed to have eaten a portion of Captain Cook: which portrait was presented to her by the Rev. Fugue Trumpetstop, an earnest man, and now minister of finance to King Kamehameha XXXIII. of the Sandwich Islands. I think that if there had been a chest of drawers or a four-post bed missing, the dealer in decayed apparel would have been suspected as the spoliator.

Carrying the bag, and crying "oghclo!" seems a sort of novitiate, or apprenticeship, which all Hebrews are subjected to. They can flesh their maiden swords in the streets, without its being at all considered derogatory. I please myself with the theory, sometimes, that of the millionnaires I see rolling by in carriages; read of as giving magnificent balls and suppers; hear of as the pillars of commerce and the girders of public credit; many have in their youth passed through the dusky proba-

tion of the bag. Keen chaffering about ragged paletôts and threadbare trousers prepared them, finished them, gave them a sharper edge for the negotiation of the little bill and the sale of the undoubted specimens of the old masters. And from these to millions there were but few steps. There is a dear old dirty, frowsy, picturesque, muddy, ill-paved, worse-lighted, immensely rich old street in Frankfort, called the "Judenstrasse," a sort of compound of the worst parts of Duke's Place and St. Mary Axe, and the best parts of Petticoat Lane, and Church Lane, St. Giles's. Here dwell the Jews of Frankfort — as dirty, as frowsy, and as wealthy as their abiding-place. Departing at morn, and returning at eve, with the never-failing bag, you may see the young Israelites; sitting at the doors, smoking their pipes in tranquillity, are the patriarchs; gossiping at the windows are the daughters of Judah, in robes of rainbow-hued silks or satins, but with under-garments of equivocal whiteness; sprawling in the gutters amidst old clothes, pots, pans, household furniture, and offal, are the bright-eyed little children. I like much to walk in the Judenstrasse (after a good dinner at the Hôtel de Russie), smoking the pipe of peace and Hungarian tobacco; glancing now at the old clothes, now at the clothesmen; now at the little babies in the ken- — peeping cunningly at the iron-stanchioned doors and indows, protected at night (and for reasons, the rogues!) with iron-bound shutters. I conjecture how many colossal fortunes have been made out of that shabby, grubby, ill-smelling old street. How many latent Rothschilds there may be in its back attics; how many Sampayos yet to come are sprawling in its kennels! The discipline of the bag is well observed in the Judenstrasse, and prospers as it does everywhere else.

And this only brings me back to my starting point, and makes me perplexed, confused, bothered. Why should the Jews deal in old clothes? Not only in London Frankfort: who has not heard nasal chant of the *Marchand d' bits* in Paris, crying "*Vieux hab vieux galons!*" Who has not seen him bartering with the grisette for the sale of her last Carnival's Debardeur dress? Who has not seen him slouching along, with a portion of the said Debardeur dress, in the shape of a pair of black velvet trousers, hanging over his arm; a pair of gold epaulettes sticking out of his coat-pocket; a cavalry sabre tucked under his arm, and an advocate's robe protruding from his as usual crammed bag? Who have not heard of the Gibraltar old clothesmen, or of the fights on board the Levant steamers between the Greeks and the Jews, on disputed questions, relative to the value of cast-off caftans and burnouses? I knew a young Turk once at Marseilles, who wore patent-leather boots, and perfumed himself indefati-

gably, but was not quite civilised for all that; for I remember making him a present of a large bottle of West India pickles, which, desiring him to *taste*, he ate, from the first Capsicum to the last Chilli; from the first to the last drop of the red-hot pickling vinegar, which he drank, all without one morsel of bread or meat; smacking his lips meanwhile, and saying "*Mi piace, questo bastimento!*" his usual expression when pleased. I remember asking him, when we were better acquainted, and he had acquired a more extended knowledge of the European languages, what were the characteristics of the Jews in Constantinople? "They are dogs," he said, simply, "and wear yellow handkerchiefs, and *go about the streets of Stamboul selling old clothes.*" If in Turkey, why not in Persia, in Abyssinia, in Crim Tartary — anywhere? There is something more in it than is dreamt of in my philosophy. For aught I know, though I believe it without knowledge, the Jews of Honan in China, or the black Jews of India, may deal in cast-off wearing apparel. Every Jew, millionnaire as he may become afterwards, seems to begin with the bag. A fabulously rich Israelite of whom I know something, was once solicited for some favour by a poorer member of his tribe. He declined acceding to the applicant's request. "Ah!" said his petitioner, spitefully (he was an ill-favoured old man, in a snuff-coloured coat, and a handkerchief tied round his head under his hat), "you 're a very great man, no doubt, now; *but I recollect the time when you used to sell pocket-handkerchiefs in the public-houses!*" And so, no doubt, he had.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step; and from old clothesmen to old clothes there is but half a one. Let us consider old clothes.

Under which head, I beg to be understood, I include old hats, old boots, old linen, old anything, in fact, in which man delighteth to array himself. With the ladies (bless them!) I will not pretend, just now, to meddle; they have their own distinctive old clothes dealers — their *revendeuses à la toilette*, their proprietors of shops where ladies' wardrobes are purchased. There are Eleusinian mysteries connected with this branch of the clothes trade; dark stories of duchesses' white satin dresses, and dowager countesses' crimson-velvet robes, about which I must have more certain information ere I discourse thereon. To the uninitiated, the "Ladies' Wardrobe" is, as no doubt it is proper it should be, a mystery — a glimmering haze of dusky little shops in back streets, pink silk stockings, white satin shoes, soiled ostrich feathers, ladies' maids, and ladies themselves, shawled and muffled, and with a cab waiting at the corner of the street. Fubsy women in printed gowns and aprons are dimly vicible through the haze, sometimes; and the tallyman has something, mysteriously, to do

with the matter. I will inquire into it.

But of the old clothes appertaining to the masculine gender. If you want to see old clothes, and old clothesmen in their glory, go to Cloth Fair, or the Clothes Exchange. You will have to pay a small toll on entrance towards the support of the market, but that is nothing. I should not so particularly advise you to take care of your pockets on this occasion; but I should most decidedly caution you to take care of the clothes of which those pockets form a part; for it is by no means improbable that half-a-dozen Jews will fall on you at once, and tug fiercely at your garments; not with any bellicose intention, but simply with the understanding that you *must* have something to sell; and that, carrying no bag, and being somewhat eccentric, you are actuated by a desire to sell what you stand upright in.

During the whole of the time the market lasts, one incessant series of pacific fights takes place. Rapidly, in twos and threes, and sometimes by dozens and half-dozens, swarm in the clothesmen who have been perambulating the streets since early morn. In a trice, on these erst buyers, now sellers, fall new buyers. What have they got to shell? For Moses' sake, vat have they got to shell? For all the Prophets' sake, give them the refusal! Oh! versh the bagsh? Oh! vat ish there in it? vat you vant? Oh! vat you

The gigantic bag is forcibly removed from the shoulders of the resisting clothesman; it and he are tugged, hauled, hustled, jostled, about. At last, he selects the merchant with whom he is desirous of doing business, and on that merchant's shopboard the multifarious contents of the wondrous bag will be vomited forth. Lord help us! will it never have done disgorging garments? More coats, more waistcoats, more continuations; a shower of hats; any quantities of pairs of boots, silk handkerchiefs, umbrellas, boys' caps, pattens; and, Sir, I am not exaggerating when I state, that this marvellous sack may, and has been very often known to, contain, and subsequently disgorge, such miscellaneous trifles as a few pounds of dripping, a birdcage, a live poodle, a theodolite, and an or-molu clock. All is fish that comes to the clothesman's net—all clothes that come to his bag. He would buy your head if it were loose.

On every merchant's shopboard similar heaps of hydra-natured garments are tumbling out of similar sacks. Then ensues frantic yelling, screeching, lung-tearing, ear-piercing bargain-making. They gibber, they howl, they clutch each other fiercely, and grapple over a farthing like wolves. See yonder yellow-visaged old mercator, with salt rheum in his eye, and a beard like the beard of an insolvent goat, grown careless of his personal appearance. He is from Amsterdam, and can speak no

English; yet he gibbers, and clutches, and grapples with the keenest of his British brethren. He holds up his fingers to denote how much he will give, and no more. For Moses' sake, another finger! S'help me, you're robbing me! S'help me, it 's yoursh! And the mercator has the best of the bargain, for your Jew, when a seller, is as loth to refuse money as he is, when a buyer, to part with it.

Now the air is darkened with legs and arms of garments held up to be inspected as to their condition. The buyer pokes, and peers into, and detects naplessness, and spies out patches, and is aware of rents, and smells out black and blue reviver, and noses darns and discovers torn linings; the seller, meanwhile, watching every movement with lynx-eyed inquietude. A lull takes place — a very temporary lull, while this inspection is going on; but only wait an instant, and you shall hear the howling, screeching, and see the clutching and grappling commence *de novo*. The air feels hot, and there is a fetid, squalid odour of rags. Jew boys stand in the midst of the market calling sweet-stuff and hot cakes for sale. Hark at Mammon and Gammon yelling at each other, browbeating, chaffering in mutilated English and bastard Hebrew. They *do* make a great noise, certainly; but is there not a little buzz, a trifling hum of business in the area of the Royal Exchange just before the bell rings? Does not Capel Court resound sometimes to the swell of human voices? Is not the immaculate Auction Mart itself occasionally anything but taciturn, when the advowson of a comfortable living is to be sold? We can make bargains, and noises about them, too, for other things besides old clothes.

Look at that heap of old clothes — that Pelion upon Ossa of ostracised garments. A reflective mind will find homilies, satires, aphorisms, by the dozen — thought-food by the ton weight, in that pile of dress-offal. There is my lord's coat, bespattered by the golden mud on Fortune's highway; threadbare in the back with much bowing; the embroidery tarnished, the spangles all blackened; a Monmouth Street laced coat. Revivified, coaxed, and tickled into transitory splendour again, it may lend vicarious dignity to some High Chamberlain, or Stick-in-Waiting, at the court of the Emperor Soulouque. There is a scarlet uniform coat, heavily, embroidered, which, no doubt has dazzled many a nursemaid in its day. It will shine at masquerades now; or, perchance, be worn by Mr. Belton, of the Theatres Royal; then emigrate, may be, and be the coat of office of the Commander-in-Chief of King Quashiboo's body-guard; or, with the addition of a cocked hat and straps, form the coronation costume of King Quashiboo himself. And there is John the footman's coat, with ruder embroidery, but very like my lord's

coat for all that. There, pell-mell, cheek by jowl, in as strange juxtaposition, and as strange equality, as corpses in a plague-pit, are the groom's gaiters and my Lord Bishop's spatterdashes; with, save the mark! poor Pat's ill-darned, many-holed brogues, his bell-crowned felt hat, his unmistakeable blue coat with the brass buttons, high in the collar, short in the waist, long in the tails, and ragged all over. There is no distinction of ranks; no precedence of rank, and rank alone, here. Patrick's brogues, if they were only sound and whole, instead of holey, would command a better price than my lord's torn black silk small-clothes; yon groom's gaiters are worth double the episcopal spatterdashes; and that rough fustian jacket would fetch more than the tattered dress-coat with only one sleeve, albeit 't was made by Stultz, and was once worn by Beau Smith.

Where are the people, I wonder, to whom these clothes belonged? Who will wear them next? Will the episcopal spatterdashes grace the calves of a Low Church green-grocer? Will John the footman's coat be transferred to Sambo or Mungo, standing on cucumber-shinned extremities on the foot-board of a chariot belonging to some militia field-marshal or other star of the Upper Ten Thousand of New York? Who was John, and whose footman was he? How many a weary mile the poor Jews have walked to get these sweepings of civilisation together, and make for a moment a muck-heap of fashion in Cloth Fair — a dunghill of vanity for chapmen to huckster over! All the lies and the subterfuges of dress, the padded coats and whale-boned waistcoats, the trousers that were patched in places where the skirts hid them, have come naked to this bankruptcy. The surtout that concealed the raggedness of the body-coat beneath; the body-coat that buttoned over the shirtless chest; the boots which were not Wellingtons, as in their strapped-down hypocrisy they pretended to be, but old Bluchers; all are discovered, exposed, turned inside out, here. If the people who wore them could only be treated in the same manner — what remarkably unpleasant things we should hear about one another, to be sure!

The Nemesis of Cloth Fair is impartial, unyielding, inexorable. She has neither favourites nor partialities: a dress-coat — be it the choicest work of a Nugee or a Buckmaster — is to her an abomination, unless something can be made of it. She regardeth not a frock-coat, unless there is enough good cloth left in the skirts to make boys' caps of; a military stripe down a pair of trousers have no charms in her eyes; she is deaf to the voice of the embroidered vest, unless that vest be in good condition.

There are three orders of "Old Clothes," as regards the uses to which they may be applied: First class. Clothes good enough to be

revivered, tricked, polished, teased, re-napped, and sold, either as superior second-hand garments, in second-hand-shop streets, or pawned for as much as they will fetch, and more than they are worth. Second class, Old Clothes, which are good enough to be exported to Ireland, to Australia, and the Colonies generally. Great quantities are sent to the South American Republics; and a considerably brisk trade in left-off wearing apparel is driven with that Great Northern Republic which asserts itself capable of inflicting corporal punishment on the whole of the universe. Wearing apparel is unconscionably dear in the land of freedom, and the cheap "bucks" of the model republic cannot always afford bran-new broadcloth. Third class, or very Old Clothes, include those that are so miserably dilapidated, so utterly tattered and torn, that they would have been, I am sure, despised and rejected even by the indifferently-dressed man who married "the maiden all forlorn." These tatters — "*haillons*" the French call them — have a glorious destiny before them. Like the phœnix, they rise again from their ashes. Torn to pieces by a machine, aptly called a "devil," in grim, brick factories, northwards, they are ground, pounded, tortured into "devil's dust," or "shoddy;" by a magic process, and the admixture of a little fresh wool, they burst into broadcloth again. I need say no more. When I speak of broadcloth and "devil's dust," my acute readers will know as much about it as I do: plate-glass-shops, middlemen, sweaters, dungs, cheap clothes, and nasty. Who shall say that the Marquis of Camberwell's footmen — those cocked-hatted, bouquetted, silk-stockinged Titans — may not have, in their gorgeous costume, a considerable spice of Patrick the bog-trotter's ragged breeches, and Luke the Labourer's fustian jacket?

We have traditions and superstitions about almost everything in life, from the hogs in the Hampstead sewers to the ghosts in a shut-up house. There are traditions and superstitions about old clothes. Fables of marvellous sums found in the pockets of left-off garments are current, especially among the lower orders. There was the Irish gentleman who found his waistcoat lined throughout with bank-notes; and the youth who discovered that all the buttons on a coat he had bought in Petticoat Lane, were sovereigns covered with cloth. Then there was Mary Jenkins, who, in the words of the Public Advertiser of February 14th, 1756, "deals in old clothes in Rag Fair, and sold a pair of breeches to a poor woman for sevenpence and a pint of beer. While they were drinking it in a public-house, the purchaser, in unripping the breeches, found, quilted in the waistband, eleven guineas in gold — Queen Anne's coin, and a thirty pound bank-note, dated in 1729;

which last she did not know the value of, till she had sold it for a gallon of twopenny purl." There are so many stories of this sort about, in old newspapers and in old gossips' mouths, that a man, however credulous, is apt to suspect that a fair majority of them may be apocryphal. There is a tinge of superstition in the connection of money or fortune with clothes. Don't they put sixpence into a little boy's pocket, when he is first indued with *braccæ bifurcatæ*, the *toga virilis* of youthful Britons? Don't we say that a halfpenny with a cross on it will keep the deuce out of our pockets? Don't we throw old shoes after a person for luck? and what is luck but money?

A CLOUDED SKYE.

It is a long way from London to the north of Scotland; and, for many of us, a short sentence would sum up our geographical impression on the subject of our northern district:

Skye — an island in the Hebrides, celebrated for its terriers.

There are many things which it is said are likely to take place "when the sky rains potatoes;" but it is since potatoes have ceased to appear with any regularity up in the northern Skye, that it has become requisite for us to extend our knowledge of the Hebrides. When, in the following remarks, we speak of Skye especially — that Skye which has for so long a time been raining little dogs over the kingdom — what we may have to say applies with nearly equal force to other islands of the Hebrides, excepting one or two which have rather a Scandinavian than a Celtic race of tenants. Of Skye itself, as an island, we have not much to say. It is a hilly, rocky, misty, barren sort of place, with pasture-grounds and potato-fields. You cannot grow wheat in the sky, whether celestial or Scottish. There is no telling whether, with good husbandry, there might not come six grains to the ear of wheat or barley; [illegible] as the case now stands, a g of wheat sown yields about tw three grains on the top of a st Sometimes it simply reprod itself, and is worth to the husbandman just a straw in the way of profit. The Gaelic inhabitants, like all good mountaineers, are very fond of their own rocks and mists; they are, by ancestry and predilection, shepherds, prefer rude to civilised agriculture, and no agriculture at all they like the best. It is manly to fish, manly to keep cattle, or tend flocks of sheep. It is necessary to plant potatoes and some odds and ends for household purposes; but it is slavish work to dig, to carry burdens of manure from place to place, to drive a plough — slavish and troublesome. So they believe, not because they are idle; they enjoy toil that suits better to their taste. Nations have predilections. John Bull prefers porter to *eau sucrée;* the Gael loves flocks better than furrows.

Once upon a time, and it is now a time that has become rather remote, the people of the Hebrides were tolerably prosperous. The land was divided into crofts, each of which was under the joint care of several families. The system of joint occupation having been generally abandoned, these crofts were fairly parcelled out among their occupiers; so that there was left to each family its own little tract of rented land in sole possession. This innovation was necessarily disastrous; but political economy has taught them nothing about division of labour; each crofter builds for himself the house he lives in, and furnishes it after his own heart; for he is his own upholsterer. His mansion is rather spacious than convenient; spacious enough to contain the cow, the few sheep or other creatures, which used to be well-known as members of his family. Now they are rare visitors: they generally, also, come to make a very short stay. We are not talking, however, about the present, but about the past. The crofter was a tolerably comfortable fellow: he built a pretty spacious dwelling, and hospitably entertains one or more beasts under its roof; he had certain tools and implements of some trade — husbandry for one, and fishing for another, we should say, if we were called upon to specify. There was a Skye full of potatoes then. Cholera morbus had not found a partner in its dances among the mealy beauties of the vegetable kingdom. The crofter had abundant right of grazing upon hill-side land; he had a boat by means of which he could get many a row among the herrings, and make sales of what he caught. The crofter was also rascal enough to make whiskey in defiance of revenue laws, and the illicit stills quietly helped to still the cravings of his pocket. Finally, kelp was, what it is not now, a great article of commerce, and the crofters, as a commercial people, made their profit by its manufacture. But the trade and commerce of the Hebrides have been knocked down by a long series of blows.

The crofters used to be so very comfortable that they could sit upon their stools and spread their legs abroad with a luxurious sense of lordly superfluities, giving a benediction upon marriage to their sons or daughters, and a portion of their land as heritage or dowry. The young couple scampered after stones, and helped each other to erect a nest upon the space allotted to them, primitive as doves themselves in fetching sticks and straws to make a place where they might coo together. As long as there was an inch to spare, there was an inch to give away to children wanting it. Children and all clung to the soil. It was very touching, very natural, very demonstrative of the warm feelings of humanity. But the warm feelings of humanity, in common with all virtues, demand in their possessors self-control. The earth cannot afford to let the heavens blaze eternal sunshine.

Clouds are dampers, and political economy is a damper. But damp is a handy servant, necessary to the housekeeping of nature. The people of the Hebrides wanted political economy when they were choking one another for the want of room, from motives of unlimited affection.

Crofts, therefore, were subdivided. Standing in one name on the rent-roll, they often were occupied by two, three, or four families. "While I have a potato, I will share it with you," says the warm-hearted Celt. While he has a potato-field, he shares it with his family. Perhaps if he were allowed to go on till he left himself no more than space for one potato, he would make arrangements for the sharing of that when it had ripened, in complete justification of his phrase, "While I have a potato, I will share it with my friend."

More educated people, landlords who had seen a little of the working of this system elsewhere, and knew that wet blankets and cold water cure were necessary remedies, then prohibited the building of an additional house on any croft. "It does not matter, my dear," then said the Highland father to his son; "marry, and take your share of land; — as for the house, why, you shall live with me." Matters were not mended. Then, when attempts
there were made to check
tice also, it was so revolt-
feelings of all parties to
nt and child, to interfere with home arrangements made under the shelter of the paternal roof, that it became necessary to give up the contest. The evil was submitted to, and still exists.

While as a domestic people they were stabbing one another with love from within; as a commercial people their prosperity, just as unwittingly, was stabbed at from without. The reduction of the duty on foreign alkali, in 1823, gradually put an end to the demand for kelp. It was discovered that a cheaper alkali might be got out of common salt. This was an agreeable fact for the world in general; but a disastrous fact for the poor people who were striving to pick up a living on the Hebrides. Kelp is now only made in order to extract from it its iodine, and for this purpose sea-weeds are used which grow in deep water, and are only to be picked up in the form of drift-weed, after storms. The kelp thus got, will hardly repay, when sold, the cost of manufacture. Fiscal changes, and increased repressive energy, have almost put an end to the illicit stills. Poverty — a sad cattle-lifter — has driven off a large number of cows and sheep, and has robbed numbers of their boats. The herring fishery has declined. Finally, since 1846, potatoes, the maid food grown on the island, have been subject to that general break-up of the constitution, from which effects have followed that will occupy a most important page in the world's history, of which

only posterity will duly recognise the true significance. Poverty, therefore, has increased with great rapidity among the people of the Hebrides, many of whom hungrily pick cockles from the shore for a subsistence. Poverty has grown, and population has grown with it. In much less than the last hundred years the population of the poorest islands in the Hebrides has doubled.

Can there be any help for misery like this? Has any been attempted?

Certainly there has. In many islands the great owners have spent more than the whole income of their local property in efforts to relieve the people. All kinds of farm teaching have been tried in sundry places, but the people eally seem to have best thriven vhen left most to their own re- ources. The poor have a reserve guard of ways and means, which hey bring to the rescue as a for- orn hope, and which they leave n ambush when they are recei- ing external aid; and it is really rue that this reserve guard, when they are compelled to use ma- nœuvres, and to bring all forces into play, drives them to plans and labours which produce for them, as a community, far more relief than can be artificially ad- ministered upon the most gigantic scheme of charity. True charity enables men to help themselves; unties the knots by which their limbs are bound, but carefully abstains from dictating the move- ment of the liberated hands. We often err, when we desire to teach the poor to do good to themselves, by labouring to make them act a play of our composing, in the manner of the puppets. Certain absurd rudiments of knowledge, in all civilised society, men have a right to demand that their neigh- bours should receive. States, that do not profess to be quite savage, have a right to demand — for the preservation of their own health, if not out of any higher motive — that no citizen shall be without that modicum of education by which he is raised above the brute, and made less apt to prey upon his fellows. Without prescribing forms of dress, the law will suffer no man to go absolutely naked; without prescribing forms of opi- nion, the law should suffer no man to be absolutely ignorant. But when we seek the physical well- being of the poor, we must be careful how we reject their ex- perience of life, and teach them to walk according to our theories.

The experience of life in Skye at present is, as we have said, somewhat bitter. The island con- tains four thousand three hundred and thirty-five families. Of these, no less than one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight are small crofters, holding rarely enough land for their maintenance. Of the remaining families, one thousand seven hundred and sixty- five belong to mere cottars, having no land to support them, and re- lying for subsistence on their labour. But there is in Skye, it- self, no market for labour. When

these cottars can procure the necessary seed, they hire potato ground of neighbouring crofters, who next year receive the benefit of the manure put with the potato crop. The people of Skye are all familiar, from their infancy, with sheep and cattle; they can build their own houses, roof and thatch them; they can make nets, cut peats, and wait upon themselves. As emigrants upon a virgin soil, they would require but little help; no men could have been better educated to a system of rude self-dependence. With aid of the herring fishery, the Isle of Skye is able to support its own population for about seven months in the year. If the natives would not live seven months with food and five without — supposing that arrangement possible — they are compelled to go abroad for means of making up the difference. They travel, therefore, in the summer, to the mainland. They busy themselves in the south of Scotland upon railroads, drains, and harvest fields; but when winter returns, they all go back to their dear homes, and take their earnings in among the mists. Upon these earnings, and what store they may possess, they live in idleness during the winter. Often, the earnings of the absentee will suffice only when he returns, to pay for the meal eaten by his family while he was absent. In that case, he looks to God to help him through the winter. He ives parish help, and he has ved help from the Highland Destitution Fund, formed afte the potato failure. Dependenc upon charity has hurt his cha racter, and has applied no reli whatever to his ills. In a recer number of the "Quarterly Review it is proved, by figures, tha every penny of the money take thus in charity, has gone t increase the consumption whiskey. The additional quantit of whiskey taken has been equ valent to the additional sum sper in relief. That gin-drinking an whiskey-drinking grow as distres grows, is a very old fact, and de pends upon causes which are n reproach whatever to the peopl A physician and a moralist woul form a right committee to draw u the report explaining them: bu the present instance seems t prove that figures are not alway facts. The "Quarterly" is nc responsible for any error, but th Inland Board of Revenue owns t the commission of a slight mistak In the Portree division of the Is of Skye, in the returns alluded t the consumption of whiskey wa inadvertently put down, by som clerk who may have been in lov at four thousand eight hundre and ninety-six gallons, instead three hundred and ten.

Can this Isle of Skye, so altere since the days of old prosperit suffer another change, and pa from worldly evil back again worldly good? Perhaps it can but if it can, the process, at th best, will be extremely tediou To many of the native in our ow immediate day, nothing presen

a look of hope; for them, an altered sky, a transfer to Australia, is the one alternative of good. Of course, the pastures of Australia offer to these pastoral Highlanders the scene of life to which — we might say to which only — they are accurately fitted. The labour market of Australia can absorb twenty-five thousand a-year of able-bodied men, and give them honest, independent livelihood. There was a time when the poor people of Skye distrusted every hint of emigration, and would rather starve in their own mists than let themselves be shipped away in cold blood, as they would have phrased it. Truth, however, has made a way among them; they begin to find that very warm and generous blood stirs under the advice to all men who are absolutely destitute, which would send them where there are men waiting to pay them for their labours with abundant bread. So there are at this moment in Skye more than four hundred families, representing about two thousand souls, asking for help to get them to Australia.

This help they are asking at the hands of the Skye Emigration Society. That is an association composed of persons resident in Skye, and intimately acquainted with the people; men who have seen them during the last five years of their intense suffering, which has not found an outlet in one case of violence or tumult, and which has occasioned no more thefts than are committed in the most prosperous districts of this country. The object of this society, which seems to be excellently conducted, is "to procure help for those who wish to emigrate, but have not the means of doing so, and to afford information, encouragement, and assistance to all to whom emigration would be a relief from want and misery." It circulates information among the people, and communicates freely with them, chiefly by means of fortnightly colloquial meetings held at Portree. It communicates thus with the people on the one hand, and on the other hand with the Emigration Commissioners. From the latter it has obtained some few judicious modifications of their rules, by which they are more suited to the habits of the peculiar population which it is desired to aid.

The Government Commissioners take charge of emigrants, and provide what is, in fact, almost a free passage to Australia, where they are received by an agent, lodged, fed and assisted in obtaining suitable employment. To obtain this privilege, it is required that emigrants should be of suitable condition, circumstances and character, and that if on these accounts admissible, they pay certain deposits varying in scale from one to eleven pounds, and provide for themselves a specified amount of clothing. Now the object of the Skye Emigration Society, when it has taught some of the people what they should desire, is to assist

them in attainment of their object. Of the four hundred families now wishing to emigrate, some have a cow, some sheep or articles of furniture, but none of them are rich enough to pay deposits and to purchase clothing to the due amount. The Society proposes to make up the deficiency in the funds of each, not as a gift, but as a loan. The emigrants, as they repay the money borrowed, are to have a right to name to the Society friends, in aid of whose emigration they would have it to be invested; and so it is desired that each pound having helped one man should come back to help another, and so go and come, dwindling, of course, in the process, on account of losses and expenses, but still helping many before its whole work is done. Thus it may fairly be calculated that each pound added to the funds of the society, carries at least one man from starvation to an altered sky.

The Isle of Skye has no manufactures, very little trade, is a hundred miles distant from its county town, and farther distant still from any other town of note. This island differs from most of its neighbours of the Hebrides in wanting rich proprietors. Nearly the whole of its land is in trust for the behoof of creditors; detaining creditors are not concerned in local efforts of benevolence, and upon impoverished landlords no call for subscriptions can be fairly made. The poor would-be emigrants can get, therefore, in Skye itself only a moderate amount of cash attention. Their friends are now looking abroad, and we trust heartily that they will catch the eye of any individual who may be bringing his philanthropy, or heir, home to England from a residence at Timbuctoo, and may be glad to let it rest and breathe a little by the way upon a distant island of the Hebrides.

TOWN AND GOWN.

The gowned members of the University of Bulferry love much to make themselves contemptible in showing how much they can despise the Town; the tradesmen of the town of Bulferry spite the thing they love — the Gown. Were the gown-wearers Chloes, and the townsmen Corydons, Corydons could not pursue Chloes with more flattering attention. Chloe is proud, but she would be sorry to miss Corydon, and she can coquet with him prettily. To be sure, they are a pair necessary to each other; only now and then they have their little tiffs, and of these the glorious High Street of Bulferry is commonly the scene. Town and Gown are the black and white chequers on a chess-board; they must differ, but they must abide by one another, and are necessary to each other, none the less.

Here is the Right Hon. Sporule Fungus, who has not long come up to St. Tommasio. His tutor toadies him; he is a hero to his

private "coach" and to his whole round of University acquaintance; including Flashington, whose fag he has been at a public school. What does the town say to this grandee in the gown? Ask Bruin, the tobacconist, in St. Tommasio Lane. "For my part, Sir," he will tell you, "I asked him to take champagne one evening, and gave myself some trouble to get a lord to meet him, and two gentlemen-commoners. His noble father could not have laid before the distinguished youth a better dessert than I provided." Will Bruin charge the champagne as cigars, and call his desserts Latakia, when after a long interval he shall send in to Fungus his small account? Why does Bruin always call a large account a small one, and leave it so long in his books as a matter of no consequence? — and why is it that when "he has a large bill to make up" he afflicts with his desire for money those who are not rich, and who owe him but trifling sums? He would not send a bill in to Fungus, even if the Right Honourable young man were to request him so to do.

Before the young Marquis of Ballyseedy, tailors, tobacconists, and cooks once lay prostrate. Would he condescend to bless them with his patronage? He would; he did. But never did he bless them with a sixpence. It having suddenly occurred to him that he could smash the Apollo Belvedere in the middle of "quad," he thought he would, and he did. His absence from the college was requested; and when he went he left no keepsakes behind him for the tradesmen written upon cheque-book leaves.

But Town and Gown are more in one another's eyes than debtor and creditor. Don't let us be sordid in our view of things. Town loves Gown for itself; Corydon is not a mercenary lover, though, to be sure, if Chloe has a little property, so much the better. A quiet man in fast society drops his lexicon to look to the St. Leger, and gives up his Paley for pale ale; a quiet town in gown society, desires to put upon its mind, if it may not wear upon its body, the familiar habit.

When Files, the builder, was to be seen patiently restoring the stone steps which had been undermined and re-constructed, as a trophy, by the wits of Deeptide Square, St. Tommasio, all said he was a steady, worthy man, and rejoiced that he had stored two thousand pounds, at which he could draw with the full strength of a capitalist. But Files was an infected man. He got his son into a gown; and William Files, Junior, Esq., with six light-coloured hairs growing from a wart on one cheek, to represent his whiskers, was to be seen following the "drag" upon a thoroughbred, galloping at full speed through a large portion of his father's money. The son of old Phaeton, the watchmaker, lost his balance at a Dangerfield Ball, and from that time went so disgrace-

fully wrong that his works brought shame upon the house he came from.

A fine opening occurs to the son of a respectable townsman, a plump, cheerful, singing-faced boy — he gets a chorister's place. He is sought for his music; he is plunged into University society and University sherry. Honour comes to the father from his child's visits to "Sir Dickinson Cloudsley's rooms." The boy's mind is expanded to life; that is to say, Bell's Life. The child's voice breaks; the singing ceases, the good society is at an end. The chorister, however, has by this time donned a gown and trencher, having picked up a Bible clerkship, or taken the odious title of a servitor; he gets from his old cronies stately nods, or rare and formal invitations to breakfast. Then he forms a new set of his own, chiefly among freshmen, who soon learn to live at twice the rate of their allowances, perfectly forgetful of what mother, or what sister, may tenderly be parting with her little luxuries, that there may be no want felt by the boy, or brother, who has gone "where he has so fine a field for the exercise of his superior abilities."

Other relations yet subsist between the Corydon and Chloe of Town and Gown. Rose Dap- tailor's daughter, looks indow for the coming of leman commoner; her Nightingale, who talked to her about his troth, and whose five times renewed and six times dishonoured bill her father keeps locked up quiet in his cash-box, at the intercession of this Rose. The Nightingale don't love the Rose. The Morning Toilet has this week announced the marriage of the Nightingale with the Honourable Lady Thorn, the accomplished daughter of the Earl of Blackberry, as being on the *tapis*. Rose Dapper ought not to be sitting at her window so forlorn. The Town ought never to have listened in such matters to the Gown.

Mary Smith, the surgeon's pretty daughter, has had six Gowns fluttering upon her breath, and would have beatified with a smile any one "man" out of a group of twenty, who sighed over her in twenty rooms. She beatified none of them; like a wise girl she waited for young Vellum, the attorney, and young Vellum duly came, and she is Mrs. Vellum, an extremely comfortable matron. The damsel at the glove-shop, who flirts, and sells to "the men" odd purses and babies' socks, knows what she is about — she is not under a delusion; she has accepted the white hand of a waiter at the Comet. There are, however, worse relations between Town and Gown. Fatal as red coats, are the gowns to servant maids — called, technically, "slayvies." Beyond the town its influence extends. Has not the Bishop of Eddyston attributed much of the immorality of neighbouring

parishes to the vicinity of the University of Bulferry?

Then again, to go from sad to silly, there are ladies whom the mighty spirit of the University has transformed into Anglican Sisters. These have a mother at their head who never has been married, and is mother only to her sisters; and it would be well if real mothers of the every day sort who enter the firm were children to themselves, and could be their own husbands for a while; so they would soon learn how disagreeable it is to make altar-cloths instead of slippers, and to go to chapel at breakfast time, having, besides, all day long a mission in the world, instead of occupation in their household. Mrs. Lupton went that way; she eschewed silk dresses, and wore a funeral-pall cut into a domino. Lupton took to frequenting "men's rooms," and the language in which he alluded to the establishment of Anglican Sisters was of an extremely sinful character.

In their own way the scouts and bedmakers partake the imitative spirit. I picked up an address-card one day, neatly inscribed with the name of Mr. Stephen Potts, St. Holmes, and scrawled over in due form with the familiar summons, "Come and take a glass of wine this evening at half-past six. — Puddles, Esq." There was no Potts of St. Holmes, and I much doubted the existence of an esquire in the University named — Puddles. That happened on the first day in a term. Next week, however, when the "men" were "up," I chanced to breakfast with "the crack set" in St. Holmes, and heard the cry of "Potts!" — Potts!" — "Potts!" from all parts of the staircase. The mystery was solved. Mr. S. Potts, scout, of St. Holmes, had been giving "a wine" in the rooms of his young master, where the display of the said young master's plate had been imposing. Plate-warmer, the cook of Brainmilk Hall, had sung "The Merry Maids of England;" Rocks, violoncello to the town-band, had presided at the piano; the party of the scout had only differed from the parties of the master inasmuch as the people had enjoyed themselves more thoroughly, and had drunk a better quality of wine.

Once when I paid a day's visit to Bulferry in vacation, I met my last grey suit walking with a lady. My scout was inside it. I let the matter — that is, the suit of clothes — pass unnoticed. One would not wish to make even a scout look small before the eyes of his betrothed.

Town courts and apes Gown; but Gown — does that never, on the other hand, court Town with a like want of fitness? I think, yes, it does, when I see Lord Stablewit and the Right Honourable Peony Button talking, as only brethren in soul are apt to talk, to Folliet the livery stable-keeper, or drinking the champagne of Bruin the tobacconist. Yet Lord Stablewit has a stern eye for the "scribs" of his own

college, and the Honourable Peony Button ranks a curate lower than an ostler. He thinks better things of his tutor because he hunts, and once did him the honour to borrow a couple of sovereigns, which he repaid the next morning during lecture.

I must acquit the Don-gowns of any accusation of familiarity with the Town party. Only to think of a party — a ball — at which the daughters of a Dean are to appear! A committee of lords and gentlemen commoners is formed. A dreary entertainment is compiled at the Comet. The townspeople who go are uncomfortable; they have bought a ticket for the receipt of supercilious treatment. Miss Theodosia, eldest daughter of the Reverend Canon Venter, vicar of Adeps-on-the-Rib, worth seventeen hundred pounds a year and very little else, is happy. She has got three words out of Lord Stablewit, heir-apparent to the most gorgeous things. Two canons' daughters, both hunting the tuft of one and the same Lord Blank, are looking very Lady Blanks because his lordship takes no notice of them. He is dancing with a rosy-cheeked young lady whom they "do not know," and is assiduously seeking the good graces of that young lady's vulgar mamma. The canons' daughters, however, will both talk to-morrow of the delightful evening they spent, and will mention lords with whom they danced.

dear, musty old dons! How kes to get out of their oppressively dry company! Reverting to the scapegraces, I wonder whether they could not now and then be somewhat less oppressively high-spirited; whether they need whistle, or smoke cigars, or imitate the noises of the Surrey gallery, at places to which people of the town of Bulferry resort for entertainment. True, such additions to the public entertainments of the town are volunteered only by a small section of gowned performers; but there are enough of these to make a tolerable bear-garden, and on their account many people have declined to offer good performances or exhibitions in the neighbourhood of the University of Bulferry.

One indisputable fact I am happy to record in conclusion. In works of charity and kindness to the poor, Town and Gown vie with one another. When Sawbench, the poor carpenter, had his house burnt down, collegians and cads pumped with equal vigour to subdue the blaze; and water failing on the house, half-sovereigns were poured upon the man. The readiness with which these flowed out of the pockets of the undergraduates, told plainly enough — what many other things will tell — that the young blood is good blood at Bulferry. But there is a collection of stagnant stuff by which its movement is perverted very much; there is an old standing collection of matter — centuries old — and the health of Bulferry requires that this should be

lanced frequently, and subjected to pressure.

FROM GOLD TO GRAY.

GOLDEN curls, profusely shed
O'er the lovely childish head, —
Sunshine, caught from summer skies,
Surely here entangled lies:
Tossing to the light winds free,
Radiant clusters, what are ye?

Types of Time that ripples now
In bright wavelets o'er the brow, —
Of the hopes and feelings blest
Dancing in the guileless breast,
Beautiful in their unrest:
Sparkling joys and willing faith
Rising to Love's lightest breath; —
Of the future, seeming fair,
That may darken with the hair.

What are ye, dark waving bands
That, beneath the maiden's hands,
Sweep around her graceful head?
Fold o'er fold of changeful shade
Touch the cheek's contrasted bloom
With the poetry of gloom.

Offerings for a lover's eye;
Emblems of Love's witchery,
Round her heart that richly lies, —
Shadows, while it beautifies;
Keepsakes Love delights to give.
Did each friend one tress receive,
Every shining tress were lost,
For the maiden hath a host.
Ay! but trouble, stories say,
Locks as rich hath worn away.
What of this? But *friends* grew spare
As the scant and falling hair!

Wherefore send your pallid ray,
Streaks of cold, untimely gray,
Through the locks whose burnish'd hue
Hath but seen of years a few?
Autumn leaves on summer trees
Were less sorrowful than these.

Portions of life's travel-soil;
Footprints left by Grief and Toil;
Relics, too, of watchings late,
When one curl was too much weight
On the hot brows, bending o'er
Some grave book of ancient lore.

'T is the mourning Nature wears
For the hopes of younger years;
And the scorching breath of care
Thus can fade the brightest hair.

Hail to thee, thou glistening snow!
Full of placid beauty, flow
O'er the furrowed brows that bear
Life's long story, written fair.
'T is the white foam, cast aside
After Time's receding tide.

Yea, and pleasant types are ye
Of each moonlight memory;
Shining from his far-off prime
To the old man's evening time.
More — ye are reflections shed
From the heaven above his head;
Pale, but still assuring ray,
Of his nearly risen day.
Mortal! may thy hoary hair
E'en such glorious meaning bear,
That its silver threads may be
Messengers of light to thee!

CHIPS.

A GREAT CATCH.

A CORNISH correspondent, alluding to the statement, at page 356 of our twelfth volume, that last summer, in Mount's Bay, as many pilchards were enclosed at one time, in one net, as fetched twelve thousand pounds, declares, that "The Seine, or Catch, alluded to was 'shot' at St. Ives, and not in Mount's Bay. The number of pilchards supposed to have been enclosed in the net was sixteen million, five hundred thousand; or five thousand, five hundred hogsheads, weighing eleven hundred tons. The probable value was eleven thousand pounds, reckoning them at the usual price of two pounds per hogshead, before deducting expense of curing."

Yet, despite such wonderful resources of the sea (which were detailed more fully in previous articles in this miscellany*, hundreds of persons — according to the last Report of the Registrar-General of Deaths, &c. — die yearly in England and Wales for the want of food; while in Ireland, death from starvation is much more frequent. At the same time, tons of wholesome food is perpetually swimming about, within reach of starving people, and yet they do not catch it.

A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

THE history of Transylvania is, perhaps, one of the wildest and most romantic that ever told the story of a nation. It describes a people perfectly primitive and pastoral, and living under institutions as patriarchal as those existing at the time of Lot or Abraham. Transylvania, long annexed to the Austrian monarchy, was in old times looked upon as the rightful prize of the strong hand; and was, by turns, seized and plundered by Turks, Austrians, and Hungarians. For a short time it chose its own princes, who aspired to be kings of Hungary. Their presumption met with the penalty of utter annihilation.

To understand these peasants properly, the reader may, perhaps, be allowed to compare them to the Highland clansmen of Scotland at the same period. Far before any authentic records, a people have dwelt in Transylvania, who knew nothing beyond the deep valleys in which they lived; they held no intercourse with the rest of the world, or even with their neighbours, the other inhabitants of the country; and they formed as many little separate republics as there were valleys. Each clan had, and even still has, its chief, who generally fills, also, the functions of judge and priest. In the morning and the evening they have public prayers; but, although, like their lords, they belong to the reformed religion, they have no one among them specially entrusted with the cure of souls. When they marry their daughters, they make great ceremony and feasting, to which all comers are welcome. On these occasions, too, they sometimes pay a visit to the lord of the valley, that he may share in their simple rejoicing; but, at other times, they are shy of strangers, and few of them wander far beyond their native place. The agent, or the lord himself, usually visits them once a-year; or, perhaps, more frequently the patriarch of the tribe goes to the lord and tells him of the number of his cattle, and of their increase, of what must be sold and what must be kept. Certain of the peasants leave the depths of their valley towards the end of summer, and drive their flocks and herds into Wallachia, along the banks of the mighty

* vol. II., p. 48., "A Popular Description," and vol. IX., p. 25, "Fish

Danube. Here are found immense forests; and here, in spite of winter, the sheep may glean fresh and plentiful pasturage. The owners of the woods are paid, in return, a certain sum yearly. In the Spring, merchants and cattle-dealers come down from Constantinople, who buy their sheep and goats; and it is to this sale that the lords of Transylvania look for the greatest part of their incomes.

Immediately after the shepherds have effected a sale, they despatch a messenger to their lord, who, in his turn, sends a trusty servant to receive the money. There are no bankers, no bills, no checks, no first and second of exchange, no post-office orders; the purchases are paid for in solid and very dirty silver, and it is carried through floods, rain, wind, and weather, to the lord, with pastoral honesty and simplicity. All takes place with a good faith and punctuality, and an earnestness of purpose very touching to witness.

Besides this source of revenue, no sooner have the flocks and herds returned to the valley, than the lord sends in waggons to return laden with cheese, the produce of the year. These cheeses are some of them formed like loaves; and some, the most delicate, are pressed into the skins of young lambs, carefully prepared for the purpose by some primitiv art. The third, and remainin portion, of a Transylvanian ger tleman's income is derived fro wool, which is as faithfully an punctually delivered to him as his cheeses, or the cash for his flocks.

There is neither corn nor wine in these valleys, and the dwellers in them live chiefly on a kind of thin paste and a fermented drink, in both of which the milk of sheep forms a very important ingredient. Sometimes they regale themselves with a lamb or a kid; but this is a rare festival. They make their own garments from the wool of their flocks, which they fashion into coarse thick cloths, mighty against snow, and rain, and sun, and wind, but not pretty. Their caps, too, are made of wool; and, with long, shaggy tufts hanging to them, look like weird, uncouth wigs. Their women and children are clothed in the same way, and all live together in caves cut in the mountain side, or formed by nature in the solid rocks.

I paid some of these people a visit, and found, in one of these cavern houses, an Englishman's hat and umbrella. These things interested me, because their possessors had a legend that they had been received from a demon, and I could not help fancying it more likely that they had belonged to some luckless wight, who might have wandered thither and been lost. Into the hat they had forced a cheese; but I fancied I detected a sort of superstitious reverence for the umbrella, and they evident- l upon its mechanism t wonder and respect. ed eagerly for informa- the mysterious subject, I had explained it (which

I am now almost sorry I did), I fancy they looked upon me as we, in England, looked upon people who had a tendency for explaining things in the middle ages — as an unbeliever, a student in dark arts, a magician, in league with the Evil One. But I had an object to answer, and I entered into negotiations for getting the cheese out of the hat, and offered, what Mr. Trapbois calls a "con-side-ration," to be allowed to examine both hat and umbrella nearer, to see if I could find any mark, or initials, giving a clue to their former owner. For a long time my efforts were useless; the cheese in the hat was intended for the lord, and they were afraid of offending the umbrella by allowing me to take any liberty with it; but a good-temper, and a cheery way, gets on wonderfully with simple folk, and at length they listened to my wish, but refused my gift. I could not, however, find anything to reward my search.

On returning to Vienna the mystery was cleared up. It appears, that an English traveller, making a tour in those parts on foot, had been overtaken by a gaunt man in a strange costume. The uncouth figure addressed him in an unknown tongue; and all presence of mind, for a moment, deserted him. Without pausing to reflect if the greeting were friendly or hostile, he thought to conciliate his gigantic [illegible] tance (having no mone him) by offering the on he could dispose of; s his hat, and resigning his umbrella with it into the hands stretched out in wonder to receive them, the English traveller took to his heels.

WHAT THERE IS IN A BUTTON.

It is a serious thing to attempt to learn about buttons at Birmingham. What buttons are we thinking of? we are asked, if we venture an inquiry. Do we want to see gilt, or silvered buttons? or electro-plated? or silk, or Florentine buttons? or mother-of-pearl, or steel, or wood, or bone, or horn buttons? All these are made here. Before we have made up our minds what to see first, we hear somebody say that button-dies are among the highest objects of the die-sinkers, and medallists' art. This not only suddenly raises our estimate of buttons, but decides us to follow the production of the button from the earliest stage, — if Messrs. Allen and Moore will kindly permit us to see what their artists and workmen are doing. This is not the first time that we have had a hankering after this spectacle. When we saw electro-plating — when we saw the making of pencil-cases and trinkets — we observed and handled many steel dies, and wondered how they were made. Now we are to learn.

It was not a little surprising to see, in other manufactories, ranges of shelves, or pigeon-holes, covering whole sides of rooms, filled with dies, worth from ten shillings

to twenty-four shillings each. It was rather sad, too, to be told that a large proportion of these might never again be of any use — the fashion of a few weeks, or even days, having passed away. Much more surprising is the sight of the dies arranged along the shelves of the makers of this curious article. Messrs. Allen and Moore have made three thousand dies within the last three years: and upon each one, what thought has been spent — what ingenuity — what knowledge — what taste — what skill of eye and hand! A single die will occupy one man a month, with all his faculties in exercise; while another, with more natural aptitude, or courage, or experience, will do the same thing in two or three days. To think of one thousand in a year, produced with this effort and ability, and then to remember that button dies are among the highest productions of the art, cannot but elevate our respect for buttons very remarkably.

First, what is this steel die, which is so much heard of, and so seldom seen, except by those who go to seek it? It is a block of metal, round or square, as may happen, about four or five inches in height, and rather smaller at the top than the bottom. It consists of a piece of soft steel in the centre, surrounded by iron, to prevent its cracking by expansion, under the treatment it is to be subjected to. The bar of iron is wound round the steel when hot, and welded to it; and thus it comes from the forge, rough and dirty. The steel surface at the top is then polished; and if it is intended for a medal, it is turned in the lathe. The artist sketches his subject upon it, from the drawing before him, with a pencil. When he has satisfied himself with his drawing, he begins to engrave. He rests his graver (a sharp point of steel) across another graver, and cuts away — very gently; for it is always easy to cut away more, but impossible to restore the minutest chip when the stroke has gone too deep. He keeps beside him a lump of red clay; which he now and then lays upon his work, knocking it down smartly through a frame, which keeps it in shape; and thus he has presented to him his work in relief, and can judge of its effect so far. Little brushes in frames are also at hand, wherewith to brush away particles of steel, oil, and all dirt. When the engraving is done, the most anxious process of all succeeds. The steel must be hardened. All has been done that could be done to prevent fracture by the original surrounding of the steel with iron; but cracks will happen sometimes, and they spoil the work completely. The block is heated to a crimson heat — not to "a scaly heat," but a more moderate degree; and then a dash of cold water hardens the steel. This dash of cold water is the nervous part of the business. In medals representing heads, there is usually only a narrow line left between the concave head and the steel; and thi

where the fracture is to be first looked for. When the Jenny Lind medal was to be struck at this house, no less than four dies were spoiled in succession. It was vexatious; but the artists went to work again, and succeeded. The Queen's head is less mischievous than Jenny Lind's, as the shallow work about the top of the crown intervenes between the deeper concavity and the rim. If the steel stands the hardening, the die is ready for use, except only that the plain surface must be well polished before the medal or button is struck.

Before we go to the medal press, we must look round his room a little. Ranged on shelves, and suspended from nails, are casts of limbs, of whole figures, of draperies, of foliage, — of everything that is pretty. This art comes next to that of the sculptor; and it requires much of the same training. When partially-draped figures are to be represented, the artist engraves the naked figure first, and the drapery afterwards; and to do this well, he must have the sculptor's knowledge of anatomy. He must be familiar with the best works of art, because something of a classical air is required in such an article as a medal. The personifications of virtues, arts, sciences, — of all abstract conceptions which can thus be presented, — must be of the old classical types, or in close harmony with them. And then, how much else is required! Think of the skill in perspective required to engrave the Crystal Palace in the space of two or three inches! Think of the architectural drawing that an artist must be capable of who engraves public buildings by the score; — endowed grammar-schools, old castles, noblemen's seats, market houses, and so forth! Think of the skill in animal drawing required for the whole series of sporting buttons — from the red deer to the snipe! Think of the varieties of horses and dogs, besides the game! For crest buttons, the lions and other animals are odd and untrue enough; but, out of the range of heraldry, all must be perfect pictures. And then, the word "pictures" reminds us of the exquisite copies of paintings which the die-sinker makes. Here is the "Christus Consolator" of Scheffer reproduced, with admirable spirit and fidelity, within a space so small, that no justice can be done to the work unless it is viewed through a magnifying glass.

So much for the execution. We have also not a little curiosity about the designing. The greater number of the designs are sent hither to be executed; — coats of arms; livery buttons; club buttons; service buttons; — buttons for this or that hunt; foreign buttons — the Spanish one sort, the French another. Sometimes a suggestion comes, or a rough sketch, which the artist has to work out. But much is originated on the premises. There is a venerable man living at Birmingham, who has seen four genera-

tions, and watched their progress in art; and he it is, we are told, — Mr. Lines, now above eighty, who has "furnished" (that is, discovered and trained) more designers than anybody else. It must be pleasant to him to see what Birmingham has arrived at since lamps were made with a leopard's foot at the bottom, expanding into a leaf at the top, and so on, through a narrow circle of grotesque absurdities. Now, one cannot enter a manufactory, or pass along the streets of this wonderful town, without being impressed and gratified by the affluence of beauty, with good sense at the bottom of it, which everywhere abounds: and, to one who has helped on the change, as Mr. Lines has done, the gratification ought to be something enviable.

The variety of dies is amusing enough. Here is a prize medal for the Queen's College at Cork: on one side, the Queen's head, of course; on the other, Science — a kneeling figure, feeding a lamp; very pretty. Next, we see General Tom Thumb; — his mighty self on one side, and his carriage on the other. This medal he bought here at a penny a-piece; and he sold it again, with a kiss into the bargain, to an admiring female world, at the low price of a shilling. Then, we have the Duke of Cambridge, and the Governesses' Institution; and Prince Albert, and the Crystal Palace; and, on the same shelf, the late Archbishop of Paris, on the barricade; and, again, the medal of the Eisteddfod — the eagle among clouds, above which rises the mountain peak: on the other side, Cardiff Castle; and for the border, the leek. But we must not linger among these dies, or we shall fill pages with accounts of whom and what we saw there; — the Peels and the Louis Napoleons; the Schillers and the Tom Thumbs; the private school and public market medals; royal families, free trade, charities, public solemnities, and private vanities, out of number. We will mention only one more fact in this connexion. We saw a broken medal press — a press which was worth one hundred pounds, and which broke under the strain of striking off seventy thousand medals for the school-children who welcomed the Queen to Manchester last autumn. Yes, there is another fact that we must give. Many thousands of "national boxes" are required for exportation, especially to Germany. These boxes contain four counters, intended for the whist table. These counters are little medals, containing the portraits of the Queen, of Prince Albert, of the Prince of Wales, and of the other royal children. The Germans decline all invitations to suggest other subjects. They prefer these, which are interesting to all, and which can cause no jealousy among the various states of Germany. So these medals are struck everlastingly.

The medal-press is partly sunk in the earth, to avoid the shock

and vibration which would take place above-ground, and injure the impression from the die. Its weight is three tons; the screw and wheel alone weighing fifteen hundred-weight. The screw is of an extraordinary size, being six inches in diameter. One die is fixed to the block, which rises from the ground; and the other is fastened to the end of the screw, which is to meet it from above. Of course the medal must lie between them. This medal, called a "blank," is (if not of gold, silver, or copper) of pure tin, cut out by one machine, cleaned and polished by another, and now brought here to be stamped by a third, and the greatest. This "blank" is laid on the lower die, and kept in its place, and preserved from expansion, when struck by the collar, a stout circle of metal which embraces the die and blank. As the heavy horizontal wheel at the top revolves, the screw descends; so two or three men whirl the wheel round, with all their force; down goes the screw, with its die at its lower end, and stamps smartly upon the blank. A second stroke is given, and the impression is made. The edges are rough; but they are trimmed off in a lathe, and then the medal is finished. Button blanks are stamped in a smaller machine; some on these premises, but many in the manufactories of the button-makers. To those manufactories

st now pass on.

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rtraits, they are pretty sure

to notice the large buttons on the coats of our forefathers. Those buttons were, no doubt, made at Birmingham; for few were, in old days, made anywhere else in the kingdom. Those buttons were covered by women, and by the slow process of the needle. Women and girls sat round tables, in a cosey way, having no machinery to manage; and there was no clatter, or grinding, or stamping of machinery to prevent their gossiping as much as they liked. Before the workwomen lay moulds of horn or wood, of various shapes, but most commonly round, and always with a hole in the middle. These moulds were covered with gold or silver thread, or with sewing silk, by means of the needle. One would like to know how many women were required to supply, at this rate, the tailors who clothed the gentlemen of England? At last, the tailors made quicker work, by covering the moulds with the material of the dress. So obvious a convenience and saving as this might have been expected to take its place, as a matter of course, among new arrangements; but there were plenty of people who thought they could put down such buttons by applying to Parliament. A doleful petition was sent up, showing how needle-wrought buttons had been again and again protected by Parliament, and requesting the interposition of the Legislature once more against the tailoring practice of covering moulds with the same material as the coat or other dress.

What would the petitioners have said, if they had been told that, in a century or so, one establishment would use metal for the manufacture of buttons to the amount of thirty-seven tons, six hundredweight, two quarters, and one pound weight in one year! Yet this is actually the state of things now in Birmingham. And this is exclusive of the sort of button which, a few years ago, we should have called the commonest — the familiar gilt button, flat and plain.

As for the variety of kinds, William Hutton wrote about it as being great in his day; but it was nothing to what it is now. He says, "We well remember the long coats of our grandfathers, covered with half a gross of high-tops; and the cloaks of our grandmothers, ornamented with a horn button, nearly the size of a crown-piece, a watch, or John-apple, curiously wrought, as having passed through the Birmingham press. Though the common round button keeps in with the pace of the day, yet we sometimes find the oval, the square, the pea, the pyramid, flash into existence. In some branches of traffic the wearer calls loudly for new fashions; but in this, fashions tread upon each other, and crowd upon the wearer." We do not see the square at present; but the others, with a long list of new devices, are still familiar to us.

Some grandmother, who reads this, may remember the days when she bought horn button moulds by the string, to be covered at home. Some middle-aged ladies may remember the anxieties of the first attempts to cover such moulds — one of the most important lessons given to the infant needle-woman. How many stitches went to the business of covering one mould! what coaxing to stretch the cover smooth! what danger of ravelling out at one point or another! what ruin if the thread broke! what deep stitches were necessary to make all secure! And now, by two turns of a handle, the covering is done to such perfection, that the button will last twice as long as of old, and dozens can be covered in a minute by one woman. The one house we have mentioned sends out two thousand gross of shirt buttons per week; the gross consisting of twelve dozens.

"But what of metal?" the reader may ask. "Have shirt buttons anything to do with metal? except, indeed, the wire rim of those shirt buttons which are covered with thread and which wear out in no time? When you talk of thirty-seven tons of metal, do you include wire?" No, we do not. We speak of sheet iron, and copper, and brass, used to make shirt-buttons, and silk, and satin, and acorn, and sugar-loaf, and waistcoat buttons, and many more, besides those which show themselves to be metal.

Here are long rooms, large rooms, many rooms, devoted to the making an article so small as to be a very name for nothing-

ness. "I don't care a button," we say: but, little as a button may be worth to us, one single specimen may be worth to the manufacturer long days of toil and nights of care, and the gain or loss of thousands of pounds. We can the better believe it for having gone through those rooms. There we see range beyond range of machines — the punching, drilling, stamping machines, the polishing wheels, and all the bright and compact, and never-tiring apparatus which is so familiar a spectacle in Birmingham workrooms. We see hundreds of women, scores of children, and a few men; and piles of the most desultory material that can be found anywhere, one would think — metal plates, coarse brown pasteboard, Irish linen, silk fringes, and figured silks of many colours and patterns.

First, rows of women sit, each at her machine, with its handle in her right hand, and a sheet of thin iron, brass, or copper, in the other. Shifting the sheet, she punches out circles many times faster than the cook cuts out shapes from a sheet of pastry. The number cut out and pushed aside in a minute is beyond belief to those who have not seen it done. By the same method, the rough pasteboard is cut; and linen (double, coarse and fine) for shirt buttons; and silk and satin; — in short, all the round parts of all buttons. The remains are sold to the foundries, and the rag- and the papermakers. Very young children gather up the cut circles. Little boys, "just out of the cradle," range the pasteboard circles, and pack them close, on edge, in boxes or trays; and girls, as young, arrange on a table the linen circles, small and larger. Meantime, the machines are busily at work. Some are punching out the middle of the round bits of iron, or copper, or pasteboard, to allow the cloth or linen within to protrude, so as to be laid hold of by the needle which is to sew on the button. This makes the back or underpart of the button. Another machine wraps the metal top of the button in cloth, turns down the edges, fixes in the pasteboard mould, and the prepared back, and closes all the rims, so as to complete the putting together of the five parts that compose the common Florentine button which may be seen on any gentleman's coat. It is truly a wonderful and beautiful apparatus; but its operation cannot well be described to those who have not seen it. Black satin waistcoat buttons, and flat and conical buttons covered with figured silks, are composed of similar parts, and stuck together, with all edges turned in, by the same curious process. Shirt-buttons are nearly of the same make; but, instead of two pieces of metal, for the back and front, there is only one; and that is a rim, with both edges turned down, so as to leave a hollow for the reception of the edges of all the three pieces of linen which cover the button.

A piece of fine linen, lined with a piece very stout and coarse, covers the visible part of the button, and goes over the rim. A piece of middling quality is laid on behind: and, by the machine, all the edges are shut fast into the hollow of the rim — the edges of which are, by the same movement, closed down nicely upon their contents, leaving the button so round, smooth, compact, and complete, that it is as great a mystery where the edges are all put away, as how the apple gets into the dumpling. No one would guess how neat the inside of the button is, that did not see it made. The rims are silvered as carefully as if they were for show. When struck from the brass or copper, and bent, they are carried to the yard, where an earnest elderly man, dressed in an odd suit of green baize, stands at a stone table, with a bucket of stoneware, pierced with holes, in his hand, and troughs before him, containing — the first, diluted aquafortis, and the others, water. The bucket, half full of button rims, is dipped in the aquafortis bath, well shaken there, and then passed through successive waterings, finishing at the pump. The rims, now clean and bright, must be silvered. They are shaken and boulted (as a miller would say), covered with a mysterious silvering powder, the constitution of which we were not to inquire into; and out they come, as white as so many teaspoons. Thus it is, too, with the brace-buttons, on which the machines are at work all this time. Each has to be pierced with four holes; necessary, as we all know, for sewing on buttons which have to bear such a strain as these have. This piercing with four holes can be inflicted, by one woman, on fifteen gross per hour. The forming the little cup in the middle of the button, where the holes are, in order to raise the rim of the button from the surface of the dress, is called counter-sinking; and that process has a machine to itself; one of the long row of little engines which look almost alike, but which discharge various offices in this manufacture, at once so small and so great. These buttons go down to the burnisher's department in company with some which make a prodigious show at a very small cost — the stage ornaments which are professionally called "spangles." Let no novice suppose that these are the little scales of excessively thin metal which are called spangles on dolls' dresses and our grand-mothers' embroidered shoes. These stage spangles are nearly an inch in diameter, cut out in the middle, and bent into a rim, to reflect light the better. In the Hippodrome they cover the boddices of princesses, and stud the trappings of horses at a tournament; and in stage processions they make up a great part of the glitter. Of these, twenty-five thousand gross in a year are sent out by this house alone; a fact which gives an overwhelming impression of the amount of stage decoration which

must always be exhibiting itself in England.

In our opinion, it was prettier to see these "spangles" burnished here than glittering on the stage; and, certainly, the brace-buttons we had been tracing out would never more be so admired as when they were brightening up at the wheel. The burnisher works his lathe with a treadle. The stone he uses is a sort of bloodstone, found in Derbyshire, which lasts a lifetime in use. Each button is picked up and applied: a pleasant twanging, vibrating tune — very like a Jew's harp — comes from the flying wheel; the button is dropped — polished in half a second; and another is in its place, almost before the eye can follow. Six or eight gross can thus be burnished in an hour by one workman. If the brace-buttons are to have rims, or to be milled, or in any way ornamented, now is the time; and here are the lathes in which it is done. The workmen need to have good heads, as well as prastised hands; for, even in an article like this, society is full of fancies, and there may be a hundred fashions in a very short time; — a new one almost every week. These harping lathes, in a row, about their clean and rapid work, are perhaps the prettiest part of the whole show. At the further end of the apartment sits a woman with heaps of buttons and spangles, and piles of square pieces of paper before her. With nimble fingers she ranges the finished articles in rows of half-a-dozen or more, folds in each row, and makes up her packets as fast, probably, as human hands can do it. But this is a sort of work which one supposes will be done by machinery some day.

Still, all this while, the long rows of machines on the counters, above and below, and on either hand, are at work, cutting, piercing, stamping, counter-sinking. We must go and see more of their work. Here is one shaping in copper the nut of the acorn: another is shaping the cup. Disks of various degrees of concavity, sugar-loaves, and many other shapes, are dropping by thousands from the machines into the troughs below. And here is the covering or pressing machine again at work — here covering the nut of the acorn with green satin, and there casing the cup with green Florentine; and finally fitting and fastening them together, so that no ripening and loosening touch of time shall, as in the case of the natural acorn, cause them to drop apart. This exquisite machinery was invented about eleven years ago, and is now patented by the Messrs. Elliott, in whose premises we are becoming acquainted with it.

We have fastened upon the acorn button, because it is the prettiest; and, just now, before everybody's eyes, in shop, street, or drawing-room: but the varieties of dress-button are endless. Some carry a fringe; and the fringes come from Coventry. To ornament others, the best skill of Spi-

talfields is put forth. In a corner of an up-stairs room there is a pile of rich silks and other fabrics, which seem to be out of place in a button manufactory, till we observe that they are woven expressly for the covering of buttons. They have sprigs or circles, at regular distances. One woman passes the piece under a machine, which chalks out each sprig; and the next machine stamps out the chalked bit. This, again, is women's and children's work; and we find, on inquiry, that of the three or four hundred people employed on these premises, nearly all are women and children. We saw few men employed, except in the silvering and burnishing departments.

The most interesting and beautiful kind of button of all, however, depends upon the skill of men employed elsewhere — the die-sinkers, of whom we have already given some news. There is a series of stamped buttons, gilt or silvered, which one may go and see, as one would so many pictures; — that sort of badge called sporting buttons. Members of a hunt, or of any sporting association, distinguish themselves by wearing these pretty miniature pictures; here, a covey of partridges, with almost every feather indicated in the high finish; — there, a hound clearing a hedge; — now, a group of huntsman and pack; — and again, a fishing-net meshing the prey; or the listening stag or bounding fawn. In these small specimens of art, the details are as curious, the composition as skilful, the life of the living as vivid, and the aspect of the dead as faithful, as if the designer were busy on a wine-cup for a king, instead of a button for a sporting jacket. Here there must be a dead ground; there a touch of burnish; here a plain ground; there a plaided or radiating one; but everywhere the most perfect finish that talent and care can give. There is surely something charming in seeing the smallest things done so thoroughly, as if to remind the careless, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. We no longer wonder as we did, that the button branch is one of the most advanced in the business of the die-sinker and medallist.

Pearl buttons have their style of "ornamentation" too; but the die-sinker and professional designer have nothing to do with it. There is something more in the ornamenting of pearl buttons than the delicate work done with the turning tools; — the circles, and stars, and dots, and exquisite milled edges, with which our common pearl buttons are graced. At the manufactory we are shown drawers full of patterns; and among those in favour with working men are some with pearl centres, on which are carved, with curious skill, various devices; — a dog, or a bird, or some such pretty thing. These designs are notions of the workmen's own.

The pearl button manufacture is the prettiest, after all; — the

prettiest of that family of production. Perhaps the charm is in the material, — the broad shell, which we know to have been, a while ago, at the bottom of the Indian seas. The rainbow light, which gleams from the surface, seems to show to us the picture of where this shell once was, and what was done about it. This is not from the Gulf of Mexico — this shell. Many come from thence; but this is of too good a quality for those western seas. Nor is it from Manilla, though the Manilla shells are very fine. This comes from Singapore, and is of the best quality. To get it, what toil and pains, what hopes and fears, what enterprises and calculations have been undertaken and undergone! What boatsful of barbarians went out, amidst the muttering and chanting of charms, to the diving for the shells for our handling! How gently were they paddled over those deep clear seas, where the moon shines with a golden light, and sends her rays far down into the green depths which the diver is about to intrude upon! As the land-breeze came from stirring the forest, and breathing over the rice-grounds, to waft the boats out to sea, the divers prepared for their plunge, each slinging his foot on the heavy stone which was to carry him down, nine fathoms deep, to where his prey was reposing below. Then there was the plunge, and the wrenching of the shells from the rocks, and putting them into the waist; and the ascent, causing the head to seethe and roar, and the ears to ache, and the pressure of water, imprisoned breath to convulse the frame; and then there was the fear of sharks, and the dread spectacle of wriggling and shooting fishes, and who knows what other sights! And then, the breath hastily snatched; and the fearful plunge to be made again! And then must have followed the sale to the Singapore merchant; and the packing and shipping to England; and the laying up in London, to gather an enormous price — the article being bought up by a few rich merchants — and the journey to Birmingham, where the finest part of the shell is to be kept for buttons, and the coarser part sent on to Sheffield, to make the handles of knives, paper-cutters, and the like.

Through such adventures has this broad shell gone, which we now hold in our hand. In the middle is the seamed, imperfect part, from which the fish was torn. From that centre, all round to the thin edge, is the fine part which is to be cut into buttons. From that centre back to the joint is the ridgy portion which, with its knots, will serve for knife-handles. There is, perhaps, no harder substance known; and strong must be the machine that will cut it. It is caught and held with an iron grip, while the tubular saw cuts it in circles, a quarter of an inch (or more) thick. Some of the circles are an inch and a half in diameter; others as small as the tiny buttons seen on baby-clothes. They are,

one by one, clutched by a sort of pincers, and held against a revolving cylinder, to be polished with sand and oil. Then, each is fixed on a lathe, and turned, and smoothed; adorned with concentric rings, or with stars, or leaves, or dots; and then corded or milled at the edges, with streaks almost too fine to be seen by the naked eye. The figures in the middle are to mask the holes by which the button is to be sewn on. In a small depression, in the centre of the pattern, the holes are drilled by a sharp hard point which pierces the shell. The edges of the holes are sharp, as housewives well know. But for the cutting of the thread, in course of time, by these edges, pearl buttons would wear for ever. Now and then, the thin pierced bit in the middle breaks out; but, much oftener, the button is lost by the cutting of the thread. They last so long, however, as to make us wonder how there can be any need of the vast numbers that are made. Birmingham supplies almost the whole world. A very few are made at Sheffield; and that is all. In the United States, where the merchants can get almost any quantity of the shell, from their great trade with Manilla and Singapore, the buttons are not made. The Americans buy an incredible quantity from Birmingham. Many thousands of persons in this town are employed in the business; and one house alone sends out two thousand gross per week, and very steadily; for fashion has little or nothing to do with pearl buttons. The demand is steady and increasing; and it would increase much faster but for the restriction in the quantity of the material. The profit made by the manufacturer is extremely small—so dear as the shell is. The Singapore shell was sold not many years ago at sixty-five pounds per ton; now, it cannot be had under one hundred and twenty-two pounds, ten shillings, per ton. The manufacturer complains of monopoly. If this be the cause of the dearness, the evil will, in the nature of things, be lessened before long. Time will show whether the shells are becoming ex like the furs of polar cou We ventured to suggest, v ing round at the pile of gments, and the heaps lust that accumulate ithes, that it seems a pity to waste all this refuse, seeing how valuable a manure it would make, if mixed with bone-dust or guano. The reply was, that it is impossible to crush a substance so hard; that there is no machine which will reduce these fragments to powder. If so, some solvent will probably be soon found, which will act like diluted sulphuric acid upon bones. While we were discussing this matter, and begging a pint or quart of the powder from under the lathes, to try a small agricultural experiment kman mentioned that v ed at Sheffield, a nei rmer used to come, a nd at any inconvenien lf, to

purchase shell-powder, when allowed to fetch it, declaring it to be inestimable as a manure. In a place like Birmingham, where the sweepings and scrapings of the floors of manufactories are sold for the sake of the metal dust that may have fallen, we venture to predict that such heaps and masses of shell fragments as we saw, will not long be cast away as useless rubbish. If one house alone could sell two hundred and fifty tons of shell-refuse per year, what a quantity of wheat and roots might be produced from under the counters, as it were, of Birmingham workshops! And we were told that such a quantity would certainly be afforded. Such a sale may, in time, t-off against the e of the imported shell the smallest pearl button goes through nin
ten pairs of hands before it is com-
e, the piece from which it is
may hereafter be simmering ir
ie dissolving acid; and sinking
the ground, and rising again,
and green, as the blade of
at, or swelling into the bulb of the turnip. Will not some one try?

While this dust was bubbling out from under the turning-tools, and flying about before it settled, we had misgivings about the lungs of the workmen. But it seems there was no need. The workman
w g his art in the
d s he had worked
th -twenty years,
a capital health;
a ked stout and comfortable enough; and we saw no signs of ill-health among the whole number employed. The proprietor cares for them — for their health, their understandings, their feelings, and their fortunes; and he seems to be repaid by the spectacle of their welfare.

The white pearl buttons are not the only ones made of shells from the Eastern seas. There is a sort called black, which to our eyes looked quite as pretty, gleaming as it did with green and lilac colours, when moved in the light. This kind of shell comes from the islands of the Pacific. It is plentiful round Tahiti, and Hawaii, (as we now call Otaheite and Owhyhee). It is much worn by working men, in the larger forms of buttons. We remember to have often seen it; but never to have
what it was.

e subsidiary concerns of
large manufactories strike us by their importance, when on the spot, though we take no heed to them in our daily life. When the housewife has taken into use the last of a strip of pearl buttons, she probably gives to the children the bit of gay foil on which they were tacked, without ever thinking where it came from, or how it happened to be there. The importation of this foil is a branch of trade with France. We cannot compete with the French in the manufacture of it. When we saw it in bundles — gay with all gaudy hues — we found it was an expensive article, adding notably to the cost of the buttons, though its

sole use is to set off their translucent quality, to make them more tempting to the eye.

We saw a woman, in her own home, surrounded by her children, tacking the buttons on their stiff paper, for sale. There was not foil in this case between the stiff paper and the buttons, but a brilliant blue paper, which looked almost as well. This woman sews forty gross in a day. She could formerly, by excessive diligence, sew fifty or sixty gross; but forty is her number now — and a large number it is, considering that each button has to be picked up from the heap before her, ranged in its row, and tacked with two stitches.

Here we had better stop, though we have not told half that might be related on the subject of buttons. It is wonderful, is it not? that on that small pivot turns the fortune of such multitudes of men, women, and children, in so many parts of the world; that such industry, and so many fine faculties, should be brought out and exercised by so small a thing as the Button.

MY AUNT IN PARIS.

DURING a residence in Paris last year, I found myself taking considerable interest in Mademoiselle Delphine, the only daughter of the dirty little tailor who officiated as my *portier*. Mademoiselle Delphine was not in the literal meaning of the term beautiful; but she compensated, better even than most Frenchwomen, for its absence, by insensible charms, and graces that defy equally criticism or classification. I was sallying forth one morning as usual to *transact* — if I may be allowed the expression — my idleness, when, after several fruitless calls upon the *cordon*, I entered the *Loge du Concièrge*. I found Delphine "desolated," as she informed me, and in tears, as I could see for myself. I was not long in eliciting the secret of her sorrow, which was communicated to me in the strictest confidence; — she had a lover — which is not unusual in other countries besides France; and this lover was a soldier, which in France is particularly usual. Like many other gallant young fellows, this soldier had a soul above five sous a-day, and lived as much above that moderate income as kindness and credit would permit. His regiment had been lately ordered into the provinces, and previously to his departure, Delphine, it seems, had administered to some pressing requirement by a timely loan. He was to return on the morrow, and Delphine did not know how to meet him, because — because — she at last said, reluctantly — because she had been compelled to borrow the money in question upon the security of her only valuable possession — a bracelet — the love-gift of the soldier himself. To meet him without wearing his gift, and in silence, would be impossible; to confess that she had

parted with it, although it had been devoted to his use, would seem mean and mercenary; or, what was immeasurably less to be endured, commonplace. She had no other means of redeeming the gift or accounting for its loss, and was *désolée* accordingly.

This dismal tale called, of course, for consolation. That the kind of consolation I administered was speedy and effectual, may be gathered from the immediate disappearance of all traces of desolation. Delphine was *enchantée*, and expressed herself in the superlatives which only a Frenchwoman can muster on the shortest notice. I had roused her from desolation to ecstasy. She was enchanted and enraptured. I was noble and generous; my bounty would be forgotten never!

"But," I asked, "where am I to find this bracelet, which is so necessary for the preservation of tranquillity between you and your *fiancé*?"

"It is at my Aunt's," was the

"Your Aunt! Mercenary old lady! Surely she does not take in security when she helps lovers and relations out of their little distresses?"

Delphine smiled, and enlightened my innocence by some explanations, which I will here enlarge upon for the benefit of the reader.

My Aunt, it appears, belongs to a very large family in Paris — a family, in fact, as large as the entire population of that city, and which increases year by year with the census returns. Her relatives are of every grade; from the Montmorencies — who are at the present moment glowing again under ancestral titles of at least six weeks' standing — down to Monsieur Gougon, the chiffonnier, condemned to "pick up a livelihood," with no other title than his prescriptive title — to whatever he can find. It must not be supposed, however, that all of this numerous family are on the same degree of intimacy with the respected lady: the Montmorencies are a little too high, and the Gougons scarcely high enough, to take much notice of her. She is principally cultivated by classes, ranging somewhere between the two extremes — a medium, certainly, but one which can scarcely be described as the golden. To say that they have "expectations" from the old lady, would be saying little enough, considering the uncertain nature of human hopes; but the fact is, there is no occasion to say anything of the kind. My Aunt, though she has a very large capital at her command, is certainly not generous. She was never known to leave anybody anything in her will, nor to ask them down into the country on a visit, nor out to dinner on a Sunday, nor to behave handsomely at Christmas-time — like the amiable aunts of most persons. All she will do for her relatives is, to lend them money; and then she takes very good care to be the gainer by the transaction, for she lends only on the very best security — the

deposit of some article, of four times the value of the sum advanced. In a word, My Aunt in Paris is the very faithful and appropriate spouse of My Uncle in London, with whose characteristics our readers have been already made familiar. Like My Uncle, she is visited by her relatives only when they want money; and, like My Uncle, she contrives to make a very good living by lending it to them. There is this difference, however, in what we may call the "constitution" of this worthy couple. My Uncle, in England, speculates on his own account, and flourishes or fails, as the case may be, without responsibility to anybody but himself. My Aunt, in France, on the other hand, is set up by the Government, who takes upon itself the risk of the speculation.

While noting the fact of My Uncle holding an analogous position to the lady in question, it is as well to state that My Aunt is no fanciful designation, induced by that circumstance. It is not a mere piece of pleasantry on the part of Delphine alone. Ask the student of the Quartier Latin — who has just accomplished the popular feat of spending his month's allowance in ten days — as he marches gaily along towards the Mont de Piété; his watch ticking its *adieux* in his waistcoat pocket — "Where are you going?" "To My Aunt's!" will be the inevitable reply, delivered instinctively, and without any determined intention to be humorous. Cross the path of the *grisette* — who stitches ten hours a-day for a franc, and who every now and then finds herself, like her betters, living beyond her means — as she trips composedly (for no Frenchwoman, under any circumstances, was ever known to be embarrassed), and address her with a similar question: "*Chez Ma Tante!*" she will answer, with a slight shrug of the shoulder, and twinkle of the eye — in recognition of the playful nature of the designation, but with no idea of being understood literally.

Ma Tante, in fact, is the great popular impersonation of this most popular institution. Her origin, as an impersonation, is equally uncertain with that of My Uncle. It is not improbable, to be sure, that the two illustrious personages were the creation of some "mad wag" of the Medici family — some needy cadet whose relations kindly lent him money at fifty per cent. The designations, considered as facetiæ, have decidedly a mediæval look; and, as a joke, My Uncle, at any rate, is most certainly middle-aged.

I had engaged to procure the bracelet for Delphine; and half-an-hour after our conversation found me on my way to our mutual relative. I had been duly supplied with the necessary authorisation — a large official form, printed upon yellow paper — not unlike a passport, but rather more important in appearance, and guaranteed authentic by one of those imposing signatures which none but French-

men can execute, and not all, even of Frenchmen, can read. The address indicated upon this portentous document was that of a branch office, where I speedily presented myself. It was not a shop, but strictly an office, having very much the appearance of a bank — that is to say, of a French bank. Behind a screen of wire-work, which separated the public from the private portion of the room, were seated the officials, grave, dignified, military-looking men, writing at their desks, and apparently in no hurry to attend to the wants of several persons who were patiently waiting to transact business with them. These last were principally women, old and young; some with mysterious bundles and anxious looks; others of a better (or perhaps worse) class, selecting rings from their jewelled fingers, carelessly humming snatches from vaudevilles, and quite at their ease.

After taking a brief survey of the group, I, by good chance, caught the eye of one of the clerks, or field-marshals, or whatever they may happen to be, who advanced with a military step across the room. Six words on either side settled the business. Monsieur could have the article he desired on the morrow, by application at the office. The morrow! if Delphine was already *désolée*, the morrow would find her *désesperée!* But why could not the bracelet be reclaimed on the spot? Because every article deposited was sent to the central office, and could not be reclaimed without certain formalities; but if Monsieur liked to go to the central office himself, the business could be arranged in a few hours. In that case, Monsieur would certainly go.

The most important formality required, was the payment of the sum of money originally advanced, in return for which, and my original yellow document, I received another official form, even more imposing and portentous than the last — combining the solemnity of a will with the importance of a passport. This was signed, countersigned, and pushed towards me through the little gate in the wire-work, with an air which impressed me with a terrible sense of responsibility. I had not, indeed, quite recovered my self-possession, when I turned suddenly round, to find a musket, with fixed bayonet, presented at me. I started back. Had I done something wrong? Oh no! The assailant, innocent of any sort of attack upon me, was a woman. She marched into the place I had left, and placing her finger on the trigger, demanded of the official, in a gruff, your-money-or-your-life tone of voice — "Ten francs!"

I thought the official decidedly prudent, when he at once acquiesced in the demand. The Amazon instantly surrendered her arms at discretion, and the money was paid over to her, after she had duly satisfied the official that her husband was simply a gunsmith,

and was not a soldier pawning the property of the State.

Leaving both sides satisfied with this honourable capitulation, I made the best of my way towards the central office, situated in a cross street somewhere between the Rue de Seine and the Rue du Bac. I had no difficulty in finding it. The first person I addressed, directed me to a conspicuous building guarded by two sentries, surmounted by a tri-colour ensign, and blazoned with the famous inscription — "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*," — which has since been shown to mean so very much. Over the Mont de Piété they had a certain suggestiveness of the benefit of which the philosophic borrower of 1852 is most tyrannically deprived.

French sentries — unlike English ones, *do* know something about the buildings they mount guard over; and are not too sulky to communicate their knowledge. Accordingly, I was not surprised, when, in answer to my inquiry, one of the sentinels directed me across the court-yard, to the left, where a large door stands hospitably open. All who enter here leave, not necessarily hope, but certainly comfort behind. The staircase is of rough timber, inconvenient, precipitous, dirty, and crazy, from constant use. Above stairs there is a slight change for the worse. A suite of rooms all opening into one another, all dirty, all close, and all crowded.

In the first room two men were peering through two pigeon-holes in the wall, like those of the money-takers at the theatres; and to prevent the confusion which would be caused by the rush of the miscellaneous mob, a space is barriered off, just sufficient to allow one person to pass at a time — an arrangement similar to that at the pit of the London Opera on a crowded night, and such as is in use at the entrance to nearly all the French theatres.

Notwithstanding this wise regulation, there is a great deal of confusion, caused by the efforts of everybody (everybody includes, perhaps, a couple of hundred) to be first. Yellow gloves are clutching convulsively, to check the ambition of blouses; rags and tatters, in their turn, are asserting the principles of Equality, which has here — and scarcely anywhere else, except at the Morgue — a real practical existence. But, although there is confusion enough, there is no quarrelling; everybody is good-humoured, and, if he cannot force his way, is contented to bide his time. Many a bloused and bearded operative may be seen pausing, perhaps, in his hot endeavours, and with a courtly bow, worthy of the old Court of Louis the Fifteenth, making way for "a lady." If these fine courtesies are really the "cheap defence of nations," France should be impregnable.

For myself — not having the hardihood, in the first instance, to thrust myself into the mass — I waited patiently, thinking to let the crowd become thinned, and

to transact my business at my leisure. But, after half-an-hour's pursuance of this policy, the idea began to dawn upon me — as I watched the new comers, increasing in numbers and diminishing in patience — that, at this rate, I stood a chance of desolating Delphine four-and-twenty hours more. Seized with a sudden impulse, I made a dash for it; dislodged several free and independent citizens, with most determined and exasperating courtesy; and, finally, gained a place inside the barriers. Here I scrutinised those before me, in their negotiations with the officials; saw them stop at the first pigeon-hole, and exchange the grand yellow document for another of smaller dimensions, after the former had undergone a careful examination; then I followed their movements to the second pigeon-hole, where an exchange of the second paper for a piece of card, bearing a number, was effected —, each transaction being conducted with military precision, and by a person assuming all the grandeur of a General of Division, and the administrative dignity of a Lord Chief Justice.

Having gone through these formalities — which included the payment of a certain small sum (at the first pigeon-hole), as interest on the loan — I was once more free of the barrier. The number on my ticket was the number of the article which I had to reclaim; but, before presenting it in the room devoted to the jewellery department, I paused to observe the proceedings in that dedicated to habiliments, and miscellaneous articles.

In the latter apartment, behind a counter, stood a person, who called aloud various numbers in rotation, as the corresponding articles were brought up to him from some mysterious place at the back: "*Quarante-cinq!*" he shouted, at the top of his voice. The person representing Forty-five stepped modestly forward. She was a young girl — a *grisette*, wearing a little cap. She approaches the counter; on presenting her ticket, she receives some article tied up in a handkerchief, having all the appearance of a bonnet. The following day was Sunday. She was probably going to some *fête*, or to the theatre, and was about to commit the hazardous impropriety of appearing like a grand lady, in a bonnet — an offence which a grand lady never forgives in a *grisette;* and by which all *grisettes* who cannot get bonnets will become her enemies for life.

"Quarante-six!" cries the official, calling the next person so suddenly as to cause Forty-five to drop her bundle, with its precious contents. Forty-six comes tottering up; has nearly trodden Forty-five's bonnet into a misshapen pancake; but, though an old man, steps adroitly aside, and blunders against the counter to receive a pair of boots. Poor fellow! will he ever wear them out? As Quarante-six moves off,

Quarante-sept takes his place, almost before he is summoned; a lively young gentleman, most probably a student, who does not whistle, as an Englishman would, but hums the *stretta* of Bellini's Chorus of Priests; he receives a paletôt, which he carefully removes from its wrapper, and puts on, amidst the admiring smiles of the spectators. He is followed by a middle-aged woman, who "retires" a warming-pan — the aspect of which domestic utensil draws fresh smiles from the bystanders. More persons follow — men and women, of all ages, of all degrees of poverty and of every scale of pretension; the careworn and the timid, the reckless and the profligate; reclaiming articles of every possible description, of wearing apparel or household use; varying in value from some very minute number of francs up to a hundred; beyond which latter sum My Aunt has no dealings.

Meantime the expectants — careless, eager, anxious, hopeless, according to the respective numbers which they hold, and their consequent chances of satisfaction, speedy or remote — are awaiting their turns; some sitting tranquilly on the benches round the walls of the several rooms, others talking in groups; some few, strangers evidently to the place, and perhaps to the necessities which led them there, shunning observation in shy corners, or moodily pacing the corridors. In the next room, that devoted to jewellery, and that which more particularly concerns myself, there are fewer persons, and those are, for the most part, of a better class.

There is no jostling; no calling aloud of the numbers: the persons present transact their business whenever the opportunity arises, decorously, without haste and without noise. Ladies of elegant carriage and gesture — contrasted with stained and worn apparel — may be seen, closely veiled, as if shrinking from notice or recognition, claiming some trinket of a fashion long since out of date; heirlooms, perhaps, and marriage gifts, and pledges of friendship; records of past scenes and sensations, feelings flown, and of givers dead. There is an old man with white hair. His great-coat has fallen open and revealed the cordon of the Legion of Honour. He has just concluded his negotiation with the official at the counter, and bears away with him a little locket, with a ribbon attached.

A young lady, clad in deep mourning, came next. She stepped hesitatingly up to the counter. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, and she turned her face from the general gaze. I could scarcely catch a glimpse of her features, and her figure was concealed in heavy and disguising garments. But her motions were full of grace, and even her voice excited at once the respectful attention of the man to whom she addressed herself. I did not hear the few words which

were exchanged between them; but I observed that she received a small morocco case, and, as she opened it for an instant, that it contained a cross, set with diamonds, the cross of some foreign order.

How vulgar, compared to the manner of this young lady, was the demeanour of the flippant fashionable who followed her! The ring which she reclaimed, set dazzlingly with diamonds, she placed on her finger with a triumphant air, as so much added to her decorations.

Meantime I am forgetting all about Delphine's desolation, and the bracelet which is to be its cure. Musing and moralising, most unjustifiably, I twisted and tore my ticket. Never mind, it was still legible, and the official was disengaged. I assumed a business air, and stepped up to the counter. Two minutes more, and my mission was accomplished. I pocketed the bracelet, and descended into the street.

Musing on my way home upon things in general, including bracelets, and soldiers, and desolated porters' daughters, I came to the conclusion that I might have passed my morning less profitably than in paying a visit to My Aunt.

My visit, however, had not altogether satisfied my curiosity respecting the old lady. Mademoiselle Delphine had told me something of her characteristics, and I had learned something more on my own account. Mademoiselle Delphine had a general notion that our mutual relative was a very convenient person to borrow money from, and — *voilà tout!* She judged of her simply as an individual, and from personal experience. And Delphine was in the right. She very properly considered that she was not called upon to interest herself in any matter of mere public utility, especially when her so doing involved the comprehension of anything so distressing as statistics; — that her mission upon earth was merely to look pretty and to be amiable.

> "To what good uses can we put
> The wild weed-flower that simply blows;
> And is there any moral shut
> Within the bosom of the rose?"

— except, indeed, as Tennyson goes on to say, such a moral as people may find out for themselves, according to their minds and moods.

For myself, however, not being so anxious as Delphine to preserve my bloom, and to keep off crows-feet, I did not scruple to inform myself as to some facts concerning the working of the system established by My Aunt.

In the first place, I learned what I should certainly have had no chance of learning from Delphine — that the profits arising from the transactions of the Mont de Piété are devoted to the aid of the public hospitals of Paris, which realise no inconsiderable sum from this source. During the financial year of 1850, the

amount was four hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred francs; being an increase of nearly sixty-two thousand nine hundred francs over the preceding year.

The profits of the two years — 1849 and 1850 — amounted to eight hundred and seventy-four thousand francs; a sum which constitutes a new fact in the annals of the institution — there being no previous instance of the profits of two *consecutive* years amounting respectively to four hundred thousand francs. Indeed, during a long period this amount has been attained only three times — in 1823, 1829, and 1841. Since the re-organisation of the Mont de Piété, in 1806, the year 1850 has — after making every compensation — yielded the largest amount towards the benevolent objects to which its profits are devoted.

The capital necessary for the maintenance of the institution is raised on debentures, bearing a small rate of interest. It appears that this capital had become considerably reduced in consequence of the death of several of the largest holders, whose heirs were not willing to continue the investment. To repair this deficiency, it was found necessary to raise the rate of interest paid to the holders, successively from three to three-and-a-half, and subsequently to four per cent. This arrangement has been found successful.

Loans from the Mont de Piété may be effected, either directly at the central office, at the *succursale*, a sort of addition to the central office, established to meet the requirements of an overflowing *clientelle* — a "Pawnbrokery of Ease," in fact — or at the auxiliary offices. The business may be negotiated personally — the most prevalent custom — or through the agency of *commissionnaires*. During the period under review, the number of articles deposited were eight hundred and eighty-nine thousand four hundred and thirty; upon which, sums were advanced exceeding thirteen millions six hundred thousand francs. Including renewals, however, the number of transactions were upwards of one million one hundred, which increased the sum total to twenty millions and a half of francs.

This last amount exceeds by nearly a million and a half of francs the products of the preceding year; and this increase of original transactions is accompanied by a proportionate decrease in the number of renewals. Both of these facts are considered cheering signs by French political economists. From the increase of original transactions, they infer that the great bulk of the population are in possession of a larger amount of personal and available property; and, from the decrease in renewals, that they have better means at their command for the redemption of their pledges. There is, certainly, no reason to argue from an increase in the number of loans an increase in

the necessities of the people; for, anybody who knows anything of the habits of the more humble classes of the Parisians, will easily believe that in, perhaps, the majority of cases, the loans are obtained merely for purposes of luxury and amusement; that an *ouvrier* who should find himself without any effects available as pledges, would not, in all probability, be deprived of anything so serious as his dinner; but of his wine, perhaps, his fête, or his theatre. It is fair, therefore, to assume that these classes possess more property than hitherto. With regard to the decrease of renewals, the fact speaks for itself. The average amount of the separate sums lent, taking in the renewals, was seventeen francs thirty-three centimes — a slight increase over the average of the preceding year.

My Aunt's balance sheet exhibits encouraging results, and these are attributed to the favourable terms on which the directors, during the last ten months, have been able to maintain their capital. The rate of interest which they have paid to the holders of their securities during that period has not been more than three per cent. — a fact which they consider signally indicative of the degree of public confidence enjoyed by the institution.

The amount lent upon goods deposited is thus regulated, in proportion to their value: — for goods that can be preserved, two-thirds of their estimated value are advanced; on gold and silver articles, four-fifths. In making the estimate, however, in the latter case, workmanship is not taken into consideration; the positive weight of the metal being the sole guide. Articles not redeemed within the year are sold, subject, however, as in England, to a claim for restoration of the surplus, if made within three years.

My Aunt's constitution partakes more of a benevolent nature than that of My Uncle. My Uncle sets up in business for his own benefit. My Aunt is set up for the purpose of benefiting her borrowers; out of whose necessities she, nevertheless, contrives to make no inconsiderable sum, which, we are bound to say, she does not spend upon herself. How far My Uncle would find it practicable or expedient to follow her example, is a question open to discussion. It is certain that in Ireland an institution after the model of that of My Aunt has not been attended with unmixed

A PLATED ARTICLE.

PUTTING up for the night in one of the chiefest towns of Staffordshire, I find it to be by no means a lively town. In fact it is as dull and dead a town as any one could desire not to see. It seems as if its whole population might be imprisoned in its Railway Station. The Refreshment-Room at that Station is a vortex of dissipation compared with the extinct town-

inn, the Dodo, in the dull High Street.

Why High Street? Why not rather Low Street, Flat Street, Low-Spirited Street, Used-up Street? Where are the people who belong to the High Street? Can they all be dispersed over the face of the country, seeking the unfortunate Strolling Manager who decamped from the mouldy little Theatre last week, in the beginning of his season (as his play-bills testify), repentantly resolved to bring him back, and feed him, and be entertained? Or, can they all be gathered to their fathers in the two old churchyards near to the High Street — retirement into which churchyards appears to be a mere ceremony, there is so very little life outside their confines, and such small discernible difference between being buried alive in the town, and buried dead in the town tombs? Over the way, opposite to the staring blank bow windows of the Dodo, are a little iron-monger's shop, a little tailor's shop (with a picture of the Fashions in the small window and a bandy-legged baby on the pavement staring at it) — a watchmaker's shop, where all the clocks and watches must be stopped, I am sure, for they could never have the courage to go, with the town in general, and the Dodo in particular, looking at them. Shade of Miss Linwood, erst of Leicester Square, London, thou art welcome here, and thy retreat is fitly chosen! I myself was one of the last visitors to that awful storehouse of thy life's work, where an anchorite old man and woman took my shilling with a solemn wonder, and conducting me to a gloomy sepulchre of needlework dropping to pieces with dust and age and shrouded in twilight at high noon, left me there, chilled, frightened, and alone. And now, in ghostly letters on all the dead walls of this dead town, I read thy honoured name, and find that thy Last Supper, worked in Berlin Wool, invites inspection as a powerful excitement!

Where are the people who are bidden with so much cry to this feast of little wool? Where are they? Who are they? They are not the bandy-legged baby studying the fashions in the tailor's window. They are not the two earthy ploughmen lounging outside the saddler's shop, in the stiff square where the Town Hall stands, like a brick and mortar private on parade. They are not the landlady of the Dodo in the empty bar, whose eye had trouble in it and no welcome, when I asked for dinner. They are not the turnkeys of the Town Jail, looking out of the gateway in their uniforms, as if they had locked up all the balance (as my American friends would say) of the inhabitants, and could now rest a little. They are not the two dusty millers in the white mill down by the river, where the great water-wheel goes heavily round and round, like the monotonous days and nights in this forgotten place. Then who are they, for there is no

one else? No; this deponent maketh oath and saith that there is no one else, save and except the waiter at the Dodo, now laying the cloth. I have paced the streets, and stared at the houses, and am come back to the blank bow window of the Dodo; and the town clocks strike seven, and the reluctant echoes seem to cry, "Don't wake us!" and the bandy-legged baby has gone home to bed.

If the Dodo were only a gregarious bird — if it had only some confused idea of making a comfortable nest — I could hope to get through the hours between this and bed-time, without being consumed by devouring melancholy. But, the Dodo's habits are all wrong. It provides me with a trackless desert of sitting-room, with a chair for every day in the year, a table for every month, and a waste of sideboard where a lonely China vase pines in a corner for its mate long departed, and will never make a match with the candlestick in the opposite corner if it live till Doomsday. The Dodo has nothing in the larder. Even now, I behold the Boots returning with my sole in a piece of paper; and with that portion of my dinner, the Boots, perceiving me at the blank bow window, slaps his leg as he comes across the road, pretending it is something else. The Dodo excludes the outer air. When I mount up to my bed-room, a smell of closeness and flue gets lazily up my nose like sleepy snuff. The loose little bits of carpet writhe under my tread, and take wormy shapes. I don't know the ridiculous man in the looking-glass, beyond having met him once or twice in a dish-cover — and I can never shave *him* to-morrow morning! The Dodo is narrow-minded as to towels; expects me to wash on a freemason's apron without the trimming; when I ask for soap, gives me a stony-hearted something white, with no more lather in it than the Elgin marbles. The Dodo has seen better days, and possesses interminable stables at the back — silent, grass-grown, broken-windowed, horseless.

This mournful bird can fry a sole, however, which is much. Can cook a steak, too, which is more. I wonder where it gets its Sherry! If I were to send my pint of wine to some famous chemist to be analysed, what would it turn out to be made of? It tastes of pepper, sugar, bitter almonds, vinegar, warm knives, any flat drink, and a little brandy. Would it unman a Spanish exile by reminding him of his native land at all? I think not. If there really be any townspeople out of the churchyards, and if a caravan of them ever do dine, with a bottle of wine per man, in this desert of the Dodo, it must make good for the doctor next day!

Where was the waiter born? How did he come here? Has he any hope of getting away from here? Does he ever receive a letter, or take a ride upon the railway, or see anything but the Dodo? Perhaps he has seen the Berlin

Wool. He appears to have a silent sorrow on him, and it may be that. He clears the table; draws the dingy curtains of the great bow window, which so unwillingly consent to meet, that they must be pinned together; leaves me by the fire with my pint decanter, and a little thin funnel-shaped wine-glass, and a plate of pale biscuits —in themselves engendering desperation.

No book, no newspaper! I left the Arabian Nights in the railway carriage, and have nothing to read but Bradshaw, and "that way madness lies." Remembering what prisoners and shipwrecked mariners have done to exercise their minds in solitude, I repeat the multiplication table, the pence table, and the shilling table: which are all the tables I happen to know. What if I write something? The Dodo keeps no pens but steel pens; and those I always stick through the paper, and can turn to no other account.

What am I to do? Even if I could have the bandy-legged baby knocked up and brought here, I could offer him nothing but sherry, and that would be the death of him. He would never hold up his head again if he touched it. I can't go to bed, because I have conceived a mortal hatred for my bedroom; and I can't go away because there is no train for my place of destination until morning. To burn the biscuits will be but a fleeting joy; still it is a temporary relief, and here they go on the fire! Shall I break the plate? First let me look at the back, and see who made it. COPELAND.

Copeland! Stop a moment. Was it yesterday I visited Copeland's works, and saw them making plates? In the confusion of travelling about, it might be yesterday or it might be yesterday month; but I think it was yesterday. I appeal to the plate. The plate says, decidedly, yesterday. I find the plate, as I look at it, growing into a companion.

Don't you remember (says the plate) how you steamed away, yesterday morning, in the bright sun and the east wind, along the valley of the sparkling Trent? Don't you recollect the many kilns you flew past, looking like the bowls of gigantic tobacco pipes, cut short off from the stem and turned upside down? And the fires — and the smoke — and the roads made with bits of crockery, as if all the plates and dishes in the civilised world had been Macadamized, expressly for the laming of all the horses? Of course I do!

And don't you remember (says the plate) how you alighted at Stoke — a picturesque heap of houses, kilns, smoke, wharfs, canals, and river, lying (as was most appropriate) in a basin — and how, after climbing up the sides of the basin to look at the prospect, you trundled down again at a walking-match pace, and straight proceeded to my father's, Copeland's, where the whole of my family, high and low, rich and poor, are turned out upon the world

from our nursery and seminary, covering some fourteen acres of ground? And don't you remember what we spring from: — heaps of lumps of clay, partially prepared and cleaned in Devonshire and Dorsetshire, whence said clay principally comes — and hills of flint, without which we should want our ringing sound, and should never be musical? And as to the flint, don't you recollect that it is first burnt in kilns, and is then laid under the four iron feet of a demon slave, subject to violent stamping fits, who, when they come on, stamps away insanely with his four iron legs, and would crush all the flint in the Isle of Thanet to powder, without leaving off? And as to the clay, don't you recollect how it is put into mills or teazers, and is sliced, and dug, and cut at, by endless knives, clogged and sticky, but persistent — and is pressed out of that machine through a square trough, whose form it takes — and is cut off in square lumps and thrown into a vat, and there mixed with water, and beaten to a pulp by paddle-wheels — and is then run into a rough house, all rugged beams and ladders splashed with white, — superintended by Grindoff the Miller in his working clothes, all splashed with white, — where it passes through no end of machinery-moved sieves all splashed with white, arranged in an ascending scale of fineness [illegible] so fine, that three hundred threads cross each other in a square inch of their surface), and all in a violent state of ague with their teeth for ever chattering, and their bodies for ever shivering? And as to the flint again, isn't it mashed and mollified and troubled and soothed, exactly as rags are in a paper-mill, until it is reduced to a pap so fine that it contains no atom of "grit" perceptible to the nicest taste? And as to the flint and the clay together, are they not, after all this, mixed in the proportion of five of clay to one of flint, and isn't the compound — known as "slip" — run into oblong troughs, where its superfluous moisture may evaporate; and finally, isn't it slapped and banged and beaten and patted and kneaded and wedged and knocked about like butter, until it becomes a beautiful grey dough, ready for the potter's use?

In regard of the potter, popularly so called (says the plate), you don't mean to say you have forgotten that a workman called a Thrower is the man under whose hand this grey dough takes the shapes of the simpler household vessels as quickly as the eye can follow? You don't mean to say you cannot call him up before you, sitting, with his attendant woman, at his potter's wheel — a disc about the size of a dinner plate, revolving on two drums slowly or quickly as he wills — who made you a complete breakfast set for a bachelor, as a good-humoured little off-hand joke? You remember how he took up as much dough as he wanted, and, throwing it on his wheel, in a mo-

ment fashioned it into a teacup — caught up more clay and made a saucer — a larger dab and whirled it into a teapot — winked at a smaller dab and converted it into the lid of the teapot, accurately fitting by the measurement of his eye alone — coaxed a middle-sized dab for two seconds, broke it, turned it over at the rim, and made a milkpot — laughed, and turned out a slop-basin — coughed, and provided for the sugar? Neither, I think, are you oblivious of the newer mode of making various articles, but especially basins, according to which improvement a mould revolves instead of a disc? For you *must* remember (says the plate) how you saw the mould of a little basin spinning round and round, and how the workman smoothed and pressed a handful of dough upon it, and how with an instrument called a profile (a piece of wood, representing the profile of a basin's foot) he cleverly scraped and carved the ring which makes the base of any such basin, and then took the basin off the lathe like a doughey skull-cap to be dried, and afterwards (in what is called a green state) to be put into a second lathe, there to be finished and burnished with a steel burnisher? And as to moulding in general (says the plate), it can't be necessary for me to remind you that all ornamental articles, and indeed all articles not quite circular, are made in moulds. For you must remember how you saw the vegetable dishes, for example, being made in moulds; and how the handles of teacups, and the spouts of teapots, and the feet of tureens, and so forth, are all made in little separate moulds, and are each stuck on to the body corporate, of which it is destined to form a part, with a stuff called "slag," as quickly as you can recollect it. Further, you learnt — you know you did — in the same visit, how the beautiful sculptures in the delicate new material called Parian, are all constructed in moulds; how, into that material, animal bones are ground up, because the phosphate of lime contained in bones makes it translucent; how everything is moulded, before going into the fire, one-fourth larger than it is intended to come out of the fire, because it shrinks in that proportion in the intense heat; how, when a figure shrinks unequally, it is spoiled — emerging from the furnace a mis-shapen birth: a big head and a little body, or a little head and a big body, or a Quasimodo with long arms and short legs, or a Miss Biffin with neither legs nor arms worth mentioning!

And as to the Kilns, in which the firing takes place, and in which some of the more precious articles are burnt repeatedly, in various stages of their process towards completion, — as to the Kilns (says the plate, warming with the recollection), if you don't remember THEM with a horrible interest, what did you ever go to Copeland's for? When you stood inside of one of those inverted

bowls of a Pre-Adamite tobacco-pipe, looking up at the blue sky through the open top far off, as you might have looked up from a well, sunk under the centre of the pavement of the Pantheon at Rome, had you the least idea where you were? And when you found yourself surrounded, in that dome-shaped cavern, by innumerable columns of an unearthly order of architecture, supporting nothing, and squeezed close together as if a Pre-Adamite Samson had taken a vast Hall in his arms and crushed it into the smallest possible space, had you the least idea what they were? No (says the plate), of course not! And when you found that each of those pillars was a pile of ingeniously made vessels of coarse clay — called Saggers — looking, when separate, like raised-pies for the table of the mighty Giant Blunderbore, and now all full of various articles of pottery ranged in them in baking order, the bottom of each vessel serving for the cover of the one below, and the whole Kiln rapidly filling with these, tier upon tier, until the last workman should have barely room to crawl out, before the closing of the jagged aperture in the wall and the kindling of the gradual fire; did you not stand amazed to think that all the year round these dread chambers are heating, white hot — and cooling — and filling — and emptying — and being bricked up — and broken open — humanly speaking, for ever and ever? To be sure you did! And standing in one of those Kilns nearly full, and seeing a free crow shoot across the aperture a-top, and learning how the fire would wax hotter and hotter by slow degrees, and would cool similarly through a space of from forty to sixty hours, did no remembrance of the days when human clay was burnt, oppress you? Yes, I think so! I suspect that some fancy of a fiery haze and a shortening breath, and a growing heat, and a gasping prayer; and a figure in black interposing between you and the sky (as figures in black are very apt to do), and looking down, before it grew too hot to look and live, upon the Heretic in his edifying agony — I say I suspect (says the Plate) that some such fancy was pretty strong upon you when you went out into the air, and blessed God for the bright spring day and the degenerate times!

After that, I needn't remind you what a relief it was to see the simplest process of ornamenting this "biscuit" (as it is called when baked) with brown circles and blue trees — converting it into the common crockery-ware that is exported to Africa, and used in cottages at home. For (says the Plate) I am well persuaded that you bear in mind how those particular jugs and mugs were once more set upon a lathe and put in motion; and how a man blew the brown colour (having a strong natural affinity with the material in that condition) on them from a blow-pipe as they twirled; and

how his daughter, with a common brush, dropped blotches of blue upon them in the right places; and how, tilting the blotches upside down, she made them run into rude images of trees, and there an end.

And didn't you see (says the Plate) planted upon my own brother that astounding blue willow, with knobbed and gnarled trunk, and foliage of blue ostrich feathers, which gives our family the title of "willow pattern?" And didn't you observe, transferred upon him at the same time, that blue bridge which spans nothing, growing out from the roots of the willow, and the three blue Chinese going over it into a blue temple, which has a fine crop of blue bushes sprouting out of the roof; and a blue boat sailing above them, the mast of which is burglariously sticking itself into the foundations of a blue villa, suspended sky-high, surmounted by a lump of blue rock, sky-higher, and a couple of billing blue birds, sky-highest — together with the rest of that amusing blue landscape, which has, in deference to our revered ancestors of the Cerulean Empire, and in defiance of every known law of perspective, adorned millions of our family ever since the days of platters? Didn't you inspect the copper-plate on which my pattern was deeply engraved? Didn't you perceive an impression of it taken in cobalt colour at a cylindrical press, upon a leaf of thin paper, streaming from a plunge-bath of soap and water? Wasn't the paper impression daintily spread, by a light-fingered damsel (you *know* you admired her!), over the surface of the plate, and the back of the paper rubbed prodigiously hard — with a long tight roll of flannel, tied up like a round of hung beef — without so much as ruffling the paper, wet as it was? Then (says the Plate), was not the paper washed away with a sponge, and didn't there appear, set off upon the plate, *this* identical piece of Pre-Raphaelite blue distemper which you now behold? Not to be denied! I had seen all this — and more. I had been shown, at Copeland's, patterns of beautiful design, in faultless perspective, which are causing the ugly old willow to wither out of public favour; and which, being quite as cheap, insinuate good wholesome natural art into the humblest households. When Mr. and Mrs. Sprat have satisfied their material tastes by that equal division of fat and lean which has made their *ménage* immortal; and have, after the elegant tradition, "licked the platter clean," they can — thanks to modern artists in clay — feast their intellectual tastes upon excellent delineations of natural objects.

This reflection prompts me to transfer my attention from the blue plate to the forlorn but cheerfully painted vase on the sideboard. And surely (says the Plate) you have not forgotten how the outlines of such groups of flowers as you see there, are printed, just

as I was printed, and are afterwards shaded and filled in with metallic colours by women and girls? As to the aristocracy of our order, made of the finer clay — porcelain peers and peeresses; — the slabs, and panels, and table tops, and tazze; the endless nobility and gentry of dessert, breakfast, and tea services; the gemmed perfume-bottles, and scarlet and gold salvers; you saw that they were painted by artists, with metallic colours laid on with camel-hair pencils, and afterwards burnt in.

And talking of burning in (says the Plate), didn't you find that every subject, from the willow-pattern to the landscape after Turner — having been framed upon clay or porcelain biscuit — has to be glazed? Of course, you saw the glaze — composed of various vitreous materials — laid over every article; and of course you witnessed the close imprisonment of each piece in saggers upon the separate system rigidly enforced by means of fine-pointed earthenware stilts placed between the articles to prevent the slightest communication or contact. We had in my time — and I suppose it is the same now — fourteen hours firing to fix the glaze and to make it "run" all over us equally, so as to put a good shiny and unscratchable surface upon us. Doubtless, you observed that one sort of glaze — called printing-body — is burnt into the better sort of ware *before* it is printed. Upon this you saw some of the finest steel engravings transferred, to be fixed by an after glazing — didn't you? Why, of course you did!

Of course I did. I had seen and enjoyed everything that the plate recalled to me, and had beheld with admiration how the rotatory motion which keeps this ball of ours in its place in the great scheme, with all its busy mites upon it, was necessary throughout the process, and could only be dispensed with in the fire. So, listening to the plate's reminders, and musing upon them, I got through the evening after all, and went to bed. I made but one sleep of it — for which I have no doubt I am also indebted to the plate — and left the lonely Dodo in the morning, quite at peace with it, before the bandy-legged baby was up.

MARGARET FULLER.

In the year 1810, in the town of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, a child was born to a pair named Fuller, whom they christened Margaret. The father was a lawyer — a shrewd, severe man; "a character," as the daughter says, "quite of the common sort." He was, however, a classical scholar, with a taste for the poets of Queen Anne's time; though, even in literature, a man of business. Margaret, he determined, should be a youthful prodigy. At six years old she could read Latin; and she afterwards became thoroughly

proficient in that tongue, as well as in the Greek. Hexameters had neither mystery nor terrors for her; and the oldest "Dux" in the Westminster School would have, probably, found her a match for him with such missiles. Her father, when dealing with her, was all method and precision; but she describes her own character as having been "fervent, and disposed to infatuation and self-forgetfulness." All this, however, failed to give her a distaste for study. At eight years old, she found a copy of Shakespeare, and greedily devoured it; twice incurring her father's anger for being found reading it on a Sunday.

At the age of thirteen, Margaret Fuller was so advanced in mental development, that she took her place in society as a full-grown woman. At fifteen, she gave the following account of her manner of passing the day: — "I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practise on the piano till seven; when we breakfast. Next, I read French — Sismondi's 'Literature of the South of Europe' — till eight; then two or three lectures in 'Brown's Philosophy.' From half-past nine till twelve I study Greek; when I recite, and practise again till dinner, at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half-an-hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian. At six, I walk or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing for half-an-hour or so; and, about eleven, retire, to write a little while in my journal, exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics, which I am filling up, according to advice." She was already famous for her conversation. She satirised her own sex, and they kept aloof from her. At nineteen, there was scarcely a book of note, in the Spanish, French, or Italian languages, which she had not read and thoroughly mastered. She soon after studied German, and devoured all its writers in prose, poetry, and metaphysics.

Kant and Novalis were among her favourites; if we may judge from her journal, which contains plentiful records of her "inner life," "spiritual struggles," "self-wrestlings," "appointed tasks," and "other things caviare to the general." The "Boston School," or "Frogpondians" (as they are called in the American dialect), of which Mr. Emerson is the chief, took her to itself; and she acquired the art of making a profound thought look profounder, by only half expressing it.

The person of Margaret Fuller is described as being rather under the middle height, extremely plain, with a trick of opening and shutting her eyelids, and a nasal tone of voice, which repelled. Mr. Emerson was decidedly repelled. He said to himself, "We shall never get far." But she quizzed him, and flattered him, and disputed with him, until he admitted that it was impossible

to hold out against such an urgent assault. He was speedily drawn into the circle of her friends; whom, with meek resignation, he says, "she wore like a necklace." Meanwhile, her industry in study was immense.

In 1843, she was editor of the "Dial," an American Quarterly Review. In 1844 she removed to New York, and endeavoured to arouse the ladies of that city with lectures to them, exclusively, on "The Family," "The School," "Society," and "Literature." She afterwards published "Women in the Nineteenth Century," in which she demanded for her sex the fullest recognition of social and political equality. One of her male friends innocently remarks, however, that, while she demanded absolute equality for women, she exacted a deference from men to women, entirely inconsistent with that requirement. Poor, unsuspecting, male friend! As time wore on, he acknowledges himself drawn irresistibly into the general current; or, to use the other gentleman's metaphor, strung upon her necklace.

Heralded by her reputation as a scholar and talker, and continually before the public, as a writer, in New York she became the centre of attraction. All persons were curious to see her; but her admirers state that most seemed repelled, by what looked e conceit, pedantry, and a harsh f criticism; while, on her ie seemed to regard those around her as frivolous, superficial, and conventional.

In 1846, Margaret Fuller came to England, and quizzed English society and English writers. In Paris, she visited the famous Madame Dudevant, otherwise George Sand, and found her smoking the little cigarette, of which all the world has heard. She states that she never liked a woman better than the female George, and gives some reasons for her affection, which would seem to few people reasons for liking anybody. At Boulogne, she said, "All women should love that city; for there the intelligence of women had been cherished." Both in France and Italy, she saw most of the noted men, literary and scientific, and discoursed with them, freely, in their own tongue. In Rome, she wrote, with outrageous modesty, "Among the famous women, I find none with so comprehensive a head, or such fine instincts, as I."

We can afford to see the little weaknesses in Margaret Fuller's character. As we draw near the end of her brief career, we find them cast into the proper shade by her untiring energy and undoubted genius. Very touching is the account she has written of her youth—her childish reflexions when the shadow of death first darkened their household—and that singularly early application to study, and severe discipline, which contributed to form a character so peculiar. She was in Rome in the midst of the revo-

lutionary scenes of 1848 — during the murder of Count Rossi, and expulsion of the Pope, and while cries of "Morte ai Cardinali!" "Morte ai Jesuiti!" were loudest and most earnest. From the window of her loggia she witnessed the famous sortie of Garibaldi, when the French were driven back with the loss of a thousand men. It was on a Sunday. The French threw rockets into the city, one of which burst in the courtyard of the hospital, just as she arrived there, to fulfil her duties as Regolatrice, or attendant upon the wounded; for which office she had volunteered her services. She went daily to the hospital, and though she suffered — for she had no idea, before, how terrible were gunshot wounds and wound-fever — she found a pleasure in her task. Many of the sufferers, especially among the Lombards, were among the flower of the Italian youth. As they began to get better, she carried them books and flowers, and they read and talked together.

During the siege of three months, she remained shut up in the city; for she had now other ties to bind her to Rome. An Italian nobleman, the Marquis D'Ossoli, had met her by chance in the Church of St. Peter's, in the spring of 1847: an accident brought them into conversation. Margaret had become separated from her friends in the Church; and the Marquis, seeing her to be a foreigner, volunteered to assist in her search. Her friends were gone, no vehicle was at hand, and she was compelled to walk with her stranger friend a long distance. Their words were few, though enough to create a desire for further acquaintance. They parted at the door, and Margaret related the adventure to her friends. The chance meeting at Vespers in St. Peter's paved the way for many interviews; and, finally, Ossoli offered her his hand; but Margaret refused it, and departed, soon after, for Venice. Upon her return to Rome, however, their acquaintance was renewed. The family of Ossoli were strictly conservative, and the lover had been educated in their principles; but, for Margaret's sake, he espoused the cause of Roman liberty. From this time they became the closest friends, often making little excursions out of Rome together. Carrying with them some roasted chestnuts, they got bread and wine, and dined, in pastoral fashion, at some rustic inn — coming back sometimes in time to see the sun going down behind the towers of the city. They were soon afterwards married secretly. D'Ossoli became one of the most active defenders of Rome, occupying with his men a dangerous place upon the walls. Margaret continued her consolations to the wounded; attending daily at the hospitals for seven or eight hours — often the entire night — until she herself lay on a bed of sickness, and was thought to be near her death. Yet she never flinched: "Though some-

times," she says, "I found myself inferior in courage and fortitude to the occasion. I knew not how to bear the havoc and anguish incident to the struggle for these principles. I rejoiced that it lay not with me to cut down the trees, to destroy the Elysian garden, for the defence of the city; I do not know that I could have done it. And the sight of these far nobler growths, the beautiful young men, mown down in their stately prime, became too much for me. I forgot the great ideas — to sympathise with the poor mothers. You say I have sustained them. Often have they sustained my courage: one, kissing the pieces of bone that were so painfully extracted from his arm, hung them round his neck — mementoes that he also has done and borne something for his country and the hopes of humanity. One fair young man, who is made a cripple for life, clasped my hand as he saw me crying over the spasms, I could not relieve — and faintly cried, '*Viva l'Italia!*'" During the most dangerous times of the bombardment, Margaret was constantly to and fro in the streets of the city, visiting friends, collecting information, and sometimes interposing in quarrels between the people and the soldiery, and calming the most infuriated.

Impoverished by political events, Margaret and her husband fled from Rome, on the entrance of the French, to Rieti, in the Apenines, where their child had been deposited for safety previously to the siege. The winter she spent peacefully in Florence, with her husband and child.

Disheartened by the aspect of political affairs in Europe, Margaret now wished to return to America. Considerations of economy determined them, in spite of misgivings, to take a passage in a merchantman from Leghorn. Many omens seemed to dissuade her from her purpose — for she was anxious for her child's sake; but they set sail. They were swept tranquilly over the smooth waters of the Mediterranean; but, before they reached Gibraltar, the captain of their vessel was taken ill, and died. The authorities at that port refused permission for any one to land, and directed that the burial should be made at sea. At sunset, the body of the captain, wrapped in the flag of his nation, was let down into the deep water.

The second day after, their child was stricken with the complaint of the captain; but recovered. Margaret gave the last touches to her work on Italy. Slowly, yet peacefully, passed the long summer days, and the mellow, moonlit nights; slowly, and with even flight, their vessel, under gentle airs from the tropics, bears them safely onward. Four thousand miles of ocean lay behind; they were nearly home; but stormy weather came on, and grew into a hurricane. About four o'clock in the morning, the vessel struck on a spot called Fire

Island Beach. No human power could save her; the sea swept over the vessel, and she lay at the mercy of the ocean. At daylight the shore was discernible at a distance of only a few hundred yards — a lonely waste of sand-hills, as far as could be seen, through the spray and driving rain. Men had been early observed, gazing at the wreck; later, a waggon was drawn up upon the beach. There was no sign of a life-boat, however, or any attempt at rescue; and it was determined that some one should try to land, by swimming; and, if possible, obtain aid. Although it seemed almost sure death to trust one's self to the surf, a sailor with a life-preserver jumped overboard, and was seen to reach the shore; a second followed in safety; but a passenger who ventured sank, either struck by some piece of the wreck, or unable to combat with the waves. Another hour passed; but though many persons were busy on the shore, gathering into carts whatever spoil was stranded, no life-boat appeared. After much deliberation, it was agreed that the passengers should attempt to land, each seated upon a plank, and grasping handles of rope, while a sailor swam behind. The first passenger — a woman — was brought ashore, half-drowned, by the intrepidity of a sailor.

When Margaret's turn came, she steadily refused to be separated from her husband and child. On a raft with them, she would have boldly encountered the surf; but alone she would not go. While she was yet declining all persuasions, word was given upon the deck that the life-boat had finally appeared. For a moment the news lighted up again a flickering hope. But, to the experienced eyes of the sailors it soon became evident that there was no attempt to launch or to man her. The last chance of aid from shore was then utterly gone. They must rely on their own strength, or perish. But, already the tide had turned, and it was plain that the wreck could not hold together through another flood. In this emergency, the commanding officer, who until now had remained at his post, once more appealed to Margaret to try to escape — urging that the ship would inevitably break up; that it was mere suicide to remain longer; that he did not feel free to sacrifice the lives of the crew; finally, that he would himself take the child, and that sailors should go with herself and her husband. But, as before, she declared that she would not be parted from her husband and child. The order was then given to "save themselves," and the greater part of the crew jumped over, leaving Margaret, her husband, and child behind. Several of the swimmers reached the shore alive; although severely bruised and wounded.

In the afternoon, the gale swelled once more to its former violence, and the remnants of the barque fast yielded to the waves. The cabin was swamped, the after-parts broke up, and the

stern settled down out of sight. Soon, too, the forecastle was filled with water, and the helpless little band were driven to the deck, where they clustered round the fore-mast. Presently, even this frail support was loosened from the hull, and rose and fell with every billow. It was plain to all that the final moment drew swiftly near. The three seamen who remained on the wreck, again persuaded the passengers to try the planks, which they held in the lee of the ship. Madame D'Ossoli had at length been induced by the steward to part with her child, with a pledge that he would save him, or die, when a sea struck the forecastle, and the fore-mast fell, carrying with it the deck, and all upon it. Ossoli clutched for a moment the rigging; but the next wave drew him down. Margaret sank at once. When last seen she was seated at the foot of the fore-mast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders. That twelve hours' communion, face to face with death, was over. Their bodies were never found. The steward and the child were washed ashore, some twenty minutes after, both dead.

A friend of the unfortunate pair, whom the news of the wreck drew to the shore, says, "The hull lies so near, that it seemed as if a dozen oar-strokes would carry [illegible]at along-side; and as one [illegible]s at it, glittering in the sun[illegible], it is hard to feel reconciled to our loss. Seven resolute men might have saved every soul on board." "The next day," says the same writer, "the body of the child was buried in a chest given by one of the sailors in a hollow, among the sand heaps. As I stood beside the lovely little mound, it seemed that never was seen a more affecting type of orphanage. Around, wiry and stiff, were scanty spires of beach grass; near by dwarf cedars, blown flat by wintry winds, stood, like grim guardians; only at the grave-head a stunted wild rose was struggling for existence. Thoughts came of many a little one in this hard world, and there was joy in the assurance that the child was neither motherless nor fatherless, and that Margaret and her husband were not childless in that new world which they had entered together."

MORE DUMB FRIENDS.

An eloquent and very thoughtful passage is quoted by Mr. Harvey, in his pleasing little work called "The Sea-side Book," to the effect that we are surrounded by races of creatures, which we designate as "dumb," of whom we really know very little beyond the outside, and a limited number of ordinary actions, habits, and peculiarities. If we were not used to it by every-day experience, he argues that we should regard the fact as something marvellous; because we may be said to hold intercourse with creatures who are

as much strangers to us, and as mysterious, as if they were "fabulous, unearthly beings, which Eastern superstitions have invented." We depend on them in various ways — "we use their labour, and we eat their flesh." But what do we know of their minds? We have written a great many books about instinct and reason; and even now the question is not settled, and does not seem likely to be settled, except by fairly giving up the point at issue, and handsomely making our dumb friends a present of both.

But why do we call them "dumb?" for they are not so. We mean, if we examine the expression, that they do not speak a human language — which it would be most unreasonable to expect they should; yet they have a language of their own. The old story of an English bumpkin — one of our choice specimens — who, going over to France, was astonished to hear, amidst the gabble of a strange dialect, a dog bark quite intelligibly, like ours, always makes us laugh. He had expected the dog to bark French. Well, our laugh being over, let us look closer at this ludicrous notion. There may be more in it than the bumpkin knew, or we had fancied. Certainly the bark of an English mastiff, or bull-dog, is very different from that of a French poodle; as the bark of an English lap-dog is different from that of a French wolf-dog; or an Italian greyhound from that of a Scotch terrier. We may say off-hand, that it is only a differenc of loudness and strength, accord ing to the size or strength of th dog; but we cannot be at all sur that there are not national cha racteristics far more numerou than we know — partly, becaus we have never paid a careful at tention to the distinction; partly because we happen not to be dog ourselves, or conversant with a the instincts of the race. The ex tent of our learning, as to th dog's vocal language, is almos limited to his bark of joy or o anger, his whine of impatience and his howl of pain; and, as t his sign-language, we flatter our selves that we understand all th gradations of his tail-wagging forepaw-lifting, and ear-cockin — but we are mere tyros an strangers.

Horses understand each othe by their neighs, and there is a obvious sign-language in thei eyes and ears. As everybody ha noticed the natural understandin of sounds between all creature and their young ones (the paren distinguishing the voice of its off spring among the similar voices o a number of others, when no on else can distinguish them), ma we not readily imagine that ther are an immense variety of sound with which we are not at all con versant? The antennæ languag of bees — to say nothing of th modulations in their apparentl monotonous hum — has been no ticed long since by naturalists but there we are all at fault, an know nothing more about th

language than the fact that it exists.

We once saw a large stranger dog trotting through a village, who was assailed by the yelpings of a number of curs, of whom he took no notice, but ran on with perfect good temper, even though some of them almost flew at his hind legs. At length, happening to stop and look around him, one cur, of a most insolent physiognomy, quickly tripped up to him, and appeared to whisper something (though we could hear no sound of it) in his ear. In an instant the large stranger pounced upon him — flung him sprawling on his back — gave him a tremendous shaking — rolled his howling body over and over in the dust — and then drove him yelping away as fast as his legs could carry him. What word or sound of the canine language was uttered is forbidden knowledge to us, but the insult conveyed was obviously of the most gross and intelligible kind to the individual most concerned.

There is every reason to suppose that innumerable sounds, answering the purpose of speech, are exchanged throughout the animal creation, which man does not in the least understand, or which he does not hear. In Mr. Beale's aviary there were three Mandarine ducks, two of whom were drakes. The duck was the ife of the elder Mandarine; and is being perfectly understood the other drake, the three lived gether in the utmost harmony. But these Mandarines are very valuable (as much as fifty pounds were paid not long since for the pair in the Zoological Gardens), and a thief, who had been studying ornithology, broke into the aviary one night, and stole the elder Mandarine. The very next day, the bereaved widow found herself exposed to the polite attentions of the other drake. She was, however, inconsolable for the loss of her husband, and resisted all the blandishments and overtures of the indefatigable suitor. But it so happened that the ornithological thief was traced, the elder Mandarine recovered, and restored to the expanded wings of his faithful wife. Their first transports being over, the elder Mandarine instantly turned upon the other drake, smote him with bill and pinion, buffetted him about the head till his sight was destroyed, and inflicted so many other wounds upon him that he died shortly afterwards. Of course she must have told him.

Whatever we may think of the superior sagacity of the monkey, the dog, the elephant, the horse, and other animals, there are no creatures who can compete with birds in the power of acquiring portions of human language. We do not allude only to the "universal linguist" — the parrot; for the jackdaw, the raven, the magpie, the starling, and the crow, have all been found capable of various degrees of accomplishment in this way. More wonderful than these, or at least it seems so, from

being the only known instance on record, was the canary possessed by an English lady some few years since, which she had taught to utter several words and short sentences; and who, at the end of a song, continually added—"Pretty little Dickée, dear" — the accent being laid upon the last syllable, so as to produce the effect of metrical euphony, in accordance with the close of his vocal melody. Lord Brougham among others, went to hear the phenomenon: "It 's *not* a bird!" said his lordship — "it is a bit of clock-work." Presently the canary cracked a hemp-seed, then drank a little water; and, it was said, winked an eye at the noble and learned lord; but birds often do this while drinking. Ancient writers tell of the thrush, the nightingale, and even the partridge, being known to utter words; and Pliny relates a story of a hen who articulated some words so clearly that the omen found occupation for the augurs. We suppose this *roopy* hen was held in high and sacred honour till the day of her death.

The acquirement of any fragments of human language by the lower animals — or, to speak more correctly, their power to imitate certain human sounds of speech — is quite a distinct question from that of the natural language they really possess, by which they express themselves, and are understood by their relatives and others of their kind. This is carried to a much finer degree than may be supposed. When two birds of the same species are addressing each other, in song, from a distance, "the responses are continued with distinctness and without distraction, their attention never being diverted by the multiplicity of sounds that strike the ear from birds of another species, which are singing close at hand." It is also worthy of notice, and of memory also, that when two birds are engaged in alternately pouring forth a lyrical effusion to each other, one bird never interrupts another. "A thrush, blackbird, or redbreast," says Mr. Jonathan Couch, to whose extremely interesting and instructive book* we are indebted for these observations, "may be seen to stretch forward the head, and direct the ears to catch the notes which come to it from some distant songster of its own species; nor will any effort be made to return a sound until the competitor is known to have ended his lay." The same thing holds good even in cases of warlike and angry challenge. The antagonists wait as patiently as the heroes in Homer, till each has concluded his sonorous, high-sounding challenge, and the narrative of his birth and education. Mr. Couch once noticed three cocks, "of superior size and majesty," who were engaged in answering each other from distant quarters in regular succession, as understood by the three; but when at last a number of inferior individuals, of no "name and

* Illustrations of Instinct, by Jonathan Couch, F.R.S.

breed," thought fit to join their voices, and interrupt the order and correct usages of Chanticleer-war, the three great heroes immediately ceased crowing, and haughtily withdrew and joined their hens, in disdain of such low interference.

There is evidently a common understanding, among all creatures, of certain primitive sounds. The cry of alarm, of pain, of rage, and the sounds of conciliation and calming, pitying and caressing, are, more or less, understood by nearly the whole living family of the earth. The use and perception of minute and elaborate gradations and inflections can alone constitute a language; and we are in no condition to deny that other creatures possess something of this kind besides ourselves. Certain naturalists think that the humming of the bee, though a confused monotone to our ears, may to the bee's organ of hearing represent an orderly "succession of drummings." These are the real grounds of a belief that the creatures we are in the habit of calling 'dumb animals," have an intelligible language suited to their several states; the question of how far they understand such words of human speech as they may contrive to articulate, may be quietly left, with the admission that most probably it is a mere imitation of sounds; and that, of such words as we use to them (the meaning of which it is evident they comprehend) the modulations of the voice, *i.e.* the sounds, are the chief medium of instructive intelligence or sympathy.

As to the power of imitation, it is very great in some creatures besides those who have the common reputation for it. We once saw a parrot imitate actions. The bird belonged (and is probably still living) to a popular fairy-land dramatist of the present day. On seeing anybody take off his coat, the parrot presently bent forward in precisely the same attitude, and gave an imitation of the act with its wings, the effect of which was extraordinary from the fact of the wings being "fixtures," while the bird seemed to draw its body out of them, as it protruded its shoulders. There is an account, in "Loudon's Magazine of Natural History," of a blackbird who imitated the crowing of a cock so well that he continually set all the cocks crowing who were within hearing. He did not, however, invariably complete his crow, but sometimes stopped in the middle and finished with a whistle, conveying a curious effect of levity and insult, which must very much have puzzled the listening warriors of the neighbourhood.

Pliny tells us that the younger nightingales study the older, and catch and imitate the song; the scholar listening with the utmost earnestness, and replying to it at intervals, "comprehending the correction of error and every little step in the lesson." (Intelligitur emendatæ correctio, et in docente quædam reprehensio.) All this is in the natural and usual way of

imitation, by means of which young birds are taught the song of their species; and yet experiments are recorded by Mr. Couch of a young thrush, and of a goldfinch, being taken so early from the nest that they could have had no opportunity of receiving a lesson, or perhaps hearing a song, from the parent, and that, nevertheless, the caged birds, at four or five years old, sung the song of their species. This is more than can be said of the lingual powers of the human species; and though Sir Thomas Brown avers that if any infant were left on an uninhabited island, and grew up, it would spontaneously speak the primitive language of man in the Garden of Eden — namely, Hebrew — we yet venture to express our conviction that this very interesting young person would speak no human language whatever. A dumb language, however, if we may so term it, of signs, gesticulations, and expressive sounds, would undoubtedly be possessed, and be correspondingly intelligible to all of his own species, and to many of a different species.

Mr. Couch relates an amusing story of two swallows, one of whom was returning to his nest, but was incessantly pursued by the other (evidently a gay young bachelor) who wanted to go there also. In all their circles and turns, the married proprietor of the nest invariably kept on the side towards it, both of them the whole time being at "high words." Meanwhile, the hen swallow, who was sitting in the dark at the bottom of her nest, under a roof, heard all the dispute, and comprehended every word of it. Eventually, being quite unable to endure it any longer, she darted out, and pouncing upon the impertinent stranger, who had dared to persist in saying he would come to her nest, aided her husband so efficiently that the gay young bachelor was driven away with a sorely pecked crown.

It is obvious that a kind of language, answering all their purposes of life, is possessed by most of those creatures whom we erroneously designate as dumb. But not only have they different sounds which are intelligible to those of the same species; they have also a still greater variety of actions, or signs, by which to communicate with each other, many of which are visible to us, and very probably they have many more of which we can form no conception. Some of them have the sense of hearing infinitely finer than ours. A field is thus open to impressions which are beyond us. The same may be said of the sense of smell. Each of these senses admits of subtle and distant communications, of which we have good evidence; but how much more remains unknown to us! So of the sight. These interesting questions have been discussed in a new but no less earnest fashion, by Mr. R. H. Horne, in his charming book entitled "The Poor Artist; or Seven Eyesights and One Ob-

ject;" a work which endeavours in a playful manner to elucidate the wonders and diversities of vision in different organs of sight. We borrow a few observations from it: —

"The greyhound runs by eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homewards, by eyesight, *viz.*, from point to point, by objects which he has *marked;* but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back — not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of his four wings — the only known creature that possesses this faculty. His sight, then, both forwards and backwards, must be proportionately rapid with his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of objects, or he would dash himself to pieces." The subtle operations of other senses in different creatures, exceeding the senses of man in these respects, are thus noticed in the same work. "What sort of hearing has the shark — if any? The organs of smell, however, in the shark, who discovers, through the great volume of waters, and through the dense timbers, that somebody is dead, yea, or dying, in the cabin, must be wonderful. But we know nothing about this beyond the fact. The same creature, whether shark or cat, who has a wonderful sense of smell in some things, seems to have no nose at all for many others. No one ever saw a monkey smell a flower. If he did smell it, this would only be to inquire if it were eatable or poisonous. Then, as to the sense of touch; what a fine work goes on in the language of the antennæ! and yet it is impossible that the majority of these insects should possess sensations like ours. A wasp flies in at the window, alights on the breakfast table, runs swiftly up the side of the sugar-basin, and displays his grim face in a brazen mask with iron spectacles, just above the rim. The next moment he darts upon the sugar. But an alarmed hand advances a pair of scissors, and suddenly snips off his head. The body staggers, and perhaps flies away, while the jaws of the brazen mask with iron spectacles continue for some seconds to work away at the sugar, as though no such event had occurred."

Mr. Horne also speculates on the variations of the organs of taste in different creatures; he is curious to know whether the birds of prey who bolt everything whole, really taste their prey, or only satisfy a ravenous appetite; and inquires whether the owl, who swallows a mouse whole, tastes him in his stomach. We feel disposed to put a similar query, as to whether the serpent in the Zoological Gardens who recently bolted his bedding, derived any gastric pleasure during, or after, the performance.

A flock of crows have their sen-

tinel, who watches, as an outpost, and gives notice by a watch-cry of the approach of danger; so have linnets, so have blackbirds, so have choughs, so have gulls, so has a herd of deer, so have many other creatures. Whether by the acuteness of their sight, or smell, or hearing, it is quite clear that they know very well what they are about. All things considered, we must admit that our dumb friends and fellow inhabitants of the earth are only dumb in respect to one sort of language, but that they have "a mother-tongue" of their own, which answers all their purposes. The ingenious young gentleman who slits the tongue of a magpie, and says, "Now he can talk!" has a very exaggerated estimate of his own educational powers. Nature did far more for the magpie in the way of language before he left the parental nest.

THE LEGEND OF THE MIRACULOUS ROSE-TREES.

OLD travellers say, that, in an Eastern land,
And in a field, with mountains nigh at hand,
Are found two marvellous Rose-trees; and they write
That one bears flowers red, the other white —
Red as the fire, and white as snow on wold.
These trees are preternaturally old,
Yet keep their freshness; and from day to day
Wax greener, and more odorous and gay,
As though an angel fed them with his youth:
And the near people tell, for very truth,
An ancient tale, sent down from tongue to tongue,
Of how these trees miraculously sprung;
Which I will here, as best I may, rehearse
In added rhyme, and weav'd into a verse.

There was a maiden, in a time gone by'
Who lived secluded from all company;
For the world's battle fill'd her with more dread
Than silence — and her parents both were dead.
And so she dwelt apart, without a friend,
In a still mansion by the city's end,
That look'd upon a garden's shadowy trees.
A voice of murmuring leaves and moaning seas
Haunted for ever that removed house,
Like an enchantment, rich and marvellous;
And, under clustering boughs, this maiden clear
Walk'd up and down without a thought of fear,
Though by her side was human creature none.
Yet certainly she was not quite alone:
For, in the hush of that deserted place,
She often met with angels face to face,
And felt the wind that blows from out their bowers
Breathe in her hair; and sometimes, when the hours
Were stillest, and the westering sun was low,
The visages of ancient Gods would grow
Out of the pale, blank air, before her eyes,
Heavily calm with piled mysteries.

But who can reckon on a placid life,
Because of guilelessness? The tyrant's knife
Pierces the naked breast before the arm'd.
This gentle maiden, who had never harm'd
A living creature, and whose soul was white
And uncorrupt as elemental light,
Was, by the priests, accused of secret crimes,
And of neglecting to observe the times
Of adoration in their temples, where
They worshipp'd a fierce God with studious prayer.

They said she was a devil with bright looks,
And that she read not in their Sacred Books;
But kept a Fiend within her house, who fill'd
The cursed place, so soon as day was kill'd,
With gleams and fiery aspects; for, at night,
The awe-struck passers-by had seen the light
In which those angels dwelt, that thither came,
Paint the dark casements with a sudden flame.

The priests aloud for instant vengeance call,
And drag the maiden to the Justice Hall.
The people throng, and gaze into her eyes,
And think they see a spirit from the skies,
With visage pale, by golden tresses hemm'd,
Come there to judge, and not to be condemn'd.
A busy murmur passes up and down:
The throned Judges wear an ominous frown,
And hearken to the eager priests, who cry,
"She is accurs'd! To vengeance, instantly!"
Alas! they have determined on the deed.
The sentence has gone forth: it is decreed
That in a fire she shall be burnt to death.

The people for a moment hold their breath;
Then rush from out the Hall, and reach the place
Of execution, in an open space
Beyond the town, and barr'd the other way
By wall-like mountains, old and dusky grey;
And, in the midst, there is an iron stake,
From which a drooping chain hangs heavy and black.
Some one each day, upon a foul pretence,
Dies at that stake; and there, for evidence,
A heap of pallid ashes at the foot,
Mix'd with charr'd wood, and with a fearful soot,
Before the wind goes staggering to and fro.
All round this point, the people in a row
Await, with close lips and with frequent sighs,
The offering of that lurid sacrifice.

The victim comes, by savage priests shut in,
Who rage and trample with a ceaseless din,
And throw their quivering arms about the air,
And dance like drunken men with heads all bare.
And now the brands around the stake are laid,
With straw between. The unoffending maid
Beholds the pile, and sees, with steadfast eye,
The sharp and cruel Murder standing by;
The executioners, with eyes blood-red,
Like half-spent embers glowing in the head;
The flaming torches flashing round about;
The glare and smoke; the stirring of the rout;
The fixed mountains, cold and passionless;
The meadows flaunting in their summer dress;
The conscious-looking heavens, bare and still;
The moveless trees; the running of the rill;
The quick birds, loudly flapping on the wing;
The people round, with white lips murmuring:
All this she sees, and still she does not quake.

Those bloody men have bound her to the stake;
And yet she smiles, and not a word she says.

The heap is fired; the straw and faggots blaze;
The deathsmen farther from the pile have fled;
The flames, up-springing, dash the heavens red;
The swarthy smoke, like metal in a forge,
Grows sanguine all about that fiery surge.

A miracle! a wonder to behold!
The flames are out; the lighted brands are cold!
Another marvel yet! No brands are there,

But only two fresh Rose-trees, budding fair;
The one with flowers red, the other white.
The staring people stagger at the sight.
The maiden still is standing in her place;
And, 'twixt the rosy buds, they see her face.

For very joy the people shout and sing.
The priests upon the ground lie grovelling,
And cast themselves abroad, and idly rave,
And pull the earth about them like a grave;
And in their howling presently they die.
The lovely lady murmurs thankfully;
And by the people homeward she is brought,
With flights of gleaming angels overthwart.

Thus sprang those marvellous trees; and it is said,
That from the burnt brands came the Roses red,
And from the unburnt came the Roses pale.
I say no farther. I have done my tale.

A TERRIBLY STRANGE BED.

THE most difficult likeness I ever had to take, not even excepting my first attempt in the art of Portrait-painting, was a likeness of a gentleman named Faulkner. As far as drawing and colouring went, I had no particular fault to find with my picture; it was the *expression* of the sitter which I had failed in rendering — a failure quite as much his fault as mine. Mr. Faulkner, like many other persons by whom I have been employed, took it into his head that he must assume an expression, because he was sitting for his likeness; and, in consequence, contrived to look as unlike himself as possible, while I was painting him. I had tried to divert his attention from his own face, by talking with him on all sorts of topics. We had both travelled a great deal, and felt interested alike in many subjects connected with our wanderings over the same countries. Occasionally, while we were discussing our travelling experiences, the unlucky set-look left his countenance, and I began to work to some purpose; but it was always disastrously sure to return again, before I had made any great progress — or, in other words, just at the very time when I was most anxious that it should not re-appear. The obstacle thus thrown in the way of the satisfactory completion of my portrait, was the more to be deplored, because Mr. Faulkner's natural expression was a very remarkable one. I am not an author, so I cannot describe it. I ultimately succeeded in painting it, however; and this was the way in which I achieved my success: —

On the morning when my sitter was coming to me for the fourth time, I was looking at his portrait in no very agreeable mood — looking at it, in fact, with the disheartening conviction that the picture would be a perfect failure, unless the expression in the face represented were thoroughly altered and improved from nature. The only method of accomplishing this successfully, was to make Mr. Faulkner, somehow, insensibly forget that he was sitting

for his picture. What topic could I lead him to talk on, which would entirely engross his attention while I was at work on his likeness? — I was still puzzling my brains to no purpose on this subject when Mr. Faulkner entered my studio; and, shortly afterwards, an accidental circumstance gained for me the very object which my own ingenuity had proved unequal to compass.

While I was "setting" my palette, my sitter amused himself by turning over some portfolios. He happened to select one for special notice, which contained several sketches that I had made in the streets of Paris. He turned over the first five views rapidly enough; but when he came to the sixth, I saw his face flush directly; and observed that he took the drawing out of the portfolio, carried it to the window, and remained silently absorbed in the contemplation of it for full five minutes. After that, he turned round to me; and asked very anxiously, if I had any objection to part with that sketch.

It was the least interesting drawing of the series — merely a view in one of the streets running by the backs of the houses in the Palais Royal. Some four or five of these houses were comprised in the view, which was of no particular use to me in any way; and which was too valueless, as a work of Art, for me to think of *selling* [illegible] patron. I begged [illegible] of it, at once. He quite warmly; and [illegible] hat I looked a little surprised at the odd selection he had made from my sketches, laughingly asked me if I could guess why he had been so anxious to become possessed of the view which I had given him?

"Probably" — I answered — "there is some remarkable historical association connected with that street at the back of the Palais Royal, of which I am ignorant."

"No" — said Mr. Faulkner — "at least, none that *I* know of. The only association connected with the place in *my* mind, is a purely personal association. Look at this house in your drawing — the house with the waterpipe running down it from top to bottom. I once passed a night there — a night I shall never forget to the day of my death. I have had some awkward travelling adventures in my time; but *that* adventure —! Well, well! suppose we begin the sitting. I make but a bad return for your kindness in giving me the sketch, by thus wasting your time in mere talk."

He had not long occupied the sitter's chair (looking pale and thoughtful), when he returned — involuntarily, as it seemed — to the subject of the house in the back street. Without, I hope, showing any undue curiosity, I contrived to let him see that I felt a deep interest in everything he now said. After two or three preliminary hesitations, he at last, to my great joy, fairly started on the narrative of his adventure. In the interest of his subject he soon

completely forgot that he was sitting for his portrait — the very expression that I wanted, came over his face — my picture proceeded towards completion, in the right direction, and to the best purpose. At every fresh touch, I felt more and more certain that I was now getting the better of my grand difficulty; and I enjoyed the additional gratification of having my work lightened by the recital of a true story, which possessed, in my estimation, all the excitement of the most exciting romance.

This, as nearly as I can recollect, is, word for word, how Mr. Faulkner told me the story: —

Shortly before the period when gambling-houses were suppressed by the French Government, I happened to be staying at Paris with an English friend. We were both young men then, and lived, I am afraid, a very dissipated life, in the very dissipated city of our sojourn. One night, we were idling about the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, doubtful to what amusement we should next betake ourselves. My friend proposed a visit to Frascati's; but his suggestion was not to my taste. I knew Frascati's, as the French saying is, by heart; had lost and won plenty of five-franc pieces there, "merely for the fun of the thing," until it was "fun" no longer; and was thoroughly tired, in fact, of all the ghastly respectabilities of such a social anomaly as a respectable gambling-house. "For Heaven's sake" — said I to my friend — "let us go somewhere where we can see a little genuine, blackguard, poverty-stricken gaming, with no false gingerbread glitter thrown over it at all. Let us get away from fashionable Frascati's, to a house where they don't mind letting in a man with a ragged coat, or a man with no coat, ragged, or otherwise." — "Very well," said my friend, "we needn't go out of the Palais Royal to find the sort of company you want. Here's the place, just before us; as blackguard a place, by all report, as you could possibly wish to see." In another minute we arrived at the door, and entered the house, the back of which you have drawn in your sketch.

When we got up-stairs, and had left our hats and sticks with the doorkeeper, we were admitted into the chief gambling-room. We did not find many people assembled there. But, few as the men were who looked up at us on our entrance, they were all types — miserable types — of their respective classes. We had come to see blackguards; but these men were something worse. There is a comic side, more or less appreciable, in all blackguardism — here, there was nothing but tragedy; mute, weird tragedy. The quiet in the room was horrible. The thin, haggard, long-haired young man, whose sunken eyes fiercely watched the turning up of the cards, never spoke; the flabby, fat-faced, pimply player, who pricked his piece of paste-board

perseveringly, to register how often black won, and how often red — never spoke; the dirty, wrinkled old man, with the vulture eyes, and the darned great coat, who had lost his last *sous*, and still looked on desperately, after he could play no longer — never spoke. Even the voice of the croupier sounded as if it were strangely dulled and thickened in the atmosphere of the room. I had entered the place to laugh; I felt that if I stood quietly looking on much longer, I should be more likely to weep. So, to excite myself out of the depression of spirits which was fast stealing over me, I unfortunately went to the table, and began to play. Still more unfortunately, as the event will show, I won—won prodigiously; won incredibly; won at such a rate, that the regular players at the table crowded round me; and staring at my stakes with hungry, superstitious eyes, whispered to one another, that the English stranger was going to break the bank.

The game was *Rouge et Noir*. I had played at it in every city in Europe, without, however, the care or the wish to study the Theory of Chances — that philosopher's stone of all gamblers! And a gambler, in the strict sense of the word, I had never been. I was heart-whole from the corroding passion for play. My gaming was a mere idle amusement. I never resorted to it by necessity, because I never knew what it was to want money. I never practised it so incessantly as to lose more than I could afford, or to gain more than I could coolly pocket without being thrown off my balance by my good luck. In short, I had hitherto frequented gambling-tables — just as I frequented ball-rooms and opera-houses — because they amused me, and because I had nothing better to do with my leisure hours.

But, on this occasion, it was very different — now, for the first time in my life, I felt what the passion for play really was. My success first bewildered, and then, in the most literal meaning of the word, intoxicated me. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I only lost, when I attempted to estimate chances, and played according to previous calculation. If I left everything to luck, and staked without any care or consideration, I was sure to win — to win in the face of every recognised probability in favour of the bank. At first, some of the men present ventured their money safely enough on my colour; but I speedily increased my stakes to sums which they dared not risk. One after another they left off playing, and breathlessly looked on at my game. Still, time after time, I staked higher and higher; and still won. The excitement in the room rose to fever pitch. The silence was interrupted, by a deep, muttered chorus of oaths and exclamations in different languages, every time the gold was shovelled across to my side of the table — even the imperturbable croupier dashed his rake

on the floor in a (French) fury of astonishment at my success. But one man present preserved his self-possession; and that man was my friend. He came to my side, and whispering in English, begged me to leave the place, satisfied with what I had already gained. I must do him the justice to say, that he repeated his warnings and entreaties several times; and only left me and went away, after I had rejected his advice (I was to all intents and purposes gambling-drunk) in terms which rendered it impossible for him to address me again that night.

Shortly after he had gone, a hoarse voice behind me cried: — "Permit me, my dear Sir! — permit me to restore to their proper place two Napoleons which you have dropped. Wonderful luck, Sir! — I pledge you my word of honour as an old soldier, in the course of my long experience in this sort of thing, I never saw such luck as yours! — never! Go on, Sir — *Sacré mille bombes!* Go on boldly, and break the bank!"

I turned round and saw, nodding and smiling at me with inveterate civility, a tall man, dressed in a frogged and braided surtout. If I had been in my senses, I should have considered him, personally, as being rather a suspicious specimen of an old soldier. He had goggling bloodshot eyes, mangy mustachios, and a broken nose. His voice betrayed a barrack-room intonation of the worst order, and he had the dirtiest pair of hands I ever saw — even in France. These little personal peculiarities exercised, however, no repelling influence on me. In the mad excitement, the reckless triumph of that moment, I was ready to "fraternise" with anybody who encouraged me in my game. I accepted the old soldier's offered pinch of snuff; clapped him on the back, and swore he was the honestest fellow in the world; the most glorious relic of the Grand Army that I had ever met with. "Go on!" cried my military friend, snapping his fingers in ecstasy, — "Go on, and win! Break the bank — *Mille tonnerres!* my gallant English comrade, break the bank!"

And I *did* go on — went on at such a rate, that in another quarter of an hour the croupier called out: "Gentlemen! the bank has discontinued for to-night." All the notes, and all the gold in that "bank," now lay in a heap under my hands; the whole floating capital of the gambling-house was waiting to pour into my pockets!

"Tie up the money in your pocket-handkerchief, my worthy Sir," said the old soldier, as I wildly plunged my hands into my heap of gold. "Tie it up, as we used to tie up a bit of dinner in the Grand Army; your winnings are too heavy for any breeches pockets that ever were sown. There! that 's it! — shovel them in, notes and all! *Crediè!* what luck! — Stop, another Napoleon

on the floor! *Ah! sacré petit polisson de Napoleon!* have I found thee at last? Now then, Sir — two tight double knots each way with your honourable permission, and the money 's safe. Feel it! feel it, fortunate Sir! hard and round as a cannon ball — *Ah, bah!* if they had only fired such cannon balls at us, at Austerlitz — *nom d'une pipe!* if they only had! And now, as an ancient grenadier, as an ex-brave of the French army, what remains for me to do? I ask what? Simply this: to entreat my valued English friend to drink a bottle of champagne with me, and toast the goddess Fortune in foaming goblets before we part!"

Excellent ex-brave! Convivial ancient grenadier! Champagne by all means! An English cheer for an old soldier! Hurrah! hurrah! Another English cheer for the goddess Fortune! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

"Bravo! the Englishman; the amiable, gracious Englishman, in whose veins circulates the vivacious blood of France! Another glass? *Ah, bah!* — the bottle is empty! Never mind! *Vive le vin!* I, the old soldier, order another bottle, and half-a-pound of *bonbons* with it!"

No, no, ex-brave; never — ancient grenadier! *Your* bottle last time; *my* bottle this. Behold it! Toast away! The French Army! — the great Napoleon! — the present company! the croupier! the honest croupier's wife and daughters — if he has any! the Ladies generally! Everybody in the world!

By the time the second bottle of champagne was emptied, I felt as if I had been drinking liquid fire — my brain seemed all a-flame. No excess in wine had ever had this effect on me before in my life. Was it the result of a stimulant acting upon my system when I was in a highly-excited state? Was my stomach in a particularly disordered condition? Or was the champagne particularly strong?

"Ex-brave of the French Army!" cried I, in a mad state of exhilaration. "*I* am on fire! how are *you?* You have set me on fire! Do you hear; my hero of Austerlitz? Let us have a third bottle of champagne to put the flame out!" The old soldier wagged his head, rolled his goggle-eyes, until I expected to see them slip out of their sockets; placed his dirty forefinger by the side of his broken nose; solemnly ejaculated "Coffee!" and immediately ran off into an inner room.

The word pronounced by the eccentric veteran, seemed to have a magical effect on the rest of the company present. With one accord they all rose to depart. Probably they had expected to profit by my intoxication; but finding that my new friend was benevolently bent on preventing me from getting dead drunk, had now abandoned all hope of thriving pleasantly on my winnings. Whatever their motive might be, at any rate they went

away in a body. When the old soldier returned, and sat down again opposite to me at the table, we had the room to ourselves. I could see the croupier, in a sort of vestibule which opened out of it, eating his supper in solitude. The silence was now deeper than ever.

A sudden change, too, had come over the "ex-brave." He assumed a portentously solemn look; and when he spoke to me again, his speech was ornamented by no oaths, enforced by no finger-snapping, enlivened by no apostrophes, or exclamations.

"Listen, my dear Sir," said he, in mysteriously confidential tones — "listen to an old soldier's advice. I have been to the mistress of the house (a very charming woman, with a genius for cookery!) to impress on her the necessity of making us some particularly strong and good coffee. You must drink this coffee in order to get rid of your little amiable exaltation of spirits, before you think of going home — you *must*, my good and gracious friend! With all that money to take home to-night, it is a sacred duty to yourself to have your wits about you. You are known to be a winner to an enormous extent, by several gentlemen present to-night, who, in a certain point of view, are very worthy and excellent fellows; but they are mortal men, my dear Sir, and they have their amiable weaknesses! Need I say more? Ah, no, no! you understand me! Now, this is what you must do — send for a cabriolet when you feel quite well again — draw up all the windows when you get into it — and tell the driver to take you home only through the large and well-lighted thoroughfares. Do this; and you and your money will be safe. Do this; and to-morrow you will thank an old soldier for giving you a word of honest advice."

Just as the ex-brave ended his oration in very lachrymose tones, the coffee came in, ready poured out in two cups. My attentive friend handed me one of the cups, with a bow. I was parched with thirst, and drank it off at a draught. Almost instantly afterwards, I was seized with a fit of giddiness, and felt more completely intoxicated than ever. The room whirled round and round furiously; the old soldier seemed to be regularly bobbing up and down before me, like the piston of a steam-engine. I was half deafened by a violent singing in my ears; a feeling of utter bewilderment, helplessness, idiotcy, overcame me. I rose from my chair, holding on by the table to keep my balance; and stammered out, that I felt dreadfully unwell — so unwell, that I did not know how I was to get home.

"My dear friend," answered the old soldier; and even his voice seemed to be bobbing up and down, as he spoke — "My dear friend, it would be madness to go home, in *your* state. You would be sure to lose your money; you

might be robbed and murdered with the greatest ease. *I* am going to sleep here: do *you* sleep here, too — they make up capital beds in this house — take one; sleep off the effects of the wine, and go home safely with your winnings, to-morrow — to-morrow, in broad daylight."

I had no power of thinking, no feeling of any kind, but the feeling that I must lie down somewhere, immediately, and fall off into a cool, refreshing, comfortable sleep. So I agreed eagerly to the proposal about the bed, and took the offered arms of the old soldier and the croupier — the latter having been summoned to show the way. They led me along some passages and up a short flight of stairs into the bedroom which I was to occupy. The ex-brave shook me warmly by the hand; proposed that we should breakfast together the next morning; and then, followed by the croupier, left me for the night.

I ran to the wash-hand-stand; drank some of the water in my jug; poured the rest out, and plunged my face into it— then sat down in a chair, and tried to compose myself. I soon felt better. The change for my lungs, from the fetid atmosphere of the gambling-room to the cool air of the apartment I now occupied; the almost equally refreshing change for my eyes, from the glaring gas-lights of the "Salon" to the dim, quiet flicker of one bed-room candle; aided wonderfully the restorative effects of cold water. The giddiness left me, and I began to feel a little like a reasonable being again. My first thought was of the risk of sleeping all night in a gambling-house; my second, of the still greater risk of trying to get out after the house was closed, and of going home alone at night, through the streets of Paris, with a large sum of money about me. I had slept in worse places than this, in the course of my travels; so I determined to lock, bolt, and barricade my door.

Accordingly, I secured myself against all intrusion; looked under the bed, and into the cupboard; tried the fastening of the window; and then, satisfied that I had taken every proper precaution, pulled off my upper clothing, put my light, which was a dim one, on the hearth among a feathery litter of wood ashes: and got into bed, with the handkerchief full of money under my pillow.

I soon felt, not only that I could not go to sleep, but that I could not even close my eyes. I was wide awake, and in a high fever. Every nerve in my body trembled — every one of my senses seemed to be preternaturally sharpened. I tossed, and rolled, and tried every kind of position, and perseveringly sought out the cold corners of the bed, and all to no purpose. Now, I thrust my arms over the clothes; now, I poked them under the clothes; now, I violently shot my legs straight

out, down to the bottom of the bed; now, I convulsively coiled them up as near my chin as they would go; now, I shook out my crumpled pillow, changed it to the cool side, patted it flat, and lay down quietly on my back; now, I fiercely doubled it in two, set it up on end, thrust it against the board of the bed, and tried a sitting posture. Every effort was in vain; I groaned with vexation, as I felt that I was in for a sleepless night.

What could I do? I had no book to read. And yet, unless I found out some method of diverting my mind, I felt certain that I was in the condition to imagine all sorts of horrors; to rack my brains with forebodings of every possible and impossible danger; in short, to pass the night in suffering all conceivable varieties of nervous terror. I raised myself on my elbow, and looked about the room — which was brightened by a lovely moonlight pouring straight through the window — to see if it contained any pictures or ornaments, that I could at all clearly distinguish. While my eyes wandered from wall to wall, a remembrance of Le Maistre's delightful little book, "Voyage autour de Ma Chambre," occurred to me. I resolved to imitate the French author, and find occupation and amusement enough to relieve the tedium of my wakefulness, by making a mental inventory of every article of furniture I could see, and by following up to their sources the multitude of associations which even a chair, a table, or a wash-hand-stand, may be made to call forth.

In the nervous unsettled state of my mind at that moment, I found it much easier to make my proposed inventory, than to make my proposed reflections, and soon gave up all hope of thinking in Le Maistre's fanciful track — or, indeed, thinking at all. I looked about the room at the different articles of furniture, and did nothing more. There was, first, the bed I was lying in — a four-post bed, of all things in the world to meet with in Paris! — yes, a thorough clumsy British four-poster, with the regular top lined with chintz — the regular fringed valance all round — the regular stifling, unwholesome curtains, which I remembered having mechanically drawn back against the posts, without particularly noticing the bed when I first got into the room. Then, there was the marble-topped wash-hand-stand, from which the water I had spilt, in my hurry to pour it out, was still dripping, slowly and more slowly, on to the brick floor. Then, two small chairs, with my coat, waistcoat, and trousers flung on them. Then, a large elbow chair covered with dirty-white dimity: with my cravat and shirt-collar thrown over the back. Then, a chest of drawers, with two of the brass handles off, and a tawdry, broken china inkstand placed on it by way of ornament for the top. Then, the dressing-

table, adorned by a very small looking-glass, and a very large pincushion. Then, the window — an unusually large window. Then, a dark old picture, which the feeble candle dimly showed me. It was the picture of a fellow in a high Spanish hat, crowned with a plume of towering feathers. A swarthy sinister ruffian, looking upward; shading his eyes with his hand, and looking intently upward — it might be at some tall gallows at which he was going to be hanged. At any rate he had the appearance of thoroughly deserving it.

This picture put a kind of constraint upon me to look upward too — at the top of the bed. It was a gloomy and not an interesting object, and I looked back at the picture. I counted the feathers in the man's hat; they stood out in relief; three, white; two, green. I observed the crown of his hat, which was of a conical shape, according to the fashion supposed to have been favoured by Guido Fawkes. I wondered what he was looking up at. It couldn't be at the stars; such a desperado was neither astrologer nor astronomer. It must be at the high gallows, and he was going to be hanged presently. Would the executioner come into possession of his conical crowned hat, and plume of feathers? I counted the feathers again; three, white; two, green.

While I still lingered over this very improving and intellectual employment, my thoughts insensibly began to wander. The moonlight shining into the room reminded me of a certain moonlight night in England — the night after a pic-nic party in a Welsh valley. Every incident of the drive homeward through lovely scenery, which the moonlight made lovelier than ever, came back to my remembrance, though I had never given the pic-nic a thought for years; though, if I had *tried* to recollect it, I could certainly have recalled little or nothing of that scene long past. Of all the wonderful faculties that help to tell us we are immortal, which speaks the sublime truth more eloquently than memory? Here was I, in a strange house of the most suspicious character, in a situation of uncertainty, and even of peril, which might seem to make the cool exercise of my recollection almost out of the question; nevertheless remembering, quite involuntarily, places, people, conversations, minute circumstances of every kind, which I had thought forgotten for ever, which I could not possibly have recalled at will, even under the most favourable auspices. And what cause had produced in a moment the whole of this strange, complicated, mysterious effect? Nothing but some rays of moonlight shining in at my bedroom window.

I was still thinking of the pic-nic; of our merriment on the drive home; of the sentimental young lady who *would* quote Childe Harold, because it was

moonlight. I was absorbed by these past scenes and past amusements, when, in an instant, the thread on which my memories hung, snapped asunder; my attention immediately came back to present things, more vividly than ever, and I found myself, I neither knew why nor wherefore, looking hard at the picture again.

Looking for what? Good God, the man had pulled his hat down on his brows! — No! The hat itself was gone! Where was the conical crown? Where the feathers; three, white; two, green? Not there! In place of the hat and feathers, what dusky object was it that now hid his forehead — his eyes — his shading hand? Was the bed moving?

I turned on my back, and looked up. Was I mad? drunk? dreaming? giddy again? or, was the top of the bed really moving down — sinking slowly, regularly, silently, horribly, right down throughout the whole of its length and breadth — right down upon Me, as I lay underneath?

My blood seemed to stand still; a deadly, paralysing coldness stole all over me, as I turned my head round on the pillow, and determined to test whether the bed-top was really moving, or not, by keeping my eye on the man in the picture. The next look in that direction was enough. The dull, black, frowsy outline of the valance above me was within an inch of being parallel with his waist. I still looked breathlessly. And steadily, and slowly — very slowly — I saw the figure, and the line of frame below the figure, vanish, as the valance moved down before it.

I am, constitutionally, anything but timid. I have been, on more than one occasion, in peril of my life, and have not lost my self-possession for an instant; but, when the conviction first settled on my mind that the bed-top was really moving, was steadily and continuously sinking down upon me, I looked up for one awful minute, or more, shuddering, helpless, panic-stricken, beneath the hideous machinery for murder, which was advancing closer and closer to suffocate me where I lay.

Then the instinct of self-preservation came, and nerved me to save my life, while there was yet time. I got out of bed very quietly, and quickly dressed myself again in my upper clothing. The candle, fully spent, went out. I sat down in the arm-chair that stood near, and watched the bed-top slowly descending. I was literally spell-bound by it. If I had heard footsteps behind me, I could not have turned round; if a means of escape had been miraculously provided for me, I could not have moved to take advantage of it. The whole life in me, was, at that moment, concentrated in my eyes.

It descended — the whole canopy, with the fringe round it, came down — down — close down; so close that there was not room now to squeeze my finger between the

bed-top and the bed. I felt at the sides, and discovered that what had appeared to me, from beneath, to be the ordinary light canopy of a four-post bed was in reality a thick, broad matress, the substance of which was concealed by the valance and its fringe. I looked up, and saw the four posts rising hideously bare. In the middle of the bed-top was a huge wooden screw that had evidently worked it down through a hole in the ceiling, just as ordinary presses are worked down on the substance selected for compression. The frightful apparatus moved without making the faintest noise. There had been no creaking as it came down; there was now not the faintest sound from the room above. Amid a dead and awful silence I beheld before me — in the nineteenth century, and in the civilised capital of France — such a machine for secret murder by suffocation, as might have existed in the worst days of the Inquisition, in the lonely Inns among the Hartz Mountains, in the mysterious tribunals of Westphalia! Still, as I looked on it, I could not move; I could hardly breathe; but I began to recover the power of thinking; and, in a moment, I discovered the murderous conspiracy framed against me, in all its horror.

My cup of coffee had been drugged, and drugged too strongly. I had been saved from being smothered, by having taken an overdose of some narcotic. How I had chafed and fretted at the fever-fit which had preserved my life by keeping me awake! How recklessly I had confided myself to the two wretches who had led me into this room, determined, for the sake of my winnings, to kill me in my sleep, by the surest and most horrible contrivance for secretly accomplishing my destruction! How many men, winners like me, had slept, as I had proposed to sleep, in that bed; and never been seen or heard of more! I shuddered as I thought of it.

But, erelong, all thought was again suspended by the sight of the murderous canopy moving once more. After it had remained on the bed — as nearly as I could guess — about ten minutes, it began to move up again. The villains, who worked it from above, evidently believed that their purpose was now accomplished. Slowly and silently, as it had descended, that horrible bed-top rose towards its former place. When it reached the upper extremities of the four posts, it reached the ceiling too. Neither hole nor screw could be seen — the bed became, in appearance, an ordinary bed again, the canopy, an ordinary canopy, even to the most suspicious eyes.

Now, for the first time, I was able to move, to rise from my chair, to consider of how I should escape. If I betrayed, by the smallest noise, that the attempt to suffocate me had failed, I was

certain to be murdered. Had I made any noise already? I listened intently, looking towards the door. No! no footsteps in the passage outside; no sound of a tread, light or heavy, in the room above—absolute silence everywhere. Besides locking and bolting my door, I had moved an old wooden chest against it, which I had found under the bed. To remove this chest (my blood ran cold, as I thought what its contents *might* be!) without making some disturbance, was impossible; and, moreover, to think of escaping through the house, now barred-up for the night, was sheer insanity. Only one chance was left me — the window. I stole to it on tiptoe.

My bedroom was on the first floor, above an *entresol*, and looked into the back street, which you have sketched in your view. I raised my hand to open the window, knowing that on that action hung, by the merest hair's-breadth, my chance of safety. They keep vigilant watch in a House of Murder — if any part of the frame cracked, if the hinge creaked, I was, perhaps, a lost man! It must have occupied me at least five minutes, reckoning by time—five *hours*, reckoning by suspense — to open that window. I succeeded in doing it silently, in doing it with all the dexterity of a house-breaker: and then looked down into the street. To leap the distance beneath me, would be almost certain destruction! Next, I looked round at the sides of the house. Down the left side, ran the thick water-pipe which you have drawn—it passed close by the outer edge of the window. The moment I saw the pipe, I knew I was saved; my breath came and went freely for the first time since I had seen the canopy of the bed moving down upon me!

To some men, the means of escape which I had discovered might have seemed difficult and dangerous enough — to *me*, the prospect of slipping down the pipe into the street did not suggest even a thought of peril. I had always been accustomed, by the practice of gymnastics, to keep up my schoolboy powers as a daring and expert climber; and knew that my head, hands, and feet would serve me faithfully in any hazards of ascent or descent. I had already got one leg over the window-sill, when I remembered the handkerchief, filled with money, under my pillow. I could well have afforded to leave it behind me; but I was revengefully determined that the miscreants of the gambling-house should miss their plunder as well as their victim. So I went back to the bed, and tied the heavy handkerchief at my back by my cravat. Just as I had made it tight, and fixed it in a comfortable place, I thought I heard a sound of breathing outside the door. The chill feeling of horror ran through me again as I listened. No! dead silence still in the passage — I had only heard the night

air blowing softly into the room. The next moment I was on the window-still — and the next, I had a firm grip on the water-pipe with my hands and knees.

I slid down into the street easily and quietly, as I thought I should, and immediately set off, at the top of my speed, to a branch "Prefecture" of Police, which I knew was situated in the immediate neighbourhood. A "Sub-Prefect" and several picked men among his subordinates, happened to be up, maturing, I believe, some scheme for discovering the perpetrator of a mysterious murder, which all Paris was talking of just then. When I began my story, in a breathless hurry and in very bad French, I could see that the Sub-Prefect suspected me of being a drunken Englishman, who had robbed somebody, but he soon altered his opinion, as I went on; and before I had anything like concluded, he shoved all the papers before him into a drawer, put on his hat, supplied me with another (for I was bare-headed), ordered a file of soldiers, desired his expert followers to get ready all sorts of tools for breaking open doors and ripping-up brick-flooring, and took my arm, in the most friendly and familiar manner possible, to lead me with him out of the house. I will venture to say, that when the Sub-Prefect was a little boy, and was t irst time to lf as much ow at the job in prospect for him at the "Gambling-House!"

Away we went through the streets, the Sub-Prefect cross-examining and congratulating me in the same breath, as we marched at the head of our formidable *posse comitatus*. Sentinels were placed at the back and front of the gambling-house the moment we got to it; a tremendous battery of knocks was directed against the door; a light appeared at a window; I waited to conceal myself behind the police — then came more knocks, and a cry of "Open in the name of the law!" At that terrible summons, bolts and locks gave way before an invisible hand, and the moment after, the Sub-Prefect was in the passage, confronting a waiter, half-dressed and ghastly pale. This was the short dialogue which immediately took place.

"We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house?"

"He went away hours ago."

"He did no such thing. His friend went away; *he* remained. Show us to his bedroom!"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Sous-Prefet, he is not here! he—"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Garçon, he is. He slept here — he didn't find your bed comfortable — he came to us to complain of it — here he is, among my men — and here am I, ready to look for a flea or two in his bed-stead. Picard! (calling to one of the subordinates, and pointing to the waiter) collar that man, and tie his hands behind him. Now,

then, gentlemen, let us walk up stairs!"

Every man and woman in the house was secured — the "Old Soldier," the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept; and then we went into the room above. No object that was at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The Sub-Prefect looked round the place, commanded everybody to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time. Lights were produced, and we saw a deep raftered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron, thickly greased; and inside the case, appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed-top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled — levers covered with felt — all the complete upper works of a heavy press, constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below — and, when taken to pieces again, to go into the smallest possible compass, were next discovered, and pulled out on the floor. After some little difficulty, the Sub-Prefect succeeded in putting the machinery together, and, leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bedroom. The smothering canopy was then lowered, but not so noiselessly as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the Sub-Prefect, his answer, simple as it was, had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bed-top for the first time — the men whose money you won, were in better practice."

We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents — every one of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The Sub-Prefect, after taking down my "*procès-verbal*" in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked, as I gave it to him, "that any men have really been smothered in that bed, as they tried to smother *me?*"

"I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the Morgue," answered the Sub-Prefect, "in whose pocket-books were found letters, stating that they had committed suicide in the Seine, because they had lost everything at the gaming-table. Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling-house that *you* entered? won as *you* won? took that bed as *you* took it? slept in it? were smothered in it? and were privately thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers and placed in their pocket-books? No man can say how many, or how few, have suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling-house kept their bedstead machinery a secret from *us* — even from the police! The dead kept the rest

of the secret for them. Good night, or rather good morning, Monsieur Faulkner! Be at my office again at nine o'clock — in the meantime, *au revoir!*"

The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined, and re-examined; the gambling-house was strictly searched all through, from top to bottom; the prisoners were separately interrogated; and two of the less guilty among them made a confession. *I* discovered that the Old Soldier was the master of the gambling-house — *justice* discovered that he had been drummed out of the army, as a vagabond, years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villanies since; that he was in possession of stolen property, which the owners identified; and that he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee, were all in the secret of the bedstead. There appeared some reason to doubt whether the inferior persons attached to the house knew anything of the suffocating machinery; and they received the benefit of that doubt, by being treated simply as thieves and vagabonds. As for the Old Soldier and his two head-myrmidons, they went to the galleys; the woman who had drugged my coffee was imprisoned for I forget how many years; the regular attendants at the gambling-house were considered "suspicious," and placed under "surveillance;" and I became, for one whole week (which is a long time), the head "lion" in Parisian society. My adventure was dramatised by three illustrious playmakers, but never saw theatrical daylight; for the censorship forbade the introduction on the stage of a correct copy of the gambling-house bedstead.

Two good results were produced by my adventure, which any censorship must have approved. In the first place, it helped to justify the Government in forthwith carrying out their determination to put down all gambling-houses; in the second place, it cured me of ever again trying "Rouge et Noir" as an amusement. The sight of a green cloth, with packs of cards and heaps of money on it, will henceforth be for ever associated in my mind with the sight of a bed-canopy descending to suffocate me, in the silence and darkness of the night."

Just as Mr. Faulkner pronounced the last words, he started in his chair, and assumed a stiff, dignified position, in a great hurry. "Bless my soul!" cried he — with a comic look of astonishment and vexation — "while I have been telling you what is the real secret of my interest in the sketch you have so kindly given to me, I have altogether forgotten that I came here to sit for my portrait. For the last hour, or more, I must have been the worst moded you ever had to paint from!"

"On the contrary, you have been the best," said I. "I have been painting from your expres-

sion; and, while telling your story, you have unconsciously shown me the natural expression I wanted."

THE SISTER-SHIP.

I SHOULD probably have arrived a little earlier, but for the trivial accident of my having been taken to Fenchurch Street by the railway, instead of to Blackwall; but at last I found myself there — peering out from the banks of the river on the damp shipping — and speedily fixing my eyes on the vessel I wanted, namely, The West India Mail Company's Orinoco — the sister-ship of the unfortunate Amazon — I have always felt a great interest in your large mercantile steamers; perhaps increased, since, in the Bustard, (a jackass frigate by name, and by nature), we—that is, old Bulbous, our commander, one of whose midshipmen I was — ran into the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Goliath, when she was lying tranquilly off the Ragged Staff, at Gibraltar. I feel that I owe a kind of *amende* to the mercantile navy, in consequence of my participation in that lubberly performance. To be sure, the Admiralty—but let us sink our private grievances, and hail a boat. "A massive hull that of the Orinoco's — taffrail thirty feet above the water, I dare say. What two huge black columns these funnels are! Really, she is as big as a line-of-battle ship," I remark (with a slight professional chagrin); and, indeed, she is a vessel of two thousand two hundred and forty-five tons; her engines are eight hundred horse power; her crew numbers one hundred and ten men; her length is three hundred feet.

Blackwall is not a lively place in winter. The river looks muddy and sullen, and seems, in the distance, to be emptying itself into a sea of mist. The rigging of ships looks flabby and dirty; the smoke clings to everything. The hotels are deserted. If you enter one of them, you find the stairs ghastly and uncarpeted, and a general air of an impending funeral on the first floor. There were no temptations to look about, so I was glad enough to find myself on the main-deck of the Orinoco. The smart noises of hammers, the smell of fresh paint, loose ropes lying about, and bustling mechanics running backwards and forwards, showed the activity with which preparations were going forward. I instinctively remark, in the first place, the height of the deck; that is always the first thing which attracts my attention. I have served in "Symondites," where the loftiness of the deck is always a characteristic, and where you will never break your head, as you do in old-fashioned craft. I note that the Orinoco's main-deck is as high as the Vanguard's, in which remark the chief officer very cordially acquiesces. And now I go aft, to glance at the cabins, and see the arrangements in progress for the comfort of those ladies and gentlemen who are now, in various

parts of the country, bidding good-bye to friends and relations, and getting ready for the passage out.

The Orinoco, one learns, to begin with, has sleeping accommodations for about a hundred and fifty-six passengers. You pass a row of them neatly painted white, with gilt mouldings, and fitted with ornamental glass. Each cabin is arranged, as a general principle, to accommodate two; one of the beds being triced up during the day, and lowered down at right angles across the end of the other when wanted. A particularly admirable arrangement prevents gentlemen from having any control over their lights at night; the light is placed in a little triangular nook, in perfect safety, communicating through ground glass all the benefit that the inhabitant can possibly require, and being ready for snug removal from the deck outside. Abaft are the ladies' private cabins, for their own drawing-room purposes. Descending to the saloon-deck, we find ourselves in the dining saloon, where a hundred and twenty persons "dine" (it does not become me, as a nautical man, to grin sardonically here, but I do). There are sixteen cabins, and here are two fire-places. The mahogany tables are screwed into the deck. Here you observe the steward's cabin, whence (in the hot latitudes) so much consolation may be expected to flow. In this excellent establishment, there are arrangements for the stowage of sixty dozen bottles; and there is a patent filter (a work of great genius); and exquisite conveniences protect the plates. Seeing all this, and being informed how arrangements have been made for the dinner to come aft in the promptest, hottest style, I mentally applaud peace, and reflect on the blessings of commerce. For, indeed, I involuntarily remember our hideous berth in the Bustard, and how we had no filter, and, not unfrequently, scarcely a plate either, and how the tumblers got broken in our execrable buffet.

From the dining saloon let us descend to the orlop-deck, where cabins of interest are to be seen. In these, in the very heart of the vessel, on either side of the narrow passage, through which we go, preceded by a lantern, lie the bullion-cabin, and the mail-rooms. The mail-rooms are lined with zinc, to protect the huge bagfuls of letters, which the steamer carries for all parts of the West. In this region, too, are rooms for the passengers' baggage; and down below is the magazine. For the steamer carries two twenty-four pounders, and small arms for a hundred and twenty men. Meanwhile we see near us racks laden with cheeses; and observe likewise two wine-racks to hold a snug fifty dozen of wine.

Feeling tolerably secure that all will go well in the eating and drinking department, I now descend to visit the engine-room. I find myself in the centre of the massive iron-work of machinery

in an engine-room seventy feet long. To supply the mighty life that is to make all this throb gigantically — tolerable provision is made — in five hundred and fifty tons of coal — aft; in five hundred and fifty *ditto*, in the bunkers. There are eight boilers, fore and aft — four for each funnel. And no wonder. The paddle-wheels are forty feet in diameter, with floats ("feathering" floats), eleven feet six inches long, and four feet six broad; — and how these must go!

The Orinoco is fitted with "direct acting" engines; and a peculiarity, called the "valve motion," enables one man to work both engines; the valves are worked by wheels from the "intermediate shafts." The Amazon's engines were "side-lever" engines, and were situated farther forward.

Note, also, a little two-horse engine, which they call the "donkey-engine" — useful as a fire-engine — for washing decks and other slushy purposes.

In looking at the galleys, we must notice that the Amazon's galley was on the side, while that of the present vessel is amidships. And the arrangement of the Engineer's store-room is different likewise from that of the lost vessel. The Engineer's store-room in the Amazon was over the boilers: — between the boilers and the ship; — that of the Orinoco is alongside the engine, between that and the ship's side; built sound, and air-tight. This difference of position will doubtless receive the attention of professional men in the inquiry concerning the fatal fire.

There is a hollow clanging and hammering resounding for ever in that engine-room. Nevertheless, it must not altogether quash our little experiment with those gutta percha tubes — long flexible tubes dangling down from the deck above, to communicate orders through. The courteous CAPTAIN ALLAN calls out "Ease her," through one of them, and you hear it distinctly. And now we ascend up the neat iron-ladder to the air.

Arrived on the upper deck — "the spar deck" they call it — I had occasion to admire afresh the bulk and symmetry of this fine vessel, from another point of view. She is perfectly rigged, and could spread an immense surface of canvas to a fair wind. Wind being foul — down, of course, come top-sail-yards, topmasts, and lower yards, and away she thunders in the teeth of it — giving as little surface aloft to it as she can. Pacing about, fore and aft, you see pens and coops, for flesh and fowl — admirable conveniences to keep pig comfortable till his hour is come, and he is wanted in the saloon. All the paddle-box region is made useful; among other purposes, for baths. Seeing which, I again reflected how much jollier it would be to have the refreshing bath there, than to splash about the sea in a lower studding-sail, with Bulbous roaring for you to come in, and a shark wanting

you to come out! — But to resume.

Of course, I turned a very attentive eye to the boats. The Orinoco's boats are nine in number. The two chief "life boats" are before the paddle-boxes, hanging to davits, but resting on "chocks" — the after-part, at least — on the wooden platform there. I must try to make the reader understand the arrangement; these "chocks" are important items; for most people are agreed that the Amazon was unfortunate in having *her* boats resting on "cranks," *i. e.* a kind of iron stanchions projecting from the sides. The "chocks" are made of wood — the lower one is square, the upper shaped like a wedge, and ready to be drawn out. Thus, the wedge drawn — and the davits, which are iron (and made to swing) being swung — the boat glides bodily out from her seat, and hangs clear of the ship, ready to lower, with much facility. Whereas, according to the "crank" arrangement, it would be necessary — and in the Amazon was necessary — to hoist at the tackles, before the lowering could take place. I saw the "chock" system tried, and though at that time there were only "lumpers" on board to go through the manœuvres, its performance seemed to be very satisfactory. Let us hope that these boats would be successfully worked. But you may be sure, reader, that when I came fresh from the huge engine-room, and the Amazon stamped on my imagination — and thought of the dark stormy night, and the sudden springing fire, and the wild wind, and the terror — I was in no humour to be critical. I was in no humour to say, — why did not they do so and so? Thankfully acknowledging what was good in the arrangements I saw around me, I had far too clear an image of that night to be inclined to talk speculatively of what ought to have been done—according to my notion — or Captain Bigwig's notion, or Admiral Bluster, K.C.B.'s notion, either.

[illegible]cks, and the cabins, and the — with all the scenery of

As an instance of the scale on which these Companies arrange the *personnel* of their vessels (of which we shall have more to say in a future article), let us just see how many officers the Orinoco musters. Besides the commander, there are five "officers" — technically so called — answering to the mates in a ship; four midshipmen; three warrant officers; a purser, and purser's clerk; a surgeon; six engineers, and a boiler-master; and four quartermasters. Of course, the superior rank of these have their cabins; and a large staff of servants is kept up for the saloon. A particularly snug cabin, I was glad to see, is devoted to the lieutenant in charge of the mails; and if I know anything of the profession, the "Admiralty Agent" has a very jolly time of it.

Since my above-recorded visit, the Orinoco has made a voyage to

and from the West Indies, with batches of passengers and bullion — besides the eleven hundred tons of coal, and the three hundred tons of cargo, which she stows away in that big hull of hers. She called at St. Thomas's with the mails; thundered away to Carthagena; then to Chagres, where she landed her Pacific mails; and thence on to Grey Town and Nicaragua. She arrived home in capital condition; but she has not *quite* answered the expectations of her owners. Her engines are so tremendously powerful that, enormous as her stowage is, she cannot carry coals enough to keep them at the top of their speed.

FOR INDIA DIRECT.

HALF-PAST six, on the twentieth of the month. Although, according to the calendar, Spring has commenced, a corroding morning mist rolls in acrimoniously between the crevices of the crazy cab, and bites its way straight to the inner man. The fog is dense and brown; and the horse labours through it; it so shrivels up the driver, that he is careful to occupy the smallest surface possible on his freezing perch: at the South-Western Railway Station, it has huddled together, for the sake of warmth and gossip, a knot of porters; who rapidly disentangle themselves to compete for any active employment that a carpet-bag may afford: it drives the money-taker to the effeminacy of mittens, and he slides the cold change, singly, across the counter with the tips of his fingers: it slanders the countenances of the three ladies on the platform, with a suspicion of jaundice; and, when the eldest (with ringlets) ventures into the waiting-room and stands at the fire, her crisp, hoar-frosted curls thaw and descend — dank, straggling, and unlovely: it freezes the breath of the military officer in his moustaches, which stick out, stark as bristles: it stiffens the Mackintosh of the fox-hunter around his jack-boots and buckskins: it enters the very souls of all the passengers; for they are cross and uncommunicative. The lishevelled lady returns to her friends, gazes silently on a heap of luggage, and weeps. The blazing red labels, marked CALCUTTA, communicate to all beholders but her, a factitious glow.

The bell has rung; the passengers are locked up in their locomotive cells. The fluffy engine blows and pants impatiently; the distressed lady — giving vent to her emotion and straightening her curls at the fire — is dragged across the platform between a porter and a strong-minded sister. She is thrust bodily into the carriage beside me. "Are you right, forward?" shouts the guard. "Yes!" shrieks the engine. We are off.

As this is the early passenger train for the conveyance of travellers for India to the end of their first stage, Southampton,

I am curious to know which of my companions are on their way to the far East. The sportsman is evidently not attired for the jungle; neither does the wife of the moustaches seem very well provided—with a knitting-box—for a journey of ten thousand miles. And, surely, the most useful adjuncts for the overland route are not a bundle of swords, umbrellas, fishing-rods, and walking-sticks; all the apparent travelling apparatus belonging to the moustached lieutenant. To judge, also, from the accompaniments of the young Scotch gentleman, he cannot be going to a very great distance — perhaps to Winchester College. He passes, after much admiring scrutiny, the contents of three or four paper parcels into the pockets of his paletôt; his only travelling bags. They consist of a cutty pipe in a morocco case, a canister inscribed "Latakia," a small poetical work entitled the "Stunning Warbler," a comprehensive clasp-knife to serve instead of a chest of tools, a pocket compass, a weighty watch-chain, a tiny spirit-case, a packet of steel-pens, an American revolver, a portable inkstand, and a bran-new prayer-book. The individual opposite to me, whose travelling appointments are complete from top to toe—and whose valise, protruding from under his seat, very much circumscribes the lawful space for my legs—must be our only India-bound companion. I 'll ask him.

His reply is, "No, Sir; I 'm not bound for India, Sir. I 'm going to Isleworth."

Somebody remarks that he has got into a train which does not pass that village.

"Then, pray, Ma'm, where are *you* going?" He addresses the officer's wife. The lady looks up from her crochet, and answers quietly:

"To Hong Kong."

The querist is utterly dumfoundered.

At Kingston, the hunter (bound for a "meet" at Hampton Wick) and my *vis-à-vis* (overshot, with his huge valise, far beyond Isleworth) leave the lieutenant and his wife to continue their journey to China, the loosened curls to be blown by wind and steam to Calcutta, and the young Scotchman from Addiscombe (who is not going to Winchester) to be shot across the globe to Koondooz, at the northern foot of the Hindoo Koosh.

And, really, now that I step on board the P. & O. S. N. Co.'s (technical ellipsis for Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's) good ship Bentinck, from Southampton dock, with no more ado than I stepped out of the railway carriage; now that I behold the spacious luxuriousness of the saloon, the domestic snugness of the sleeping berths which open into it, the lavish appointments of the steward's pantry; now that I observe the cow which is to deliver the daily milk, and the hencoops crowded

with victims for the spit; now that I inspect the kitchen apparatus (in what I ought nautically to call a "galley"), and observe the scientific galley-slaves, in snow-white uniforms, who manufacture dinners that emperors might long for; now that I see, hoisted in and stowed away, innumerable hampers of champagne and soda-water; now that I am introduced to the Captain, whose dress and demeanour, are those of a well-bred country gentleman doing the honours of a distinguished mansion; now that I reflect on all this, I quite understand the composed calmness, the trusting unpreparedness, of the outward-bound. Why need travelling disturb the lightest of their every-day habits? Why should the soldier's wife suspend the knitting begun in her boudoir, merely because the easy chair, in which she sits is moving swiftly upon smooth iron rails; or because the sofa on which she reclines is gliding through the British Channel or the Indian Ocean? Do I exaggerate when I say that the Isleworth enterprise required more personal provision? Perhaps the visitor knew that he would have to sleep in a damp villa; and perhaps he took care to stuff his valise with sheets which he could depend upon. Perhaps the maiden sister whose guest he is, not approving of spirits, and not wearing Wellington boots, constrained him to bring his own brandy and his own bootjack. We, on board the Bentinck, need to bring nothing; we find every conceivable requirement that life in its highest state of pampered affluence can desire in every grade of want between the extremes of a spare topmast and a cribbage-peg — from a best-bower to a tooth-pick.

The passengers, therefore, who have already come on board, are curiously unexcited. They have nothing to think of as to their voyage. Sentiment, indeed, be it ever so overflowing, cannot be conveniently exchanged in words; for the noise of the escaping steam would drown the loudest efforts of the human voice. Nothing of the pathos of a parting can I by the minutest scrutiny discover. The Scotch cadet — his panniers still laden — quaffs the soda and brandy with one of Her Majesty's midshipmen, (a messmate of mine, who has come from Portsmouth to see his friend off), with as few of the tokens of a parting glass as if he were leisurely crossing his native waters from the Granton Hotel to Burnt-island. He discourses on the prospects of the London Opera season with as much earnestness as if he had no other prospect than that of reclining in a Haymarket stall a fortnight hence, instead of being jolted on the back of a camel. The lady's maid, who is fitting up the little house in which her mistress and two children are going to live for the next fortnight, does her office as methodically as if she were still in Bryanstone Square. The lieutenant's clever

wife seems to have emptied her own and her husband's portmanteaux (which came down by last night's train), and filled the chests of drawers by magic; and see (the door of her berth is open), she is putting studs into the lieutenant's shirt, that it may be ready for him to dress for dinner. Nobody seems to do anything different here to what they do at home. Nobody is agitated; nobody is in a hurry; and, wonderful to add! nobody has left anything behind. The calm completeness of the whole ship, low and aloft, has even dried the tears of the sorrower: the cold east wind, too, has tightened her curls.

One of the ship's officers delivers a short report to the captain: — "High water, Sir."

That is the signal for sailing. As I am here merely out of curiosity; being on my way to my own ship in Portsmouth dock (the Copperas, to which I was appointed, the day before yesterday, naval instructor) and have no wish to end my adventure at the mouth of the Nile, I step from the ship upon the wharf, to see the Bentinck get out of dock — an operation which, after scanning the breadth of the vessel, and measuring with my eye the narrow mouth of the harbour, I mentally pronounce to be within a hair's breadth of impossible; the Southampton dock being shaped like a Bohemian decanter, with its neck in the wrong place. When, in walking round its edge, I behold the Bentinck, with engines of five hundred and twenty horse power, and capacity for nearly two thousand tons; when I also notice the Euxine, the Madras, and three of the Royal West India Mail Packet Company's steamers, all of vast dimensions, lying in the dock, I regard them with the lively curiosity of little boys looking at model mail-coaches inside ounce phials, and wonder (like Peter Pindar's monarch in reference to the apples in the dumplings) how they got there; or, once there, how they are to be got out. Having reached the neck of the broad bottle, I watch the Bentinck sway round; and, obedient to her sluggish paddles, present her handsome bows straight at the narrow outlet. I feel that the problem will be immediately solved. There is great activity in the bows of the ship, and the Captain stands on one of the paddle-boxes, his surtout and eyeglass blown wildly about by the wind. The pilot dances frantically from the bridge to the other paddle-box; now directing the helmsman, now shouting hoarse orders to the engineer. Beside me and other idlers, the P. and O. S. N. C.'s admiral, or superintendent of vessels, directs the shore operations. The monstrous marine locomotive must be warped out by means of a cable or "check," lying coiled up at my feet; one end of which is fastened to a Titanic post. The Bentinck's

cut-water is close upon us. The moment is exciting. A row-boat, which is bringing a rope from the ship to the shore, ruffles the admiral-superintendent's serenity. He roars, speaking-trumpet-wise, through his hands, "What are you doing with that hawser? Send a line ashore for the check." The vessel drifts nearer to the harbour wall: excitement increases. "Bear a hand with the line!" The smaller rope is pulled ashore in another boat; is attached to the check, and is returned to the ship. "Send up all hands upon deck; cook, firemen — everybody — to run out the line!" Twenty men seize the rope all in a row, and run a mad race aft with it, until the check is rove in and secured to the vessel. "Go on easy!" The paddles revolve; the ship almost touches the coping-stones upon which I stand. I hold my breath. "Hoist the jib. Keep her head well off. Bear a hand with the fenders!" The ship's bows scrape the wall as they glide past it. "Port your helm — Down with the jib!" The check, tight as a fiddle-string, now holds the ship to the post, and sways her head round into deep waters. "Cast off the check!"

I breathe again. The mail-coach has been driven through the neck of the phial: the Bentinck has found her way out of the wry-necked water-bottle, and is steaming off gallantly through the broad Southampton Water.

As she recedes with the steady power which, in a fortnight, will guide her into the harbour of Alexandria, I reflect on her score of sisters — members of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company family — immediately smile at Invasion, and defy the French. I communicate my sentiments to the superintendent. His responses strengthen my defiant valour. He tells me, that the steam navy belonging to his company alone, consists of twenty-four vessels in active service, and six more in course of construction (including the Himalaya, which will be the largest steam-boat in the world): — total, thirty ships. To which I add, flatteringly, that his single fleet nearly equals the Imperial steam navy of Russia; it is double that of Holland; the State steam squadron of Brother Jonathan numbers only six more vessels; and the entire Danish flotilla, including sailing ships, musters one less, or only twenty-nine. The numbers of persons employed, continues the P. and O. S. N. C.'s Admiral, afloat and ashore, in the year 1851, was about two thousand three hundred persons. That (I add, telling him that I am a schoolmaster and am "up" in these matters) nearly equals the entire military force of Saxe Altenbourg. The salaries paid to them amounted to ninety-seven thousand pounds (says he). One-third more (says I) than the cost of the Belgian navy for the same year; and four times greater than the entire revenues of the princi-

pality of Saxe Coburg. Four hundred colliers (he continues) are employed in transporting English coal to the different coaling stations between Southampton and Hong Kong; some of them having to double the Cape of Good Hope. The average yearly consumption of coal is one hundred and thirty thousand tons; and the average cost per ton being forty-two shillings, two hundred and seventy-three thousand pounds per annum is spent to keep the steam up. Your disbursements (I remark), for fuel and wages, fall not far short of the payments for the Civil List of this country for the year 1851. Yet (I begin to consider) there are other steam-packet companies equally flourishing, and the combined fleets of these powerful associations could show to our enemies, in case of utmost need — how many steam-vessels at one view averaging upwards of one thousand tons burthen? "Let us see," replies the Admiral, "about seventy; besides smaller steamers and swarms of colliers." "With complements of how many thoroughly trained British tars?" I ask. "Quite" (he answers) "eight thousand, not to mention the crews of the coal-vessels; and guns innumerable." A fig for the French!

"Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
For Brit"—

"Pray, don't sing here!" re- my excellent infor-

Where?"

I look round in amazement. Have I been bewitched? or has the good, hearty, earnest Admiral Superintendent so thoroughly interested me, that he has brought me "here" without my knowing it? I see dangling above me, stacked around me, and strewed below me, so thickly that I am obliged to mind where I tread, every sort of article that the daintiest housewife could desire. I hear a steam-engine driving circular saws, grindstones, and paint-mills. I smell (and that loved fragrance restores my scattered senses) tar. I am, it seems, in the P. and O. S. N. C.'s store-house — a spacious piece of architecture just outside the dock-gate. I am brought here to be plunged from my informant's comprehensive statements, into the actual working of P. and O. S. N. details. He leads me through forests of brushes of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions; lakes of paint; more oil-cans than would have concealed the Forty Thieves; museums of pickles and jellies; stacks of spare spars; mountains of sail-cloth; round towers of coiled rope; piles of carpets, rugs, blankets, counterpanes; show-rooms of glass and crockery; ware-houses crammed with cabin stoves, cooking utensils,* bundles

* Some notion of the play into which cooking apparatus is brought in this Company's steamers, may be formed by the following selection, from a return of the "Average, Consumption of Purser's Stores on a voyage from Southampton to Calcutta, *viâ* Egypt;" — Fresh beef, mutton, and pork, 5,957 pounds weight,

of fire-irons, regiments of coal-scuttles; floors of elegant chairs, tables, and drawers; cabinet-work and upholstery enough to suggest the notion that the P. and O. S. N. C.'s navy are always about to marry; artisans planing, glueing, and inlaying; six women, in deep mourning, sewing bed and table linen ("all widows of men who have died in the service," whispers my cicerone), or folding it into hot-air chambers; "for not a stitch goes aboard, Sir" — I quote the head laundress — "without being aired, bone dry."

Once more in the dock, two objects present themselves at the same moment, which would occasion uneasiness to a less superstitious person than a sailor. In the offing I perceive the smoke of the Bentinck paying itself out in coils of black gossamer: passing across the wharf, in his habit as he lived when I last saw him on the paddle-box, walks the Captain! Has he flown from his own quarter-deck, now at least a couple of miles distant? or has he a twin brother, who wears twin kid-gloves, a twin brown surtout, and a twin eyeglass? I have not time to ask. I am suddenly entangled in a maze of overland tin cases, overland trunks, and overland hat-boxes. I am hustled about by several overland officers, and bilious blacks in white turbans. A distracted overland female, dragging along two overland children, nearly sweeps me into the funnel of a small steamer, moored upon the sinking tide, below the level of the wharf. Everything portable is being poured into that little steamer, in a thick strong stream. I try to get out of the way, and am instantly knocked on one side by one of three enormous horse-boxes, which is being drawn (overland) from the railway station to the bewilderingly busy little steamer.

That is the Overland Mail.

I had long wished to see the Overland Mail. I never had a notion what the Overland Mail could be like; — whether it was a coach, painted red, with a blazing royal arms, attended by a gold-laced guard; or a portable post-office, to be conveyed by rail and ship from the Waterloo station to India and China. But now, the entire broadside of the horse-box being let down, the Overland Mail bursts upon me like a trick in a pantomime. The huge van is suddenly transformed into a prodigious exaggeration of the sign of the Chequers on Portsmouth Hard, or the side wall of Harlequin's private residence; for it is a series of squares in blazing co-

besides 2,192 pounds of salt meat (exclusive of 1,159 pounds of ham and bacon); 668 pounds of preserved meats; 124 live sheep; 16 live pigs; and 2,075 head of poultry; 3,480 pounds of biscuits; 53 barrels of flour; 239 pounds of tea; 366 pounds of coffee; 1,621 pounds of sugar; 22 pounds of pepper. To wash all this down pleasantly, 3,472 bottles of wine, and 1,161 bottles of spirits, are provided. Lovers of arithmetic may multiply each of these sums by thirty (the number of voyages performed per annum), and they will get at the gross quantity of food cooked every year by the Company, for its passengers and crews.

lours, filling up the horse-box from floor to roof. It is received with all befitting ceremony. Two gentlemen — attired in cocked hats (made, I think, of black court-plaster edged with faded lace) and surtout coats, hitched up at the hips, like window-curtains, by the pommels of their swords — attended by the Southampton post-master, and a second ubiquitous officer of the Bentinck, solemnly draw forth pencils and printed forms, and order the to be separated. I ad them to consist of wooden boxes, about two feet long by one foot deep, each distinguished by a separate colour; — that its destination may at once be seen. Down a slide into the little steamer tumbles a red box. A porter shouts "Hong Kong!" Then comes a blue box — "Calcutta!" Buff — "Madras!" No paint — "Aden!" White — "Bombay!" Black (like coffins for dead letters) — "Ceylon!" At each of the one hundred and ninety announcements thus made, the cocked hats nod gracefully; not so much out of respect to Her Majesty's mail-boxes, as to enable the gentlemen under them to record each colour in its proper column on the printed form. The mails are, in fact, given into their charge. They are called "Admiralty Agents."

Presently — it is "post meridian half-past one" — amidst the tearing, bustle, and frantic confusion, which is now come to a climax, I *am* swept bodily on board the little steamer. She is to take me out, it seems, to witness — positively and for the last time — the final departure of the Bentinck, which has been anchored in the Southampton Water to await the mails and late passengers; amongst whose baggage I had got bewilderingly entangled. Their last links with England are now irrevocably snapped. The Captain cannot again, under some pretence about "his papers," dash back from his Bentinck to his fireside for one more last word. Had the Admiralty Agent left his cocked hat on shore, no power on earth could have restored it to him this voyage. As we dart through the harbour's narrow mouth, blessings are wafted to us, from lines of parted friends, on the outermost edges of the sea-wall. There is hardly time for our "Indians" to return these valedictions. Our little steamer shoots along like an arrow; for the Bentinck must start at two. Every point of the ten thousand four hundred miles which lie between Southampton and Hong Kong, is as rigidly timed as if it were a station upon a short line of railway. The accuracy and punctuality with which each single mile is performed out at home, operates upon the punctual delivery of the mails in China or in London. The Bentinck *must*, therefore, start at two. How else will she be able to reach Gibraltar by the twenty-fifth (it is now the twentieth), Malta on the thirtieth, and Alexandria on the fourth of

the following month? She must not detain the canal boats, which are to take her mails and passengers down to Cairo; or the camels and four-horse-carriages which are to effect their exodus out of Egypt — an hour. Another panting steamer will be waiting at the head of the Red Sea at Suez, and *must* steam off, bag and baggage, on the seventh, to the various ports between Egypt and China.*

Bump! We are alongside the Bentinck. Her port is crowded. Every hand is stretched forth to catch the first clutchable object out of the tiny tender, and to drag it into the ship. Things are hauled over one another, like lumps shot up out of a volcano. A black trunk, a black nurse, a couple of mail boxes, a little boy, a bird-cage, two or three more mail boxes, a military officer, a supply of fish, mail boxes again, a dressing-case, a young lady, several baskets of ice, a bundle of hat-boxes, a petty officer — the deck of the small vessel is cleared in no time, and every object, animate and inanimate, is mixed up and jumbled together upon the gangway.** The bustle is intense. Everything, including boxes of specie, seems endowed with locomotive power; and I am the more struck with the calm unconcern of my ringletted friend. I espy her at her cabin window, behind a jar of beautiful flowers, reading, with the settled, unruffled air of having lived there for the last twelvemonth. I am torn from contemplating her longer, by being made into a sandwich (between a huge bread-basket and a bag of biscuits), and gulped into the Bentinck, to be digested at leisure.

Suddenly, every hand in the ship is struck motionless; but every pair of legs runs as fast as it can to the quarter-deck. Two small elegant steamers have been reported within hail; and, above the second, the royal standard is displayed. The Queen is coming! She is on her way from Osborne.

The bright little Fairy trips along over the waves in the dazzling clear sunshine, and alters her course to pass close under us. The starboard bulwark of the Bentinck is beaded with passengers' heads. "Away aloft!" is the word. The ship's company dance into the shrouds, and stick to them; — a swarm of blue-bottles. "Dip the

* The number of miles travelled by the Company's steamers during the year 1851, was 589,842, equal to more than twenty-three times the circumference of the globe, and equal also to 1,616 miles per day. During every minute of that year, an average of one mile and one-eighth of a mile was traversed by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's steam power.

** The number of packages — independent of passengers' personal luggage, and the Government mails — shipped to the various ports between Southampton and Hong-Kong, by this Company, in 1850, was twenty-five thousand six hundred. The number of passengers, in the same year, in the same year, was nearly twenty thousand — thirteen thousand of whom were deck passengers, chiefly going to and fro on the Black Sea, or between the northern and southern ports of Spain — mostly labourers in harvest time.

colours!" The bunting makes its bow; for the Fairy is close under us—a charming little moving picture:—Two men, with a Lieutenant in the fullest fig, at the wheel. A Lady in black seated at the cabin-door; two children beside her, looking at us with eager curiosity; the Captain, cocked hat in hand, explaining all about us. Three dips of a parasol is the greeting from the Fairy, and three clear, distinct, hearty English cheers are returned from the tinck.

In another minute, hardly without knowing it, I find myself again on the deck of the little tender. Two ladies are weeping beside me. An old man with white hair is waving one hand to a handsome cadet, and covering his eyes with the other. We move away. I am roused by more cheering, as the paddles of the Bentinck revolve. Good speed to her, and three times three!

THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

It is part of the popular belief in Egypt, that wickedness and wisdom are indigenous in the West—the country of the setting sun. But by the West, or Maghreb, they do not understand any of the European states, confining the signification of the word to the long series of provinces and kingdoms extending from the limits of their own valley along the northern coast of Africa, even to the Sea of Darkness, or the Atlantic Ocean. Whenever, in their fictitious narratives, they wish to introduce a Magician—a character answering to the villain of our dramas and romances—they almost invariably derive him from Tripoli, Fez or Morocco, and having stated his origin, think themselves at liberty to invest him with any amount of power and atrocity required for the development of their plot.

The word Maghrebi, or Man from the West, after some time of residence in the East, became identified, even in my foreign mind, with the idea of peculiar sagacity and unscrupulousness. Whenever I saw a sallow, heavy-featured Western, I felt a mingled sensation of awe and curiosity; and I looked out eagerly for an opportunity of making the acquaintance of one of those terrible individuals. Fortune favoured me, for one day that I was sitting enjoying a shisheh in the shop of Hanna, the Levantine mercer, and chatting with some closely-veiled women, who were idly bargaining for muslins and silks, a sonorous salaam attracted my attention, and the tall form of an unmistakeable Maghrebi darkened the door.

Hanna knew his customer at once, and greeted him with profuse salutations. From what he said, indeed, it was evident that he had expected an earlier visit; and he professed, with some affectation, to have been quite uneasy about the safety of his old friend. This meant that the business relations between them had always been satisfactory; in other words,

that the said Hanna had been accustomed to make at least five per cent. over and above a fair profit in the sales he effected to the (supposed) terrible Maghrebi. I looked at the man again, and in features where I had been fully disposed to find the traces of cunning and duplicity, could discover nothing, to my disappointment, but manly frankness, allied with almost child-like simplicity.

He was a fine, handsome fellow, some thirty years of age, with large almond-shaped eyes, straight nose, well-curved lips, and magnificent black beard. A carefully twisted white turban—the noblest head-dress ever invented—a grey embroidered jacket, a light-fitting waistcoat buttoned up to the throat, a red shawl round the loins, loose white trousers, and red slippers, formed his costume. After exchanging a few general compliments, he sat down on a heap of cloth, to wait till the master of the shop was disengaged, and accepted a whiff or two from my shisheh. It was evident at once, from his whole manner, that he was a grave, serious, solid old man; and it was as much, perhaps, on this account, as because of his handsome person, that one of the ladies I have mentioned began to jest with and tease him. At the first word he actually blushed, and became uneasy, replied at first timidly, and then sulkily; and when the fair jester went so far as to lay her small henna-dyed fingers upon the glossy curls of his beard, he could hold out no longer, but abruptly rose and went away. Tagger Hanna was very indignant at this; and as the bargain was concluded, the merchandise cut and packed up, and the money in his hand—nothing remaining to go through but an altercation about five or ten paras of change — he took the liberty, in excellent Arabic, which we cannot afford to translate literally, of telling the offended lady that she was no better than she should be, to which, in delightful vernacular, she reponded, that *he* was no better than *he* should be; and the sisters, cousins, aunts, and friends, who had coalesced to idle away a day in spending three shillings, taking up the cry with a vengeance, one old dame seeming disposed to become more practical than pleasant, my worthy friend was compelled to have recourse to his iron measure, with which he threatened to dig out the hearts of all who did not immediately abscond.

The shop being cleared by these means, and the mutterings of the female tempest having died away in the distance, I made some inquiries about the Maghrebi. He was a merchant at Derna, who every year in the spring came to Alexandria, either by land or water, to make purchases. It was now autumn, so that his arrival had been delayed for some reason, at least four months. Tagger Hanna professed to be certain that his customer was lurking about the neighbourhood waiting for the departure of the women; but I could divine from his restlessness

that he was not without anxiety on the subject. At length, however, his prediction turned out to be correct; for Hagg Mustafa appeared on the other side of the street, casting sidelong glances in our direction. When he had ascertained that the coast was indeed clear, he crossed over and came in to us, and having murmured two or three sage aphorisms on the impudence of women, proceeded to business.

He bought a good quantity of Syrian and Egyptian silk manufactures, and a parcel of English prints, which one would have thought he could have procured cheaper direct from Malta. Hanna, it seemed to me, was a little unreasonable in his charges; but the worthy Maghreby did not bargain, simply refusing to take what appeared to him too dear. Accustomed as I was to witness the furious discussions that usually take place in an Arab shop, the lying on both sides, the taking of sacred names in vain, the indignant protestations of the dealer that he is selling under cost price and does not deserve to be beaten down, the solemn oaths of the purchaser that he has been offered a similar article for half the money in the next street, the well-acted quarrel, and the final adjustment, by which both parties tacitly acknowledge themselves to be rogues — in contrast, I say, with these daily occurring scenes, the way in which the Maghrebi went [illegible]e charmed me, and I interest the conversation over the parting pipe, in hopes that he would reveal some particulars of his history.

My anticipations were more than fulfilled; so that with the addition of a few facts subsequently ascertained, I was enabled to construct a little biography of this Man from the West. The principal features are as follows: — Hagg Mustafa belonged to a family of merchants engaged, from time immemorial, in supplying the eastern provinces of Tripoli with the costly manufactures required for the gaudy costume both of males and females. From a very early age he had accompanied his father in all his expeditions, and having pushed on one occasion as far as Mecca, had acquired the honourable title of Pilgrim. He had now for many years carried on business on his own account, and fortune having smiled upon his industry, had amassed a considerable amount of wealth. His life was one of peril and adventure; for the Eastern merchant of his class is not a sedentary personage. He has no counting-house, no clerks, no distant correspondents. He does all his business himself, buying in one place, accompanying his merchandise from country to country, from market to market, and selling as much as possible without the assistance of brokers or agents of any kind. He is, in fact, a pedlar on a large scale.

About two years before the period of which I speak, Mustafa, on his return from his annual voyage to Egypt, heard a crier proclaim-

ing in the market-place of Derna a beautiful slave for sale. Her qualities were past all enumeration; and her name was Sagara-en-Noor, or The Tree of Light. Now, Mustafa had, until then, lived a single life, scorning or fearing women; but he desired to see this slave so lauded, and having seen her and admired her, paid the price demanded for her and she became the partner of his bosom.

Like a true Oriental, Mustafa refrained from entering into many particulars of his domestic happiness; but he said enough in general terms to make me feel a great interest in Sagara. She followed him in all his expeditions into the interior; and their mutual attachment increased with knowledge. Next year, likewise, she accompanied him to Egypt, in obedience to the decrees of destiny; for it was necessary that what was written should come to pass.

They left the port of Alexandria on their return voyage in a small vessel, with a crew of five men, bound direct for Derna. A light wind carried them in two days as far as the point of Akabah, about half way to their destination; but a tremendous tempest suddenly fell upon them, and as they were upon a lee shore, they knew at once that their danger was great. After manœuvring for a few hours, they saw the steep white cliffs of the African coast looming through the heavy atmosphere, and endeavoured to save themselves by casting anchor; but the cables snapped, and they were driven on shore, luckily in a shallow bay and upon sand. For some time it was impossible to land on account of the violence of the waves, which rose over the ship and threatened every moment to break her ropes; but at length they succeeded in getting ashore, without being able to take with them anything the ship contained, even provisions. However, it was their hope that the vessel would not go to pieces, and that, when the tempest abated, they could at least save some money and a little food, with which they could set out on foot for Derna.

Whilst they sat wet and miserable on the beach, they suddenly saw some forms moving along on the other side of the bay; and they remembered that the Bedawins of these parts are celebrated for their violence and brutality to strangers, especially such as are wrecked. But there was no escape, and the little party waited patiently, therefore, for what was to come to pass. The Bedawins had perceived the wreck and were coming round for the purposes of plunder. When, however, they saw a group of men awaiting their approach they halted, and seemed to be calculating their strength and the probabilities of resistance. At length, a single individual of their party detached himself and came forward with demonstrations of peaceful intentions; but he had

no sooner discovered that the strangers were without arms, than he shouted to his companions to advance. In a few minutes, a band of half-a-dozen truculent-looking Bedawins; armed to the teeth, rushed up and proceeded at once to appropriate the persons of the shipwrecked men, whilst waiting until the sea allowed them to appropriate their property.

Hagg Mustafa fell to the lot of an individual who appeared to be the chief, and who likewise laid claim to Sagara. The Bedawins would not listen to any expostulations, but ordered their prisoners to station themselves at certain distances apart from one another, and to remember the names of their masters. Mustafa and Sagara, placed together, were impressed, by means of awful menaces, with the necessity of saying in answer to all questions: "I belong to Yunus."

The object of this precaution now became apparent; for other Bedawins came flocking from all sides, so that above two hundred, including women and children, were collected within a few hours. They all seemed to respect the right of property based on original occupation; and did not attempt to dispute with the first-comers for the possession of the prisoners —waiting with patience until they could go aboard the ship and plunder it.

It is customary for the Bedawins of the coast to exact a reward, which may be called a ransom, for conducting persons under the circumstances of our travellers to a civilised country; and Mustafa was not very uneasy about the result of this adventure. He was known to many members of the various Ordanes or tribes along the coast, having performed the journey by land, and expected to be let off for a small sum. Unfortunately, Yunus had beheld and admired the slave-girl Sagara, and had resolved to possess her. When the plunder of the vessel was completed, he took Mustafa aside, and said, "O friend! thou knowest the custom, that strangers who fall into our hands must liberate themselves with money. Now, I will deal handsomely with thee. Take my part of the merchandise from the wreck, and proceed on thy way in peace. I will give thee two young men as an escort. But leave unto me Sagara, to be an ornament of my tent." Mustafa replied that he would rather give all that he possessed, than part with his beloved slave; and begged Yunus to name any ransom that he desired. But the Bedawin was obdurate; and finding he could not prevail by persuasion, smote the unfortunate merchant upon the face, and separated him from Sagara, and ordered her to be taken to his tent.

Mustafa was led towards evening to the encampment over the hills, and saw no more of his companions, who were kept prisoners some time, and then sent back to Egypt without ransom, for they

were too poor to pay any. Yunus took possession, as I have said, of Sagara, and sought to render himself agreeable to her; but she answered his advances by tears, and could not find a smile for the man who had torn her from her master whom she loved. But Mustafa was treated with every kind of severity and indignity, and compelled to tend the camels, and fed like a dog. He submitted to the decrees of fate with resignation, although he was resolved to seize the first opportunity of escape. Once, when he was sent with a troop of camels to some distance, he mounted the fleetest, and started for the West; but Yunus, who suspected his design, followed; overtook and brought him back to the encampment, where he was beaten, until death nearly released him from his troubles.

When he recovered he determined to be more circumspect for the future; and in order to escape suspicion, affected to be resigned to his fate. This procured him a little more liberty; but he still felt that he was watched, and he began to despair of ever escaping from that dreadful situation. Sagara he never saw; but from the children of the village, with whom he would sometimes play, he learned that she remained ever weeping in her new master's tent, refusing to be comforted.

One day there arrived at the encampment a stranger, named Ali, the son of one of the Sheikhs of an inland tribe. He was a tall, handsome young man, who had gained great reputation already for feats of gallantry. Yunus received him with hospitality, and related among other things the adventure of the wreck and the acquisition of the beauteous Sagara. To Ali, the matter appeared perfectly correct, and he congratulated his host, demanding as a favour, to behold this peerless beauty. When she appeared before him, her melancholy countenance told at once her tale of misery, and Ali felt that a great injustice had been committed. With desert cunning, however, he said not a word of condemnation, but praised the loveliness of Sagara, and extolled the happiness of Yunus; so that the poor slave, who had at first conceived hope from the pity that beamed through his eyes, retired in still more profound despair.

Next day, as Mustafa was tending a herd of camels on the slope of a distant hill, he was surprised to behold a horseman he did not know, ride up and salute him.

"I know thy story," said Ali, "and am resolved to assist thee; but the matter requires circumspection and cannot be accomplished in a day. Thy liberty it were easy to bring about; but the flower in the tent must be released likewise. Listen now to me. I am Ali, the son of Saleh; and I have come on a message of vengeance to this place. Know that my tribe has learned, by means ordained of God, that many years ago one of our bravest warriors was basely

murdered by Yunus and his brethren. Blood calls out for blood; and thou canst assist us and save thyself. A month from this, an hour after sunset, when the moon is half risen above the summit of Akabah, take fire, and light up a conflagration in the straw-heap that is near the great tent of Yunus. If thou art discovered, defend thyself, and fear nothing; for I shall be there. If no one suspect thee, hasten to the harem and single out Sagara, and bear her in thy arms, crying, 'Ali! Ali!' and no one will harm thee. Art thou a man to do all this, and not fail in one tittle?" Mustafa devoted himself to death if he should swerve from his instructions; and Ali, having pressed his hand, rode slowly away across the desert.

That was an anxious month for Mustafa. He counted the days and minutes, and made every preparation for action. He contrived to secrete a flint and steel beneath the straw-heap, as well as a sword, which he stole from his master, Yunus. In order that he might not mistake the day, he dug two holes, in one of which he put a stone every morning, whilst in the other he put a bean every evening. To lull suspicion, he pretended to be unusually gay, and succeeded in becoming quite a favourite with the young men. Even Yunus condescended to smile upon him; and once even asked him to intercede with Sagara, and persuade her to be less gloomy. But Mustafa snapped his fingers, cursed women, and professed to have no desire for an interview.

The long-expected night came at length. The encampment was situated in a valley surrounded on all sides by arid hills. Mustafa had been out since morning at the place where he had met Ali, and had looked on all sides to discern some signs of his deliverer; but none appeared. He climbed to the summit of a peak, from which a wide view could be obtained, and anxiously, with now well-practised eyes, perused the horizon. Nothing. He returned as evening drew nigh, and reached the crest of the hill that overlooked the valley just as the sun went down. There were lights in some of the tents, and at various points could be seen Bedawins returning home. Mustafa's heart sank within him as he thought that some one of these might have discerned traces of an enemy. But there was no alarm given; and, on reaching the encampment, he found all quiet. Unperceived by any one, he went and concealed himself between the tent and the straw. To his delight a smart wind was sweeping up the valley; and he felt certain that if he could succeed in setting fire to the huge heap, every tent would soon be in flames. He had not many minutes to wait, but the time appeared to him an age. Various emotions tormented him. What, if he should fail in his attempt, or be discovered and slain before help could arrive? What,

if Ali should forget his promise, or arrive too late? He was resolved, however, to act, and having drawn out the sword, and placed it by his side as he knelt down, he began to strike a light just as the silver edge of the moon appeared above the ridge of Akabah. Before the orb was half uncovered there was a hiss, a crackle,— and a swift flame swept up along the side of the immense straw heap. Almost at the same moment a man rushed from a neighbouring tent, and having fired a pistol at the culprit without effect, advanced with a drawn dagger, crying, "'T is the dog Mustafa has done it!" There was no time to lose; and the hand that had never before wielded a weapon of death, felled the Bedawin to the ground. It was a perilous moment. One man against a whole encampment, should Ali prove untrue. Furious Bedawins were rushing from every tent. Some had seen Mustafa strike the blow, and fired at him as he ran towards the tent where Sagara was confined. Others started out, asking what was the matter; women and children moaned; and the camels and other animals breaking loose, and rushing to and fro, increased the confusion. The fire had spread almost instantaneously from tent to tent, for there were heaps of straw near every one of them; and it was evident that in a very few minutes the whole encampment would be destroyed. Still, there was no sign of an attack, and when Mustafa reached the tent which he had so often beheld, but had never been permitted to approach, he found Yunus already there, shouting to the women to come forth. On seeing Mustafa, the villain divined that he was the cause of the mischief, and his hand glanced towards his dagger hilt; but the blood of the Man from the West was up, and with one blow he laid open the shoulder of his enemy. Yunus bellowed with rage, and threw himself upon the merchant; but at that instant a small body of horsemen rode furiously into the encampment, striking right and left on every living thing they met. Mustafa evaded the grasp of the wounded Bedawin, and sprang towards Sagara, whom he now saw, standing near the blazing tent. Seizing her in his arms, he shouted "Ali, Ali!" and the horsemen answered with the same cry. It was a terrible scene, lighted up by the blazing tents — a massacre, not a fight — and before the red light of the flames had faded, not a living soul remained in the encampment except the horsemen and Mustafa, who stood on an open space grasping his beloved Sagara to his breast, and still shouting, "Ali, Ali!"

Vengeance pushed to this extreme is not common in the desert; but instances from time to time occur. The object of the attacking party had been to destroy the Ordan, root and branch; but some few of the men and several of the women and children

escaped. Having ascertained this fact, Ali determined at once upon a retreat, as he knew the whole country would at once be roused against him. In an hour, therefore, after the massacre, his little mounted band, with Mustafa and Sagara, were climbing the steep slope of the hill, leaving all cumbrous booty behind. The site of the encampment was still covered with particles of fire, and a heavy canopy of smoke hung aloft. Mustafa looked back with one shudder of horror; but Sagara was beside him, ready to whisper a tale of outrage and misery which he would not hear; and he soon forgot everything but the joy of reunion.

Ali had formed an able plan of retreat. Instead of making direct for the quarters of his own tribe, situated at a great distance, he had resolved to make a bend to the west as far as the inhabited tracts of Cyrenaica, so as to throw any pursuers off the scent. By the morning the party reached a small valley, where was a reserve of men and camels. After resting awhile, they proceeded about a mile to the south, leaving a wide track on some sandy ground; but when they came to a hard, stony plain, they struck back diagonally, and soon entering the gorge of a mountain, were concealed from pursuit. Well for them, it appeared; for one of their party, who had lingered behind, saw, he said, a cloud of horsemen with glittering spears go sweeping over the plain towards the south. The stratagem of Ali was completely successful; and Mustafa and Sagara had thus an efficient escort until they arrived at a village where they were known. Here they parted from Ali, who cast a very covetous glance at the slave-girl, but who seemed to struggle successfully with his evil passions; and in due time both arrived in safety at Derna. "This," said Mustafa, in conclusion, "happened in the spring. You may be well assured that I shall no more perform my journeys by land! and that I have a great objection to performing them by sea. At present, I have come by way of Malta, in the great English fire-ship; but it is, probably, my last voyage. Peace be with you!" So saying, the Man from the West departed; and I never again saw him. I learn, however, that the force of habit proved too strong; and that, instead of settling down quietly at Derna, he continues his annual voyages. Let us hope that no cousin of Yunus may ever lay hold of him!

YOUNG FRANCE AT THE EASEL.

TRADITION and history have preserved to us the manners of the artist schools of Venice and of Rome, the feuds of the famous Zuccati, and the individual habits of Roman painters; but few in England, at this time, know much of the manners or character of a French school of painting. Nor

is it likely that any glimpse of the reality can be present to an English mind by comparison with anything here. We have an Academy at Trafalgar Square, it is true; but we have no private schools. Indeed, our great masters seem unaccountably loth to transmit their principles of art — their theories of form and composition, and secrets of colouring, to the ambitious and too often misguided generation of aspirants. They might learn from the example of our continental neighbours that there is no shame, but rather much profit, in teaching.

Let us peep for a moment at one of these *ateliers*, which of old existed in the Rue Mazarine in Paris. The students there, were a gay and noisy set, as formidable in numbers as in practical wit, and somewhat obnoxious to the neighbourhood. Fancy, for instance, a troop of them issuing from their studio, at a moment of rest, forming in a line across the street, and levying black mail from the bystanders and passengers, for the benefit of an organ, or hurdy-gurdy grinder. Yet so jestingly and pleasantly was the money extracted from the Parisian Cockneys, that none but the most crusty could growl; although they ran risk of being pelted with jokes and with mud. These artists with blouses, when they did growl, were as formidable then as those of the Faubourg St. Antoine are now. But, on other occasions they might be seen enjoying leisure, at other hours, in a quieter or more peaceful way — some, cleaning their brushes in their hands; others, indulging in penny loaves and apples, whilst a group might perchance be gathered round one or two of their number, who indulged in the practice of that amazing dance which prevails at La Chaumière, without the disadvantage of the policeman or gay municipal guard.

The atelier, to which allusion is made, was of old held in the basement of the Institut — a place not so prosy, it may be seen, as it is generally supposed to be. Although dull letters flourished on the first floor, gay fine arts were active in the basement; it must be admitted, however, that doubtless the members of the Institute would have got on better without the artist students. But having, in a fit of generosity, permitted their lower premises to be put to their particular use, it was too late to retract; and the noisy peculiarities of the boy-painters, or Rapins, were fully developed.

When of old, Guillon, Lethière, and other followers of the David school, occupied the same place, they plied the brush in silent activity — and their canvases made as little noise after they were produced, as during production. Their staid diligence was not largely rewarded either by Fortune or Fame. Those halcyon days, however, were past, when a hundred and fifty students congregated daily to indulge in

noise and mirth. For, if they gave way to such vagaries as have been described, in the public street, it is but just to admit that in-doors such things would betimes happen as might startle spectators.

The entrance to the atelier was at a postern in the Rue Mazarine — a hole, in a dark ugly wall. The Institute resembles, in this, the Bibliothèque of Mazarine; which is very fine inside, but very ugly outside. The space within, is divided into two vast rooms, in each of which a model sat. The floors, swept but once a-week, were full of holes, from which bold broods of rats emerged, betimes, to feed and to play. The walls were wainscotted, and had once been grey; but the scrapings of dirty palettes had altered their primitive tint; which, dulled with age, and overgrown with excrescences, had acquired a mouldy look of age. Not, indeed, that it was lawful that the students should scrape their palettes, and dash the proceeds on the walls; for that was a desecration punishable by fine; but, as fines were hard to levy, they were seldom imposed.

The walls on every side were hung with canvases in various stages of composition, — or decomposition, so old and rusty did some of them appear. Canvas, paper, kit-cat frames, broken stools, and crooked easels, lay about in great confusion. Cobwebs lined the corners; a stove, whose long black chimneys wandered about the room, as if loth to leave it, communicated a smoky, not ungenial warmth.

In a large frame, that hung on one of the walls, were the portraits of all the celebrities of the atelier — heads only — peering out in grotesque confusion. The deadliest enemies were there depicted side by side, — the stalwart bully beside the meek fag, — the weak beside the strong, — the clever beside the feeble, — all admirable likenesses. That canvas may yet become well-known in future art history.

The roll-call, early on Monday morning, assigned to each the place that he might take. Then, the living model had to be placed; and many were the jokes levelled at the unfortunate individual, as he strove to obey the varied injunctions of the students. He was ordered to place his head — first, on this side; then on that; then his body had to be arranged; his legs and arms to be turned and bent, until at last the position desired was fixed. Poor models; what a hard life they lead for ten sous an hour! They sit four hours to the students; and thus their pay nearly reaches an English pound per week.

The model being placed, the draughtsmen took their seats on low stools; which thus enabled their brother-painters to stand or sit, and to look over them, just as in battle the front rank kneels, to let the rear rank fire. The work would then go on; some drawing, others painting: whilst

in the back-ground, the less advanced might be seen painfully endeavouring to copy the Discobolus, or Fighting Gladiator. One might almost fancy them a quiet set, then; the silence being occasionally broken by a stanza from a song, morsels of a "*complainte*" or a partial chorus. To the poor and struggling artist, indeed, the atelier was a godsend: affording warmth and shelter for at least six hours of the day, the teaching of a first-rate master, and the advantages of living models, for the small sum of twenty-three francs a-month: of which eighteen were for the teaching, and five for the "*masse*," as it was called, — a fund from which to replace broken stools and easels, and to pay the models. The master, indeed, came but thrice a-week; but that sufficed, so well did he exercise command, so anxiously was he obeyed. When, with thin and sinewy form, and sharp and piercing eye, he entered, all would be hushed, and you might hear a pin fall. He passed from stool to stool, rebuking the idler with scorn; correcting here with the pencil, there with the brush, and taking some defect on the canvas of the ablest, to make a theme on which to speak and descant short words on art. When he left, how pleased would those be who had got praise! how crest-fallen those who had got what was usually called a "*galop!*"

Nothing strange would happen, even in the intermediate minutes allowed for model and student alike to rest, unless the day were marked by the introduction of what was called a *nouveau* — a new pupil. The first question asked of a *nouveau* was the startling one, "When are you to stand a punch?" and then, without waiting for an answer, the unfortunate would be pounced upon, and subjected to a most fiery ordeal: — while a stalwart fellow quickly tied the hands together, a second would pass them over the victim's bent-up knees; a third, thrusting the pole of an easel in the guise of a skewer, would effectually complete the disablement. Then, came a disorderly scene. The victim might be seen, at one moment spinning in a helpless manner on the ground, or carried in triumph round the room, threatened with a poker that had been painted of a fiery colour. His head would then be daubed all over with Prussian blue; and, adorned with a bladder, he would be exposed in the street outside for a quarter-of-an-hour, to the astonishment of the passers-by. If the victim were passive, there was but little sport; but the simulated red-hot poker rarely failed to raise the ire and to excite a struggle, and to give play and amusement to his persecutors. A copious drenching usually followed all these inflictions, and restored the *nouveau* to his self-possession. But what a figure! It was then you might see of what a mercurial temperament the mind of the student was composed. The victim of these

persecutions became suddenly the victim of their care and solicitude. While one broke up canvas frames and stools to feed the fire that was to dry his clothes, another warmed water to wash away the paint. Restoratives were freely applied; the patient was made quite comfortable; and the Rapins were ready to commit similar excesses on other new comers, in which the victim of this week might become, not unlikely, the persecutor of the next. So goes the world.

It was strange to see with what awe the approach of the master was regarded. If the tumult were at its height, the wheels of his carriage heard at the door, caused a stillness as by enchantment. The lazy took a fit of diligence, and resumed their seats, and the noisiest of the whole received the sarcastic reproaches of De la Roche with a meekness so great as to change his aspect, and to make one doubt his very identity.

The most curious character in the place, however, was the old man to whom was entrusted the roll-call and management of these turbulent fellows. The persecutions which he endured; the jokes and sarcasms that were made at his expense, and which he bore with an equanimity that only provoked the evil; must have tended to make the poor fellow a complete martyr. The unfortunate man who held this post, technically called *massier*, was twice cursed — he was at once a bad painter and a bad musician. In the first capacity, he might be seen at the Louvre, painting a wretched copy; and in the last, playing the clarionet in a band of National Guards. This duality of accomplishment brought numberless jokes upon him; but what drove him mad at last, was a series of frescoes which adorned the walls of the atelier, all painted in his honour. In one place, he was to be seen learning the rudiments of the clarionet under the tuition of a drum-major; in another, he was studying the art of drawing. Elsewhere, in ludicrous proportions, he figured in the band of his legion. Then, he shone prosperous, in the exalted post of *massier* to the atelier, surrounded by bags of gold. In the principal fresco, he was to be seen driving a carriage and four into Belgium; the roof laden with his bags of money. The execution of frescoes occupied the leisure hours of the atelier, after the model had departed. These quiet studies were now and then diversified, however, by a clamorous rat hunt, or a match at fencing.

Often, when the merry young band of students were in no humour for noisy sport, they would chat together, and pay models to sit in groups, or give what were called "*têtes d'expression.*" At the Institut of the Beaux Arts, a prize was awarded every year for the best head, expressing a certain form of grief, horror, joy, or laughter; hence the desire

to study such expressions. A true smile, a true look of horror, or even a genuine expression of repose, cannot, however, be bought in any market. In all studies from a model, there is unavoidable defect. The model may be placed in the attitude of a man walking, or of a foot-racer — and, at the moment of his assuming the position, the muscles have, no doubt, the proper tension; but, leave him for an hour to make-believe, and very soon the muscles all become relaxed. Besides, he *is* making-believe, at the best. Study of nature requires, not only acute observation and sharp correct vision, but memory.

Outside the walls of their common meeting-place, the students were quiet enough, whether they laboured at copies in the Louvre, or played at billiards in the neighbouring *café*. Only they were not quiet when a *nouveau* was induced to give the "punch," concerning which his memory had been so kindly jogged on his arrival. Copious libations then took place, and often ended in quarrels. The most melancholy of these feasts was one — in the remembrance of many an artist still existing — in which an unfortunate fellow, who played host before he was well out of his childhood, was urged to drink himself into a fever, and died in his mother's arms.

THE TALE UNFINISHED.

In some green quiet grave, brother,
We would thou hadst been laid,
Where gentle flowers wept their dew,
And softened sunshine play'd;
Where solemn trees kept murmuring
Their tremulous good-bye,
And streamlets' silver tongues should sing
They death-psalm tenderly.

Alas! Death bore thee down, brother,
In his most angry mood,
Commanding, in alliance fierce,
The fire to meet the flood.
Was it some warning gave thee aid
Of fiery wreck to tell?
Ah, brother, Fancy's dream hath had
Fulfilment terrible!

Thine olive-branch was lost, brother,
'Mid that unequal strife,
When furious Death was hand to hand
With strong, despairing Life.
Oh! one cloud riseth from that wreck
That over England low'rs;
Perchance that sea whose pearls we seek
Was covetous of ours.

Perhaps the hour that prayer, brother,
Rose up at home for thee,
The hope of that unconscious love
Was sinking in the sea;
And none can tell how sadly bright,
Through all that stormy blaze,
One far-off flame, thine own hearth-light,
Was present to thy gaze.

And all thy pleasant books, brother,
How shall we read them now?
That wreck between us and the page
Will drive its burning prow:
And we must close the book, and pause
O'er memory's tablet pale,
Inscribed to him whose lifetime was
A sad, unfinished tale.

ONE OF THE EVILS OF MATCH-MAKING.

The existence in the world of a curious form of disease, which had been manifested in the human body since the invention

of lucifer matches, and caused by fumes from the phosphorus used in their manufacture, was first made known to the public in 1848, by means of an article in the British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review. Before that time it had been observed and written upon in Germany, where the first manufacture of lucifer matches dates some five or ten years earlier than in England. The liability to this disorder of persons engaged in making lucifers, is not extremely great: probably there have not been more than a hundred and fifty cases in the whole time (which we may call roughly twenty years) since lucifer matches have been used. The Germans had fifty-two on record in 1848, and if we had not been startled by a detail of nearly fourteen from one factory at Manchester, we should have estimated the whole number of cases at about a hundred. The phosphorus, it is agreed on all hands, does not act injuriously on the constitution generally. The fumes do not necessarily affect the lungs, as we might have supposed. The German workers affirm that their general health does not suffer in the least, and experience in London goes beyond that, to affirm that it is even improved after attendance at the factory. It is ascertained also, and this is important to remember, that exposure for a day or a month will not produce the phosphorus disease: it rarely breaks out on any person who has been less than four years at the factory; most of those who suffer have worked previously for a longer time.

Most writers have been induced to suppose that the disease begins with aching in a tooth that has previously been more or less imperfect, or in people whose gums are not firmly adherent to the bone. An unsound constitution, especially scrofula, at any rate, favours the development of the disease. The next symptom is a decaying of the jawbone. Pieces of it, probably as large as peas, work themselves out. The disease has destroyed its vitality; for bone also lives and requires its blood-vessels and its other apparatus. When bone is dead, an admirable provision is made by which the healthy parts combine to cast it out. The surgeon generally takes care to extract the disease artificially before it has become so violent as to threaten life. Occasional deaths are the result of this affection, but commonly there is no more than great suffering for a certain time, and then a permanent and grievous disfigurement. Many sufferers, on the other hand, have stated that constitutional ailments, with which they were previously afflicted, have abated greatly when the jaw-disease set in. It is also a fact, that the entire loss of the lower jaw in youth does not involve always its permanent disappearance. Bone does not, however, appear to be so readily reproduced after its destruction by

phosphorus as when destroyed by other causes.

A writer in the Medical Review, paid, in 1848, an unexpected visit to the Lucifer Manufactory in Princes Square, Finsbury. Fifteen girls, fifty boys, and eleven men were then at work there, some of whom had been engaged upon the factory for eight and even ten years. No case of the disease had occurred among them; all were in good health. They were required to purify themselves from phosphorus by washing their hands, on entering and on leaving the place, in alkaline water (phosphoric vapour is an acid neutralised by alkali). Those who worked at the dipping had sponges fixed before their mouths; and some have suggested that such sponges might be moistened with an alkaline solution. An expensive system of ventilation had then recently been carried out upon the premises, and all worked well.

Before we pass to a report of our own visit to the factory at Bow, we must add two or three more facts to the previous information by which we had been induced to turn our face in that direction. We must give a summary of the intelligence transmitted for our use from Manchester.

The fourteen cases mentioned by our correspondent have all arisen, he believes, in the same factory. The work of this factory used to be carried on in two small rooms, which have recently, for better ventilation, been thrown into one. No complaint of any kind has been made by sufferers against the proprietor, who has himself mourned for the death of a near relation, in whom the disease contracted in the factory proved fatal. At this factory the matches manufactured are of the common kind, and the preparation for the dipping is contained in iron bowls, — phosphorus, chlorate of potass, and glue.

The narrative supplied to us of one or two of these cases, will assist us to a practical understanding of some of the facts already stated. Names we, of course, falsify.

Annie Brown is twenty years of age, of pale and scrofulous aspect. She went to work at the lucifer-factory, when she was nine years old, and after she had worked for about four years, the complaint began, like a toothache. Her teeth had all been sound before that time (she says; but it was impossible for her to know more than that, at any rate, they had not troubled her by aching). She was occupied in putting the lids on the boxes. She could smell the phosphorus at first, but soon grew used to it. At night, she could see that her clothes were glowing on the chair where she had put them; her hands and arms were glowing also. She used to wash her hands, and to attend to cleanliness. (The water in which such hands are washed, ought to be made alkaline with soda; pure water does not easily remove the phosphorus.)

On uncovering her face, we perceived that her lower jaw is almost entirely wanting; at the side of her mouth are two or three large holes. The jaw was removed at the Infirmary seven years ago.

Maggie Black is twenty-three years old; she used to sort the matches when they had been dipped and dried. After two or three years her complaint began like toothache. She had one tooth drawn, but the gum afterwards gathered and discharged outside. The operatives used to work in two rooms, and the place does not smell so badly since they have been both thrown into one. She has undergone five operations. Her under jaw being nearly gone, the oval shape of her face is destroyed. At the same time, her upper features show that she would be by nature a good-looking girl. She is obliged to live upon soft food, and is employed now in making boxes, out of the way of the fumes.

Robert Smith is twenty-one years old, and worked six years before he began to suffer; he was a dipper. He has now no teeth in his lower jaw, of which a great part is destroyed. He mixed the preparation before dipping: the matches were previously dipped in sulphur. He lived near the factory, and could smell the fumes even outside its walls when the wind blew in the right direction. His clothes glowed at night, and the room seemed in parts to contain white smoke. He knows of fourteen who have had the disease; two of them died. He had a good appetite at the factory, and was well in all respects except his mouth. The walls of the factory glow after the gas has been put out.

The correspondent to whom we are indebted for these cases informs us that, after an operation for this disease at Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, the students were informed by the operating surgeon, that saucers filled with oil of turpentine — a solvent of phosphorus — placed among the workpeople, would absorb the vapour of phosphorous acid, by which the disease is caused. And this precaution is adopted in some London factories.

We have now stated the information which induced us to go out and use our eyes at Bow.

Where is Bow? In the unfashionable East. To go to Bow, you must go down Whitechapel way, and Bow is farther to the eastward than Whitechapel. But then, so is Persia. If a man living in London wishes to go to Bow, let him go past the Whitechapel shambles and the hay-carts, to Whitechapel gate. Then he must walk, under a clear blue sky, like that which favoured us on our own first journey to Bow. The great breadth of the highway, and the picturesque variety of the small houses lining it on either side, tend very much to make one cheerful.

After a great deal of walking, we got to suburban terraces, and villas, and little cottages with large

bells, awful in "Kitchen" and "Visitors" gentility. The gardens before the houses rich in blossoming almond-trees; under one railway, and in the next half minute over another; a little bit of genteel suburb, and then suddenly the thoroughly old-fashioned village of Bow.

Bow's pardon must be begged if it be not a village. There is a good old-fashioned church, with a great crumbling square tower and a flag-staff; and there are old shops and houses up one side of the church, and down the other side of the church to Bow Bridge; over the bridge we looked down upon a fine piece of mud, and it took us from Bow to a road lined with unaccountable-looking factories and workers' cottages, not unlike a slip transplanted out of the far suburbs of Manchester. Not many paces brought us at length to the closed doors of Messrs. Bell and Black, which courteously opened to receive us.

It became clear to us at the first glance that we had got into a place unsuited to the growth of phosphorus disease. Instead of a crowded building in the town, there is attainable, in this far suburb, abundance of ground space, on which detached buildings can be erected. We saw no upper stories; there was a court-yard, with materials lying about a water-tank, buildings here and there with high roofs, doors open, here and there somebody passing from one place to another. It was obvious that here there were to be had space and air. We found upon inquiry, what indeed we pretty well knew, that here there had been no case of phosphorus disease, though about a hundred and fifty mouths are breathing daily on the premises, besides nearly the same number engaged outside in making match-boxes, &c.

Entering the nearest door, we found an apartment alive with girls and boys; a spacious building, with a roof of high pitch, skylights, windows, and an open door. Notwithstanding the large number of matches there under the fingers of the young population, we could detect only the faintest odour of the phosphorus. Had there been upper rooms, the fumes would rise into them; here, however, they can only pass away into the open air. The dipping-house is placed at a distance of more than a hundred yards from any other building. This precaution has enabled the proprietors to insure against fire the other portion of the works. Other factories having less space for the fulfilment of this condition, this is the only one about London for which an Insurance policy is granted. It is lofty, and admits air abundantly. We were glad to obtain from Messrs. Bell and Black such knowledge as throws light upon the present and the future prospects of the phosphorus disease. We learnt that where it exists in England, it is produced only in factories that make the cheapest form of match. In all the better sort of matches the

quantity of phosphorus used, as compared with other ingredients, is very much less than it used formerly to be. Of course there is still phosphorus, and there are phosphorous acid fumes; but the difference is very great between the quantity of phosphorus used in the improved matches of the present day, and the old-fashioned cheap matches. The cheapness of the matches compels also an undue economy of house-room, and so farther aggravates the evil.

It is in the drying-house that the evolution of phosphorous fume is greatest. The house is like all the others, lofty, airy, clean; it differs from the others in containing no stationary work-people. The matches fume there by themselves, and are only disturbed when those who are appointed for the purpose come to fetch them. Our sense of smell is acute, but so slight was the trace of the peculiar, garlicky, phosphoric odour in this room, although it contained a very large number of matches, that many might have walked about therein without perceiving it. Most of the matches that we noticed in this room were our polite and familiar friends the Wax Vestas, hung ignominiously head downwards. We next betook ourselves to a large room devoted exclusively to their preparation, just as the first room had been devoted to their humbler cousins.

We feel at once that we have come into polite society, when we have got into the large saloon, used for the assemblies of those delicate white creatures, the Vestas. The room is, like the others, large, lofty, and clean, with incombustible walls and floor. The Christmas holly hangs upon the walls yet; the attendants on the vestas, all young girls, are noticeably clean and neat. The young priests of the temple of the wooden lucifers were boys and girls, some tidy, some untidy, according to their tastes and means. Here no unclean touch is suffered to pollute the pure white of the wax that is to maintain the vestal fire in English houses. The girls in this room all look very cheerful, very healthy.

In this room the same thing is being done with wax that we saw done before with wood. The untipped little tapers are being distributed into the frames. We watch a damsel busy at this work; whereupon she smiles and turns on so much extra steam into her fingers, that each little stick of wax falls into its appointed groove without more apparent trouble on her part than a swift passage of her hand across the frame. To another hand the vestas are much less obedient; they will not go into their places, and require much tedious adjustment. Swift-fingered maidens — aged from about twelve to twenty — can earn nine shillings a-week, or even more; the slowest fingers earning about six. There is in each room one appointed to record, as they are reported, all the respective items of completed work. An incessant snapping, audible in this room,

soon arrests attention; — there might be somewhere underground a Lilliputian commonwealth holding grand national rejoicings, and discharging fireworks. To be sure, somebody is always treading on a fallen match; bad as it is to tread upon the fallen, we confess that we ourselves produced two or three vindictive explosions on the part of vestas which our feet unwittingly tormented; this, however, is not the chief source of the snapping. When we come to the girls who are swiftly removing the dried matches from the frames and counting them into boxes, we find that there are in every frame some half-dozen vestas more snappish than the rest, which fire up at the quick touch of the maidens' fingers, and would like to punish them if possible. Of the vestas, however, as of other beings who are too quick in their temper, the maxim of the provoker seems to be, that it is of no use for them to put themselves into a heat. They are put out and laid aside, and nothing more is thought about them. A little heap, consisting of the corpses of angry vestas, who have thus been brought to confusion and disgrace, lies beside many of the frames from which the girls are picking out the finished matches. No instance seems to be known in which the whole frame of a society of vestas is shaken by a simultaneous explosion. Any outburst of that nature could be easily suppressed, and if it were required to throw cold water upon such a movement, there is a large tank in the yard lying close to the doors of all the buildings. No accidents by fire, no ignitions of frocks and aprons, have up to this date taken place; although the factory has been established many years. Those who are very young among us cannot look back to the time when its proprietor first sent forth the notion of wax vestas into an approving world, and he was at that time, as he is now, a Bell of Bow.

The first vestas were larger than those now made, and comparatively dear, on account of the less perfect nature of the machinery at that time employed. The process is very simple; and, that we may understand it, we are introduced to a great font in the middle of the building. Its cover is raised, and it is found to contain a white cake of wax; a sort of bride-cake, which results out of the match-making of yesterday. This wax is a compound of spermaceti, and other cleanly and hard materials, the use of which is necessary, not only to the cleanliness and elegance of the resulting vesta, but to its retention of a firm and upright bearing under the attacks of summer. The "spurious imitations" of which the proprietors complain, are made with a cheaper composition; in which there is much tallow, and these conduct themselves in hot weather after so dissolute a way, as to bring the vestal name into discredit.

A large ball of beautiful white cotton is next produced; we are

hen shown how threads of this, astened to the great raised wheel t one end of the room, pass ver a ledge depending from the eiling, and descend into the font r trough. By being drawn nder a roller at the bottom of his trough, the threads are made o dip through the whole body f the wax; and, before they merge, they pass through holes n a metallic plate, like the holes sed in wire-drawing. These holes confine, press, and smooth the urface of the finally resulting ord of well-waxed thread which, hen cut into lengths and tipped, oes by the name of vesta.

The dipping process produces vick so rapidly, that it requires ix days to manufacture into estas the quantity of wax wick nade in four. This part of the usiness of the factory, therefore, s only in operation on four days n the week. On each of these lays twenty-four balls, each con- aining three pounds of fine white otton, are prepared for conver- ion into vestas. Being curious o know how many miles of wax esta might be issued weekly to he public from this factory, vhich, though the most important, s not the only one in London, ve weighed an ounce of cotton vick, and then, measuring it, ound that it contained forty-two ards. Here was a sum: if an unce of cotton wick contains orty-two yards, and twenty-four hree-pound balls are worked up nto vestas in one day, there being our days in a vestal week, how many miles are manufactured in a year? The quantity made in summer is greater than we have said; but at the rate given, it will be found that the waxen cord cut up yearly into vestas by this single factory would, if undivided, stretch from England to America — and back again.

The inquiries made concerning the comparative briskness of trade in each department, at different seasons of the year, elicited a reply different to that which was received by us at Wisker's Gardens.* There, the demand for wooden matches doubled in summer; here it falls off one-half. The difference is striking, but easily accounted for. There, the matches made were of a very cheap kind, used almost entirely by the poor. In summer, when there are few fires, these matches are in demand for lighting pipes and candles, and for other uses, to which vestas are commonly applied by those who can afford to be more dainty. The wooden matches made at Bow are of a higher price and quality, and find their way less into the houses of the poor than into the kitchens of the middle and upper classes. Then, since in summer there are fewer fires to light, the demand at the factory for wooden matches is diminished by one-half. The consumption of vestas, however, becomes trebled. The lady who, to seal her letter, lighted a taper at the fire in winter, seals her summer correspondence by

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the aid of vesta-matches. They are the substitute for the domestic fire in lighting lamps and candles. All those causes which, at Wisker's Gardens, doubled the quantity of lucifers made for the poor, operate, at Bow, in trebling the demand for wax vestas on the part of those who are comparatively rich.

CHIPS.

OFFICIAL EMIGRATION.

In consequence of the misconstruction (for which we are in no degree responsible) of a sentence in the minutes of a conversation which passed, some time ago, between Earl Grey and a Colonial remonstrant against convict transportation to Van Diemen's Land, it was erroneously stated, in Vol. XII. page 26 of this publication, that Earl Grey, the then Minister for the Colonies, had characterised the emigrants sent or assisted out by the Emigration Commissioners as "the refuse of the workhouses." We have no doubt of Earl Grey's having been entirely misapprehended in this matter. The reports of the Board for the years referred to (1849 and 1850), which we have since perused, show, that, with certain exceptions, (chiefly orphan girls from the Irish workhouses), emigrants sent away under the auspices of the Emigration Commissioners were not drawn from that class at all. It is certain that the reports from the destinations of Government emigrants are, on the whole, favourable to them personally, and testify to the diligence and judgment with which they have been selected.

So much as to the matter of fact; but, although the "refuse" of workhouses can never be a desirable, or, indeed, practicable source for emigrants; yet, under certain limitations, workhouses are not the worst feeders of the Colonial labour market. Indeed, it is not at all certain whether able-bodied paupers, or even the least venal among convicts, do not turn out better colonists than persons who are able to muster a portion of the expense of voyage and outfit, and who get the rest from the Emigration Commissioners. The steady, hard-working labourer has very little chance of raising the three or four pounds necessary to take him out of the scene of his local privations; but the restless rogue, who is continually giving all sorts of trouble to all sorts of parochial officers and private families, is readily "assisted" to the antipodes by them with subscriptions. A steady, well-conducted man seldom requires to emigrate from necessity: he gets well employed at home. Many may and do choose to emigrate, but they seldom have occasion to do so with the assistance of the Board. Again, a large proportion of convicts sentenced to transportation, consist of men not inferior in any respects to the

average of the working-classes. They have been led by sudden or temporary temptation into crime; but, after undergoing the system of prison discipline now in force, prove, when removed to another part of the globe, well-conducted and useful settlers.

Of course, it would be a miracle if, out of the million and a half of passengers shipped for the Colonies (either directly by the Commissioners or under their general supervision), during the last six years, the Emigration authorities had not been grossly deceived in some, and had not made mistakes about others. But investigation has proved to us, that the trust reposed in them in the application of the funds for emigration, set aside from Colonial land sales, has been faithful and judicious. That they have been more vigilant than those concerned in voluntary and independent emigration, is clearly proved by a parliamentary return just issued. It appears that from 1847 to 1851 (both years inclusive), seven thousand one hundred and twenty-nine emigrant vessels sailed from the United Kingdom. Of the five thousand nine hundred and sixty-four of these ships which were despatched from ports under the superintendence of the Board, thirty were wrecked; the per-centage of loss being one in every one hundred and ninety-nine ships; but, of the nine hundred and thirteen ships despatched free of their supervision, nearly three times that proportion were wrecked; namely —thirteen, or one in every seventy vessels. Of the two hundred and fifty-two ships sent directly out and chartered by the Commissioners, only one was lost. As to passengers, out of a quarter of a million and a half of souls, no fewer were lost, by shipwreck alone, than one thousand and forty-three; but not a single life was lost by the ships chartered by the Land and Emigration Commissioners.

The misfortune inseparable from Official Emigration is, that it offers fewer facilities and less encouragement to voluntary, well-conditioned, and intelligent emigrants, than to the less estimable classes of the community. It is fortunate for the former, that it is within the range of the new system of Family and Loan Colonisation.

A MELANCHOLY PLACE.

In the list of melancholy offices — not a very numerous list, we are glad to say — which have to be filled by certain individuals, who undertake to perform the corresponding duties — some, from affection; some, as a matter of principle; some, from compulsion; and the rest for a fee or salary — there are few that convey a more sombre impression to our agination than the very ancient post of the Curfew-Toller. It is of so time-honoured a standing that, as extremes meet, time has since gone such lengths as to

forget the date of its origin. Though most historians attribute the establishment of the tyrannical law of the Curfew, to William the Conqueror, there does not appear to be an adequate authority for the statement. That so monotonous, despotic, and dolorous a duty, however, as the duty of ordering all grown-up people off to bed, like children, or creatures in menageries, at the tolling of the bell, would be accepted from any liking for the place, is beyond belief; we are therefore obliged to arrive at the conclusion, that it was on account of the fees or salary attached to it. Well; we may suppose that a similar influence operated throughout the whole course of "the good old times," since we find that the "place" has never been vacant, down to the present day!

In the article entitled A Tower of Strength, published in our thirteenth volume, page thirty, we were so unfortunate as to omit all mention of the Curfew-Toller. We now beg the reader to pardon the oversight, and to do us the favour to imagine him seated in a snug private apartment beneath his belfry, in the Tower of London, in company with the Gentleman Headsman, over a glass of fine old port: each with a piece of crape round one arm, and drinking to the memory of the past. "In silence," we should add; because, as no curfew-bell is now rung, and no heads are cut off, it *might* seem, to common and profane minds having no reverence for the customs of our ancestors, that such "places" are not exactly wanted.

But every true lover of his country, and of its glorious constitution, which admits of every form of construction, and furnishes for everything every justification that can be needed, will see that such places ought always to exist. While, therefore, we think that a nice little antiquarian party, composed of the Gentleman Headsman, the Curfew-Toller, the Grand Falconer, and the Keeper of the Royal Buckhounds, might be assembled in the curfew-belfry (a quiet nook in its ruins, or a tent on its ancient site) of the Tower, to celebrate the days when their several salaries were coloured, and sometimes very highly, by corresponding duties, may we, at the same time, seize the opportunity of suggesting that two other places should be restored, — the representatives of whom should be allowed to take their seats at the convivial table; to wit — the Court Fool, and the Gentleman Bear-Keeper of the Tower?

For the revival of the place of Fool, we need offer no justification, as his utility, in conjunction with the others previously named, is obvious; touching the Bear-Keeper, however, a word or two may seem necessary. All we have to do, is to show a "precedent," and then everything will flow in its natural course.

In 1252, we find that the sheriffs of London were commanded by the King to pay fourpence a day

— "for our white bear in the Tower of London, and his keeper;" and the writer of Zoological Anecdotes assures us, that in the following year the sheriffs were directed to "provide a muzzle and an iron chain to hold him, when out of the water; and also a long and strong rope to hold him, *when fishing in the Thames.*"

The curfew bell-rope, and the Tower-Bear's fishing rope, each in a graceful coil, might thus be hung up, as trophies and memorials, against the walls of the wassail-room, side by side with the Grand Falconer's gloves, a buck's head and antlers, and the somewhat rusty axe of the Gentleman Headsman.

THE HUNTER AND THE STUDENT.

THE authors of books on zoological subjects, which have so frequently issued from the press of late years, and which are continually appearing, may be separated, for the most part, into two classes — those who hunt and slay, and those who observe and study. The passion of the former is the excitement of the chase to destroy; the great pleasure of the latter is in the preservation of the creature, and the accurate noting down of all its characteristics. At the head of the former, by way of instance, we must place rdon Cumming and Sir he head of the latter, no one will hesitate to place White of Selborne, and Professor Owen. If it be objected that White is not an author of very recent date, then we shall name the Reverend Leonard Jenyns, to whose patient and indefatigable study, during many years, we are indebted for his delightful and instructive "Observations on Natural History." Rymer Jones is another name that instantly starts to our pen; we have, however, sufficiently indicated the class we mean. It is not to be understood that either class is of an exclusive kind — that the hunters never observe, and that the observers never kill — since the labour of each is often "a mingled yarn." We define the extremes of these two classes.

Our taste by no means leans to the sanguinary; nor do we think that the great majority, who are not themselves hunters, and who, at least, may be supposed to sit down to read in "cool blood," can feel gratified by stories in which remorselessness is the most prominent characteristic; while the narrator is so blinded by the very memory of his ardour, that he does not in the least perceive he is writing his own condemnation. The compiler of a recently published book, called Zoological Notes and Anecdotes, quotes an account of a giraffe hunt, from the "Portraits of the Game and Wild Animals of South Africa," by Sir Cornwallis Harris, and designates it as a "spirit-stirring adventure." What sort of spirit

it stirs in us, our readers will not find it difficult to conjecture.

Sir Cornwallis Harris had for weeks sought in vain to get a shot at the tallest quadruped of the earth — a giraffe. One day he saw what he took to be a large branchless stump of some withered tree in the distance; but presently it moved along above the tops of the thicket, and he now distinguished a stately giraffe gliding among the trees, "its graceful head nodding like a lofty pine." He set spurs to his horse, and soon found himself, "half choked with excitement," close upon the heels of the giraffe, who went "sailing before him" with velocity, "like some tall ship upon the ocean's bosom." The half-choked sportsman dismounts to fire, and "the mottled carcase presenting a fair and *inviting* mark," he has "the satisfaction of hearing two balls tell roundly" upon the back of his towering victim. They are not sufficient; so he remounts, and again pursues. He and his horse tumble into a hole, by which his rifle is broken; he scrambles up again, however, and binding his rifle-barrel to the stock with a handkerchief, once more gives chase. Meanwhile the weary and no less innocent giraffe had stood still to allow of his approach. The hunter is now in a state of wild excitement at finding that the lock of his rifle will not act: in vain he looks around for a stone, and seeks in every pocket for his knife, "with which, either to strike the copper cap, or *hamstring* the colossal *but harmless* animal," who stood waiting for his doom. The reader will rejoice to hear that the giraffe escapes. A few days afterwards, however, Sir Cornwallis Harris suddenly comes upon a herd of thirty giraffes, and his blood "courses like quicksilver through his veins" as he gallops after them. Coming up with the fugitives, he singles out their "lordly chief," and "applying the muzzle of the rifle towards his dappled shoulder, draws both triggers."

The conclusion of the affair is given in these words: — "Mute, dignified, and majestic, stood the *unfortunate* victim, occasionally *stooping his elastic neck towards his persecutor*, the tears trickling from the lashes of his dark humid eye, as broadside after broadside was poured into his brawny front:

> "His drooping head sinks gradually low,
> And through his side the last drops ebbing slow,
> From the red gash," &c.

Presently a convulsive shivering seized his limbs, his coat stood on end, his lofty frame began to totter, and, at the *seventeenth* discharge from the deadly grooved bore, "like a falling minaret, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust." "Never shall I forget the intoxicating excitement of the moment! At last, then, the summit of my ambition was attained, and the towering giraffe laid low. Tossing my turbanless cap into the air, *alone in the*

wild wood, I hurraed with bursting exultation, and unsaddling my steed, sunk, exhausted *with delight, beside* the noble prize I had won."

All this is very pretty and improving, — especially the poetry. Whether the poetry and the bursting exultation go quite well together, is a point the curious reader will consider, perhaps.

Far be it from us to require of those engaged in the excitement of the chase, the inward, or self-governed enthusiasm of the scientific observer and student of nature. We would not say to a man, in a moment of madness, "My friend! you should moderate your transports;" but we would say to every member of the great family of man: Remember, that when we destroy life of any kind we destroy something which we did not give, cannot restore, do not understand — which has many principles and elements exactly like our own — which demands of us, when we take it without provocation or need of self-preservation, that we should not cast aside our common human feelings.

How very different is the effect upon our minds, where the hunter meets with a wild beast — whom we may regard as an antagonist worthy of his prowess — where there is a doubt as to the result, and who is, moreover, the first assailant! When a hunter lies down before his night-fire, surrounded by his friends, and a lion leaps in among them and carries off his man — the chase of that royal savage, the contest, and the death — constitute an adventure of that legitimate excitement which commands everybody's sympathy. Even the pain we feel at the sufferings and horror, if not the death, of the man carried off, is somewhat tempered in our emotions by the recollection that he was a hunter, and came there to kill the lion; so that if the lion knew that fact (and we cannot tell but instinct may go so far), he would argue that his assault was "all fair," and a thing to be expected by those who intruded on his domains. But, when lions, or any other wild beasts, are wantonly attacked and destroyed for no other purpose than to afford an exciting amusement, we think it is time those delights of a barbarous age were discountenanced among civilised nations.

Of the force of character, however, which some of these scenes display, no doubt can be entertained. The strength and courage of the lion is so great that, although he is seldom four feet in height, he is more than a match for fierce animals of three or four times his size, such as the buffalo. He will even attack a rhinoceros or an elephant, if provoked. He possesses such extraordinary muscular power, that he has been known to kill and carry off a heifer of two years old in his mouth, and, after being pursued by herdsmen on horseback for five hours, it has been found that he has scarcely

ever allowed the body of the heifer to touch the ground during the whole distance! But here is an instance of strength in a man — a different sort of strength — which surpasses all we ever heard of a lion: —

Three officers in the East Indies — Captain Woodhouse, Lieutenant Delamain, and Lieutenant Laing — being informed that two lions had made their appearance, in a jungle, at some twenty miles' distance from their cantonment, rode off in that direction to seek an engagement. They soon found the "lordly strangers," or, natives, we should rather say. One of the lions was killed by the first volley they fired; the other retreated across the country. The officers pursued, until the lion, making an abrupt curve, returned to his jungle. They then mounted an elephant, and went in to search for him. They found him standing under a bush, looking directly towards them. He sought no conflict, but, seeing them approach, he at once accepted the first challenge, and sprang at the elephant's head, where he hung on. The officers fired; in the excitement of the onset their aim was defeated, and the lion only wounded. The elephant meanwhile had shaken him off, and, not liking such an antagonist, refused to face him again. The lion did not pursue, but stood waiting. At length the elephant was persuaded to advance once more; seeing which, the lion became furious, and rushed to the contest. The elephant turned about to retreat, and the lion springing upon him from behind, grappled his flesh with teeth and claws, and again hung on. The officers fired, while the elephant kicked with all his might; but, though the lion was dislodged, he was still without any mortal wound, and retired into the thicket, content with what he had done in return for the assault. The officers had become too excited to desist; and in the fever of the moment, as the elephant, for *his* part, now directly refused to have anything more to do with the business, Captain Woodhouse resolved to dismount, and go on foot into the jungle. Lieutenant Delamain and Lieutenant Laing dismounted with him, and they followed in the direction the lion had taken. They presently got sight of him, and Captain Woodhouse fired, but apparently without any serious injury, as they saw "the mighty lord of the woods" retire deeper into the thicket "with the utmost composure." They pursued, and Lieutenant Delamain got a shot at the lion. This was to be endured no longer, and forth came the lion, dashing right through the bushes that intervened, so that he was close upon them in no time. The two lieutenants were just able to escape out of the jungle to re-load, but Captain Woodhouse stood quietly on one side, hoping the lion would pass him unobserved. This was rather too much to expect after all he had done.

The lion darted at him, and in an instant, "as though by a stroke of lightning," the rifle was broken and knocked out of his hand, and he found himself in the grip of the irresistible enemy whom he had challenged to mortal combat. Lieutenant Delamain fired at the lion without killing him, and then again retreated to re-load. Meantime, Captain Woodhouse and the lion were both lying wounded on the ground, and the lion began to craunch his arm. In this dreadful position Captain Woodhouse had the presence of mind, and the fortitude, admidst the horrible pain he endured, to lie perfectly still — knowing that if he made any resistance now, he would be torn to pieces in a minute. Finding all motion had ceased, the lion let the arm drop from his mouth, and quietly crouched down with his paws on the thigh of his prostrate antagonist. Presently Captain Woodhouse, finding his head in a painful position, unthinkingly raised one hand to support it, whereupon the lion again seized his arm, and craunched it higher up. Once more, notwithstanding the intense agony, and yet more intense apprehension of momentary destruction, Captain Woodhouse had the strength of will and self-command to lie perfectly still. He remained thus, until his friends discovering his situation, were hastening up, but upon the wrong side, so that their balls ibly pass through the hit him. Without moving, or manifesting any hasty excitement, he was heard to say, in a low voice, "To the other side! — to the other side!" They hurried round. Next moment the magnanimous lion lay dead by the side of a yet stronger nature than his own.

Diedrik Müller, during his hunting time in South Africa, as related in the work previously quoted, came suddenly upon a lion. The lion did not attack him, but stood still — as though he would have said, "Well, what do you want here in my desert?" Müller alighted from his horse, and took deliberate aim at the lion's forehead. Just as he drew the trigger, his horse gave a start of terror, and the hunter missed his aim. The lion sprang forward; but, finding that the man stood still — for he had no time either to remount his horse, or take to his heels — the lion stopped within a few paces, and stood still also, confronting him. The man and the lion stood looking at each other for some minutes; the man never moved; at length the lion slowly turned, and walked away. Müller began hastily to re-load his gun. The lion looked back over his shoulder, gave a deep growl, and instantly returned. Could words speak plainer? Müller, of course, held his hand, and remained motionis. The lion again moved off, warily. The hunter began softly to ram down his bullet. Again the lion looked back, and gave a threatening growl. This was re-

peated between them until the lion had retired to some distance, when he bounded into a thicket.

Impressed in various ways by these exciting scenes of savage life and death, how peculiarly soothing and quieting — we might say, humanising — is the effect produced on the mind and feelings by turning to a work like the "Observations in Natural History," where we find a benevolent and indefatigable country clergyman rising before daybreak, and wandering about the dewy fields, and through the misty woods, and down quiet green lanes, noting all objects, signs, and tokens, by which the nature and habits of living creatures are displayed. "I have occasionally had the curiosity," says Mr. Jenyns, "to note down the exact time at which the different species of birds are first heard on a fine summer's morning." On a certain day he heard the skylark up and singing at two in the morning; next, at twenty minutes after two, he heard the cock crow; at three o'clock the thrush sang; at ten, fifteen, and twenty minutes after each other, came the song and cry of the yellowhammer, the swallow, the blackbird, the duck, ring-dove, rook, &c. On another morning the cock was up first, but the skylark was again the first of the singing birds; then came the rooks (a few) cawing doubtfully, as if not quite awake; the thrush singing, the ring-dove cooing, &c. On another occasion, the cock was up and crowing at fifty-one minutes after one o'clock in the morning; then the skylark rose and sang, the ring-dove cooed at two o'clock, the duck quacked, the blackbird sang, the redbreast, swallow, thrush, all heard; at half-past two "blackbirds everywhere singing," &c.

A very curious question is started by the worthy vicar of Swaffham Bulbec (the author of the above "Observations") on the mortality of birds. The mortality must be enormous every year, yet how seldom in our country rambles do we find a dead bird. One, now and then, in the woods or hedgerows, is the utmost seen by anybody, even if he search for them. Very few, comparatively, are destroyed by mankind. Only a few species are killed by sportsmen; all the rest cannot live long, nor can they all be eaten by other birds. Many must die from natural causes. Immense numbers, especially of the smaller birds, are born each year, yet they do not appear to increase the general stock of the species. Immense numbers, therefore, must die every year; but what becomes of the bodies? Martins, nightingales, and other migratory birds, may be supposed to leave a great number of their dead relations in foreign countries; this, however, cannot apply to our own indigenous stock. Mr. Jenyns partly accounts for this by saying, that no doubt a great many young birds fall a prey to stronger birds soon after leaving the nest, and probably a number of the elder

birds also; while the very old are killed by the cold of winter; or, becoming too feeble to obtain food, drop to the earth, and are spared the pain of starvation by being speedily carried off by some hungry creature of the woods and fields. Besides these means for the disposal of the bodies, there are scavenger insects, who devour, and another species who act as sextons, and bury the bodies. During the warm months of summer, some of the burying beetles will accomplish "the humble task allotted them by Providence," in a surprisingly short time. Mr. Jenyns has repeatedly, during a warm spring, placed dead birds upon the ground, in different spots frequented by the *necrophorus vespillo*, and other allied beetles, who have effected the interment so completely in four-and-twenty hours, that there was a difficulty in finding the bodies again.

All this goes a great way to account for our so very seldom seeing any dead birds lying about, notwithstanding the immense mortality that must take place every year; but it certainly is not satisfactory; for, although the birds of prey, and those which are not devoured by others, are, comparatively, small in number, how is it that none of *these* are ever found? Once in a season, perhaps, we may find a dead crow, or a dead owl (generally one that has been shot), but who ever finds hawks, ravens, kites, sparrow-hawks, or any number of crows, out of all the annual mortality that must occur in their colonies? These birds are for the most part too large for the sexton beetle to bury; and, quickly as the foxes, stoats, weasels, and other prowling creatures would nose out the savoury remains, or the newly-fallen bodies, these creatures only inhabit certain localities — and dead birds may be supposed to fall in many places. Still, they are not seen.

A distinction has been made since the time of White of Selborne, between *in-door* and *out-of-door* naturalists. It is not made invidiously, as each class may be said, in general, to depend upon the other; few men unite the two qualifications of indefatigable search and observation out of doors, and laborious and patient examination, comparison, classification, and so forth, in sedentary seclusion. Both are students of Nature, but the out-of-door naturalists may be said to take her at first hand. Of this latter class is the Reverend Mr. Jenyns, a worthy follower of White; and his book furnishes a truthful record of many years of actual out-of-door observations.

Passing over his remarks on the mason wasp, who builds a nest for its eggs, and then leaves in it an imprisoned caterpillar for the young to feed upon as soon as hatched by the warm season; on the bees, who, he found, got drunk with the narcotic juices or odours of dahlias; on his seeing thrushes carry snails to knock

their heads upon a stone, and thus crack them for eating; on his being able to distinguish the season by the sounds of animals in the fields, and insect life in the air (Humboldt says he could tell what o'clock it was by the hum of the insects, and the different sensations of their poisonous stings!); and on the stockdove, in whose crop he found seeds which had begun to sprout; we will take the following delightful story about a pair of robins: —

A pair of robins built their nest in the old ivy of a garden wall, and the hen shortly afterwards sat in maternal pride upon four eggs. The gardener came to clip the ivy; and, not knowing of the nest, his shears cut off a part of it, so that the four eggs fell to the ground. Dropping on leaves, they were not broken. Notice being attracted by the plaintive cries of the hen bird, the eggs were restored to the nest, which the gardener repaired. The robins returned, the hen sat upon the eggs, and in a few days they were hatched. Shortly afterwards, the four little ones were all found lying upon the ground beneath, cold, stiff, and lifeless. The gardener's repairs of the nest had not been according to the laws of bird-architecture, and a gap had broken out. The four unfledged little ones were taken into the house, and, efforts being made to revive them by warmth, they presently showed signs of life, recovered, and were again restored to the nest. The gap was filled up by stuffing a small piece of drugget into it. The parent robins, perched in a neighbouring tree, watched all these operations, without displaying any alarm for the result, and, as soon as they were completed, returned to the nest. All went on well for a day or two; but misfortune seemed never weary of tormenting this little family. A violent shower of rain fell. The nest being exposed, by the close clipping of the ivy leaves, the drugget got sopped, the rain half filled the nest, and the gardener found the four little ones lying motionless in the water. Once more, they were taken away, dried near the fire, and placed in the nest of another bird fixed in a tree opposite the ivy. The parent birds in a few minutes occupied the nest, and never ceased their attentions until the brood were able to fly, and take care of themselves.

The story we have already related of Diedrik Müller's lion, is surpassed by another of a similar kind, which we take to be about the best lion-story that zoological records can furnish.

A hunter, in the wilds of Africa, had seated himself on a bank near a pool, to rest, leaving his gun, set upright against a rock, a few feet behind him. He was alone. Whether he fell asleep, or only into a reverie, he did not know, but suddenly he saw an enormous lion standing near him, attentively observing him. Their eyes met, and thus they remained, motionless, looking at each other,

At length the hunter leaned back, and slowly extended his arm towards his gun. The lion instantly uttered a deep growl, and advanced nearer. The hunter paused. After a time, he very gradually repeated the attempt, and again the lion uttered a deep growl, the meaning of which was not to be mistaken. This occurred several times (as in the former case), until the man was obliged to desist altogether. Night approached; the lion never left him the whole night. Day broke; the lion still was there, and remained there the whole day. The hunter had ceased to make any attempt to seize his gun, and saw that his only hope was to weary the lion out by the fortitude of a passive state, however dreadful the situation. All the next night the lion remained. The man, worn out for want of sleep, dared not to close his eyes, lest the lion, believing him to be dead, should devour him. All the provision in his wallet was exhausted. The third night arrived. Being now utterly exhausted, and having dropped off to sleep, several times, and as often come back to consciousness with a start of horror at finding he had been asleep, he finally sunk backward, and lay in a dead slumber. He never awoke till broad day, and then found that the lion was gone.

On the question of "best" of animals, there are so many excellent stories of several that the superlative degree may be hard to determine. Setting down the above, however, as the best lion-story, we will give what we consider to be (up to this time) the best elephant-story. In one of the recent accounts of scenes of Indian warfare (the title of the book has escaped us, and perhaps we met with the narrative in a printed letter), a body of artillery was described as proceeding up a hill, and the great strength of elephants was found highly advantageous in drawing up the guns. On the carriage of one of these guns, a little in front of the wheel, sat an artilleryman, resting himself. An elephant, drawing another gun, was advancing in regular order close behind. Whether from falling asleep, or over-fatigue, the man fell from his seat, and the wheel of the gun-carriage, with its heavy gun, was just rolling over him. The elephant comprehending the danger, and seeing that he could not reach the body of the man with his trunk, seized the wheel by the top, and, lifting it up, passed it carefully over the fallen man, and set it down on the other side.

The best dog-story — though there are a number of best stories of this honest fellow — we fear is an old one; but we cannot forbear telling it, for the benefit of those who may not have met with it before. A surgeon found a poor dog, with his leg broken. He took him home, set it, and in due time gave him his liberty. Off he ran. Some months afterwards the

surgeon was awoke in the night by a dog barking loudly at his door. As the barking continued, and the surgeon thought he recognised the voice, he got up, and went down stairs. When he opened the door, there stood his former patient, wagging his tail, and by his side another dog — a friend whom he had brought — who had also had the misfortune to get a leg broken. There is another dog-story of a different kind, told by Mr. Jenyns, which we think very amusing. A poodle, belonging to a gentleman in Cheshire, was in the habit of going to church with his master, and sitting with him in the pew during the whole service. Sometimes his master did not come; but this did not prevent the poodle, who always presented himself in good time, entered the pew, and remained sitting there alone: departing with the rest of the congregation. One Sunday, the dam at the head of a lake in the neighbourhood gave way, and the whole road was inundated. The congregation was therefore reduced to a few individuals, who came from cottages close at hand. Nevertheless, by the time the clergyman had commenced reading the Psalms, he saw his friend the poodle come slowly up the dripping with water: having obliged to swim above a er of a mile to get to church. ent into his pew, as usual, and remained quietly there to the end of the service. This is told on the authority of the clergyman himself.

A hungry jackdaw once took a fancy to a young chicken which had only recently been hatched. He pounced upon it accordingly, and was carrying it off, when the hen rushed upon him, and beat him with her wings, and held him in her beak, until the cock came up, who immediately attacked the jackdaw, and struck him so repeatedly that he was scarcely able to effect his escape by flight. But the best hen-story is one in Mr. Jenyns' "Observations." A hen was sitting on a number of eggs to hatch them. An egg was missing every night; yet nobody could conjecture who had stolen it. One morning, after several had been lost in this way, the hen was discovered with ruffled feathers, a bleeding breast, and an inflamed countenance. By the side of the nest was seen the dead body of a large rat, whose skull had been fractured — evidently by blows from the beak of the valiant hen, who could endure the vile act of piracy no longer.

Mr. Jenyns relates a good owl-story. He knew a tame owl, who was so fond of music that he would enter the drawing-room of an evening, and, perching on the shoulder of one of the children, listen with great attention to the tones of the pianoforte: holding his head first on one side, then on the other, after the manner of connoisseurs. One night, suddenly, spreading his wings, as if unable to endure his rapture any longer, he alighted on the keys, and, driving away the fingers of

the performer with his beak, began to hop about upon the keys himself, apparently in great delight with his own execution. This pianist's name was *Keevie*. He was born in the woods of Northumberland, and belonged to a friend of the Reverend Mr. Jenyns.

Good bear-stories are numerous. One of the best we take from the "Zoological Anecdotes." At a hunt in Sweden, an old soldier was charged by a bear. His musket missed fire, and the animal being close upon him, he made a thrust, in the hope of driving the muzzle of his piece down the bear's throat. But the thrust was parried by one of the huge paws with all the skill of a fencer, and the musket wrested from the soldier's hand, who was forthwith laid prostrate. He lay quiet, and the bear, after smelling, thought he was dead, and then left him to examine the musket. This he seized by the stock, and began to knock about, as though to discover wherein its virtue consisted, when the soldier could not forbear putting forth one hand to recover his weapon. The bear immediately seized him by the back of the head, and tore his scalp over his crown, so that it fell over the soldier's face. Notwithstanding his agony, the poor fellow restrained his cries, and again pretended death. The bear laid himself upon his body, and thus remained, until some hunters coming up relieved him from this frightful situation. As the poor fellow rose, he threw back his scalp with his hand, as though it had been a peruke, and ran frantically towards them, exclaiming — "The bear! the bear!" So intense was his apprehension of his enemy, that it made him oblivious of his bodily anguish. He eventually recovered, and received his discharge in consequence of his loss of hair. There is another bear-story in this work, which savours — just a little — of romance. A powerful bull was attacked by a bear in a forest, when the bull succeeded in striking both horns into his assailant, and pinning him to a tree. In this situation they were both found dead — the bear, of his wounds; the bull, (either fearing, or, from obstinate self-will, refusing, to relinquish his position of advantage) of starvation!

The best cat-and-mouse story (designated "Melancholy Accident — a Cat killed by a Mouse") is to be found in "The Poor Artist," the author of which seems to have derived the story from a somewhat questionable source, though we must admit the possibility. "A cat had caught a mouse on a lawn, and let it go again, in her cruel way, in order to play with it; when the mouse, inspired by despair, and seeing only one hole possible to escape into — namely, the round red throat of the cat, very visible through her open mouth — took a bold spring into her jaws, just escaping between her teeth, and into her throat he struggled and stuffed himself; and so the cat was suf-

focated." It reads plausibly; let us imagine it was true.

The best spider-and-fly story we also take from the last-named book. "A very strong, loud, blustering fellow of a blue-bottle fly bounced accidentally into a spider's web. Down ran the old spider, and threw her long arms round his neck; but he fought, and struggled, and blew his drone, and fuzzed, and sung sharp, and beat, and battered, and tore the web in holes — and so got loose. The spider would not let go her hold round him — and *the fly flew away with the spider!*" This is related on the authority of Mr. Thomas Bell, the naturalist, who witnessed the heroic act.

SMITHFIELD RACES.

KEEN lovers of the glories of the turf are not to be dejected by a foggy morning. Friday opened with a cutting north-east wind, a grey sky, and a heavy atmosphere; but our glass stood at fair weather (the works having been removed, as we afterwards ascertained, by a high-spirited boy, then home for the holidays); so we assumed our sporting attire, and sallied forth, light at heart, for the enjoyments of the day. Everybody knows that the road to the races is usually enjoyed more keenly than the contests of the horses upon the course; and on this occasion the journey was not altogether a dull one. Omnibuses, loaded with well-pomatumed clerks, were crawling along the way; a few carriages, filled with "nobs," were here and there hemmed-in by the equipages of our turf friends, and sparkling dialogues of a technical nature, as to the skill and appearance of all parties, were going forward briskly. It was a happy sight, however, to notice the real sporting boys on their way to the races, in turn-outs of various degrees of elegance. In the Blackfriars Road, particularly, the sight was one to thrill the pulses with delight. Here we noticed many animals that appeared to have undergone a severe training in omnibuses and other hackney vehicles; but some of the donkeys looked fresh, though we were afraid that the choice "spirits" who were mounted upon them were working them a little too fast before reaching the ground. As the day advanced, and we neared Smithfield Racecourse (the scene of so many glories!) the clouds cleared off; and, encouraged, in all probability, by the appearance of the sun, considerable numbers of the fair sex (apples and herrings having been removed from their private trucks for the occasion) made their appearance, seated upon these elegant open vehicles, and advanced rapidly in the direction of the exciting scene. On we went, at a splitting pace — down the Blackfriars Road — to the New Cut we have now come again — we have reached the Bridge — crossed Fleet Street —

and then, at a tremendous pace, we pass the varied beauties of Farringdon Street, and enter the spacious and delightful Smithfield — the sacred ground of the City.

The scene that met our enraptured sight was one of the liveliest description. All was gaiety — life! Near the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, a considerable trade in choice delicacies was briskly going forward. The more robust were manifesting a partiality for particularly juicy mutton-pies; and throwing occasional glances of ill-suppressed contempt at the dandies of the scene, who were flirting with the effeminate periwinkle. Gentlemen, very properly bent upon showing due attention to the gentler portion of creation, were observed to reserve a quantity of the drink, of which they had made themselves proprietors, and before handing the bright vessel, out of which their faces had recently emerged, to the nearest lady, to pass the cuff of their coat vigorously round its rim. In and near the drinking-booths, commonly called public-houses, the shouts of happy laughter sounded upon the enraptured ear. Knots of eager turfmen were eagerly balancing the virtues of various horses. As yet, however, we could see only groups of the gay visitors — the imposing length of the course was yet beyond our sight. We advanced rapidly; and in a few minutes we had a noble *coup d'œil* of the entire course. Across the noble field of Smith a line was formed, flanked on either side by specimens of the "noble animal," so handsomely commended by Mavors in his memorable Spelling-book. From the point we had now reached, we could observe upon the character of every animal.

The various virtues of the noble steeds defy particular description; but to show the liberal spirit in which the proceedings are conducted, it is as well to state at once that the races were open to horses of twenty years old and upwards. The loss of an eye did not incapacitate an animal from appearing on the course; broken knees were peculiarities that did not excite close attention; and lameness was only a subject for comment when of a serious nature. All these ills to which horse-flesh is heir were fully and picturesquely developed by the animals entered for Smithfield Races. When we first arrived upon the ground, the gentlemen of the turf were engaged in the examination of the mouths, knees, and hoofs of the heroes of the day. Much money (of a copper currency) appeared to be changing hands, and many horses changed owners. Blind Tom, the property of Mr. Jem Toddles, of Fly Court, Walworth, whose exploits in that gentleman's cart are too well known to need recapitulation, was transferred to Mr. Scrubb, of Cow Lane, for the extraordinary sum of fifty shillings. We have no doubt that we shall shortly hear of Blind Tom again — rumour, indeed, says that

he is entered at a suburban pound for a considerable sum already — we always predicted great things of him. He certainly did his work at Smithfield, trotting the entire length of the course with ease — having only one man behind to urge him, and one to his head to pull — in less than a quarter of an hour. In his backing, however, lies his great strength, particularly when in harness. It would be impossible, within reasonable limits, to particularise the exploits of all the animals on this glorious day; we must therefore content ourselves with noting down one or two of the more wonderful feats. Blind Tom had hardly been trotted away by his new owner, when a discussion began among the gentlemen of the course as to the courage of the Camberwell Roarer. It was said by his zealous champion that he had trotted easily from Covent Garden to Rye Lane, with half-a-ton of potatoes at his heels, in less than forty minutes; whereas his opponents obstinately persisted in an assertion that his lame off leg would make such an accomplishment impossible. Hereupon his owner explained that the Roarer was lame in three legs, and that when he first started on a journey the off fore-leg was stiff and made him limp, but that when he got warm this stiffness wore off, and then the two hinder legs began to trouble him; so that the animal must be used to these little inconveniences, and could probably do as much as more showy beasts. We took an unprejudiced view of the Roarer, and observed that he had been well broken — especially about the knees. His most vindictive slanderers could not have said that he was overloaded with flesh. The discussion as to his merits and defects grew hot, and many emphatic compliments were interchanged by the parties at issue. That disagreeable compound known as "wholesome truth" was bandied about without the slightest reserve; and curious legal points, as to how many times each party had transgressed the laws of his country, were graphically and pointedly raised. At last it was decided that the animal should show his quality.

His proud owner laid aside his short pipe, and proceeded to tug at the Roarer's head. Seeing that this single effort was not productive of any astonishing locomotion, an experienced bystander was kind enough to recommend the application of a stick — a recommendation which was promptly and energetically acted upon. This happy combination of incentives induced the Roarer to clear his stall, and display his proportions upon the course. Without more delay than that usually necessary for the conscientious administration of a preliminary cudgelling, the Roarer left the starting-point. He went as easily forward as the lameness in his fore-leg would allow him. Gentlemen betted familiar measures of malt and hops on his chances of surviving the day's proceedings; but, being continually reminded by the re-

peated threats of his owner that it was the time to display his prowess, the Roarer contrived, at more than one point, to break into a trot; shaking his entire anatomy. Without relenting for a moment, however, the Roarer's owner dogged his heels with an upraised stick, at every jerk of which the hind-quarters of the animal sank. The Roarer fetched no less than sixty shillings, including a stipulated supply of beer to be paid for by the fortunate purchaser, for the consumption of the late owner, supposed to be rendered melancholy by the loss of his noble property.

Considerable excitement was caused, at a late period of the day, by the appearance of Solemn Joe upon the course. This jet-black steed was a particular favourite. His pace was not so remarkable for its speed as for its evenness. He still held his head erect, and preserved all the grace of his fine contour. It was reported by malicious detractors that he was a bay mare that had tried "our infallible hair-dye" only once. He was to be disposed of without reserve; his owner having relinquished the performance of funerals, and entered upon the more cheerful business of pastrycook. Solemn Joe fetched the extraordinary sum of five pounds — a false tail being thrown into the bargain. His sire was a famous trotter in his time (as sporting "nob" of Smithfield ntially informed us); and fs were, after his death, into snuff-boxes by his grateful owner. Solemn Joe was bought by Mr. Muggins of Clerkenwell (who had the funeral of a highly genteel "party" on hand, and wished to create an impression in the neighbourhood), and left the ground attached to the tail-board of his new master's cart.

Other horses figured prominently in the day's sport; and it would be possible to lengthen out our notice of the scene considerably, but we prefer to enlarge upon the most interesting incidents, and to omit altogether those which could not interest the sporting world generally. The liberal minds that preside over Smithfield Races, seeing, as all enlightened men must see, that the turf is one of the most valuable institutions of this great country, and feeling that its privileges should be extended to all classes of the community, have opened their lists, not only to horses, without regard to their age or to their personal disabilities, but also to the donkey. Hence the owners of horses — as Mr. Jem Toddles — are confronted and compelled to mix with the less fortunate possessors of that animal, libelled in the popular song, which has poetically imagined, for many years, the extreme case that "it wouldn't go."

We made our way to the arena — a remote corner of the ground — set aside for the exhibition of animal prowess. Here we at once recognised many of the ladies whom we had noticed on the road, still seated upon their open ve-

hicles; engaged, in some instances, in the vigorous administration of summary punishment to their offspring, or testing, with an undisguised relish, the excellence of the neighbouring beer-taps. The expressions of admiration that burst from the lips of the bystanders when, after severe castigation, and a few suggestive hints from a pointed stick, a donkey attained to a canter; the firmness with which certain of the animals refused to move a leg; the choice vocabulary and the keen faces of the boys who had donkies for disposal; are the prominent points of the donkey scene that occur to us at the present moment.

But the road home claims a short description. Horses of every kind, dejected by every species of ailment, afflicted with the most varied action, and presenting the most melancholy contrasts, moved away at the back of carts — were led slowly by serious purchasers — were mounted by daring urchins, whom we expected to see divided into two equal pieces every time the animals trotted — or were harnessed in the most remarkable vehicles. Pushing their way amid these varieties of horseflesh, donkeys were seen, urged by the blows of vigorous costermongers or their wives. The general conversation with which the various travellers endeavoured to enliven the journey, was of a technical character, which few sporting men would understand. Amid this din and bustle, we were forced to remain some time, in the course of which we learned that ten pounds is a high price for a horse bought at Smithfield Races. We also learned that the races are held at the risk of many lives and limbs of Her Majesty's liege subjects. We did *not* learn that the Police, co-operating with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, are the vigilant Stewards of the Course; but we should be very happy to receive the information. It is high time that the law of kindness were extended to the Brute creation — more brutally treated, but too often, in England, than is good for an Englishman's heart or an Englishman's pride.

OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENTS.

SATURDAY in Holy Week, and Easter Monday, were the days on which I went a-fairing this year.

On the Hampstead road, by London, there is a place called Chalk Farm. There was a farm here, and chalk too, once upon a time, no doubt: probably when the adjacent hill bore primroses instead of a gymnasium; but, both farm and chalk have long since disappeared, leaving us in their stead plenty of dust, a railway bridge with a prospect of the railway, a circular stable for high-mettled locomotives, and a big white chalk-faced tavern. Chalk Farm was a famous place in days of yore. It is on record that Jack Straw baited there on his way to and from the hostelry that bears

his name. Many a bold highwayman cocking his stolen laced hat fiercely over his purloined periwig, and with shiny (and purloined) jackboots bestriding his ill-gotten grey mare with a crop-tail, has here refreshed himself previous to a raid on the bagmen, the post-chaises, or, haply, even the mail-coaches travelling on the Great North Road. Many a "hard-favoured man in a grey roquelaure and netherlings of blue drugget, with a cast in his eye," has here made appointments with wealthy City tradesmen who had been so unfortunate as to lose a portion of their stock-in-trade, and who have here received the "eighty yards of figured lutestring," or the "thirteen cards of gold lace, four guineas the ell," which had so unaccountably disappeared from their warehouses, and for the recovery of which they had advertised in Gazettes, Advertisers, and Ledgers, twenty guineas reward, and "no questions asked." Here, long before there was a Regent or a Regency Park, long before Camden had kindly given his name to a town, long before the London and Birmingham Railway was either born or thought of, many a bloody duel, with rapier or hair-trigger, was fought. Many a gentleman, whose nice sense of honour did not debar him from the cogging, the loading, or the sleeving of dice, or the carrying, at *écarté*, of three queens in his hat, and the fourth in the collar of his coat, has here avenged that honour (injured perhaps by oak or whipcord of opinionated pigeon) by "pinking" or "winging" his antagonist. Many a good tall fellow has driven from a drunken brawl to Chalk Farm, in the early morning, while the birds were singing, and before the smoke blurred the sunshine; and has come home on a shutter, stark, bloody, shot dead.

But there are no Jack Straws, no plundered merchants, no highwaymen, and no duels, now, at Chalk Farm. There is still, however, a Fair there, twice a-year: at Easter and at Whitsuntide. To that Fair, last Easter Monday, I went.

It was a very hot (for April) day, to begin with: tempered by a bitter easterly wind, eddying round corners viciously, catching nursemaids cunningly, and drifting them all, drapery, ribbons, parasols, and baby, against old gentlemen of mysogynic appearance; smiting little boys on the hip, and savagely sending their caps into interminable space, and their hoops between the legs of grown-up people. But such a sun! such a genial, blazing, here-I-am-again-after-six-months'-absence, holiday-makers' sun; such a blue sky; such staring white robes the houses have put on, and such apparently endless crowds hurrying to Chalk Farm Fair!

The Fair ground was not extensive, on this Easter Monday. It was an anomalous, irregular-shaped patch of broken ground, resembling a dust-heap on a large scale, somewhat; bounded on the

North by Primrose Hill; on the South, by the Railway Bridge; on East and West, and on all intermediate points of the compass, by unfinished houses, and fantastic traceries of scaffold-poles. There were booths where the traditional kings, queens, and cocks in gilt gingerbread were dispensed; and where, in gaily decorated tin canisters, the highly-spiced nuts appealed to the senses of the holiday-makers. There were shabby little pavilions, stuck all over in front with the profiles of gentlemen with very black features and coats, and very white shirt-collars: together with a stock officer in moustaches, a vermilion habit, and epaulettes like knockers; the whole being intended to give you an extensive idea of the resources of the "Royal Chalk Farm Artist's Studio," where you could have your portrait taken by the instantaneous magic process for sixpence —a fact which the artist himself (in a wide-awake hat and a blouse) seemed never weary of reiterating. There were Royal Pavilion Theatres, and Royal Cobourg Saloons, and Royal Amphitheatres, where the old story of woebegone clowns, dirt, rouge, tarnished spangles, and soiled fleshings, was told for the thousandth time. There were a "giant and a dwarf," some "bounding brothers," a "bottle equilibrist," a "strong man," a "professor of necromancy," and a "sword and ribbon swallower." There were weighing-machines, "sticks" (the speculation of swarthy gipsies), at which you might throw for pincushion prizes and never get any; there were Swiss bell-ringers, Ethiopian Serenaders, juveniles, who turned over three times, or threw "cartwheels" for a penny; sellers of cakes, sweet-stuff, tarts, damaged fruits, slang songs, whistles, catcalls, and penny trumpets. Finally, there were many swings, round-abouts, and turnovers, which, crammed to overflowing with men, children, and women, revolved, oscillated, or performed demi-summersaults incessantly; the motive-power being given by brawny varlets in corduroys and ankle-jacks. Add to all this a little fortune-telling, a little fighting, and a great deal of music, noise, and bellowing, with a great deal of dust to cap all, and you will have a fairish notion of Chalk Farm Fair on Easter Monday.

Well, the astute reader will say, *Cui bono*, this oft-told tale? Are these things new to us? Have they not been since Fairs were? Have *we* never been to Greenwich, to Stepney, to Knott Mill, to Glasgow Fairs? Stop a moment: I have but treated of the scene. A word about the people who were there!

Imagine in this broken, dusty, confined patch of building-ground, a compact, wedged-in, fighting, screeching, yelling, blaspheming crowd. All manner of human rubbish licensed to be shot there. There was more crime, more depravity, more drunken-

ness and blasphemy; more sweltering, raging, and struggling in the dusty, mangy backyard of a place, than in a whole German principality. There were more wild beasts in it (not Wombwell's) than Mr. Gordon Cumming would light upon in a summer's day, and a South African forest. You could not move, or try to move, ten paces without hearing the Decalogue broken in its entirety — the whole Ten Tables smashed at a blow. By sturdy ruffians, with dirty "kingsman" 'kerchiefs twisted round their bull-necks like halters, with foul pipes stuck in their mouths, and bludgeons in their hands, jostling savagely through the crowd, six and eight abreast, with volleys of oaths and drunken songs. By slatternly, tawdry, bold-faced women, ever and anon falling to figthing with one another; and in a ring formed by a "fancy," composed of pick-pockets, costermongers, and other intense blackguards, clawing, biting, pulling each other's hair, rending each other's garments, giving in at last breathless, almost sightless, all besmeared with blood and dust. By some of the defenders of their country with their side-belts (happily bayonetless) all robbed of pipeclay, and besmirched with beer-stains. By beggars and tramps, shoeless boys and girls, thieves, low prize-fighters, silly "gents," and here and there, perhaps a decent mechanic, or little [illegible]sman, who had taken his fa- to the Fair, in sheer ignorance, and expectation of some innocent entertainment out of doors.

Heaven knows, I grudge not the workers their few holidays, nor would I for a moment attempt to interfere with the amusements of the English people — otherwise than to increase them fifty-fold. I love to see the poorer classes enjoy themselves. There is no prettier sight to me than the river (even on a Sunday), crowded with steamers, more crowded still with holiday-makers dressed in their best. I glory in Gravesend "eaten out" on a hot summer evening; in the crowded parks, with the merry voices of children; in Chelsea and Kew, Richmond and Hampton Court; in the snug families of pleasure-seekers — father in a tail-coat that morning intensely blue, but now somewhat dusty, and bearing the exhausted provision-basket — mother in a bright dress, a bright shawl, a brighter bonnet, and a parasol the brightest of all, soothing a stout baby, quite worn-out and flaccid with the unwonted dissipation of the day — children tired, quietly satisfied, or elated with the [illegible]mœopathic "drinks" of mild porter administered to them: with, may-be, one little misanthrope, who has pinched his sister Eliza, and tried to poke his finger through the tapestry in Hampton Court Great Hall; and who has made faces at waiters, and cried at sentinels, and has been threatened times out of number with "catching it." All these, with the

decent young men and women cosily sweet-hearting; the simple-minded youths, so gorgeously apparelled, so careful of their apparel, and so harmless; the sensible mechanics, with their wives; the pleasure-vans, the suburban tea-gardens; aye, and the dry skittle-grounds, and bowling-alleys, and quoits, and field-billiards, I delight to witness! Though the sons of St. Crispin may indulge themselves a little on Saint Monday, and the tailors may object to work on a Tuesday, and the carpenters may "knock off" on a Saturday, am I, who also occasionally indulge and object and knock off, to blame them? Am I to grudge them their amusements? Heaven forbid! but Heaven save us, likewise, from many fairs like that I have mentioned on the road to Hampstead!

Also from Battersea Fields on a Sunday morning and afternoon, all the year round! With the exception of the ground being more extensive, and of shows and theatres being absent; but, with the addition of gambling for halfpence, pigeon-shooting, and the most brutal cruelty to animals, in the shape of dog and cock fighting, and horse and donkey racing, or rather torturing; they are as bad as, even worse than, the fair.

This is in the natural depravity of the common people, of course! It is not at all because real education is wanted, or because the common folk must get their open-air entertainments by stealth and while the law is winking, or because anybody — saint or sinner, pot or kettle — proceeds on the prodigious assumption that the question lies between the worst amusements and none; between the declarations of a pet prisoner gnashing his teeth at sour grapes, and the striving fancy that there is in most of us, which even a lecture or a steam-engine will not always satisfy! No doubt.

And now, good people, for the first fair I saw this holiday time — I have been treating all this time of the second — a fair on the Saturday following Good Friday; a fair at Lewes, some eight or nine miles inland from Brighton.

I was at this last-named place early on the Saturday morning, on business. There was but little wind, and, when the sun shone, which it did almost without cessation throughout the day, it was as hot as though the day were July. My business was over by a little after ten o'clock. I strolled a few minutes on the cliff, admiring the pretty Amazons and the bold riding-masters, so conscious of their proud position. I held mute converse with one of the most melancholy monkeys I have ever beheld, crouching mournfully before an organ on which a child of sunny Italy was grinding dolefully an anatomical preparation (so cadaverous was it) of the Marseillaise. In the midst of the hot, dusty Steyne, with its brown herbage, and waterless fountain, and fareless cabs, and memberless club and prince-

less palace, it looked (the monkey, I mean) like the ghost of George the Fourth lamenting over the ruins of the Pavilion. He (the monkey) spat on the penny I gave him, for luck, or seemed to do so; and I left him scratching his head with an aspect of the most dreadfully woebegone perplexity. I looked in at the Town Hall, where the Judge of the County Court was giving a dreary decision about a smoky chimney; I looked in at the Police Court, where an agricultural labourer (with at least fourteen pounds of hardened clay on each of his boots) was under examination, charged with breaking another A. L.'s head (he might have been his twin brother, he was so like him, clay and all), with a bench, or a four-legged table, or some light article of that sort, in a beer-shop. But I did not incline to Brighton, that hot Saturday morning. Brill's bath, Wright's library, bathing-machines, shell-picking, beach-wandering, or the Ocean Queen yacht, with its three cruises a-day at a shilling per head, had no charms for me. I determined to walk to the station and go back to London.

The first feat I accomplished, just as the clock struck the half-hour after ten. I found the station crammed with people — men, women, and children — in their holiday clothes. Sussex in general, and Brighton in particular had come out in immense strength. Coventry had done its duty nobly, for the ribbons were prodigious. Manchester had not flinched, and the display of printed cottons was enormous. There were married couples with their families, loving couples, old men and young. "Ha!" I said to myself, "I see — a fair!"

I was confirmed in my impression by the sight of bottles, and baskets, and bundles. "A fair," I said, "certainly! Where are they going?" "To Lewes," said the guard, with a knowing wink. Now, I wanted a little pleasure, a little excitement, for I was dull; hipped, to tell the truth, by the heat, and the dust, the smoky-chimney decision, and the melancholy monkey in the Steyne. I will go to Lewes and see the fair! I thought. I put my London return ticket in my pocket, and bought a return ticket to Lewes. The train was very full, and to Lewes I went — to the FAIR.

The newspapers said there were between three and four thousand persons present, and they know best; to my mind and to my eyes there were ten thousand li souls screaming, fighting, roa with gipsy jollity in front LEWES GAOL, where the fair held. Besides the crowds of liday-makers who had come me from Brighton, there were thousands more who had poured in from the whole country-side — from Hove, Chiddingley, Patcham, Allinghurst, Hayward's Heath — even from Chichester on the one side, and Crawley and Reigate on the other. It was a rare sight! Stout yeomen on

horseback, with flowers in their coats and in their horses' head-stalls; lounging dragoons from the cavalry barracks on the Lewes road; women in crowds, gaily dressed, very merry, holding up their little children to see the show; white-haired old agriculturists in snowy smock frocks, and leaning on sticks; picturesque old dames in scarlet cloaks, that might have been worn by their grandmothers when George the First was king; tribes of brown-faced urchins, farm-labourers, bird-catchers, and bird-scarers; crowds of navvies, rough customers — ugly customers to say the truth—very chalky indeed, striped night-capped, gigantic-shoed, and carrying little kegs of beer slung by their sides. Also, gangs of true genuine British scamps, the genuine agricultural vagabonds—incorrigible poachers, irreclaimable drunkards at wakes and feasts, enlisting in foot-regiments and deserting the day afterwards — hawking crockery-ware, or doing dawdling work in Kent — sometimes, in hopping time — brawlers in ale-houses — not averse to a little bit of burglary on the quiet, with crapes over their faces and shirts over their clothes. Also a great many policemen on horseback, and on foot. What could so many of *them* be wanting, now, at a fair?

At a fair, too, where there were hawkers of cakes and fruit; where there were games and sports going on as at any other fair; where mirth and jollity seemed universally to reign, where they were calling for sale "Apples, oranges, ginger-beer, and bills of the play." Yes! bills of the play! I saw one, printed on play-bill paper, with a rude woodcut at the top; indifferently printed, very indifferently spelt. I read it. "The last dying speech and confession of Sarah Ann French, executed at Lewes for the murder of her husband at Chiddingley." This was the play. This was the sight the people had come to see: had waited from six o'clock in the morning to get a good place at.

All the public-houses and beer-shops (Lewes boasts a fair proportion) were crowded. The taps were continually at work; such business had not been done since the day the railway was opened. Eager conversations were carried on in these hostelries. Had the criminal confessed? "Did her spuk?" the agriculturists asked. Old stagers related their impressions and reminiscences of former murders and hangings. Of Holloway; of Corder, Maria Martin, and the Red Barn; of men hanged for setting fire to hayricks, for smuggling, and for burglary; of criminals who had gone to the gallows singing psalms, or who had been hanged in chains, or brought to life again by the first touch of the surgeon's anatomising knife. Most of the better class of shops in the High Street were closed; their inmates were either afraid of the rough visits of the mob returning from the execution, or they were gone to see it them-

selves. I wandered to and fro, noting these things; wishing to go away, a hundred times; turning, as many times, my feet towards the station; but, ever finding myself, as twelve o'clock approached, with my back against a wall, and my eyes fixed on the black stones of the prison, the awful scaffold, and the hot sun shining over all.

All this time the shouting, and singing, and cake and fruit vending, were going on with redoubled vigour in the crowd, getting denser every moment. Now, bets begin to be laid whether the prisoner would die game or not, and odds were freely taken; the proceedings being diversified by a fellow screeching out a doggerel ballad on the culprit's life and crimes, to the tune of "Georgy Barnwell," and by a few lively fights.

And all this time, I suppose, they were trying to infuse as much strength into the wretched woman inside the gaol as would be sufficient to enable her to come out and be hanged without assistance. All this time, I suppose, (for I have no certain knowledge on this subject) there was the usual hand-shaking, and the usual worthy governors hoping that everything had been done to make the prisoner "comfortable" (comfortable, God help her!); and the usual ordinaries praiseworthily endeavouring to pour into ears deaf with the surdity of death, tidings of Heaven's mercy and salvation.

I stood with my back against the wall, now completely jammed and wedged in — very sick, and trying vainly to shut my eyes. There was a dull buzzing singing in my ears, too, in addition to the noise of the crowd.

Which rose to a roar, to a yell, as some one came out upon the scaffold. But it was not the principal performer. It was a *man*, who, shading his eyes with one of his large hands, glanced curiously, though coolly, at the crowd, and stamped on the planking, and cast scrutinising glances at the divers component parts of the apparatus of death. This was the executioner. *He* knew his trade, said his admirers in the crowd, did Calcraft —

Another roar: a howl. Hootings, groans, and screams of fainting women. The crowd swaying to and fro; the glazed hats and batons of the struggling policemen shining in the sun like meteors.

Two men brought, out and up, a bundle of clothes — so it seemed to me, for I am naturally short-sighted, and was, besides, giddy and confused.

It was propped up by some one, while the man with the large hands nimbly moved them about the bundle. Then it, and he, stood side by side; and, on the bundle, was something white — the cap, I suppose — which I have seen hundreds of times since: which I shall see to my dying day: which I can see now, close I my eyes ever so much, as I bend over

this paper. There was no roaring, but a dead, immutable silence. One sharp rattling cry there was, of "Hats off!" (whether in reverence and awe, or to see the show the better, I know not); another cry there was, a gasp, rather, from thousands of breasts, as the drop came lumbering down, and the executioner, (you would almost have thought he would have fallen with his victim) who had stepped nimbly on one side, gazed on his work complacently. Then the elements of the crowd, swaying more than ever, made a great rush to the beer-houses, or refreshed themselves from their own private stores — yelling, screaming, and laughing heartily; then, the cake and fruit trades recommenced, and apples, oranges, and bills of the play were cried vigorously.

The moral lesson would be invaluable, no doubt, to the little children, who played at "hanging" for a week afterwards; to the professional gentlemen, who had been picking pockets at the gallows-foot; to the mothers, who promised their children that if they were good they should go and see the next man hung; to the mass of readers of the narrative in the newspapers; to the boys, who would ask at the Circulating Libraries if the Newgate Calendar was in hand; to the hawkers and patterers, then reaping harvest from the sale of last dying speeches and confessions; to the Railway Company, who had not done so badly by their early trains that Saturday morning; to the crowd in general, who saw so brave a show, free, gratis, for nothing. I came back to Brighton again, and the train was full of enthusiastic sight-seers. Every minute particle of the horrible ceremony was enumerated, discussed, commented upon; but, I can conscientiously declare that I did not hear one word, one sentiment, expressed, which could lead me to believe that any single object for which this fair had been professedly made public, had been accomplished.

This, of course, is, likewise, in the natural depravity of the people. Verily, they are a bad people these English! And, touching the great open-air entertainment provided for them by their rulers, this last-mentioned Fair, they are the great phenomenon of the world; being an effect entirely without a cause! Mr. Grote is evidently mistaken in supposing that the Athenian Government never presented what is in itself so moral and improving a spectacle, but always inflicted capital punishment in private. To believe that it was found necessary, because of their corrupting influences, to make executions private in New South Wales, not long ago, would be to attain the height of credulity. Shall we talk of any want of real education, or of recognised open-air entertainments, and decry these great moral lessons, in a breath?

MY LITTLE FRENCH FRIEND.

MADEMOISELLE HONORINE is a teacher of her own language in a cathedral town south of the Loire, celebrated for the finest church and the longest street in France; at least, so say the inhabitants, who have seen no others. The purest French is supposed to be spoken hereabouts, and the reputation thus given has for many years attracted hosts of foreigners anxious to attain the true accent formerly in vogue at the court of the refined Catherine de Medici. It is true that this extreme grace of diction and tone is not acknowledged by Parisians; who, when they had a court, imagined the best French was spoken in the capital where that court resided; and they have been long in the habit of sneering at the pretensions of their rivals; who, however, amongst foreigners, still keep their middle-age fame.

Mademoiselle Honorine is not a native of this remarkable town; and the French she teaches is of a different sort, for she comes from a far-off province, by no means so remarkable for purity of accent. She is an Alsatian, and her natal town is no other than Vancouleurs, where the tree under which Joan of Arc saw angels and became inspired, once existed.

As may be imagined, Mademoiselle Honorine is proud of this [illegible] of birth, and tells with [illegible]ultation of having, at the [illegible] some thirty-five years ago, borne the part of La Pucelle in the grand procession to Domremy, formerly an annual festival. She relates that she attracted universal attention on that occasion, chiefly from the circumstance of her hair, which is now of silvery whiteness, having been equally so then, much to the admiration of all who beheld her.

"I was always," she remarks, with satisfied vanity, "celebrated for my hair, and I had at all times a high colour and bright eyes; so that, though some people preferred the beauty of my sisters, I always got more partners than they at all our *fêtes*. It is true they all married, and no one proposed to me, except old Monsieur de Monzon, who suffered from the gout and a very bad temper; but I had no respect for his character, and though he was rich, and I might have been a *châtelaine*, instead of such a poor woman as I am, still I refused him, for I preferred my liberty; and that, also, was the reason I left my uncle's domain, because I like independence. We used, my aunt, my uncle, and I, to spend most of our time at his country place, going out every day lark-catching, which we did with looking-glasses: they held the glasses and lured the birds, while I was ready with the net to throw over them. My uncle, however, was always scolding me for talking and frightening the birds away; so I got tired of this amusement and of the dependence in which I lived."

The independence preferred by

Mademoiselle Honorine to lark-catching and snubbing, consists in giving lessons to the English. As, of late, we islanders have been as hard to catch as the victims of the looking-glasses, her occupation is not lucrative; and although she sometimes devotes her energies to the arts, in the form of twisted-coloured paper tortured into the semblance of weeping willows and nondescript flowers, yet these specimens of ingenuity do not bring in a very large revenue. In fact, her income, when I knew her, could not be considered enormous; for, to pay house-rent, board, washing, and sundry little expenses, she possessed twelve francs a-month: yet with these resources, nevertheless, she contrived to do more benevolent and charitable acts than any person I ever met with. She has always halfpence for the poor's bag at church — always farthings for certain regular pensioners, who expect her donation as she passes them, at their begging stations, on her way to her pupils. Moreover, on New-year's day, she has always the means of making the prettiest presents to a friend who for years has shown her countenance, and put little gains in her way.

She obtains six francs per month from a couple of pupils, whose merit is as great in receiving, as hers in giving, lessons. These are two young workwomen who desire to improve their education, and daily devote to study the only unoccupied hour they possess. From six o'clock till seven, Mademoiselle Honorine, therefore, on her return from the five o'clock mass — which she never misses — calls at the garret of these devotees, and imparts her instruction in reading and writing to the zealous aspirants for knowledge.

"I would not," she says, "miss their lessons for the world; because, you see, I have thus always an eye upon their conduct, and have an opportunity of throwing in a little good advice, and making them read good books."

As these young damsels go out to their work directly after the lesson is over — taking breakfast at a late hour in the day — Mademoiselle Honorine provides herself, before starting to the five o'clock mass, with a bit of dry bread, which she puts in her pocket, ready to eat when the moment of hunger arrives. She never allows herself any other breakfast; and, as she drinks only cold water, no expenditure of fuel is necessary for this in her establishment. Except it occurs to any of her pupils — few of whom are much richer than her earliest-served — to offer her some refreshment to lighten her labours, Mademoiselle Honorine contrives to walk, and talk, and laugh, and be amusing on an empty stomach, till dinner-time, when she is careful to provide herself with an apple and another slice of bread, which she enjoys in haste, and betakes herself to other occupations, chiefly un-

remunerative — such as visiting a sick neighbour, reading to a blind friend, or taking a walk on the fashionable promenade with an infirm invalid, who requires the support of an arm.

Fire in France is an expensive luxury which she economises — not that she indulges, when forced to allow herself in comfort, in much besides turf or pine-cones, with perhaps a sprinkling of faggot-wood if a friend calls in. She is able, however, to keep a little canary in a cage, who is her valued companion; and she nourishes, besides, several little productive plants in pots, such as violets and reseda; chiefly, it must be owned, with a view of having the means of making floral offerings, on birthdays and christenings, to her very numerous acquaintances.

She is never seen out of spirits, and is welcomed as an object of interest whenever she flits along with her round, rosy, smiling face, shrined in braids of white hair, and set off with a smart fashionable-shaped bonnet; for she likes being in the fashion, and is proud of the slightness of her waist, which her polka shows to advantage. The strings of her bonnet, and the ribbons and buttons of her dress, are sometimes very fresh, and her mittens are sometimes very uncommon: this she is particular about, as she shows her hands a good deal in

panying herself on the gui-
hich she does with much
for her ear is very good and

her voice has been musical. There are few things Mademoiselle Honorine cannot do to be useful. She can play at draughts and dominos, can knit or net, knowing all the last new patterns; her satin stitch is neatness itself. It is suspected that she turns some of these talents to advantage; but that is a secret, as she considers it more dignified to be known only as a teacher.

She had a curious set of pupils when I became acquainted with her. Those whom I knew were English; who were, rather late in their career, endeavouring to become proficients in a tongue positively necessary for economical, useful, or sentimental purposes, as the case might be, but which in more early days they had not calculated on requiring.

They were of those who encourage late ambition —

"And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give."

The first of these was a bachelor of some fifty-five, formerly a medical practitioner, no ired, and living in a lively lodging, in a *premier* that overlooked the Loire; which reflected back so much sun from its broad surface on a bright winter's day, that the circumstance greatly diminished his expenses in the dreaded article of fuel — a consideration with both natives and foreigners. Economy was strictly practised by Dr. Drowler. Nevertheless, as he was very gallant, and loved to pay compliments to his fair young French

friends, whom he did not suspect of laughing at him, he became desirous of acquiring greater facility in the lighter part of a language which served him indifferently well in the ordinary concerns of his bachelor house-keeping. He therefore resolved to take advantage of the low terms and obliging disposition of Mademoiselle Honorine, and placed himself on her form. There was much good-will on both sides, and his instructress declared that she should have felt little fear of his ultimate success, but for his defective hearing; which considerably interfered with his appreciation of those shades of pronunciation which might be necessary to render him capable of charming the attentive ears of the young ladies, who were on the tiptoe of expectation to hear what progress he had made in the language of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Another of Mademoiselle Honorine's charges was Mrs. Mumble, a widow of uncertain age, whose early education had been a good deal left to nature; and who — her income being small — had sought the banks of the poetical Loire, (in, she told her Somersetshire friends, the south of France) to make, as she expressed it, "both ends meet." "One lesson a week at a *franc*," she reflected, "won't ruin me, and I shall soon get to speak their language as well as the best of 'em." Mademoiselle Honorine herself would not have despaired of her pupil arriving at something approaching to this result, could she have got the better of a certain indistinctness of utterance caused by the loss of several teeth.

Miss Dogherty was a third pupil; a young lady of fifty, with very youthful manners, and a slight figure. She had laboured long to acquire the true "Porris twang," as she termed it; but, finding her efforts unavailing, she had resolved during her winter in Touraine, to devote herself to the language, drawing it pure from the source; and agreed to sacrifice ten francs per month, in order, by daily hours of devotion, to reach the gaol. An inveterate Tipperary accent interfered slightly with her views, but she hit on an ingenious expedient for concealing the defect; this was, never to open her mouth to more than half its size in speaking; and always to utter her English in a broken manner, which might convey to the stranger the idea of her being a foreigner. She had her cards printed as Mademoiselle Durté, which made the illusion complete.

But these pupils were not to be entirely relied on for producing an income — Mademoiselle Honorine could scarcely reckon on the advantages they presented for a continuance, sanguine as she was. In fact, she may be said to have, as a certainty, only one permanent pupil, whom she looks upon as her chief stay, and her gratitude for this source of emolument is such, that she is always ready to evince her sense of its

importance by adopting the character of nursemaid, classical teacher — although her knowledge of the dead languages is not extensive — or general governess, approaching the maternal character the nearer from the compassion she feels for the pretty little orphan English boy, who lives under the care of an infirm old grandmother. With this little gentleman, whose domicile is situated about two miles from her own, at the top of a steep hill, she walks, and talks, and laughs, and teaches, and enjoys herself so much, that she considers it but right to reward him for the pleasure he gives her by expending a few sous everyday in sweetmeats for his delectation; this sum making a considerable gap in the monthly salary his grandmother is able to afford. However, her disinterestedness is not thrown away here, and I learn with singular satisfaction that Mademoiselle Honorine having been detected in the act of devouring her dry crust, by way of breakfast, and her pupil having won from her the confession that she never had any other, a cup of hot chocolate was always afterwards prepared and offered to her by the little student as soon as she entered his study. When I had an opportunity of judging — a fact which more than once occurred to me — of the capabilities of Mademoiselle Honorine's appetite, I was gratified, though surprised, to find that nothing came amiss to her; that she could enjoy anything in the shape of fish, flesh, or fowl, and drank a good glass of Bordeaux, or even Champagne, with singular glee.

It happened, not long since, that the friend who had revealed to me the secret of her manner of life, was suddenly called upon to pay a sum of money on some railway shares she possessed; and, being unprepared, was lamenting in the presence of Mademoiselle Honorine, the inconvenience she was put to.

The next day, the lively little dame appeared with a canvas bag in her hand, containing no less a sum than five hundred francs. "Here," she said, smiling, "is the exact sum you want. It is most lucky I should happen to have as much. I have been collecting it for years; for, you know, in case of sickness, one likes to avoid being a burden to one's friends. It is at your service for as long a time as you like, and you will relieve me from anxiety in taking it into your hands." It was impossible to refuse the offer; and the good little woman was thus enabled to repay the many kindnesses she had received, and to add greatly to her own dignity; of which she is very tenacious.

"Ah!" said a Parisian lady to her one day, after hearing of her thousand occupations and privations, "how do you contrive to live; and what can you care about life? I should have had recourse to charcoal long ago, if I had been in your situation. Yet you are always laughing and gay, as if

you dined on foiegras and truffles every day of your existence!"

"So I do," replied the little heroine — "at least on what is quite as good — for I have all I want, all I care about, never owing a sous, and being a charge to no one. Besides, I have a secret happiness which nothing can take away; and, when I go into the church of a morning to mass, I thank God with all my heart for all the blessings he gives me, and, above all, for the extreme content which makes all the world seem a paradise of enjoyment. I never know what it is to be dull, and as for charcoal, I have no objection to it in a foot-warmer, but that is all the acquaintance I am likely to make with it."

"Poor soul!" returned the Parisienne, "how I pity you!"

THE CITY OF SUDDEN DEATH.

We are at Naples; and, before us, is a stand of Neapolitan cabs. We make a bargain with the driver of one of these vehicles to be taken to Pompeii, are cheated, and get in. The animals in front, shaking themselves under their tawdry, jingling harness, start off at a pace which I should have deemed incredible in anything but a Hansom. One dirty street follows another dirty street; one noxious smell succeeds another noxious smell; and we find ourselves fast hurrying through the city of the living in the direction of the City of the Dead.

The first circumstance to which I wish to call attention is, that we are sitting in an open carriage on the eighth of January, without a great-coat, in light summer clothing, and yet we perspire. Can this be the same world as that which we have left behind us? Is it possible that, at the distance of a few days' journey, our relatives are shivering and shaking over a fire; that the letters which we write at the open window will be read over the hob; that the silent toast that we drink in iced Capri is returned to us in scalding punch? While the sun is shining upon us in this unaccountable manner, and reminding us of Hyde Park in the middle of June, we are not easily persuaded that the tip of the beloved Amelia's nose is at this moment slightly tinged with blue; or that dear George is standing before the mantelpiece with uplifted coat-tails, and keeping the fire from his shivering wife.

Here we are on the Santa Lucia, skirting the blue sea. Not that it looks quite so vividly blue as in the pictures, thhogh; but how incomparably beautiful, as it glides towards us, calm and untroubled, past the American frigate lying in the bay! There is none of that marine smell peculiar to sea-side places; but, on the other hand, from the side of the land, one's olfactory nerves are regaled to an unusual extent. The fact is, that the expression "bella Napoli" must be taken with some slight limita-

tion. Look up at the houses, and down at the pavement, and round at the people, and you will see at once what I mean. The sky, the sea, Vesuvius, the islands in the bay, are the only objects which do not at once recall soap and water to the mind as refreshing images. To the patriotic painter who would wish to represent his native city under an emblematical form, I would venture to suggest a perfect Venus with a dirty — a *very* dirty face.

At what a rate the rascal is whirling us on! His whip sounds like a detonating ball. Past the King's palace, with its swarthy sentinels pacing in the sun; past the magnificent theatre of San Carlos; past the Ministry of State; past the Castel Nuovo, with its frowning battlements; down to the sea again, and right through the crowds of lazy *lazzaroni* and fishermen. We are among the habitations of the lower orders; and what a motley group is this which passes and repasses before us! Marvellously constructed little chaises, slung high up in the air, full to overflowing inside, and with half-a-dozen ragged fellows clinging on behind, the whole apparatus drawn along by a solitary lean horse; the carts of the peasantry, with an ox and an ass, or an ox and a mule, or an ox and a horse yoked together; the carriages of the rich, with the *chasseur* in full uniform, and with his sword by his side, twirling his mustachios on the box; the dusty diligence crawling along like a mail of the reign of Queen Anne. On the pavement beggars of every degree of misery and raggedness, eyeless, noseless, armless, without legs, some absolutely without faces, whining piteously for *grani*. Priests of every order, military priests with their jack-boots, priests in lilac, priests in white, priests in brown, priests with crosses on their breasts; friars, with bare feet and waist encircled by a rope; portly nuns, with rosary and crucifix. Sellers of fruit, sellers of maccaroni, sellers of fish. A clacking of whips, a rolling of wheels, a shrieking of voices, a Pandemonium of strange oaths, interspersed with snatches of street music. Thank Heavens! we are getting out of the town, and into the suburb of Portici.

See, our driver stops, and takes off his hat. What is this procession advancing towards us? What are these torch-bearing figures clad in white, with round holes for their eyes, reminding us of the pictures of an auto-da-fé? It is a funeral. Borne with uncovered face on a magnificent gilt bier is the corpse of a woman. So calm, so placid are her features, one would think she is asleep. Behind is carried the modest wooden coffin in which her remains will be committed to the earth. There are no relatives following; only a couple of priests, looking staid and solemn under their three-cornered hats. I don't think I quite like the figures of those auto-da-fé fellows, but I know that I like the under-

takers' men still less; and, perhaps, it is not the custom of the mourners here to drink at the public-houses on their way back, or to sit unsteadily on the hearse, with their legs dangling in the air. More dirty villages, more swarthy faces, and into the open country. Now we are driving between two high walls, ornamented every here and there with a crucifix, or a rude daub of the Virgin. Now we are clattering along the open road, looking at the broad undivided fields on each side of us. No smiling garden, no neat villa, no well-trimmed lawn; no Hampstead, no Highgate, no Chamberwell. Everything looking as if it were about to tumble down; nothing beautiful but nature; no one at work but the glorious sun above us. I am a cockney, and I begin to feel proud of it. We are at the gates of Pompeii. Who is this ragged fellow, with holes in every part of his attire, advancing to greet us? I should have taken him for a beggar, if he had not announced himself as the guide; he conducts us up a lane, and through the archway of a building that we see before us. What is it, I wonder? There is no need of an answer, when we have cast a glance around us — the Amphitheatre!

The Amphitheatre! Look about you, and own that it is a spectacle worth coming all this distance to behold. Here, in this oval arena, and perhaps on the very spot where we now stand, the gladiator has died for the amusement of an audience, with no more ceremony than a man will now-a-days skip on a tight-rope. The enclosed benches nearest to us are the seats of the privileged classes. What a capital view they had of the fun! Only think, if you were a very great man, you might almost be sprinkled with the blood of the victim! Higher up sat the bulk of the audience, or that portion of the spectators who may be said to have corresponded to our modern pit; and, at the top of all, are the covered boxes, not for the "gods," but I suppose we must say, for the "goddesses,"— goddesses, who, alas! were not averse to the sight of human agony. In a word, this was the part of the house expressly set apart for the ladies. "What!" I suppose you will exclaim, "did the ladies of Pompeii look on without flinching while a wild beast was munching the bones of a man, or two hired wretches were inflicting desperate wounds on each other?" Recollect, that these poor people had not the advantages of our civilisation. As for the flinching, I don't quite know what to say, for I think it probable that a Roman matron, to render herself interesting, might every now and then raise her pocket-handkerchief to her face, or that a young lady, on recounting the incidents of the spectacle on a future day, might suddenly be unable to stand without the support of her lover; but, depend upon it, they all liked it very much. Depend upon it,

from those covered boxes up yonder, they smiled upon the eligible young Pompeians in the body of the house, and looked straight down at the lions and tigers when their glance had lighted upon a briefless barrister, or a captain in a marching legion. Depend upon it, they did all this with as much composure as a British matron of the nineteenth century holding up her child to witness the struggles of a dying malefactor, or the wife of a Spanish grandee flirting her fan at a bull-fight.

Here is the gate through which the audience poured in, and there is the entrance for the gladiators and wild beasts, or "stage-door," as I suppose we must call it. Into yonder narrow cell were borne the mangled carcases of the dead and dying, and further on is the den for the principal performer of the day — the lion. One can imagine the breathless suspense of the audience, as the bolts were being drawn, and the cordial welcome with which they received the preliminary roar, or "Here we are," of the liberated animal. Stay, what is that inscription carved on yonder seat? Probably it is the name of the Decemvir or Decurion who sat there. One must confess that they do not carve with so much neatness now-a-days. Give us his name, and the date when he flourished. "J. Wilkinson, 1847." By all that is hallowed! the British penknife has not spared even these stones of Pompeii; and like Belshazzar at his feast, turn in what direction we will, we are always troubled by a mysterious hand-writing on the walls.

We are handed into the custody of another guide, and led triumphantly through a kind of orchard in the direction of the "Soldiers' quarter" or barracks. What a silent, musty quadrangle, with its broken columns of stucco, once glaring in the magnificence of red and yellow paint — the plot of ground in the centre once actually a garden, and even now, I believe, supposed to represent one — the two stories of apartments, the upper one being for the officers, the lower for the common men — the Centurion's apartment at the bottom, now fitted up into a dormitory for some kind of modern guardian, or sentinel, or guide, whose shirt hangs out tastefully to dry in the mid-day sun. When this place was excavated, before the door of this chamber was found the skeleton of its occupier, and the more humble bones of forty common soldiers; trophies of victories whose very names are now, perhaps, forgotten; instruments of military punishment; lamps whose last ray was thrown on features ghastly with suffering and death; rings, possibly the gift of distant fair ones, pressed convulsively to the whitening lip; the half-unsheathed sword, a token of the useless fury of him who grasped it; the broken spear. But who is there who will not construct for himself, out of the various objects

found strewn about, some picture of what that awful moment must have been, when Vesuvius poured her boiling ashes through every pore and fibre of the city and its citizens? Who? certainly, not those two young men, beloved compatriots, who I warrant me will do no such thing. One smokes a cigar, the other wields an immense sandwich; they are laughing and poking each other about with sticks, and "chaffing" their guide through the ruins. I regret to say that this kind of traveller is almost exclusively a product of the British Isles. Dodging each other round the gay columns of the Alhambra— ornamenting one another with pigtails at Mount Vernon, watching intently some good-looking *grisette* in the galleries of the Louvre — dashing frantically out of St. Peter's for some newly-invented pipe-light; what account can some of our young Oxford students, and ensigns on sick leave, give of the lions they have visited? "By-the-bye, Green, you were at Mount Vernon last year, weren't you?" "Yes, and, by George, we had such fun! There was an elderly gentleman with a cocked hat and a young wife," &c., &c., &c. "Jones, you visited the Louvre when you were at Paris, did you not?" "Yes, and, by Heavens, I saw such a stunning gal," &c., &c.

All this is not Pompeii. Let us get back again. How rapidly one object succeeds to another! Here we are in a temple. Where we now stand, stood the devout crowd believing that it was the voice of the oracle that they heard, and the philosopher making believe that he believed it. From yonder elevation the lying priest, concealed from view, counterfeited the voice of the god, and on this altar the augur consulted the entrails of the victim. How pleasant it is to see all those things realised which we were wont to look upon as a creation of Adams, or a pleasant dream of Lempriere! How is it with you? There is hardly an object here which does not recall to my mind a flogging, or a caning, or an afternoon spent up in a corner, or under a clock, or on a table. What is that comfortable apartment at the end? The priest's dining-room! I remark that that is a never-failing appendage to these temples. I think it was in this one that they excavated the skeleton of a revered *bon-vivant*, who grasped in his lifeless fingers the thigh-bone of a fowl. Imagination conjures up before us some of our old acquaintance, the fellows of Cambridge and Oxford. In the case of an eruption from the Gog Magog hills, or an overflow of the Isis, would any of them be found, I wonder, in a similar situation? But how striking the lesson to be derived from the discovery of some of these remains! The mother with her child in her arms; the noble maiden in the act of bearing off her jewels; the soldier at his post; the priest at the dining-table! Everywhere the ruling passion strong in death. Who

does not recall the last exclamation of a late Chief Justice, "Gentlemen of the Jury, you are discharged," or the "*Tête d'armée*" of the dying Napoleon!

Let us pause for a moment to contemplate another illustration of the same kind. Here, within this narrow cell, you may yet trace in the wall a small uneven hole, seemingly formed by the stroke of some heavy instrument. Beneath it was found the skeleton of a man, holding an axe; and at his side were a bunch of keys and some bags of money which he was apparently in the act of carrying off. It is this man whom Bulwer in his "Last Days of Pompeii" has revived for our entertainment under the name of Calenus the priest. What scene of horror can the imagination of the novelist conjure up, which nature has not already exhibited — and when a modern writer drew the death of Chowles in the vaults of Old St. Paul's, was he aware that the counterpart of his fancy was to be found in an actual event of two thousand years ago?

But while I have been moralising, we have passed into a street. It has been styled the street of Abundance, from the fact that a horn of plenty or Cornucopia figures as the emblem on one of the fountains. What a magic scene unfolds itself to our view as we walk along! Here are the marks of wheels yet distinctly to be traced on the pavement; and the large square stones in the middle of the way which enabled pedestrian to cross from one side of the street to the other without dirtying his sandals. On either side of us are the shops, now stripped of their contents, which decorate the Museo Borbonico at Naples; shops of surgeons filled with all sorts of implements, some of which had been believed by the moderns to be of their own invention; shops of bakers, with the mills for making bread, moulds of various forms and sizes, and loaves of bread now petrified into an adamantine substance, but still showing the name of the maker clearly marked upon them; shops of oil-sellers; shops for the sale of wines and hot drinks; shops of barbers, not the frizzled and perfumed attendants of modern streets and arcades, but resembling rather the barbers of the middle ages, who wielded the lancet, clumsily wrenched out teeth, and ignorantly prescribed drugs; shops of dealers in lamps; shops or studios of artists, in some of which were found the models from which they worked; and cauponæ or inns — a cross between the British chop-house and gin-palace. How dark and dingy these shops must have been, and how easy to have been cheated in them! They were, indeed, nothing but dark closets, unfurnished with windows, and deriving what little light struggled into them from the open doors. You may observe the very fellows to them in the streets of modern Naples; as you may observe a pretty good imitation of the Roman houses in some of the abodes

of the poorer classes of Neapolitans round the city. The identical *capotes* or hoods worn by the sailors and fishermen of the present day are to be found in drawings of the same classes discovered at Pompeii; and if you and I were great antiquaries, and had time or leisure to rummage about, I think we should discover that the modern Italians are indebted for more of their customs and usages than is commonly supposed to their predecessors of Rome.

I do not know how the sight of all these objects acts upon you, but to me it is bewildering. I know not which way to turn, nor where to begin. A collection of wonders on a large scale almost always defeats its end; there is so much to see, that we end by seeing nothing, and pass our time in moving feverishly from one object to another. Half-a-dozen Roman lamps dug up in a gentleman's garden, or half-a-dozen coins laid out on his library table, would keep us in a state of comfortable ecstasy for a whole afternoon; whereas I have never entered the British Museum without a feeling of despair, nor left it without a sense of disappointment. For Heaven's sake, let us leave the street, and strive to confine our attention to some one object — a house, for example. See, here is one just adapted to our purpose, the abode apparently of wealth, the house of some rich Pompeian who gave parties, who was fêted and caressed, who was envied and toadied, just two thousand years ago!

The external aspect of the house is very different from that of a modern residence. There appear to have been no windows looking out on the street, and only one story. A long expanse of dead wall is broken by the gate or door. Passing through it, we find ourselves in the entrance-hall, an enclosed space about six feet wide and thirty long. Here it was that the porter kept his watch, not softly snoozing on a well-stuffed seat, but frequently in chains, and with a dog, also chained, at his feet. An inscription, "Beware of the dog," generally gave the visitor an opportunity of withdrawing from the caresses of the animal — accorded in the entrance-halls of the moderns.

Passing through this hall, we find ourselves in a sort of square courtyard, open at the top, with a reservoir in the centre for receiving the rain. A boy, expressly appointed for the purpose, rushes forward with a kind of broom, and brushing aside what I had conceived to be merely the dust beneath our feet, shows us a richly tessellated pavement below. This courtyard was indeed the principal apartment of the house, and the one in which the master was accustomed to receive his inferior visitors. On three sides of it, is a covered-in walk or colonnade, and opening into this colonnade are several rooms, generally used as the sleeping-apartments of the guests. I conceive these sleeping-apartments, and, indeed, the

bed-chambers of the Romans generally, to be among the most curious evidences of their civilisation. Fancy being tucked up in a narrow, stifling closet on the ground-floor, with no window in it, and, indeed, no light of any sort save what was derived from a door opening upon a colonnade! A hundred questions rise to the mind in connection with these gloomy dens. Why were the walls painted of so glaring a red colour, and ornamented with devices, in an obscurity which makes them all assume the appearance of a sea-piece by Turner? How did the Roman ladies see to make use of their looking-glasses? *Did* any one, after all, sleep in these places? And, if so, was there not to be found a large body of sensible and straightforward Romans, who, wrapping themselves round in their *togas*, after selecting some nice dry spot at the foot of Vesuvius, passed the night in the open air, in preference to being imprisoned in the best bedroom of the best house in Pompeii?

Yonder small apartment at the end of the courtyard which we have just been traversing may be said to have corresponded with the modern library or "study." Here were kept the books, cabinets of gems, family records, and such like articles. Small as it may appear, it was, in truth, quite large enough for the purpose to which it was destined. A few rolls of manuscript would have furnished a library over which a Roman Robins might have exhausted his powers of literary description; and as for the family documents, you might have searched among them in vain for the voluminous Releases to Trustees, Transfers of Mortgages, Assignments of Equitable Interests, and other light legal compositions of a more civilised age.

We are in a second courtyard similar to the first — the Peristyle — with a small patch of ground, dignified by the name of "garden," in the centre, and rooms opening into it on either side. The apartment at the bottom is the dining-room. How diminutive, how contemptible it appears to the modern eye; what a chill its proportions would strike into the breast of a diner-out from Brooks's or Boodle's! You could hardly have squeezed more than nine people into it! Precisely so — more than nine people seldom *were* squeezed into it. Amongst the foolish barbarians, whose relics we are now contemplating, there was a kind of ridiculous idea prevalent that, for a comfortable dinner party, that number was quite sufficient.

There remains but the kitchen, and our survey of the house is concluded. It is situated at the end of the peristyle, at the extreme rear of the house, and is of a size corresponding with the dining-room to which it is subservient. There is nothing for us to see in it now but the four bare walls, as all the objects it contained have been transported, in common with all the other objects

of value found in the town, to the Museum of Naples. You can see, however, that the walls have been painted, apparently with the figures of the Lares, or domestic gods, under whose divine protection all matters of a culinary nature were placed.

As we wend our way back through these empty and silent halls — empty as the men of fashion who once disported here, and a great deal more silent — can we help reflecting upon the singular changes brought about by Time? Two thousand years ago, how many people would have sacrificed the ten best years of their lives to be admitted into this very mansion! how many were bowing and cringing for an invitation to supper within the envied portals of Glaucus, or Sallust, or Diomed! Could these proud owners and their guests but have foreseen to what snobs those portals would one day be opened, I wonder whether they would have taken such pains to decorate them with paintings and statuary? And in those future ages, when Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander is to contemplate the ruins of London (including, as we may suppose, the remains of the still unfinished Houses of Parliament), will our descendant, in like manner, stalk uninvited through those tall and mysterious mansions, which you and I pass by with fear and trembling, or only read of in the "Morning Post?" The splendid galleries which we enter by means of tickets our posterity may perhaps comfortably spit over, like the American gentleman whom we have left behind us; they may pursue each other round the colossal fragments of the Marble Arch, armed with flasks of the liquid then in use, like the two Oxford students.

They have taken us to the place where the excavations are going on. Considering the length of time which has elapsed since the finding of this city (the discovery was accidentally made by some peasants working in a vineyard), and the importance of the subject generally, the progress which has been made is not so great as might have been expected. It is considered that about two-thirds of Pompeii still remain covered up; and this notwithstanding that the material in which it is embedded is composed of dust and ashes, which, of course, do not present the same difficulties as lava, in which the neighbouring town of Herculaneum is encrusted. You see how it is: a few men and boys are lazily pursuing their work, in the true Neapolitan style.

But, stay — our watches point to four o'clock; the workmen disperse to their homes, and our guide warns us that the time for departure has arrived. As we return through the ruins of the stately Forum, let me call your attention to these fragments of columns lying on the groun rather masses of stone, half ed into the shape of colu the final catastrophe having

on at a time when the Forum itself was under repair. Do you see that last mark of the chisel? Do you notice where the fluting has been abruptly left off? Look at these blocks of stone at the door of the edifice, found in the very position in which they had been placed there two thousand years ago, together with (if our guide does not deceive us) the skeleton of the horse and the remains of the cart that were used to convey them. They were unloading the materials for the reconstruction of the building at the very moment when the building itself was to be destroyed, never to rise from its ashes; and in that long line of roofless houses, that lie outstretched like a panorama before us, people were eating, and drinking, and marrying, perhaps, and being given in marriage, like our forefathers at the Deluge, like our descendants at the last great day!

We are at the gate, where the skeleton of the sentinel was found in his sentry-box. Faithful to his duty to the last, the poor fellow merited a better fate for his bones than that they should be one day enclosed in a glass-case, and exhibited in a museum. Passing through this gate, we find ourselves in the Street of Tombs — a narrow way, lined on both sides with sepulchral monuments. At the end of this street I see our [illegible]ge awaiting us. An abortive [illegible]pt at cheating, and much [illegible]t gesticulation on the part [illegible] guide; the same on the part of our driver; of the man who gave the horses hay to eat; of the boy who furnished them with water to drink; of somebody from the inn where they were put up who did nothing; many unscriptural, and happily unintelligible expressions on all sides; a final shout from the beggars; a crack of the whip, and a rattling of the wheels — and soon Pompeii is but a little mound at the base of Vesuvius, seen across the quiet and moonlit waters of the bay.

A RECOLLECTION OF SIR MARTIN SHEE.

ON THE LAST OCCASION OF HIS PRESIDING AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ART.

If in the fluttering magic of that tongue
Some trace of years, in which its accents grew
Sweetest amidst the beautiful, renew
A fond regret that spirits ever young
Should, as they verge on regions whence they sprung,
Pay, in expression's weaken'd force, their due
To that mortality through which alone
They speak to earth, our hearts attend its tone
With eagerness more rapt than when it flung
Abroad the vigorous thought with fancy's hue
Imbued; for, as from drooping flower, ripe seeds
Laden with loveliness for spring are blown,
The words that tremble as for Art it pleads
Shall glow in shapes another age shall own.

STONE PICTURES.

ONCE upon a time there was a Saint (still flourishing in the Calendar), called Aloysius; a Latinized connexion, I am induced to think, of our old friend, St. Eloi, so famous for his rebuke to the good king Dagobert, touching the slovenliness of his toilette. After this saint, was christened, towards the close of the last century, the child of poor parents, in the good old catholic, art-loving, beer-bibbing Munich. This little Aloysius, growing up to manhood, was known among his fellows as Aloys Senefelder; and some of my readers may have heard of him as the inventor of Lithography.

Aloys Senefelder had the misfortune to be one of the garret school of inventors. His life was a struggle; and, although he lived to see his invention spread over all the world almost, he never achieved world-wide fame; and died anything but a millionnaire. Inventors are wiser now. They take care to associate their names with their discoveries. We cannot wear waterproof coats without calling to mind Mr. Macintosh. We must think of M. Daguerre a little, while sitting to the urbane M. Claudet for our portrait; and, down in a coal-mine, the sight of a safety-lamp must surely call up some thoughts of Sir Humphry Davy. Had poor Aloys Senefelder (dead in Munich yonder, without statue or testimonial) called his invention Senefeldography, or the Aloysotype, he might possibly have snatched some little modicum of posthumous fame; whereas now, the present generation know and hear a great deal less about him than of Joseph Ady, or Professor Blenkinsop.

I like the quaint legends — the little anecdotical *ana*, attached to the inventions whose origin we cannot always understand. I like the story of the apple that fell on good Sir Isaac Newton's hose; of Doctor Franklin and his kite; of little Benjamin West inventing the camera obscura, in his darkened bedroom, when getting well of a fever, and little dreaming — mild young Quaker — that somebody else had invented it, two years before, on the other side of the Atlantic, four thousand miles away! Most of all do I affect the traditional anecdotes relative to painting and engraving. Touching the last, it is curious that nearly all the legends concerning it should be connected with that very humble adjunct to domestic economy, the wash-tub. A bundle of wet linen, thrown on a steel cuirass, which had been engraved in *aniello*, and on which a faint impression of the pattern came off, was the germ of plate engraving; the little *radiculum*, from which the works of Woollet, and Landseer, and Cousins were to spring. A hard day's wash, souring the always somewhat acrid temper of Dame Alice, wife of Master Albert Durer, drove him for refuge to his wood-blocks, and goaded him to

the devising of that marvellous art of cross-hatching, in wood engraving, as lost and ignored, for centuries afterwards, as the cunning trick of staining ruby glass, or tempering poignard blades. And, lastly, comes the legend of Aloys Senefelder's invention of Lithography, which I will narrate presently.

Senefelder was what some people call an universal genius, and others, less respectfully, a jack-of-all-trades. He could do a little of everything, but not much of anything. He could paint a little, and engrave a little, and play the fiddle a little, and copy music, and compose, and write poetry. He was not lucky. He burned to publish; but publishers would have none of his works: managers refused his operas, connoisseurs looked coldly on his pictures, singers declined to sing his songs, or to listen to his fiddle-playing Moreover, the poor fellow found out that copperplates were very expensive, that credit was difficult to be obtained, that printing costs money, and that paper was not to be had gratis. When he found that he could not get printers to bestow type-metal on his manuscripts, he essayed to engrave them on copper, and to have them struck off by a new species of surface-printing. Reversing the process of etching, where the design is eaten or corroded into the plate, he proposed to write on the copper with a peculiar composition of wax and resin, which should withstand the action of acid; then to corrode away the blank portions of copper left untouched, and so leave the letters written in relief. But he found that it was exceedingly difficult to write backwards, and more difficult still to correct any errors; he burnt his fingers with aquafortis, which persisted in biting the plate in little pools or holes, instead of lowering it equally; and, worst of all, the mercenary coppersmith refused to let him have any more plates, and poor Aloysius was in despair. I have no doubt, moreover, that Frau Senefelder, his mother, did not lead him a very quiet life, but objected strongly against "poking, and messing, and pottering with nasty plates and things," and was frequently moved to wrath by the holes burnt in her blankets by aquafortis, and the spoiling of her clean floors with melted wax and rosin, and the lamp-blacking of her tablecloth, and the abduction of her best worsted stockings for plate-rubbers.

Now Aloys, not being able to procure any new plates, bethought himself of the expediency of rubbing the engraving off some of the old ones, and polishing them up for fresh use. He found, however, that most of the rotten stones and emery he used for polishing were not subtle enough; they were so coarse that they made more scratches on the plate than they removed. In this dilemma he called to mind that there were stones found on the banks of the river Isere, very soft, and very calcareous, and thus suited to his pur-

pose. He procured some of these stones — first small pieces, then larger ones; but found still that as his stock of stone increased, his provision of copper decreased in most lamentable disproportion. It was all very well to have plenty of stone powder to polish his plates with; but, without plates to polish, the powder was about as useful to him as the ruffles to the man who had no shirt, or a gridiron to the beefsteakless. He tried to etch subjects on the stone itself, but aquafortis made the stone effervesce, and refused to be bitten to a sufficient depth to hold printing-ink. Aloys was in despair. For awhile he meditated the abandonment of his darling printing theories, and of resuming the study of jurisprudence; to which his father had, previous to his death, devoted him. But there were college fees to be paid at the University of Ingoldstadt, whither he was desirous of returning; and that "perpetual want of pence, that vexeth public men," again stood in his way. In his extremity he became positively desperate — infatuated, insane enough to contemplate the possibility of earning money by writing for the stage! A comedy was the result of this madness. A few weeks' dancing attendance, and airing of his tendon Achillis about the Munich theatres; a few insults from stage-door-keepers, and rebuffs from candle-snuffers, brought him to his senses, and convinced him that the career of a dramatic author was one leading to weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. So he went home to his mother, and lived for some time, how I know not—he had not much knowledge on the subject, I dare say, himself — but still he lived. There are thousands of men in London who live in a similar manner. Employment, income, have they none: they cannot dig — to beg they are ashamed; they do not steal — yet they must eat, and drink, and sleep.

But Aloys' hope, though bent, was not broken, and desire came, bringing with it a tree of life, when his heart was very sick indeed. Let the simple-hearted inventor tell the story his own way: —

"I had just succeeded," he writes in 1819, "in polishing a stone plate, which I intended to cover with etching-ground, in order to continue my exercises in writing backwards, when my mother entered the room, and desired me to write her a bill for the washer-woman, who was waiting for the linen. I happened not to have even the smallest slip of paper at hand, as my little stock of paper had been entirely exhausted by taking proof impressions from the stones; nor was there even a drop of ink in the inkstand. As the matter would not admit of delay, and we had nobody in the house to send for a supply of the deficient materials, I resolved to write the list with my ink prepared with wax, soap, and lamp-black, on the stone which I had just polished, and from which I could copy it at lei-

sure. Some time after this, I was just going to wipe this writing from the stone, when the idea all at once struck me to try what would be the effect of such a writing with my prepared ink, if I were to bite in the stone with aquafortis; and, having bitten away to about the hundredth part of an inch, I found that I could charge the lines with printing-ink, and take successive impressions. Thus the new art was invented."

In the course of Senefelder's experiments, he found it was not necessary that the letters, or drawing, should be raised above the surface of the stone, and that the chemical principles, by which grease and water are kept from uniting, were alone sufficient for his purpose. In fact, the grammar of lithography has its basis on this principle: grease loathes water; has for it a regular Johnsonian, Corsican, inextinguishable hatred. Water, on its side, hates grease. Now, the granular calcareous limestone used in lithography loves both water and grease; receiving the latter, indeed, with astonishing avidity, and demanding fresh oleaginous supplies with a rapacity only equalled by the female members of the horse-leeches family. A drawing being made upon the stone with an ink or crayon of a greasy composition, is washed over with water, which sinks into all the parts of the stone not defended by the drawing. A cylindrical roller, charged ating-ink, is then passed e stone, and the drawing receives the ink, whilst the water defends the other part of the stone from it on account of its greasy nature. In this we have the whole A, B, C, — the accidence of lithography. Grease and water abhor each other; but stone agrees with both. As the scene-painter boasted that, with a lump of whitening, an ounce of red-lead, a pot of glue, and a penny-worth of blue-verditer, he could paint a view of the bay of Naples; so, and with not so much exaggeration, could an artist declare his competence to execute a rude work in lithography on a paving-stone, with a tallow candle, a pail of water, and a pot of lamp-black.

With astonishing perseverance the stout-hearted Senefelder overcame all difficulties. His failures were innumerable. But he went on trying again, and trying back, until he had successively invented the ink, chalk, etching, transfer, and woodcut processes. He experimented likewise in tinted and coloured lithography, — what is now called the polychromatic manner. He discovered the art of printing in gold and silver, and moreover essayed lithography on "stone paper" in the sprinkled manner, and in imitation of India-ink drawings, All this he called the high art of lithography. Touching the engraved process of the same art, he took off impressions in imitation of line engravings, pen-and-ink drawings, aquatints, mezzotints, soft ground etchings, stipple or chalk engravings, and out-

line plates. All this was done before 1819; and, in that year, with characteristic candour and simplicity of heart, he gave to the world a detailed account of every one of his discoveries; divulged every one of his secrets; laid bare, with childlike simplicity, minute descriptions of all his recipes and prescriptions; took the whole world into his confidence, unreservedly. He had been abused, vilified, misrepresented both at home and abroad; but, in the whole of his voluminous work, we find no passage more acrimonious than one in which he asserts that, if "Mr. Rapp, of Stuttgardt, thinks he invented lithography, he is mistaken." He ends his labours with a suggestion for the application of lithography to cotton-printing, and with these simple words: "I now close my instructions, and wish from the bottom of my heart that my work may find many friends, and produce many excellent lithographers. May God grant my wish!"

Peace be with thee, Aloys Senefelder!

The first lithographic prints published were pieces of music, printed in 1796. The art was introduced into England in the year 1800, under the name of polyautography. It was vehemently abused, vilified, and opposed; principally by artists and engravers, and fell almost immediately into disuse; being patronised only by amateurs. But, in 1819, the late Mr. Rudolph Ackermann, who had done good service to Art and Science in other ways (his shop formed part of the first *house* in London lighted with gas, and people used to walk on the other side of the street not to be too near the dangerous combustible,) took up lithography, published a translation of Senefelder's work, established printing-presses, purchased a stone quarry in Germany, and devoted himself heart and soul to the encouragement and improvement of the art. Plate engravers, painters, stanch old Tories, and objectors on principle, abused it in a frantic manner. It was heretical, abominable, destructive. The solemn, awful, inexorable, literary Rhadamanthus, the dread "Quarterly Review," itself, sitting imposingly on its curule chair, in ambrosial big-wig and high-heeled shoes, promulgated edicts against the new-fangled invention; and, in a review of Captain Franklin's Narrative of his Polar Expedition, solemnly warned the public against the "greasy daubs of lithography." "It's all very well in its way; but it must be kept within its proper limits." Proper limits! Lithography, after all, only shared condemnation with railroads; and both have so far kept within their proper limits as to spread from London to Seringapatam, from Paris to New Zealand, from Dublin to Sydney. As to the British Government, it condescended to notice lithography and to patronise it, in the second year of its introduction to this country. The condescension and

the patronage were, however, confined to the imposition of an *almost prohibitory duty* on the importation of the very material without which there could be no lithography; — the stones! To equalise the burden after a very Hibernian fashion, it immediately took off the protective duty on foreign prints; and thus threw into the hands of foreigners what before had given bread to thousands throughout the British empire. This was, it must be remembered, at the same time that the French, Austrian, and Russian Governments were sending agents to Munich to examine into and report upon the merits of lithography.

If I have been prolix on the subject of the discovery and early struggles of lithography, it is not because I have not anything to say on the actual processes as now carried on. Let us step into Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and have a peep at a large lithographic establishment.

Up a court, shady and secluded — at the corner of which stands a pensive goat, browsing on the fragments of a dilapidated hearth-rug — is the door leading to the workrooms of the establishment we want. Staggering before us in the sunshine, is an individual of Herculean build, bearing on his back a ponderous stone, the weight of which is sufficient to crush three ordinary men, but which only makes him bend and sway a little as he turns the corners. A swing-door admits us into a large vestibule, cumbered throughout with stones of all sorts and sizes. These are the raw material for stone pictures, just arrived from the banks of the Danube, from Turkey, and from India, where, in the Deccan, lithographic stones are plentiful. The Atlas, bearing the big stone on his back, brings us to the grinding-room. Here, over large troughs of water, the stones are ground, grained, and polished for the different styles of lithography in which the drawings they are to bear on their surface are to be executed. They have been sawn to a proper size and thickness abroad, and are now tested with a straight-edge, to secure their being unerringly level. For graining and polishing, two stones are placed face to face, and water, mixed with silver-sand, being sprinkled between them, are rubbed together — the upper stone being movel in a circular direction — till a proper grain is given. The quality of the sand is carefully attended to, for a grain coarser than usual wo cover the stone with scratc and give the stalwart Ge workman who is "graining" the labour of commencing his work from the beginning over again. For ink-drawings, the stones, after being rubbed together with water and sand, are washed with water to get rid of the sand, and zealously polished with Water-of-Ayr stone or fine pumice. In this case it is requisite that they

should serve, on demand, as a substitute for that boot of Hessian build, which the nobleman or gentleman whom Mr. Warren knew (but whom I never was enabled to recognise) was wont to use as a shaving-glass. In other words, holding your eye close to the stone, you should be able to see your face clearly reflected. Stones from which impressions have already been taken, and from which no further are required, are prepared for fresh use, by being rubbed with another stone and water, until all traces of the former drawing have disappeared. They are then re-grained or repolished. Great care, the grainer tells me, is requisite to avoid any particle of the grease-imbued portions of the former drawing remaining. The stone is so attached to adipose matter, and retains it with such tenacity, that chalk or ink marks will yet hold, long after the colour has disappeared. There was an instance, the Teuton tells me, a short time since, where a stone — apparently a virgin one, but which had been used before, and rubbed down, was wanted for a view of the Licensed Victuallers' *fête*, crowded with figures on a very small scale. The first dozen prints were worked off to the satisfaction of everybody; but suddenly, to the horror and astonishment of the pressmen, above the Lilliputian Licensed Victuallers appeared a Brobdignagian spectre of Mademoiselle Taglioni, in the saltatory ecstasies of the *Bayadère*. The stone had previously held a portrait on a large scale of the *danseuse*, and the printing-roller had insidiously rolled his old acquaintance into life again.

Leaving the grainer vigorously employed in effacing an effigy of Field-Marshal Blücher, we ascend, through room after room, where busy presses are at work. We are struck by the prodigious number of stones, not only being printed from, but which are piled in every corner, and ranged on shelves and in racks from flooring up to ceiling. The quantity of limestone accumulated seems enough to smash any ordinary attic and to swallow up the basement forthwith; yet the foreman tells us that the house is as firm as its foundations as could reasonably be desired, and that no instances have been as yet known of the stone-crammed garrets tumbling into the stone-crammed cellars. Although, he says, quietly, some danger might be anticipated were all the stones in the house to be removed simultaneously; for then it is not improbable that the walls might feel the loss of their equipoising weight so strongly as to topple over from sheer light-headedness. Thus is he, and the district surveyor to boot, of opinion; so, keep the stones in the house, I say; or, being removed, send me, if in the neighbourhood at the time, a good deliverance.

The studio is a large lofty room, with plenty of windows; for

you want no concentrated rays of light here, as is required for painting pictures, but plenty of light everywhere. All round the walls are ranged stout wooden tables, on which, generally supported in slanting positions, are the stones. Here are a score of artists occupied in the production of almost every variety of stone picture. The beautiful studies, heads and figures in chalk, first brought to such perfection by Jullien in Paris; gorgeously tinted landscapes from sketches by Stanfield and Roberts, Haghe, Leitch, and Harding; transcripts from photographs of the most remarkable objects in the Great Exhibition; caricatures, political and social; plans and sections of bridges and machinery; charts of railways; maps of towns and countries; botanical specimens; anatomical plates; song titles glowing in gold and colours; bill heads, address cards, "show cards," setting forth the resplendent merits of pale ales and Monongahela whiskey; illustrations for books, transfers from copper and steel plates; imitations of etchings, and woodcuts; county bank notes, passports, statistical tables; fac-similes of autograph letters; imitations of middle-age missals and black-letter printing; re-productions of Oriental manuscripts and Chinese drawings.

Here is one gentleman, in a blouse and a Turkish cap, preparing for the commencement of a portrait in chalk of, whom shall we say? Doctor Cruck, shall it be, Regius professor of Syriac to the University of Saint Alfred the Great? The artist has the professor's portrait painted in oil, before him; and before that, at a convenient angle, a looking-glass. It is his intention to copy the reflection, and not the reality of the Cruck portrait; so that when the drawing is printed, the cut orange held in the right hand of the professor shall still be seen held between his dexter fingers. The first proceeding of the operator, is to slant his stone to an angle of forty-five degrees, and examine it minutely with a magnifying glass, to assure himself that the grain is evenly laid, and that there are neither scratches nor holes on the surface. Then he brushes it seductively with a large soft brush of badger's hair, lest any stray crumbs or grains of dust should be lingering on it. He then transfers upon it, with an ivory burnisher, an accurately reduced outline of the Cruck physiognomy. The stone is now ready for the commencement of the chalk drawing; and, with sundry lithographic crayons before him, cut to various thicknesses and fineness of point, according to the depth of tint they are intended to produce, he sets to his work. It is calculated that every chalk-draughtsman loses at least one-third of his time in cutting his sticks of chalk; and that he devotes another third to the painful and uninteresting work of laying

flat tints; so that the great masters, the big-wigs of lithography, have, as Rubens had, apprentices and assistants to cut points to their chalk, and lay their tints (skies, distances, water, and so on), only putting in the details and finishing-strokes themselves. But the artist of the Cruck portrait must do all himself, cutting, tinting, and finishing. How he does his work, it is no more my province than it is possible here to describe. Every artist has, or should have, his distinct and peculiar manner; and to describe, or lay down line and rule for execution in lithography, would be as futile as to tell a painter what colours he should use for faces and what for draperies, or to instruct an author how to describe a storm. He must not sneeze, nor talk vehemently while he works. He must not even breathe hard on the stone, for he breathes a mucilaginous aqueous vapour, which, condensed upon the stone, acts as gum-water; nor must he press his finger on the stone, or touch it with his hand in hot, or, indeed, in any weather; for both finger and hand are greasy, and the marks made by them would print. He who sins against these canons will never be a successful lithographer.

When the chalk-drawing is quite finished, the stone is placed in the cradle of a "lift," and sent down stairs to a room on the level with the grinding and graining department to be etched. It is laid in an oblong trough; and nitric acid, very much diluted, is poured over it. The drawing is then carefully washed with rain-water, and is now ready for "gumming in" and "rolling up;" and is, for that purpose, carried to the press-room.

Three stories of the establishment I have endeavoured to describe are devoted to press-work, and may hold, perhaps, twenty presses each. The presses differ from ordinary printing-presses; insomuch as a scraper, a thin piece of hard wood, bevelled off at the edges, scrapes over the whole surface of the stone plate as it passes beneath the lever; thus giving a double pressure.

A press being disengaged, the workman to whom it is entrusted "to pull a proof" of the chalk-drawing in question, proceeds first deliberately to fill a sponge with as much clean water as it will conveniently hold, and to wash out the whole drawing — the stone presenting exactly the same appearance as it did before it knew chalk or pencil. Professor Cruck's effigy is, to the sight, annihilated beyond all hope. The printer, after covering the stone with a coat of gum (which fills up, where there are no markings, the pores of the stone), takes a printing-roller, charged with ink; and, rolling it in various directions over the surface of the drawing, the latter gradually becomes manifest in all its desired intensity. The colouring-matter in the ink or

chalk, I need scarcely say, is merely added for the convenience of the draughtsman, in order that he may watch the progress of his work; otherwise colourless chalks would answer the purposes of lithography just as well.

A chalk-drawing will yield from two thousand to five thousand impressions, according to the care bestowed upon it, both in drawing and printing. After a heavy impression, however, the light tints in the best executed lithographs will sometimes break up, and the whole drawing print grey and cloudy. The darker parts can be mended with ink, but no more chalk can ever be added. When the required number of prints has been taken from a stone; but when it is, at the same time, probable that a further impression may be wanted, it is customary to "roll in" the stone with a "preserving ink," the principal ingredient in which is wax, as the ink ordinarily used in printing would, if left on the drawing, harden, choke up the tints, and irretrievably spoil it.

There are two or three more processes employed in the production of stone-pictures. Our readers may have seen — the fairer portion of them are sure to have admired — in the music-sellers' windows, the beautiful Music Albums, so gorgeously executed in gold and colours. These are entirely executed in "chromo-lithography," or by means of "tint-stones;" and for each colour or [redacted] separate stone is required, [redacted] separate printing. Great care is requisite to prevent the prints shifting, when many tints are used. When this happens, the gay cavalier's eyes are transposed to the centre of his throat; or a Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's ankles disport themselves in the centre of her gaily decorated drum.

Chromo-lithography, like every other process of the art, was suggested by Aloys Senefelder; but since his time it has been wonderfully improved and elaborated; principally by Messrs. Day and Haghe, Messrs. Hanhart, and the late Mr. Hullmandel. Mr. Louis Haghe, indeed, has been quite a stepfather to lithography; and his magnificent chromo-lithograph of the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus goes far to show of what printing in colours is capable.

Such are a few of the methods by which "Stone Pictures" are brought forth — pictures which, though they may serve no very severely utilitarian purposes, yet encourage a love of art among the people; and, with the sister craft of wood-cutting, give pleasure and instruction to thousands all over the world.

BOMBAY.

We left Aden on the 28th of July last, (1851) and for the greater part of the passage, up to the 4th of July, we had favourable weather, the monsoon accompanying us and driving us along under reefed fore-sail, and half steam, at the rate of about eight knots an hour, a tremendous sea following us.

Our ship was long and low, and rolled heavily, having in our voyage from Suez consumed the greater part of her fuel, which the stores at Aden were not in a condition to replenish. The south-west monsoon renders the whole western coast of India a dangerous lee-shore, and to be caught on it, in thick weather, in a steamer, without plenty of coal, is to find one's self in a very serious predicament. That our Captain thought so was very evident. At two o'clock in the afternoon we had struck soundings in fifty fathoms; at four we were shoaling our water fast, with wind increasing, sea running high, and the atmosphere so thick that standing near the binnacle one could hardly see the funnel. As the evening closed in, the captain became nervous. By seven we had shoaled to sixteen fathoms. "I wish we could get a glimpse of the lights," said he, forgetting that if we did—so thick was the haze — they must have been under the gibboom end. The rain poured in torrents, accompanied by tremendous squalls from the south-south west. "You had better ease the steam, Mr. Jones," said he to the first lieutenant, "and round her to for the night." — "Aye, aye!" down went the helm, and instead of wearing; which would have been the more prudent course, the vessel was thus brought head to wind. During this operation, a heavy sea struck the starboard paddle-box and swept the deck, rushing in formidable cascades down the main hatch into the the engine-room, and very nearly extinguishing the fires. The steam generated by so much water coming in contact with the blazing furnaces, rolled up the hatchway in volumes of white vapour, which, in the darkness of the night, made us all fancy that some terrible explosion had taken place below; the same sea inundated the cabin, and fairly drove all its inmates on deck. A general impression prevailed that the ship was going down; which was not a little aided by a succession of heavy seas, into which she plunged, and dipped, and rolled in a very alarming manner. The change, from going before the gale to breasting it, was most extraordinary: the force and fury of the wind — although in reality no greater than before — seemed increased tenfold, and it was nearly half an hour before we got our head off shore. We then cast the lead; and, finding only eight fathoms, the captain decided on deepening our water, and for this purpose it was necessary to get up our full steam. This, after the thorough drenching of the engine-room, was no easy matter. However, in about half an hour, she was got under the most steam we could raise; and we then began to breast the opposing billows at the rate of about two knots an hour.

For the previous three days we had had no observation, and we were therefore doubtful of our latitude. It was impossible for us to say whether we were to the north-

ward or southward of our port. In this uncertainty we passed the night, the gale increasing, and the sea high in proportion. Our ship being light, rolled gunwale under, and occasionally shipped green seas "over all" — as the sailors term it — which gave all us landsmen no trifling alarm. As the day broke, a change took place for the better; and, ere the sun had risen, a range of hills was seen on our port-beam, showing their rugged outline clear and distinct against the gleam of the dawn. On making the land out, we ran towards it, in order to identify the locality, and soon discovered that we were about thirty miles to the southward of Bombay, off a place called Chowl. We therefore shaped our course for the harbour, and ere long caught a glimpse of the Floating Lights, and stationary Lighthouse, situated at the entrance of Bombay Harbour. By seven o'clock we were at anchor off the dockyard of Bombay.

Few people in England are aware of the beauty of Bombay harbour. I know of no port that equals it except Rio Janeiro, which is not only more extensive and more picturesque, but more landlocked. In heavy gales from the south-south east, Bombay harbour is entirely unprotected; and, in 1837, several large ships were stranded and lost in a hurricane from that quarter. Fortunately, such occurrences are rare; and, up to the present year, no similar event has taken place.

Let us now step ashore, at the steps of the Apollo bunder, amongst a throng of native boats and a crowd of native boatmen, whose discordant cries and yells recall vividly the chaotic confusion of Babel. From natives of every country, and every isle of the countless archipelagos, these unintelligible sounds proceeded. They were vociferated in tones that put to shame the garrulous noisiness of Billingsgate, Naples, or Lisbon, probably the three most noisy stairs in Europe. Once on the bunder, or pier — a roomy, commodious landing-place, armed with half-a-dozen long fifty-six pounders — I jumped into a friend's Brougham; and, in twenty minutes find myself on the top of Malabar Hill, in a villa, or bungalow, abounding with every comfort compatible with the climate of this latitude. The view from this spot — which is one hundred and twenty feet above the bay below — is extensive and picturesque, and presents a faint resemblance to that of Naples from Posilipo. At this time of the year the heat is great, but much modified by the strong south-west wind, which, however, bears so much moisture on its wings, as to make the whole island one vast vapour-bath.

A drive through the ill-constructed streets of the fort and native town is one of the most interesting that can be conceived. The houses are slenderly built, but from their gay and bright colouring, and their great irregularity, offer many tempting bits

for an artist. Nearly all the shops are without windows; and here may be seen in unlimited profusion, not only the piece goods, hardware, woollens, and crockery of Europe, but all the countless productions of the gorgeous East, in endless variety. In one are exposed the vivid and tasteful tapestries of Persia, with the gilded bottles, inlaid hubble-bubbles, amber mouth-pieces, and silver-mounted hookahs of that country: in another, the rich silks, the splendid toys, and cool mats of China; in another, the carpets of Cab'ool and Herat, the gold-mounted sabres of Beloochistan, and the embroidered shawls of Delhi and Cashmere; in another, the gorgeous Kincaubs, brocades, and tissues of Surat; here, a keen-eyed shroff, or native banker, sits cross-legged, enthroned on bags of gold, silver, and copper coin; there, a lusty Banian, is enveloped in half-open sacks, and dishes of every sort of grain. In one quarter are piled ponderous bales of Manchester, Glasgow, and Leeds manufactures; in another, the warehouses groan with wooden chests of opium, camphor, spices, and other odoriferous commodities; among which, the odious assa-fœtida fails not to assert its disagreeable superiority.

The population is as varied as the articles exposed for sale, and a crowded street presents to the eye as florid and brilliant a whole as a bed of tulips. Were another Paul Veronese to arise to delight the world with his many-hued productions, what a field would Bombay present to his pencil! It was said of him, with truth, that he painted not with ordinary colours, but with tints derived from the diamond, the emerald, the ruby, and the sapphire; and in painting, the costumes of Bombay, those vivid colours would be indispensable. The Oriental, with few exceptions, dresses with taste and elegance; the Hindoo, in his spotless vest of the purest white, with his turban of crimson, scarlet, or yellow; the Mussulman, with equally clean vestments, but with turban of a soberer dye; the Parsee, in his crimson cap, which, without being picturesque, is striking; the Affghan, with his flowing ringlets, sable beard, and fair complexion; the Persian, in his robe of striped silk and Astracan lambskin cap; the swarthy Arab, in his head-dress of flowing silk, with long and pendant fringe; the Scindian, in his becoming cap, that gives every peasant the air of a prince; the diminutive Malay, in his national costume; the quaint Chinese, in his broad-brimmed straw hat; — all throng the thoroughfares in perfect independence of the tyrant fashion; which in European cities clips the wings of exuberant taste, and reduces whole populations to one sombre and monotonous hue. The brilliant rays of a midday sun show all those iridescent tints to great advantage, and no collection of butterflies surpasses the denizens of Bombay in variegated splendour. A few squalid halfnaked

figures are, of course, to be seen among this motley crowd; but the general effect is hardly marred by their intrusion. However various in race and appearance, one sole and single object animates this moving mass; one sole and single idea occupies their thoughts: the acquisition and retention of money. They are all traders. No Oriental, having once amassed money, sits down to enjoy it quietly. No such thing as retiring from business is known or thought of. Enormous fortunes have been accumulated in Bombay by trade, and so keen is the commercial ardour, that it generally devours all the other passions of existence. The opium trade with China has been one fruitful source of wealth to the Bombay merchant, and the immense riches attributed to the Parsee knight, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebpoy, are entirely derived from it. He has made a noble use of his money; and the public establishments suggested by his philanthropy, erected by his bounty, and endowed by his munificence, proclaim loudly to the world, not only his unbounded command of money, but his splendid application of it. He is reported to have given away, within the last ten years, upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling to works of permanent utility. I know no recorded example of similar generosity, during life, in any individual in Europe.

Parsees are perhaps the most energetic, enterprising, and speculating people in the East. Generally connected with some European mercantile house as brokers, in the first instance, they accumulate considerable sums, which subsequently have, in many instances, been applied to save their employers from ruin. The Parsee community may consist of about fifty thousand, almost all of whom are engaged in trade or manufactures. A few go out to service as coachmen and butlers, but not one is to be met with either in the army or the police force. Next in intelligence to the Parsees come the Hindoos, who outnumber them sixfold. Education is making great strides amongst this class, and the literature of the West is fast superseding the fables of the East. The Brahmins in Bombay are falling rapidly into disrepute, and the true theories of material philosophy are taking the place of the senseless doctrines of their ancestors. As their minds become enlightened, the Hindoos naturally and necessarily abandon the faith of their fathers; for which, however, they decline to substitute the mysteries of Christianity. Next in number to the Hindoos stand the followers of Mahomet, who, however, are anything but unanimous in their doctrines. The Sheeah, the Soornee, the Khojah, the Mehmon, the Borah, the Mussulman from the Deccan, and he from the Konkan, have all some distinctive Shibboleth, agree in the two great points of Mahometanism — the

unity of God, and the truth of Mahomet's mission as his prophet.

The Portuguese or native Christians form a considerable portion of the population of Bombay; thousands of temporary sojourners add variety even to this variegated mass. Armenians, Jews, Persians, Scindians, Affghans, Beloochees, Cashmerians, Bengalese, Madrassees, Chinese, Malays, Arabs, are to be met with at every turn. The rich Parsees, Hindoos, and Mussulmans drive about in very elegant equipages, chiefly procured from London or Liverpool; for the art of carriage-building is not, as in Calcutta, one of those brought to perfection in Bombay. The English settled here are a mere handful in point of numbers; although they are the motive and regulating power of the whole of the other machinery. They consist exclusively of temporary residents, members of the two services, civil and military, of the law, or of the mercantile profession. No settler or colonist is to be found here. All hope to lay their bones in England, and, with this feeling predominant in every English breast, it is clear that not much permanent interest for India can be entertained by this class.

The mode of life among the English gentry is very pleasant. An early ride before the sun has risen high enough to be annoying; the indispensable cold bath; a substantial breakfast at nine; tiffin or luncheon at two, for those who like it; and dinner at half-past seven, before which a ride or drive for a couple of hours serves to dissipate the vapours of office work — form the usual routine of existence. Where no one is idle, there is, of course, small time left for literary pursuits, and the lassitude induced by the climate renders it next to impossible to read or write after dinner. Reading is consequently much limited to the ephemeral productions of the daily press. This, for India, is on rather an extensive scale, since there are no fewer than three morning journals, conducted with much spirit and vigour.

Parell, the Governor's residence, is a spacious and handsome edifice, with no pretensic to architectural beauty, but posing from its magnitude. contains excellent private ap ments, besides a magnificent suite of reception rooms. A ball here in January or February, when everybody is at the Presidency, is like a costume ball. Ladies dressed in the height of fashion, men in uniforms of every gradation of splendour, a superb military band, rooms illuminated in a manner that shames the feeble efforts of a London wax-chandler, the finest flowers (such as are only to be procured in England from hot-houses) in the most luxuriant profusion, constitute the leading features of these very agreeable parties. Such scenes are not, however, confined to Government House. The Byculla Club occasionally lends its magni-

ficent saloon to this sort of re-union; and the other day the Bachelors gave a sumptuous *soirée* in the grand and classic saloon of the Town Hall; besides which the leading members of society here are continually giving agreeable dances. Thus, here, as elsewhere, we try to cheat existence of its sombre hue, and to give it a varnish of hilarity not quite consistent with its natural tones. The rooms here are, in general, large and lofty, and the profusion of wax lights is, on these occasions, quite dazzling. Nothing can exceed the tedium of a formal Bombay dinner. Tables groaning with Brummagem imitations of splendour, and dishes redolent of

trong and greasy composi-
of Portuguese cooks; guests
vn together, in numerous
ision, without reference to
aintanceship or similiarity of
s or habits; fifty or sixty
le seated at an immense table
nbling a table-d'hôte in all

except the goodness of its dishes, with a servant behind every chair. This is a picture of a Bombay dinner.

The Fine Arts are unknown in Bombay. A gaudy-coloured lithograph would be here as much esteemed as a Titian or a Raphael; and, I fear, the want of taste is not confined to the native inhabitants. Europeans come out so young, so partially educated, and with their ideas on the subject of Art so little developed, that they remain for the rest of as much children in this respect as when they first arrived. I remember once accompanying two Indian friends through the gallery of the Pitti Palace. Their admiration was wholly given to the worst pictures and the worst statues. An artist here would starve; and although the Hindoos have a taste for sculpture, their efforts are confined to the grotesque. This is extraordinary, when we reflect that the human figure in its most beautiful proportions is constantly displayed to them. Some of the men from Hindoostan — who go by the name of Purdasees, or foreigners — are the most superb models for a sculptor that can be conceived. The women, too, throw their drapery about them in the most elegant folds, and a group of Hindoo girls at a well is perhaps the most artistic combination that could be desired. Yet these pass unnoticed and unadmired, except, perhaps, by an occasional amateur, whose other avocation leave him little time to note or perpetuate the graceful scene. We are apt to imagine that the Greeks derived their superiority in the Fine Arts from their constant familiarity with the finest forms, in baths and wrestling places, in the forum, the agora, or the hippodrome. Yet these could only have been occasional opportunities compared with those offered daily in the streets of Bombay. The genius of Mahometanism is opposed to the imitation of the human figure, either in painting or sculpture; but Hindoo

temples abound with examples of both. How is it, then, that Art should be here at a lower ebb in the nineteenth century than it ever was in Egypt? Even in architecture the taste of the Hindoos is vicious and trivial to a great extent; great labour and expense are frittered away in the most tasteless attempts at ornament, and not a single Hindoo monument of architectural science is to be seen in or near Bombay. The same may be said of the Parsees, none of whom, even the richest, possesses a painting worth five shillings, although their rooms are crowded with chandeliers, lustres, mirrors, and gilding, of the most expensive character, and all procured from London, which, if desired, could furnish their magnificent saloons with exquisite pictures, bronzes, and statues, at a very moderate expense. Taste may perhaps arise after another half-century of education, but at present it finds no resting-place to the eastward of the Cape. One only good picture is to be seen here, a large whole-length portrait of Queen Victoria, by Wilkie. This is in the possession of the Parsee Knight, and was made a present to him by the late Sir Charles Forbes.

The Town Hall, which contains the library of the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiastic Society, is rich in three magnificent works of Chantrey. These are colossal statues of Mount Stewart Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, and Sir Charles Forbes; the two former in his best manner. This building is, perhaps, the finest specimen of English taste in India. It is in the Doric style, vast and well-proportioned, though a little ponderous.

The trade of Bombay is extensive and important, the imports and exports each reaching on an average nearly ten millions sterling. By far the greater part of this traffic is conducted on commission, the majority of the houses here being merely commission agents. A large proportion of the trade with China and other Eastern countries is in the hands of natives; that with England and Europe chiefly, if not entirely, in English and German firms. There is not a single French house of agency here. Taking the profits on these twenty millions at eight per cent., which I fancy every house of agency expects as its share, we have here one million, eight hundred thousand pounds to be distributed amongst the mercantile community, some of the leading members of which must be annually realising very large sums. There is not, however, much appearance or show of wealth amongst the cotton lords here, who, generally speaking, live in a very modest quiet way. The great staple of export is raw cotton — the great staple of import the same cotton manufactured.

It is singular that so few indigenous Indian horses should exist. Those employed in our

regular cavalry and horse artillery are invariably either Arab or Persian; the former small, active, and of perfect symmetry; the latter, larger and more powerful, but with less activity, and far less beauty. A well-bred Arab has small ears, wide and square forehead, jowl and cheekbones wide apart; eye bright and large; nostril open, angular, and transparent; nether lip pendulous; skin of a smooth and silky texture; fore-hand fine; shoulder not very high, but very oblique; joints large, angular, and well-knit. The back sinew of the fore-leg remarkably large, and standing out well from the leg-bone, pastern rather long, hoof hard, and crust rather high; barrel, round; hips wide, tail set on high; buttocks square, thigh muscular, hock large and free from flesh; tail fine at the extremity like that of a greyhound; temper mild and equable; height seldom exceeding four feet two inches. This is the Arab horse of good blood, and of such about two thousand are imported annually into Bombay, chiefly from Bussorah. Of course, all do not answer this description, which comprises almost every desirable quality of shape and make to be found in this quadruped. Their speed is good, but not equal to our English blood; a mile in one hundred and twelve seconds being about the utmost they can come n England the same dis- often been performed seconds by our best blood. The average speed of an Arab is, however, much greater than that of the ordinary run of English horses, not thoroughbred. The price of an Arab here is high; young, sound, and of good blood, with power to carry twelve or thirteen stone. Such a horse cannot be bought at the stables for less than one thousand or twelve hundred rupees. The trade is in the hands of Parsee brokers, four or five of whom keep stables, capable of containing from three to four hundred horses each. On each sale they realise thirty-two rupees, seventeen from the buyer and fifteen from the seller, irrespective of the value of the horse. It follows, therefore, that as these brokers generally dispose of five or six hundred horses each annually, they must realise large profits, besides that which they derive from the horses standing at livery.

Another article of commerce consists of pearls, also from the Persian Gulf. The Arabs bring these down in December or January, and return before the monsoon sets in, carrying home in exchange large quantities of Manchester and Yorkshire goods.

Of these orient gems a large proportion is unsuited to the European markets, being of a yellowish golden lustre, and not of that pure white so much desiderated at home. The natives do not despise them for this; and in my eye — which ever delighted in the rich Venetian tone of colour, in preference to the cold tints of

Rome or Florence — I must say they lose nothing by this golden hue. The opulent here of every caste possess vast hoards of these treasures of the deep; with which, on gala days, they delight to deck their children and wives. A considerable portion of each wealthy native's riches consists in jewellery, but for the most part the ones are badly set and badly ut. Size, irrespective of symetry or water, is much coveted, and the consequence is that nowhere are so many indifferent jewels treasured up as here.

Magnitude and profusion are the rules of native taste in the precious stones on this side of India, which possesses none of the skill or science evinced by the jewellers and lapidaries of Agra and Delhi, or even by those in the Madras Presidency. Ornaments of pure and massive gold distinguish the less opulent, many of whom carry about their persons their whole wealth. An immense quantity of the precious metals is lost to circulation by this propensity, which probably may trace its origin to habits engendered by long years of turbulence and warfare, when no safe investment of capital existed. Even now it is difficult to persuade a native of the advantage held out by a Government savings bank in preference to a gold chain or bangle, the ready and ever-available resources of which are, to his mind, more easily realisable than those offered by the signature of a bank secretary. A well-informed native has assured me that he has reason to believe that not less than five crores of rupees, or five millions sterling, is invested in gold and silver ornaments in Bombay. Certain it is, that nowhere have I seen so universal a diffusion of these ornaments as here. The commonest cooley has his gold earring; the meanest artisan his amulet of gold, or his waist-belt of silver—probably both. Should Bombay ever be laid under contribution by a French line-of-battle ship (and one such would be sufficient for the purpose), the bushels of golden ornaments that might be collected in a couple of hours would exceed tenfold the knightly spoils of the field of Cannæ.

No place in the world is more open to a marauding enemy than Bombay. The defences towards the sea are contemptible, and half-an-hour's bombardment would destroy the Fort, the crowded houses of which are built up to within a few feet of the ramparts, where, in case of conflagration, no men could stand to their guns. Without the aid of some heavy men-of-war, Bombay might be sacked and burnt in an hour, and no vestige left of its pristine prosperity. I don't know whether our rulers are aware of its insecurity; but there is certainly, at present, nothing to prevent the approach of a hostile line-of-battle ship, and, when arrived, nothing to prevent her from laying the place in ashes, or

under contribution, as might best suit her views. The great importance of Bombay, as the key of communication between the upper provinces of India and England, as the emporium of the cotton trade, as the great entrepôt of our Manchester, Glasgow, and Yorkshire goods, as the seat of a most extensive and efficient naval dockyard, and as the capital of Western India, ought to direct attention to this state of things; for the place at present is as defenceless as Southampton, and still more accessible; for the heaviest line-of-battle ship could lie within two hundred yards of the Custom House, the Treasury, and the Mint. So large a population, such extensive wealth, and so important interests, ought to demand the most serious attention of the authorities to their insecure state; for a blow once struck home would be irreparable.

A sketch of Bombay would be imperfect without a notice of the railroad now in progress, and which is fondly thought by many will be the forerunner of a host of others, that are to bring the most distant cities of India within a few hours of each other. It is very nearly completed as far as Tannah, the northernmost point of Salsette; and it is progressing thence towards Callian, in the Northern Konkan. Thence, it is hoped that eventually it will be carried farther into the interior, and that the Ghauts will be sur-, so as to bring the traffic of the Deccan and Khandeish within its grasp; and thus, in a great measure, remedy the crying evil of India — the want of internal communications. The projectors, on calculations which are understood to have been well considered, anticipate large profits. The East India Company has acted wisely in so far complying with the exigencies of th times as to yield gracefully to clamour for a railroad. Its r importance or value will neve be understood in England; and it is a good tub to throw to the whale on the approaching discussions on the Charter.

NOT FOUND YET!

We will cross the peninsula to the Gurnard's Head, and beat a portion of the northern coast, in search of those same Cornish Choughs I sought on a former occasion, and have not found yet. Midway, we shall have a prospect of the two seas — the Bristol and the English Channels — which you may imagine (if the reality is sufficiently satisfactory) to be the Atlantic and the Pacific, separated by the Isthmus of Darien. Turning our backs on the lovely crescent of Mount's Bay, up we go; up — up — up. It is worth while looking round now and then, to see how affectionately the bluff promontories of the Lizard and St. Paul stretch out their weather-beaten arms to shelter

and protect their bosom friends, their snugly-nursed darlings, Penzance and Marazion. If, after searching and peering and sweeping our vision over these expanses, we do not get sight of a Chough or two, it will be very remarkable.

We shall observe, in the course of the present jaunt, that, to compensate for the undue proportion of saintly titles which adorn so many of the parishes and little towns, others — whose names are a combination of merely profane syllables — are remarkables for the agreeable sound and measured accent with which they fall upon the ear. Mara-zion, Trevescan, Rosevarnen, Tregony, and a host of others, which, if I were meditating an epic, should pass before you in Indian file: these harmonious scraps of geography would be useful to the most elegant novelist that ever wrote for a fastidious public. Some of the scenery, too, is of a very sentimental description, and reads as well upon paper as it is delightful to the traveller. We are now about half-way; we are crossing an extensive grove of pinasters, with an underwood of gigantic rhododendrons — now meeting overhead in thickets, now dispersed as independent evergreens.

Your eye has been attracted by that strange object to the right, not far from the road, which you might take to be a rude, clumsy, three-legged stool, made up with pieces of unhewn stone. It is called here the Ludgvan (pronounced *Ludyan*) quoit. You are too well read not to know that it is a *cromlech*, and engravings will have given you an imperfect idea of its appearance; but did you ever in your life see anything with such a mysteriously *old* look? It is this characteristic which artists cannot easily express: most of their cromlechs might have been sent the other day from the Penryn quarries, along with the granite for Waterloo Bridge. *All* the (what are called) Druidical remains have the same fearful stamp of unimaginable antiquity. It is that — not the magnitude, not the singular arrangement, but the age, defying investigation — which gives to Stonehenge its power over the imagination. Roman ruins, Cyclopæn walls, are nothing to them. Fossil remains — even trilobites, in tolerable preservation — have, in comparison, all the freshness of new-laid eggs.

Although you have now some acquaintance with Cornish gales, you would hardly credit that, one extra-stormy night, the upper stone was blown from off its three supports. There are many fools in the world, who value themselves, like butchers' meat, by the stone, and whose sole strength lies in their shoulders, and in the calves of their legs. However, the quoit was displaced, either by the wind, or by the rogue Nobody. Happily it has returned to its original points of suspension.

And, pray, what was the purpose of these monstrous three-

legged stools and circles of huge stones? Ah! what, indeed? Some will tell you one thing, some another — temples, altars for human sacrifice, immovable orreries, and so on. A French shrug of the shoulders is the best answer. Read good Dr. Borlase his History of Cornwall; read Mr. Duke's learned Essay on Stonehenge, and you will be just as satisfied with them as with by-gone systems of astronomy, "cycle on epicycle, orb on orb." You will in the end arrive at the true conclusion, that these — are stones!

My imagination cannot utterly discard a dream I once had, that Stonehenge and the Ludgvan quoit are not remains of human workmanship. That they were originally arranged by some mechanical agency, and did not tumble together by mere chance, can hardly be doubted by any one who has seen the things as they now stand. But remember, my philosophic friend, man is not the only animal endowed with the bump of constructiveness. Other creatures build beside himself; ant-hills have been taken, at first sight, for the dwellings of negroes; a cockney, coming suddenly on a beaver village — supposing one resuscitated — asked his way to the inn there: many birds' nests show, at least, as much attention to comfort as an Irish cabin. Now we know that there have existed in former ages gigantic beavers, besides crowds of other monsters, whose architectural accomplishments we are in ignorance; knowing only that they had the power, if they only had the instinct, to build something extraordinary. Might not a race of *(Ecotheriums* be just as likely as the Druids, equally extinct, to make to themselves a shelter and a family residence, of which we here see the ruins? What says our friends, the Professor, to this?

The Professor smiles wickedly, and asks, "Do you not think it more probable that Stonehenge was the submarine nest of the sea-serpent, and that Ludgvan quoit served him as a pillow for an afternoon nap, when out upon his rambles? They would, of course, rise with the rest of the granite, and remain where we see them now?"

"Hum!" say I; "when I have caught my Daws and taught them to speak, I will ask them if their family retains any tradition on the subject."

We are sure to find our black game at the Gurnard's Head; so on we roll pleasantly. A fine, open, down-y country, where one can breathe; a little stony, perhaps. But what a luxury it is to get away from the imprisonment of interminable hedge-rows, turnpikes, and thriving young plantations, wherein you must not set foot under pain of action for trespass! Some of the stones are got a little out of the way by being heaped together to serve as fences. Now and then, the troublesome granite, resolved upon an outbreak, pops up its head in the middle of a field, like a Jack-in-the-box. This, to an unaccustomed eye,

gives the picture a sort of ruinous air. We might be overlooking the crumbling walls of a vast priory, or city of priories, of the olden time. Mr. Mechi would find fault with one agricultural detail. In Cornish fields, it is common to see here and there, at regular intervals, large mounds planted thickly with drumhead-cabbages, or "flat-polls" in the language of the country. These flat-polls are great favourites with the farmers and the cottagers, who use them as green "meat," both for man and beast — crude, for cows and sheep; cooked, as a table vegetable, and as an ingredient in soup. Now, the cabbage-bearing mounds are composed of weeds, rubbish, earth, and manure, all laid up to rot together, and to be spread over the land for the succeeding crop, as soon as the cabbages are consumed out of the way. A better plan for the propagation of noxious weeds and insects could not be devised. They are thus carefully treasured during the inclement season, and sown broadcast as the fine one approaches; while the finer the cabbages, the nearer does the mound itself approach the condition of an exhausted non-fertilising compost.

If you please, it is now requisite to walk a little way. The fence opens, and you have to step across five or six granite bars (the spaces between them being trenches in the earth), like a large stone gridiron laid upon the ground. Whatever you may say, it is *not* intended as a trap for sprained ankles on dark nights, but is a Cornish style, horizontal, instead of being vertical, as your wooden ones are. It is effectual in stopping the passage of animals, though you might no think so, to look at it.

And this is the Gurnard's Head; — a stern, square-built mass of grey granite jutting into the sea; — one of those headlands, whose living portrait Stanfield would produce for you — forming, with some more modestly retired cliffs, a little cove, wherein the water is so purple and so deep, that if you were to throw a stone therein, you would believe that it went on sinking and sinking for half the day. Our Gurnard's Head is a surviving portion of nature's first-built fortifications and bulwarks, shattered and splintered, but still impregnable. The waves will have to fret and fume a long while yet before they undermine it, and cause it to fall in a heap of ruins. An inaccessible, inhospitable, uninviting piece of stuff, without a bit of verdure to tempt even the rabbit or the goat; just the fitting stronghold for our sable friends to fix on as head quarters. But here they are not, unless invisibly, in some chink or cranny where it would not be easy to bring them to light. Like the little birds which ply in and out at the crocodile's mouth, for the friendly purpose of picking his teeth, our Choughs may have found some secret entrance to the Gurnard's gills, and may now be

diverting themselves in his cavernous interior, if he has one. But, this being the Gurnard's Head, where is his tail to be found? According to the usual proportions of that excellent but inadequately appreciated fish, it must be five hundred fathoms deep, not far from a perpendicular dropped from Ludgvan quoit, quite beyond the reach of our diving apparatus.

Alas! — No Daws!

To make up for this continued ornithological disappointment, some sandwiches and a bottle of pale ale make their appearance, through the agency of a benevolent fairy. The time occupied in attentions to them, may also be devoted to a little sober reflection.

With all its wildness, its retirement, and its semi-insular position, this is a particularly enjoyable part of the world to those who like it. And to some constitutions, mental and bodily, the sea, sea air, sea views, sea-side walks, sea-grown diet — THE SEA is a matter almost of necessity. Without it, such folks barely exist; with it, they flourish vigorously.

What a nuisance for such people to find themselves fixed for life in the Midland Counties of England, where they cannot get a glimpse of a lovely, straight, blue horizon without a journey! Still worse, to be transplanted to Central Eu-
, to some Canton, Grand
hy, or Kingdom, of which the
le navy may consist of a couple
of four-oared boats, and a barge! An utterly hopeless case would be banishment to the heart of either of the American Continents, where the natives have as clear a notion of the ocean, as we have of the features of the North Pole. To live and die without ever having seen the sea; what an incomplete life! Geographers complain of the vast disproportion of water on the terraqueous globe; but we have now more land than we can occupy properly, and turn to good account. The seas prevent us from being a nuisance to each other, at the same time that they admit of a reasonable amount, both of visiting, and marketing.

The sea here does not produce exactly the same impression on the mind as in most other parts of the English coast. There, it is a successful aggressor; here, it is a baffled bully. These cliffs are of granite and other most hard materials, yielding, apparently, not an inch to the fury of Atlantic waves; they seem rather to c
them, planting firm outpost
rock in their domain. They
magnificent and sublime; but t
affect us in quite a different way, and are less touching to the feelings, less startling to the imagination, than the falling and melting masses of the Norfolk and many other cliffs. In these we behold a smiling, liberal, and prosperous victim, who can ill be spared, mercilessly laid low, destroyed, and made to disappear, by an unrelenting enemy, who is

none the richer for his triumph, and who, we plainly see, will never cease from his work of destruction, so long as anything remains to be destroyed. But the cold, gray, hoary cliffs of Cornwall, are also firm, hard-hearted, and churlish. They give nothing; what little they do yield is violently extorted from them. They defy the storms, the frosts, the floods, and the breakers. Time only, and slow invisible agencies, can touch them. They are not eternal; but of a duration extending much farther than we can conceive, both back into the past, and on towards the future. Their tenant, the Cornish chough, on whose head naturalists have now set a price, may belong to but one of a series of Faunas which, in their respective generations, have haunted these immovable, outlandish hiding-places, and then have followed the course of all things earthly.

"Do not look so down-hearted, though the ale and sandwiches are finished. The air here sharpens the appetite, but you will find something on the dinner-table, and then —"

"It was not merely that; it seems to me that your Daws are a myth, a mocking mirage. The species is a plausible invention of Pennant's, adopted, without sufficient evidence, by Mr. Yarrel. Our friend's specimens, at Penzance, are factitious things, made up of false feathers and paint. Here am I, day after day, out on a fool's errand, bent on a wild-goose chase; and I 'm beginning to be tired of it."

"For shame; to let such thoughts escape your lips! Even if our Daws were a myth, and an unattainable ideality, — that you, with your eyes open, should not perceive its significance! Is not life itself a wild-goose chase, during which, though we are sure to lose many a bird that we set our hearts on bagging, we also pick up many a prize that we had not hoped to meet with by the way? Look at the history of all human knowledge. Have we not grasped at a philosopher's stone, and a golden draught of unfading youth; and do we not hold a Chemistry in our hands? And, in the wildest wild-goose chase are there no refined pleasures to be tasted, no deep wisdom to be learned, along the road? Are we not taught, while travelling forward, to despise, to reject, to believe, and to dare; all during the course of our continued disappointments? Is it nothing simply to be here; — to view these glorious sights, and to feel, in beholding them, the thrill of admiration, reverence, and wonder?

"Enough. I am rebuked. Henceforth, Onward shall be our hunting shout. What unexpected godsend may be found, who can tell beforehand? The Daws invite me, and I follow them.

FIRST FRUITS.

Of primary causes or primary colours, we are neither philosophers nor opticians enough to be enabled profitably to discourse. Yet there are primaries — first things — in all our lives very curious and wonderful, replete with matter for speculation, interesting because they come home to and can be understood by us all.

That it is "*le premier pas qui coûte*" — that the first step is the great point — is as much a household word to us, and is as familiar to our mouths as that the descent of Avernus is unaccompanied by difficulty, or that one member of the feathered creation held in the hand is worth two of the same species in the bush. And, if we might be permitted to add to the first quoted morsel of proverbial philosophy a humble little rider of our own, we would say that we *never* forget the first step, the first ascent, the first stumble, the first fall. Time skins over the wound of later years, and, looking at the cicatrice (if, indeed, a scar should remain), we even wonder who inflicted the wound, where, or how, or when it was inflicted, and when and where healed. But the first-born of our wounds are yet green; and we can see the glittering of the glaive, and feel the touch of the steel, now that our hair is grizzled, and our friends and enemies are dead, and we have other allies and foes who were babies in the old time when we got that hurt.

Many men have as many minds; but we are all alike in this respect. The camera may be of costly rosewood or plain deal, the lens of rare pebble or simple bottle-glass; but the first impressions come equally through the focus, and are daguerreotyped with equal force on the silver tablet of memory. The duke and the dustman, the countess and the costermonger, the schoolboy and the white-headed old patriarch — for all the dreary seas that flow between the to-day they live in and the yesterday wherein they began life — still, like the cliffs of the Ancient Mariner, bear the "marks of that which once hath been."

Many of the primaries are locked up in secret cabinets of the mind, of which we have mislaid (and think we have lost) the keys; but we have not; and, from time to time, finding them in bunches in old coat-pockets, or on disregarded split-rings, we open them. From the old desk of the mind, we take the first love-letter, of which the ink is so yellow now, and was so brilliant once, but whose characters are as distinct as ever. From the old ward-robe of the mind, we draw the first tail-coat — threadbare, musty, and worm-eaten, now; but the first tail-coat for all that. For all that we may have been twice bankrupt and once insolvent; for all that Jack may have been transported, or Ned consigned to his

coffin years ago, or Tom barbecued in Typee or Omoo regions; for all that we may be riding in gold coaches, and denying that we ever trotted in the mud; for all that we may have changed our names, or tacked titles to them, or given the hand that was once horny and labour-stained, a neat coat of blood-red crimson, and nailed it on a shield like a bat on a barn-door; for all that we eat turtle instead of tripe, and drink Moselle in lieu of "max," — the primaries shall never be forgotten — the moment when our foot pressed the first step shall never vanish. Cast the stone as far into the river of Lethe as you will, the sluggish tide shall wash it back again, and after playing dully with it on the sand, ever land it high and dry upon the beach.

Male primaries and female primaries there be, and we are of the ruder sex; but there are many, common to both sexes.

Not this one, though; the first — well, there is no harm in it! — the first pair of trousers. Who does not remember, who can ever forget, those much-desiderated, much-prized, much-feared, much-admired articles of dress? How stiff, angular, hard, wooden, they seemed to our youthful limbs! How readily, but for the proper pride and manliness we felt in them — the utter majority and independence of seven years of age — we would have cast them off fifty times, the very first day we wore them, and, resuming the kilt, have once more roamed our little world, a young Highlander. How (all is vanity!) we mounted on surreptitious chairs, viewed ourselves in mirrors, and were discovered in the act by cousins, and blushed dreadfully, and were brought thereby to great shame and grief. What inexpressible delight in that first plunge of the hand (and half the arm) into the trousers-pockets, — in the first fingering of the silver sixpence deposited five fathom deep, for luck! What bitter pain and humiliation we felt, when first strutting forth abroad in them, rude, contumelious boys mocked us, likened us to a pair of tongs, aimed at our legs with peg-tops. What agonies we suffered from that wicked youth (he must have been hanged, or transported for life in after years), who with a nail — a rusty nail — tore the left leg of those trousers into a hideous rent, and then ran away laughing; what tortures during our return home, at the thought of what our parents and guardians would say! Those premier pantaloons were snuff-coloured, buttoning over the jacket, and forming, with an extensive shirt-frill, what was then called a "skeleton suit." They shone very much, and had a queer smell of the snuff-coloured dye. They gave the wearer something of a trussed appearance, like a young fowl ready for the spit. It was a dreadful fashion, as offering irresistible temptations to the schoolmaster to use his cane. You were got up ready for him, and

abstinence was more than he could bear. We confess to a horrid relish in this wise ourself at the present time. When we see (rare spectacle now-a-days) a small boy in a skeleton suit, and his hands in his pockets, our fingers itch to be at him!

The first picture-book! We date from the time of the Prince Regent, and remember picture-books about dandies — satires upon that eminent personage himself, possibly — but *we* never knew it. In those times there was a certain bright, smooth cover for picture-books, like a glorified surgical plaster. It has gone out this long, long time. The picture-book that seems to have been our first, was about one Mr. Pillblister (in the medical profession, we presume, from the name), who gave a party. As the legend is impressed on our remembrance, it opened thus:

Mr. Pillblister and Betsy his sister,
Determined on giving a treat;
Gay dandies they call
To a supper and ball
At their house in Great Camomile Street.

The pictures represented male dandies in every stage of preparation for this festival; holding on to bed-posts to have their stays laced; embellishing themselves with artificial personal graces of many kinds; and enduring various humiliations in remote garrets. One gentleman found a hole in his stocking at the last moment.

n my stocking,
ery shocking!
Says poor Mr. (Some one) enraged.
It's always my fate
To be so very late,
When at Mr. Pillblister's engaged!

If we recollect right, they all got there at last, and passed a delightful evening. When we first came to London (not the least of our primaries), we rejected the Tower, Westminster Abbey, Saint Paul's, and the Monument, and entreated to be immediately taken to Great Camomile Street.

About the same period we tasted our first oyster. A remarkable sensation! We feel it slipping down our throat now, like a sort of maritime castor-oil, and are again bewildered by an unsatisfactory doubt whether it really *was* the oyster which made that mysterious disappearance, or whether we are going to begin to taste it presently.

The first play! The promise; the hope deferred; the saving-clause of "no fine weather, no ;" the more than Murphian, or H. P. of Bermondsey Square, scrutiny of the weather during the day! Willingly did we submit, at five o'clock that evening, to the otherwise, and at any other time, detestable ordeal of washing, and combing, and being made straight. We did not complain when the soap got into our eyes; we bore the scraping of the comb, and the rasping of the brush without a murmur: we were going to the play, and we were happy. Dressed, of course, an hour too soon; drinking tea as a mere form and ceremony — for the tea might

have been hay and hot water (not impossible), and the bread and butter might have been sawdust, for anything we could taste of it; sitting with petful impatience in the parlour, trying on the first pair of white kid gloves, making sure that the theatre would be burnt down, or that papa would never come home from the office, or mamma prevented, by some special interference of malignant demons, from having her dress fastened; or that (to a positive certainty) a tremendous storm of hail, rain, sleet, and thunder would burst out as we stepped into the cab, and send us, theatreless, to bed. We went to the play, and were happy. The sweet, dingy, shabby little country theatre, we declared, and believed, to be much larger than either Drury Lane or Covent Garden, of which little Master Cheesewright — whose father was a tailor, and always had orders — was wont to brag! Dear, narrow, uncomfortable, faded-cushioned, flea-haunted, single tier of boxes! The green curtain, with a hole in it, through which a bright eye peeped; the magnificent officers, in red and gold coats (it was a garrison town), in the stage-box, who volunteered, during the acts, the popular catch of —

"Ah! how, Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave?"

— for our special amusement and delectation, as we thought then, but, as we are inclined to fear now, under the influence of wine! The pit, with so few people in it; with the lady, who sold apples and oranges, sitting in a remote corner, like Pomona in the sulks. And the play when it did begin — stupid, badly acted, badly got up as it very likely was. Our intense, fear-stricken admiration of the heroine, when she let her back hair down, and went mad, in blue. The buff-boots of Digby the manager. The funny man (there never was such a funny man) in a red scratch wig, who, when imprisoned in the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat, sang a comic song about a leg of mutton. The sorry quadrille band in the orchestra, to our ears as scientifically melodious as though Costa had been conductor; Sivori, first fiddle; Richardson, flute; or Bottesini, double bass. The refreshment, administered to us by kind hands during the intervals of performance, never to be forgotten — oranges, immemorial sponge-cakes. The admonitions to "sit up," the warnings not to "talk loud," in defiance of which (seeing condonatory smiles on the faces of those we loved) we screamed outright with laughter, when the funny man, in the after-piece, essaying to scale a first floor front by means of a rope ladder, fell, ladder and all, to the ground. The final fall of the green curtain, followed by an aromatic perfume of orange-peel and lamp-oil, and the mysterious appearance of ghostly brown Holland draperies from the private

boxes. Shawling, cloaking, home, and more primaries — for then it was when we for the first time "sat up late," and for the first time ever tasted sandwiches after midnight, or imbibed a sip, a very small sip, of hot something and water.

Who can lay his hand upon his waistcoat pocket, and say he has forgotten his first watch? Ours was a dumpy silver one, maker's name Snoole, of Chichester, number seventeen thousand three hundred and ten. Happy Snoole, to have made so many watches; yet we were happy — oh, how happy! to possess even one of them. We looked at that watch continually; we set it at every clock, and consulted it every five minutes; we opened and shut it, we wound it up, we regulated it, we made it do the most amazing things, and suddenly run a little chain off a wheel in a tearing manner — after which it stopped. How obliging we were to everybody who wished to know what o'clock it was! Did we ever go to bed without that watch snug under the pillow? Did not a lock of our sweetheart's hair have a sweet lurking place between the inner and outer cases? Where is that dumpy silver watch — where the more ambitious pinchbeck (there are no pinchbeck watches now) that followed? Where is the gold Geneva, the silver lever? How many watches have we bought, sold, swopped and bartered since then; and which of them do we remember half so well as the dumpy silver, maker's name Snoole, Chichester, seventeen thousand three hundred and ten!

And the first lock of a sweetheart's hair brings me to the primary of primaries, — First love. We don't believe, we can't believe, the man who tells us he has never been in love, and can't remember with delicious, and yet melancholy distinctness, all about it. We don't care whether it was the little girl with plaited tails, in frilled trousers, and a pinafore; (though we never truly loved another) or your schoolmaster's daughter, or the lady who attended to the linen department, whom we thought a Houri, but who was, probably, some forty years of age. You may have loved Fanny, Maria, Louisa, Sarah, Martha, Harriet, or Charlotte, or fancied that you loved them since then; but in your heart of hearts you still keep the portrait of your first love, bright.

By first love, we mean what is commonly known as "calf love." Our reminiscences of real first love are indissolubly connected with a disrelish for our victuals, and a wild desire to dress, regardless of expense; of dismal wailings in secret; of a demoniacal hatred of all fathers, cousins, and brothers; of hot summer days passed in green fields, staring at the birds on the boughs, and wishing — oh how devoutly wishing! — that we were twenty-one years of age.

The first baby! The doctor

the imperious nurse, the nervous walking up and down the parlour, the creaking stairs, the nurse again, imperious still, but now triumphant. The little stranger sparring like an infant Tom Cribb in long clothes. That baby's acts and deeds for months! His extraordinary shrewdness, his unexampled beauty, his superhuman capacity for "taking notice," his admirable Crichtonian qualities. He *was* a baby! Another and another little stranger have dropped in since then. Each was *a* baby, but not *the* baby!

We hope and trust you may never have had this primary we are about to speak of? But there *are* some persons of the male sex who may remember with sufficient minuteness the first time they ever got — elevated. If *you* do, the impression will never be eradicated from your mind. Competent persons have declared you, on several subsequent occasions, to have been incapable of seeing a hole in a ladder. The earth seemed to spin round in an inconsistent manner; the pavement was soft — very soft — and felt, you said, as though you were walking on clouds; until suddenly, without the slightest provocation, it came up and smote you on the forehead. Of course, you didn't fall down — that would have been ridiculous. Slanderers declared that you attempted to climb up the gutter, under the impression that it was a lamp-post; and, being dissuaded therefrom; vehemently endeavoured to play the harp upon the area-railings. How distinctly you remember to this day how completely you forgot everything; how you dreamt you were a water-jug with no water in it — Tantalus, Prometheus, Ixion, all rolled into one; how you awoke the next morning without the slightest idea of how you got into bed; how sick, sorry, and repentant you were!

Being in genteel society, we would not, of course, hint that any one of our readers can remember so very low and humiliating a thing as the first visit to "My Uncle" — the first pawnbroker. We have been assured though, by those whose necessities have sometimes compelled them to resort, for assistance, to their avuncular relation, that the first visit — the primary pawning — can never be forgotten. The timorous, irresolute glance at the three golden balls; the transparent hypocrisy of looking at the silver forks, watches jewelled in an indefinite number of holes, china vases, and Doyley and Mant's Family Bible ("to be sold, a bargain"), in the window; the furtive, skulking slide round the corner, to the door in the court where the golden balls are emblazoned again, with announcements of "Office," and "Money Lent:" the mental perplexity as to which of the little cell doors looks the most beneyolent; and the timorous horror of finding the selected one occupied by an embarrassed shoemaker raising money, by debentures, on

soleless Wellingtons and Bluchers. All these, we have been told, are memorable things.

Another primary — the first death. The tan before the door; its odour in the house; the first burst of grief when all was over; the strange instinctive way in which those who seemed to know nothing of Death went about its grim requirements. The one appalling, never-to-be-forgotten undertaker's knock at nine in the evening. The steps on the stairs; the horrible agility and ghostly quietness. Then, the gentle melancholy that succeeded to the first bitterness of sorrow.

But, here have we been running over all these primaries, and forgetting the first time we were ever treated as a man! O memorable occasion! It was after dinner somewhere (we had gone there with our sister; only a year older than ourself, but universally admitted to be a woman, while we unjustly laboured under the tremendous reproach of boyhood) and were left alone, with an aged Being — fifty, perhaps — who was our host, and another patriarch of forty or so. We were simpering behind the decanters, extremely doubtful of our having any business there, when the host uttered these remarkable expressions:

"Mr. Bud, will you help yourself, and pass the wine!"

We did it, and felt that we had passed the Rubicon too. We helped ourself feebly, awkwardly, consciously. We felt that they ll he take more than is good for him? Will his eyes roll in his head? Will he disappear beneath the table?" But we did it, and bashfully sipped our wine, and even made impotent attempts to close our left eye critically, and look at it against the light. We have been promoted twice or thrice since, and have even sat in high places, and received honour; but our host has never said, with the same deep significance —

"Mr. Bud, will you help yourself, and pass the wine?"

TUBAL-CAIN.

THAT is a curious old question — puzzling to others than children — "Where did the first brewer get the first yeast?" We should like to know how some other useful things were first made, without any pattern or precedent; — brass, for instance. We may easily fancy how the wandering men of the East might light upon lumps of copper, as some Australian shepherds have lately struck their feet against masses of gold, or found that a great stone, on which they had often sat down to rest, was composed of the precious metal. There is more copper in the world than any other metal — than even iron, we are told; or, at any rate, it appears so to men now. It peeps up, and lies about, and draws attention by its colours, when mixed with other matters, in all quarters of the globe; and there is no reason why the roving tribes

of old Asia should not have found it, and observed how easily it can be hammered, as naturally as the Red Indians in North America have done. But it is less easy to imagine how it came into their heads to melt and mix it with other metal, to make brass. One would like to know where the first fire was that made the first brass; and also what was the metal mixed with copper by Tubal-cain, when he taught artificers to make utensils of brass. It is mentioned that he worked in iron, too; but it is so difficult to make iron and copper unite, that no extensive manufacture of brass could have gone on in that way in any age or part of the world. The old Greeks used to make their brass with tin. Perhaps the Patriarchs did the same. Or they might light upon some ores of zinc, though they had not the zinc itself, which is a very modern affair. One might just fancy how the ancient men might make a huge fire in some of the limestone caverns which abound in their part of Asia; those caverns, where all operations were carried on, which required a better shelter than a goat's-hair tent; and how the metal-workers might be heating some copper, to work it more easily; and how a bit of calamine, or other ore of zinc, might be accidentally thrown on among the copper; and how a wonderful and beautiful light — one of the most beautiful lights in the world — might bubble up, and blaze, and suddenly reveal every crevice and projection of the cavern; and alarm the people yet more by its horrid smell; and how they might find, when the fire was out, some pieces or streaks of brass among their copper. They would naturally examine these, and find out that this mixture was harder than mere copper, and would bear a better edge. Such a discovery made, they would easily get on in the preparation and use of it, till they had master-workmen, like Tubal-cain. In old Egypt, the artificers were the lowest order in society but that of the shepherds, poulterers, and fishermen; but that they were skilful in brass-working, among other arts, we know by Moses having so much brass about the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, which, no doubt, the Egyptians who went with him helped to make, after having taught their art to the Hebrew bondsmen. The fastenings of the curtains were of brass; and so were the sockets of the pillars, — as we read in the thirty-sixth and thirty-eighth chapters of Exodus; and the great laver or reservoir was also of brass. Considering all this, and the use the Greeks made of brass, and after them the Romans, who actually got the tin for the mixture from our own island; it does appear strange that no brass should have been made in England till two hundred years ago! In Germany, it had been made for centuries; and we must suppose that we got from thence what we wanted; for there was none made here till 1649, when a German

came over, and settled at Esher in Surrey, and there began to show us how to melt copper and zinc (or spelter, as the merchants call it) together, to produce that beautiful, yellow, glittering metal, with which we make our chandeliers and door-plates, and bed-castors, and statues, and cast our bells, and mount our telescopes. Ah! none but those who have seen it wrought can tell how beautiful it is, before it is spoiled with the varnish we are obliged to put on, to prevent its tarnishing! If its virgin tint could be preserved, it would be the most beautiful, perhaps, of all metals.

From the time of that German, who settled at Esher, to our own, our artificers have been prevented from making our brass work so good, or so cheap, as it might naturally have been. The good man and his successors got from abroad most of the copper they wanted; this led to our searching out what we had at home. It was found that we had plenty; so much, that we could send a great deal abroad. Heavy duties were laid on foreign copper, and we were thus compelled to use our own. It is very good; but it is made very much better by being mixed with other kinds from abroad. By free trade, we now have this advantage. We get copper from Australia and from South America; and zinc, or spelter, from Siberia; and mix in our own copper, and make an article so good as to command a great foreign sale. The cost of producing it is, as far as the metal is concerned, equalised with that of foreign countries; and thus we have at once a better and a cheaper article, and an extending trade abroad.

There are few of our manufactures prettier to the eye of a visitor than brass-founding. The name does not promise much; and the greater, therefore, is the pleasure. There is so much variety in it, that little notion of it can be given in the space of half-a-dozen pages; but what we can tell in that space we will. As we like having the best of everything, when it can be fairly had, we were thankful to be permitted to go over the establishment of the present Mayor of Birmingham, with the honour of having the Mayor himself for our guide—the hardest-worked man in Birmingham just now, probably, but as patient in explaining and informing as if he had nothing else to do.

The mixing of the metals tells itself, for the most part. The mould for the ingots stands at our feet, in a shed where the copper is melted in the furnace, in pots of Stourbridge clay. As there is no night-work here, no keeping up the heat continuously, as is done in glass-houses, these pots do not last as their larger and more important brethren do. They are creatures of a day; to-morrow but a heap of sherds, to help to make a new generation. The spelter does not need to be

melted in pots: it melts, like sugar in tea, by being merely stirred in the hot liquid. This is because a lower degree of heat will melt zinc than is required by copper. Here comes the flaming hot jar of copper, carried by a man well armed with the necessary tongs; another man stands ready with the piece of spelter. He puts it in, stirs it round to mix it thoroughly, and is not, as we are surprised to see, suffocated on the spot by the fumes. There is the beautiful flame! and we have more of it, flickering and sparkling as the mixture flows, red hot, into the moulds, whence it will come out as ingots. Those light grey flakes in the air are the sublimated zinc. After a whirl or two towards the rafters, out they go at window and door! We ask, what are the proportions of the two metals? and we find that the mixture is varied, according to its destination. The particular ingots at our feet are two parts of copper to one of zinc, because the brass is intended for common articles. If for finer purposes, there would be more copper. If particular hardness or toughness is required, or if the metal must be sonorous, or of a specified colour, tin, lead, iron, or other metals, must be mixed with the copper. For hinges, drawer-handles, brass-nails, and, we suppose, warming-pans, and kitchen-candlesticks, this mixture of two to one is the right thing. We must remember that the brass we see made here is only for castings. The tubing for chandeliers, &c., and the plates for stamping and pressing, are prepared elsewhere, by those who make metal-tubing, and have an establishment of rolling-mills. We see here plenty of sheets of brass, and abundance of tubing; and there are stamping, and punching, and drilling machines, and very pretty work turned out by them; but these things have been described before, and we now, therefore, apply ourselves to the study of the castings.

For ornamental works, the process begins in a very different place from a raftered shed, among furnaces and clay pots. It may be in a country churchyard, under an ivied porch; or in the church itself; or under a tree in a park, where deer are browsing within sight; or on a mossy and fern-clad wall; or lying on the grass, or even in bed; or in the British Museum; or in a quiet study, where the light is taken great care of. The design is the first step; and the designer may have derived ideas from altar railings, or from great men's tombs, or from beasts, birds, and flowers; or from antique sculpture; or from his own memory and imagination. Young artists seek money, and give a chance to their ambition, by offering designs to eminent brass-founders; designs for chandeliers, and other articles of ornamental furniture; and for railings, gates, &c. Specific pieces of work, such as monumental railings, statuettes, and brass-plates for particular purposes, are

done from designs forwarded with the order.

Next to the design comes the model. An account has been given elsewhere of modelling in wax, in preparation for stamping, pressing, and chasing. Therefore we will not tell what pretty things of that kind may be seen here, but mention only the wooden model made from the drawing, for instance, of a tomb. The wood is pear. It is carved after the design, and in the same separate pieces, fitting into each other, that will be required by the casting process. Here we have in wood the knobs, sockets, fluting, angles, that are to be reproduced in brass. From this wooden model a cast is taken in lead, which must be, of course, its reverse, as the cast is to produce a brass copy of the wooden model. The leaden cast is chased a little; then it is cast in brass, and well finished by chasing. Here is the pattern complete, ready to take its place with — how many others, does the reader think? In this establishment there are ten tons of patterns. They are numbered, and the number reaches one hundred thousand. Those whose business it is, are so familiar with this multitude of details, that they can almost instantly lay their hand on the one wanted, or direct their eyes to the pigeon-hole in the warehouse where it is deposited. At a counter in that warehouse a woman whose life is in sorting the patterns as ome in from the casting. Hinges, screws, knobs, bolts, buttons, nails, hooks, in vast variety, lie before her in trays, and she puts them by in their proper places. The walls are studded with them; drawers are filled with them; shelves are piled with them; pigeon-holes are stuffed with them. In short, one hundred thousand of them have to be stowed away in such a manner, as that they may be immediately found when wanted.

With these models is laid by a great wealth of steel dies. These are a large investment, and a very uncertain property. An ordinary-looking die may prove to be worth its weight in gold; while a pair which has cost fifty guineas may not be required to give out as many copies. And while there may be a dead loss on such an article, a batch of the commonest brass-headed nails, requiring the labour of thirteen pairs of hands, may sell at Calcutta with a profit of eighteen-pence to each person.

Next comes the casting. For the material required, we must look to the cemetery. It is a beautiful cemetery, with dark ivy spreading over the face of red sandstone rock, in which below are vaults hewn out, dry, dim, and solemn, with niches in which ranges of coffins are deposited, while the outer face presents Egyptian forms and symbols. Below, where there was once this rock, there are green nooks and platforms, where shrubs and flowers enclose flat gravestones, and monuments of many forms

and devices. On either side there is undulating ground, with pleasant walks, well kept, and adorned with more shrubs and flowers, which again enclose green spaces, set apart by families for their dead. Amidst all the clearance required for the interment of such a population as is brought here for its rest, there are no unsightly *débris*, no heaps of rubbish. As the red rock retires, there is no difficulty in deposing of the fragments scooped out or hewn down. They go to help the convenience and luxury of the living: to help to make the chandeliers under which the young and gay will dance, and the fire-grates at which the aged will warm their old blood, and the household articles which will spread the conveniences of home through cities and mountain retreats in another hemisphere. The cost of this cemetery is largely defrayed by the sale of its red sand to the metal-founders of the town. It is a very fine sand, remarkably free from impurities. When wetted and flattened, it looks as smooth as can well be; but for facings, and when a very fine surface is required, it is mixed with coal-dust and flour, and its bed is smoked with a torch.

The mould consists of two boxes, which, when filled, are bolted together, the sand on their faces meeting, except in the hollow made by the pattern, and the channel through which the metal is to flow. The moist sand is firmly rammed down in each, round the pattern. Wherever there are recesses in the pattern, they are filled in with sand. If the article is to be hollow, it is "cored" by the pattern being filled with sand. There are, in fact, four methods of casting. Common articles, like drawer-handles, bolts, knobs, and hinges, are cast solid. In such a case, we see the face of the mould stuck all over with patterns, as close as they will properly lie, which are to leave their hollow impression to be filled up by the molten metal. This is "common casting." The next is called "common-face casting;" and that is when flat ornamented pieces are required, as for door-plates. The third is "cored" casting, as for gas-fittings, or other articles required to be hollow. In these a mould is taken from the inside of the pattern, as well as the outside, and carefully inserted in the great mould, so as to leave a hollow of the right thickness, to be filled up with the metal. The fourth is the "false-cored" casting. This is used for irregular figures which must be cast in one piece. If, for instance, a wreath of leaves is to be cast, the ins and outs are carefully taken off the pattern in masses of pressed sand, which are cautiously transferred to the mould, and pinned down in their right places. "False coring" is practised also in the casting of figures of men and animals, as it is on a larger scale in the case of bronze statues. Of course, much metal is saved by this, and the inconvenience of excessive weight

is avoided. It may be added, that duty is charged by weight, on such articles as these, in foreign countries; and the utmost reduction of their weight is therefore desirable. The cores of sand are built up, like bricks, before the casting, and are removed afterwards by pushing out the sand through holes left for the purpose.

When the pattern has made its complete impression, and is removed, a channel is scooped in the sand, from the impression to the marginal hole in the mould; and the one box, containing one side of the impression, is screwed down upon the other, containing the other half. When eight moulds are thus prepared, — one containing, perhaps, a single figure, and another as many as a hundred, — there is enough for "a heat." Men bring the molten metal from the furnace in ladles, and pour it into the holes in the mould, till there is a brimming over of the red stream at the mouth of each channel. Before we turn our backs on the casting process, we must observe how the brass hook of a screw is fastened on; for this is an article in such extensive use that any saving of time and labour in the production of it is of importance. Formerly, the joining was done by hand, — each screw being heated and hammered, and attended to individually, as nails once were. Now, the only thing necessary is to lay the screw, prepared with a "nick," to dovetail, as it were, the brass to itself, in a running stream of molten brass. The figure of the hook is impressed in the sand, and the screw is laid so as to join it: then, when the metal enters, the article makes itself, to the great saving of time, and convenience of the manufacturer.

When the articles are cool, there is easy work for the boys; breaking off the cast articles from the metal in the channels, and then poking out the sand from the "cored" articles. They poke away, as if they liked the business. The sand requires more removing than this, however. There is a churn in the yard, in which the articles are whirled round, till all the sand is shaken out of them.

Here we have articles, and parts of articles, rough, dull, and so dark that one would hardly know them to be brass. The ornamental brasses have their edges smoothed by the file; and the commoner articles are delivered over altogether to the file and the turning-lathe, to be smoothed and made neat and clean. The higher order of productions are to be more respectfully treated; they are to be pickled and dipped. This is one of the prettiest processes of all. Heads of animals, wreaths of flowers, statuettes, figured plates of various sorts and sizes, may be beautiful in form and device; but all are dark, with oxidation, as well as oil and dirt. They ar put into a bath of acids and water The acids are nitric and sul phuric, which, mixed, are aqua fortis. In this diluted aquaforti

they lie, till the outer surface, with all impurities, is eaten off. Then they are dipped in a succession of tubs, till, coming at last out of pure aquafortis, they are of the prettiest colour that can be seen. It is a sad pity that they cannot so remain; for, to change their hue is really to half-spoil them. But it cannot be helped. They would tarnish immediately, if not secured against it by a process which we shall see presently.

We must not tell all we witnessed of the turning, and soldering, and polishing, because we have described the same things before: and though one sees the processes with fresh pleasure, when applied to new kinds of articles, that pleasure cannot be communicated in print. For instance, it was like something new to us to see holes drilled in a gas-burner, and understand how the flame of the jet is made twenty per cent. better by these holes being drilled in the burner; but, to the reader, the process is just the same as the drilling of the four holes in a brace-button. Again, if we were to describe the magnum candlesticks which stood about like pillars, it would merely put people in mind of the Electro-plating establishment; as the cutting the links of brass chains would of the gold chain manufactory. But, oh! the beauty of those candlesticks, and of the ornamented parts of the gas-fittings, and of the most massive of the chains! And the ingenuity too! — the cleverness with which the tubing is concealed in gas-furniture, and with which the swinging of chandeliers is provided for, by the rolling of the ball to which the chain is fastened within another ball, so as to allow perfect freedom without permitting the least escape! And again, the endless variety of lamps, and especially of solar lamps, which are in great demand from foreign countries, where oil of various qualities abounds! On these things we must not enlarge, but rather observe the finishing of the articles.

The technical term "finishing" means putting together the parts to make the article complete; but as the word slips from our pen, it means putting the last finish of beauty. The technical "finishing" is done by the soldering with which we are familiar. As for our meaning of the word, it leads us to the counters of the burnishers. The burnishers here are not women, as at some establishments near. This work, of burnishing brass, is too hard for women. The strongest men look as if it was enough for them. They rub away with their hard steel burnishers, or with bloodstones; they rub away at a veining of a leaf here, at the swelling of an acorn or a grape there, at the niceties of a pattern, of which a part is to be left "dead." Such common things as hinges and door-handles are polished by a brush and rottenstone. While seeing these things, we have been passing from room to room, from

counter to counter; moving among scores of machines, till the place appears a labyrinth of unknown extent. The gas-fitting stock, and the preparation of it, seems like a great establishment in itself. But we are coming to the end of the business. We are to see the final process of lacquering.

This is the process which we alluded to as being such a pity, spoiling as it does the beauty of the hue of the metal. But this lacquering is essential to its preservation. If it could be dispensed with, it certainly would, for out of this process come the greatest annoyance and expense of the manufacturer. The coating consists of seed-lac and spirit of wine. Now, the duty on spirit of wine is so high that the cost of the lacquer amounts, in an establishment employing three hundred people, to no less than two-thirds of the rent. In many large establishments, the cost of this raw material, essential to the manufacture, is not less than from ten shillings to twenty shillings per day; while foreigners obtain for four shillings and sixpence articles which we have to pay eighteen shillings or nineteen shillings for. In order to compete with the French and Germans under such a disadvantage as this, the manufacturer has to lower his own profits, and his people's wages; so that the operation of this pernicious duty is truly disastrous on a large working-class. Here, again, we meet, as everywhere, complaints of the paper-duty; and it is proved, to our conviction, that the wrapping-up of some of the commoner articles in this manufacture costs more than the finished article itself. This is very ridiculous and very sad; hard upon the maker at home, and the purchaser abroad. Another thing ridiculous enough, but tending to lessen sadness when discovered, is a mistake made by the statistical calculators, who have been alarming us all about the deadly amount of spirit-drinking in England. Gentlemen sitting at desks, to calculate from Excise and Customs returns, without being familiar with the processes of our manufactures, may easily fall into such mistakes; but it is a great comfort to have them cleared up. Such an enormous error, for instance, as the negligent supposition that all the spirit of wine used in lacquering here, and everywhere else, is the sort of spirit that may go down somebody's throat! If three hundred or four hundred pounds a-year is charged against this establishment, and as much to a dozen or two of other brassfounders in the town, as spirituous liquors, what a libel it is upon the place! and how comforting it is to discover that, instead of our people spending seventy millions per year in intoxicating drinks, some gentlemen in London have something to learn about the application of distilled spirits in the arts of life! We, as a nation, tax ourselves dismally enough for strong drinks;

but we are not yet such a nation of sots as to drink all the spirits of wine on which duty is paid.

After talking this over, we almost fear to enter the rooms where the lacquering is going on, lest we should be drunk with the fumes, and so have to take our place among the sots who lie under this spirituous censure. But, though the air is sufficiently loaded, it is not in an intoxicating way. There sit companies of women, looking sober enough. One wonders that they can be healthy, sitting in such a heat, and in such a smell. They earn good wages. The demand for female handiwork, in Birmingham, has so increased, that women's wages have risen lately about twenty per cent. Here, some are earning eleven shillings per week, under the disadvantage, we must remember, of the duty on lacquer. The lacquer is laid on with a brush, while the article is hot; so that the spirit evaporates, leaving a coating of the gum. Sometimes the lacquer is coloured. We saw some green; an imitation of bronze, not very successful, but in some demand, or it would not be there. We need not say that the commonest lacquer gives simply a deeper yellow to the brass.

Next, and lastly (as the farthest way about is the nearest way home), we step into Bohemia. We have only to say we are there, and there is evidence, all about us, of the fact. Rows and layers of exquisite glass fill the chamber, and everybody who enters it is subject to a fever about lamp-stands. We must not go into any raving about them, as our subject is brass; but we may just mention one solid fact, that the dark-red lamp-stands, so splendidly produced in Bohemia are to be eschewed, as they absorb the light.

Now, thought we — as we came away, with some of the beautiful designs we had seen, lodged in certain of the best chambers of our brain — what are we about, that we do not offer our reverence to the spirit of Art in Birmingham, as we do in old Italy, or any other place, that is only far enough off in space or time? Why do we dare to talk of Benvenuto Cellini, and other divine craftsmen, with reverence, while giving no heed to the extraordinary progress of popular Art in our own towns, and our own day? It must be from ignorance, for it is impossible to despise some things that are done among us now; but that ignorance makes our talk about ancient Art, and foreign Art, look very like affectation. We should like to know how many British travellers — who rush into enthusiasms about fountains in Germany and Italy — will trouble themselves to go and look at the fountain just opened in the Market House, at Birmingham? And if they go, what will they say? How will they bring in the word "Brummagem?" Will they venture to apply it to the four bronze boys who represent Birmingham?

There they are: the one shouldering his musket; and another blowing his bubble of glass — boy-fashion; and the third — thoughtful one — with his sextant in his hand, and a cog-wheel by his side; and the fourth, proud and careful of his charge of an elegant vase! Will no charm be found here, because these symbols are of native conception? Will the bronzes below be slighted, while sure of admiration if fancied to be ancient? the four groups and garlands — the fish, the poultry, the vegetables, and the flowers and fruit? These things will not, at least, be despised by those who see most of them. The Birmingham people seem to enjoy their vocation, more than any townful of people we ever remember to have seen. Their taste, and their scientific faculties, find a constant gratification in the pursuit of their ordinary business. It is on behalf of persons who know little of the place, that one forms the wish that we could all relish beauty, wherever it is to be found, and honour Art, whatever may be the name of its dwelling-place. Tubal-cain has always been an interesting person, from his having begun his hard work so extremely early in human life. It is absurd to despise his later and prettier doings, because the roar of his furnace and the whiz of his tools are among not only the imagery of books, but the common sounds of every day.

A TALE OF MID-AIR.

In a cottage in the valley of Sallanches, near the foot of Mont Blanc, lived old Bernard and his three sons. One morning he lay in bed sick, and, burning with fever, watched anxiously for the return of his son, Jehan, who had gone to fetch a physician. At length a horse's tread was heard, and soon afterwards the doctor entered. He examined the patient closely, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and then said, patting the old man's cheek, "It will be nothing, my friend — nothing!" but he made a sign to the three lads, who, open-mouthed and anxious, stood grouped around the bed. All four withdrew to a distant corner, the doctor shook his head, thrust out his lower lip, and said, "'T is a serious attack — very serious — of fever. He is now in the height of the fit, and as soon as it abates, he must have sulphate of quinine."

"What is that, doctor?"

"Quinine, my friend, is a very expensive medicine, but which you may procure at Sallanches. Between the two fits your father must take at least three francs worth. I will write the prescription. You can read, Guillaume?"

"Yes, doctor."

"And you will see that he takes it?"

"Certainly."

When the physician was gone, Guillaume, Pierre, and Jehan looked at each other in silent perplexity. Their whole stock of

money consisted of a franc and a half, and yet the medicine must be procured immediately.

"Listen," said Pierre, "I know a method of getting from the mountain before night three or four five-franc pieces."

"From the mountain?"

"I have discovered an eagle's nest in a cleft of a frightful precipice. There is a gentleman at Sallanches, who would gladly purchase the eaglets; and nothing made me hesitate but the terrible risk of taking them; but that's nothing when our father's life is concerned. We may have them now in two hours."

"I will rob the nest," said Guillaume.

"No, no, let me," said Jehan, "I am the youngest and lightest."

"I have the best right to venture," said Pierre, "as it was I who discovered it."

"Come," said Pierre, "let us decide by drawing lots. Write three numbers, Guillaume, put them into my hat, and whoever draws number one will try the venture."

Guillaume blackened the end of a wooden splinter in the fire; tore an old card into three pieces; wrote on them one, two, three, and threw them into the hat.

How the three hearts beat! Old Bernard lay shivering in the cold fit, and each of his sons longed to risk his own life, to save that of his father.

The lot fell on Pierre, who had discovered the nest; he embraced the sick man.

"We shall not be long absent, father," he said, "and it is needful for us to go together."

"What are you going to do?"

"We will tell you as soon as we come back."

Guillaume took down from the wall an old sabre, which had belonged to Bernard when he served as a soldier; Jehan sought a thick cord which the mountaineers use when cutting down trees; and Pierre went towards an old wooden cross, reared near the cottage, and knelt before it for some minutes in fervent prayer.

They set out together, and soon reached the brink of the precipice. The danger consisted not only in the possibility of falling several hundred feet, but still more in the probable aggression of the birds of prey, inhabiting the wild abyss.

Pierre, who was to brave these perils, was a fine athletic young man of twenty-two. Having measured with his eye the distance he would have to descend, his brothers fastened the cord around his waist, and began to let him down. Holding the sabre in his hand, he safely reached the nook that contained the nest. In it were four eaglets of a light yellowish-brown colour, and his heart beat with joy at the sight of them. He grasped the nest firmly in his left hand, and shouted joyfully to his brothers, "I have them! Draw me up!"

Already the first upward pull was given to the cord, when Pierre felt himself attacked by

two enormous eagles, whose furious cries proved them to be the parents of the nestlings.

"Courage, brother! defend thyself! don't fear!"

Pierre pressed the nest to his bosom, and with his right hand made the sabre play around his head.

Then began a terrible combat. The eagles shrieked, the little ones cried shrilly, the mountaineer shouted and brandished his sword. He slashed the birds with its blade, which flashed like lightning, and only rendered them still more enraged. He struck the rock, and sent forth a shower of sparks.

Suddenly he felt a jerk given to the cord that sustained him. Looking up he perceived that, in his evolutions, he had cut it with his sabre, and that half the strands were severed!

Pierre's eyes, dilated widely, remained for a moment immovable, and then closed with terror. A cold shudder passed through his veins, and he thought of letting go both the nest and the sabre.

At that moment one of the eagles pounced on his head, and tried to tear his face. The Savoyard made a last effort, and defended himself bravely. He thought of his old father, and took courage.

Upwards, still upwards, mounted the cord: friendly voices eagerly uttered words of encouragement and triumph; but Pierre could not reply to them. When he reached the brink of the precipice, still clasping fast the nest, his hair, which an hour before had been as black as a raven's wing, was become so completely white, that Guillaume and Jehan could scarcely recognise him.

What did that signify? the eaglets were of the rarest and most valuable species. That same afternoon they were carried to the village and sold. Old Bernard had the medicine, and every needful comfort beside, and the doctor in a few days pronounced him convalescent.

THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

I LEAVE Carlisle early this fine morning, in no way matrimonially inclined. I set out to explore the recesses of Gretna Green with perfect confidence. This confidence is the result of two facts. The first, that I am a married man; the second, that bigamy is impossible, since I have no lady with me. Through dark boglands, and past prim fir-plantations, the train whisks me to the station, the name of which an unpoetical station-porter shouts into railway carriages, without a thought of the flutter into which it throws a young lady deeply veiled, who is sitting in the first-class compartment nearest the engine. I, a married man with a houseful of children, hear the word "Gretna" with no kind of emotion; but two fellow-passengers are ready to bless the

only official who announces the arrival of the train at the charmed spot. Yet I do feel a kind of nervous interest in the place. I think of the scenes which have been acted here; of the fathers who have stamped furiously upon this classic ground; of the trembling girls who have hurried hence across the Border, and to the famous Hall, to dream of unclouded happiness shining every step of the way from that spot to their distant grave. I think of the cunning lowers who used to engage all the post-horses of Carlisle, so that their pursuers might not reach them before the marriage ceremony was over; of the impudent impositions of the Carlisle postboys; of the determined lover who shot the horses of his pursuer from the carriage window; and of other memorable matters with which Gretna is associated in the minds of most of us. If there be a touch of poetry in my present reflections, that touch is speedily effaced by the spirit of competition that arises before me. A couple, evidently bent upon matrimony, though they are making painful efforts to appear at their ease, and to regard the place with a placid indifference, are addressed eagerly by one or two men of common appearance. Are these individuals making offers for the conveyance of the couple's luggage? The station-man looks on at the warm conference, with a sardonic grin; and, with a quick twitch of the head, draws the attention of the guard to the interesting group. The train goes forward, and the conference breaks up. One of the men conducts the lady and gentleman to a little red-brick hotel close by; and the others retire discontentedly. I inquire about this rivalry, and am informed that it is a clerical contest. And here I am made party to a curious local secret. This little red-brick hotel is the property of Mr. Murray. Mr. Murray also inhabits the famous toll-bar which is on the Scotch bank of the little stream that marks the borders of the country. Thus this sagacious toll-keeper pounces upon the couples at the station; removes them to his "Gretna Hotel," and then drives them down a narrow lane, and over the bridge to the toll-bar, where he marries them. In this way it appears Murray has contrived to monopolise five-sixths of the trade matrimonial. It should be observed, however, by persons about to marry, that there is a Gretna station, and a Gretna Green station; and that the latter is the point which deposits happy couples opposite Gretna Hall. However, as I am altogether ignorant of the superior convenience of the "Green" station, I may be pardoned the mistake, which makes a walk, in a dense shower of rain, through slippery lanes, a necessity. I advance briskly, however; pass the famous toll-bar, near which a bluff Scotch ploughboy is yoking horses to a waggon, and presently approach

the Green. It is a pretty place enough, but very quiet and very muddy just now. The Green is a triangular patch of ragged turf, in front of the village church. The church is rather dirty and neglected in its appearance than old; and from the roof hangs a stout cord, which is attached to the bell, and is now lazily rocking to and fro in the breeze. Children of various sizes, and in indescribable costumes, stare at me from various cottage-doors. It is evident that I am taken for a young man bent upon marriage. I turn to the left, and through a gateway to the Hall. It is evident that no marriage is going forward to-day. Desolate, and thoroughly soaked with rain, appears the large square house, flanked on one side by a farm-yard. I advance, under cover of some tall trees, to the front door. It is closed and barred. I give a perfectly metropolitan double knock. In a few minutes a man — rather a surly man, I think — begins leisurely to withdraw the bolts. Seeing me alone, he looks a little surprised — perhaps disappointed. I begin to feel that I ought to apologise for coming without a lady. I boldly ask whether I can breakfast at the Hall. The man does not oblige me with a direct answer; but pointing to the right, growls that he will send somebody to me, and disappears.

I advance into a long low room. t is a curious mixture of a village -room, with the pretensions of hotel. At one end a massive sideboard displays a quantity of valuable plate; over the mantelpiece is an engraving after Turner; but, to the left of this production, is one of those compositions which, about a century ago, were admired in all the country villages of England, Scotland, and Ireland. A woman with a crimson lake face is looking, with a blotched expression of affection, upon a child whose head seems to have dropped casually upon shoulders made for some other infant, and the colours of whose frock run into various surrounding objects. This production bears the following touching couplet: —

"Come, father's hope, and mother's glory,
Now listen to a pretty story."

I am hardly convinced that I am in the celebrated Gretna Hall till I have read the directions to visitors, which are pasted upon the looking-glass. "Please not to write on the walls, windows, or shutters, &c." Having read this direction I am convinced that I have reached a place where many curious countrymen have been before me. I turn to the windows, and at once recognise the necessity for the request. Every pane is covered with names, sorry jests, and revelations of ages, professions, and other matters. W. Thorborne, of Manchester, has, I find, left his celebrated name, coupled with the inference that he possesses, or did possess, a diamond ring, upon one window, in company with S. Goodacre of Liverpool. But G. Howell, also

of Liverpool, has recorded his visit to the Hall in two or three different places, lest the interesting fact should be lost to posterity.

Upon one window I find this instructive sentence: — "John [illegible]erson made a fool of himself in Gretna, 1831." It is information also that "Sally Norton, late Sally Western," has been here, and that the fame of the place has attracted hither "Jane Stordy, of Stanway." A greasy book, in shape like a ledger, marked "Visitors' Book," lies upon the window-sill. Many pages have been torn away; so that the only records it now contains date back only to last October. The entries consist of a series of very melancholy jokes. The first remarkable name I notice is that of Maria Manning, to which name some obliging historian has subsequently added the words "hanged since." "Brick, from London," is the next entry, and he is followed by an "Early Closing Quadrill Party." It strikes me as a pity that before forming a "Quadrill" party, the party did not form a spelling class. I next find that a wit of the North has recorded his visit in these words: 'D[illegible]id Rae, thief-catcher, Dumfries;" and that a lady has been carried away by the high spirits of the foregoing, to this extent: "Mrs. Grimalkin (to be Mrs. Gabriel Grub)." — Here I am interrupted by the entrance of a widow, who announces herself as the relict of the late parson of the Hall, Mr. Linton. She offers me a substantial breakfast, and while it is preparing, is not disinclined to answer any questions I may put on the subject of the matrimonial trade. Of course, thinking with the rest of my countrymen that Gretna Green marriages are of rare occurrence now-a-days, I begin by asking how long it is since the last marriage was celebrated at the Hall. The old lady very quietly turns to her maid who is laying the breakfast cloth, and says — "Was it Tuesday or Monday last, that couple came?"

The maid, holding a substantial joint of cold meat in her hand, while she thinks on the subject, replies presently, "Monday."

I am surprised, and inform Mr. Linton's widow that it was my impression Gretna marriages were quite matters of the past. She assures me, in reply, that they have a good sprinkling still throughout the year; but not so many as twenty or thirty years ago, when her husband first began. She disappears for a few minutes. Ha! here she comes, with some heavy substance carefully tied up in an old silk handkerchief. She deposits her load upon the table (having previously brushed the place), deliberately arranges her massive spectacles, and now carefully unties her treasure. Two gaudily-bound books lie before me; I am about to open them eagerly, but the widow of Mr. Linton will not allow the volumes to suffer my desecrating

touch. She gently repulses my hand, and carefully opens the thickest. The thin volume is an index to the thick one, which is a formal register of the marriages celebrated at the Hall. The entries, however, only reach back to 1826; yet the list includes many celebrated names. The widow proudly points to one or two German dukes, to Miss Penelope Smith and her princely betrothed, to the well-known name of Sheridan, to Lady Adela Villiers and her husband. Against all the notable couples, distinguishing marks are placed. Having shown me these signatures, the old lady carefully spreads out the silk handkerchief, upon which I find a rude map of England is printed, re-covers her treasure, and holds it securely in her arms while she continues to talk to me. She tells me that, in times gone by, it was by no means unusual to give the Gretna Green parson as much as one hundred pounds; and that fifty pounds, even lately, was not at all an uncommon marriage-fee. The parson charges according to the ostensible means of the contracting parties. "Old Lang" was the regular village parson before the late Mr. Linton began. Mr. Linton confined his attention entirely to marrying runaway couples. She knows nothing about the blacksmith, and doesn't believe such a man ever married couples. As far as she knows, these kind of marriages began to be celebrated at Gretna about one hundred years ago.

I express a wish to see the room in which the marriages at the Hall are celebrated. The widow of Mr. Linton directs me down a long passage, past two cases of stuffed owls, to a long room, fitted up with some care; and from the bow-windows of which there is a picturesque view of the village. It is a quaint room. Over the doorway stands a huge model of a ship. The pictures exhibit an odd taste. On one side is a painting, in which Cupid and Venus are represented; and opposite are two large pieces of canvas, covered with horsemen in the vigorous pursuit of the fox; upon which scenes, the placid countenance of a Quaker is serenely gazing. The bow-window is marked with the initials of various captains — the captains, I remark, strangely predominate among the visitors. Opening by a door from this room, is the bridal chamber, fitted up luxuriously with yellow satin-damask hangings. Even here, the English habit of scrawling upon furniture is indulged. I open the looking-glass drawer, and even herein find these inscriptions: — "Thomas Parker to Mother Walmsley." "Joseph Lee to Patty Booth."

Strangely interested in the peculiarities of the Hall, I return to the breakfast-table. I find that sentiment has not preyed upon my appetite. I do perfect justice to the fine haddock and the exquisite marmalade provided by the widow of Mr. Linton. I am

so interested in this village, that I think I will take a stroll, and return to dine at the Hall. I intimate this intention to the maid, and emerge upon the green, determined to know something more of Gretna and its marriage-trade.

A dirty road, hedged by cottages, leads to the village, which is within the same parish as Gretna, and is called Springfield. This village is larger than its more famous neighbour; the houses are larger, there is more apparent life, and it boasts two or three inns. It appears to me highly probable that at one of these inns I shall hear much quaint gossip about Gretna marriages. I enter the most inviting. The kitchen at once forcibly reminds me of one of Wilkie's village sketches. Even the details of the scene suggest the pencil of the great Scotchman. The solid black chairs placed under the overhanging chimney; the huge black pot suspended by a powerful crane over the fire; the mud floor; the old clock in a rude case; the milk-pails in a row upon a shelf; the limited crockery of the establishment proudly arranged in a cup-board, the door of which is intentionally open. The figures, too, are Wilkie's. Before the window is a cutting-board, upon which sits — her pretty feet dangling in the air — the village dressmaker. As I advance towards the fire, I notice the figure of a young Scot (with his broad bonnet) turning over the leaves of a very greasy song-book — but chiefly occupied casting furtive glances at the young lady upon the cutting-board. These are obviously lovers, and I am obviously no welcome intruder. However, the landlord, a broad, squat man, with much to say about his ale, puts a cheerful face upon matters, and stands ready to furnish anything I may request in the shape of refreshment. I order a glass of whiskey, and hope the landlord will drink one with me. My invitation is accepted. I think I may now fairly open the question of Gretna — or rather Springfield — marriages. I ask, by way of jest, whether mine host has ever married stray couples. The girl behind me titters, and the father fairly laughs at my simplicity. "Married any? Ay, a many of them, in this very room; and fine folk, too!"

Twirling a willow stick in his hand, and kicking his heels against the legs of a table upon which he is sitting, mine host gossips, as nearly as I can follow him, in this wise: —

"Ay! there have been a many marriages in this room. Lord Erskine was married where I am sitting — in woman's clothes; his lady held her children under her cloak the while. The people who come to be married now are mostly poor people — a great many of them being from Edinburgh. They can as easily be married anywhere in Scotland; somehow, they come here: the

place is known for it, I suppose. But here comes Lang; he will be able to tell you more than I can."

A spare old man, dressed, not as a simple villager, but with a pretension to gentility and to a clerical simplicity, hobbles into the room, rubbing his left leg vigorously. He is suffering an acute attack of rheumatism; yet this does not prevent him from taking his seat at a little round table, and accepting the tumbler of whiskey which I offer him. He refuses, I notice, to spoil the spirit by the admixture of water; but continues, even when seated, to rub vigorously the calf of his leg. He apprehends at once that his experience as a parson is to be pumped from him; he gives himself up cheerfully to the operation. He seems to know that he is an object of curiosity to all visitors, and is, therefore, not particularly flattered by the interest I appear to take in him. Of course I ask him, as an opening question, whether there is any truth in the blacksmith legend. To my astonishment, I find that the blacksmith is utterly unknown in these parts. There stands the landlord expressing unfeigned surprise. He who had lived all his life here, has never heard of the blacksmith!

"Ay, to be sure!" continues Parson Lang — vigorously rubbing his leg the while — "Old Colthard, as far as I can tell, was the first regular Gretna Green man. He flourished somewhere, about one hundred and twenty years ago. He was either a regular blacksmith or a nailer — I can't say which. His old house is pulled down, now; it used to stand on the ground where the school now stands, or close there." I show particular interest in the parson's narrative, which amuses the girl upon the cutting-board and her sly lover with his greasy song-book. I ask Lang whether he can trace the parsons — that is to say, the regular parsons — from Colthard down to himself.

Still vehemently rubbing his leg, Parson Lang continues: "To be sure I can. After Colthard — let me see — came Pasley and Elliot, who both flourished together: Pasley was my father's uncle. Then came my father, old Parson Lang, as they called him. He lived at the Hall, and married people in the busy days of Gretna Green. After him, I came:" which advent appears to the parson to constitute the climax of the curious history. "But," he goes on statistically, "weddings continued to increase up to the year 1833, when, I should say, they amounted to three hundred or thereabouts. After that they fell off. They now average about one hundred a-year."

I now make an unfortunate allusion when I inquire whether Parson Lang is in the habit of officiating at the Hall.

"No," the parson replies, rubbing his leg with great vehemence, and indulging in a sarcastic smile; "no, no; I have nothing to do

with the Hall; there they seem to think a shoemaker, who lives opposite, can marry as well as anybody else."

I see at once that this is a sore point with the parson. I change the topic by asking whether the villagers of Springfield and Gretna are married at the Hall, or by Parson Lang. This question highly amuses the lovers, who interchange significant glances. "Oh dear, no!" Parson Lang replies; "I have been married twice, but was always asked in church; so are all hereabouts. I hardly know how Gretna first came to be celebrated for marriages; but I have heard some story like — once a queen was returning to England from Scotland with an army. Well, the soldiers were followed by a number of women who were in love with them, to the border hereabouts; and then, when they were to part with them, they all set a-greeting, which means crying; and this, folks say, gave the village the name of Greta or Gretna Green. However, the queen was so touched by the distress of the women, that she made the officers act on the spot as parsons, and marry the women at once to the soldiers; and then they all went to the south together." The parson now begins to philosophise a little about the facilities offered in Scotland to persons about to marry; and intersperses his theories with many illustrative anecdotes. But whenever I touch upon the subject of fees, he is discreetly silent. He seems to admit that they vary considerably; I suspect from a silver coin and a glass of whiskey, to a bank-note of considerable value. He remembers that, only two years ago, a waiter at the chief Carlisle hotel, got married, at short intervals, to three of his fellow-servants; that, to this day, the fellow has been allowed to go unpunished, and that he has returned to his first love. Having gleaned these facts from Parson Lang, I begin to think about my dinner at the Hall. The parson condescends to shake hands with me, the eyes of the lovers sparkle as they see me rise to depart, and the landlord, as I pass into the road, bids me a hearty farewell.

The widow of Mr. Linton has prepared me a very snug dinner. While I am enjoying it, she brings me a copy of the forms filled up by the persons who are married at her establishment. While I proceed with my salmon, the reader may amuse himself with the document. Here is a literal copy of it: —

KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND.

COUNTY OF DUMFRIES,
PARISH OF GRETNA.

THESE are to Certify to all to whom these Pesents may come,
That , from the parish of , in the county of
and , from the parish of in the county of , being now here present, and having declared themselves single persons, were this day Married, agreeable to the Laws of Scotland, as witness our hands.

Gretna Hall this day of

Witnesses

I find that excellent cigars are obtainable at the Hall. I attribute this to the fact that captains generally smoke. Provided with many suggestive facts, I take leave of the late parson's establishment, not dissatisfied with the method with which his disconsolate widow carries on her business. Gretna Hall — the ancestral seat of the Maxwells — is still licensed to sell marriage contracts; and I can assure persons about to marry, will provide an excellent dinner for those prosaic visitors who do not pretend to live upon love altogether.

I hear the railway bell. —

THE GREAT BRITISH GUM SECRET.

In the course of inquiries, by which we were enabled to draw up the article on Queen's Heads (vol. XII., p. 178), we were shown, in the "adhesive" department of Messrs. Perkins and Company's establishment, several large barrels filled with a fine powder, of a dark straw colour. This powder is, we were told, the basis of the adhesive paste with which the backs of postage labels are coated.

"It is composed of —?" we asked, helping the tip of the tongue with a taste of it.

"That," said our cicerone, "*was* a secret."

We have since learnt the mighty secret.

In journeying from Dublin westward, by the banks of the Liffey, we pass the village of Chapelizod, and hamlet of Palmerstown. The water power of the Liffey has attracted manufacturers at different times, who, with less or greater success, but, unfortunately, with a general ill-success, have established works there. Paper-making, starch-making, cotton-spinning and weaving, bleaching and printing of calicoes, have been attempted. But all have been in turn abandoned, though occasionally renewed by some new firm or private adventurer. Into the supposed causes of failure it is not here necessary to inquire. The manufacture of starch has survived several disasters.

The article British gum, which is now so extensively used by calico-printers, by makers-up of stationery, by the Government in postage-stamp making, and in various industrial arts, was first made at Chapelizod. Its origin and history are somewhat curious.

The use of potatoes in the starch factories excited the vehement opposition of the people, whose chief article of food was thus consumed and enhanced in price. These factories were several times assailed by angry multitudes, and on more than one occasion set on fire by means never discovered. The fires were not believed to have been always accidental.

On the fifth of September, 1821, George the Fourth, on his return to England from visiting Ireland, embarked at Dunleary harbour, near Dublin. On that occasion

the ancient Irish name of Dunleary was blotted out, and in honour of the royal visit that of Kingston was substituted. In the evening the citizens of Dublin sat late in taverns and at supper parties. Loyalty and punch abounded. In the midst of their revelry a cry of "fire" was heard. They ran to the streets, and some, following the glare and the cries, found the fire at a starch manufactory near Chapelizod. The stores not being of a nature to burn rapidly, were in great part saved from the fire, but they were so freely deluged with water, that the starch was washed away in streams ankle-deep over the roadways and lanes into the Liffey.

Next morning, one of the journeymen block-printers — whose employment was at the Palmerstown print-works, but who lodged at Chapelizod — woke with a parched throat and headache. He asked himself where he had been. He had been seeing the King away; drinking, with thousands more, Dunleary out of, and Kingston into, the map of Ireland. Presently, his confused memory brought him a vision of a fire: he had a thirsty sense of having been carrying buckets of water; of hearing the hissing of water on hot iron floors; of the clanking of engines, and shouts of people working the pumps; and of himself tumbling about with the rest of the mob, and rolling over one another in streams of liquefied wreck, running from the burning starch stores.

s, go inquire about the fire, find his shopmates, and see if it was to be a working day, or once again a drinking day. He tried to dress; but — a — hoo! — his clothes were gummed together. His coat had no entrance for his arms until the sleeves were picked open, bit by bit; what money he had left was glued into his pockets; his waistcoat was tightly buttoned up with — what? Had he been bathing with his clothes on, in a sea of gum-arabic — that costly article used in the print-works?

This man was not the only one whose clothes were saturated with gum. He and four of his shopmates held a consultation, and visited the wreck of the starch factory. In the roadway, the starch, which, in a hot, calcined state, had been watered by the fire-engines the night before, was now found by them lying in soft, gummy lumps. They took some of it home; they tested it in their trade; they bought starch at a chandler's shop, put it in a frying-pan, burned it to a lighter or darker brown, added water, and at last discovered themselves masters of an article, which, if not gum itself, seemed as suitable for their trade as gum-arabic, and at a fraction of the cost.

It was their own secret; and, could they have conducted their future proceedings as discreetly as they made their experiments, they might have realised fortunes, and had the merit of practically introducing an article of great

utility — one which has assisted in the fortune-making of some of the wealthiest firms in Lancashire (so long as they held it as a secret), and which now the Government of the British empire manufacture for themselves.

Its subsequent history is not less curious than that just related. Unfortunately for the operative block-printers, who discovered it, their share in its history is soon told.

It is said that six of them subscribed money to send one of their number to Manchester with samples of the new gum for sale; the reply which he received from dry-salters and the managers of print-works, was either that they would have nothing to do with his samples, or an admonition to go home for the present, and return when he was sober. His fellow-workmen, hearing of his non-success and fearing the escape of the secret, sent another of their number to his aid with more money. The two had no better success than the one. The remaining four, after a time, left their work at Dublin, and joined the two in Manchester. They now tried to sell their secret. Before this was effected, one died; two were imprisoned for a share in some drunken riots; and all were in extreme poverty. What the price paid for the secret was, is not likely to be revealed now. Part of it was spent in a passage to New Orleans, where it is supposed the discoverers of British gum did not long survive their arrival.

The secret was not at first worked with success. It passed from its original Lancashire possessor to a gentleman who succeeded in making the article of a sufficiently good quality; and at so low a price that it found a ready introduction in the print-works. But he could not produce it in large quantity without employing assistants, whom he feared to trust with a knowledge of a manufacture so simple and so profitable. In employing men to assist in some parts of the and shutting them out others, their curiosity, or jealousy, could not be restrained. On one or two occasions they caused the officers of Excise to break in upon him when he was burning his starch, under the allegation that he was engaged in illicit practices. His manufactory was broken into in the night by burglars, who only wanted to rob him of his secret. Once the place was maliciously burned down. Other difficulties, far too numerous for present detail, were encountered. Still, he produced the British gum in sufficient quantities for it to yield him a liberal income. At last, in a week of sickness, he was pressed by the head of a well-known firm of calico-printers for a supply. He got out of bed; went to his laboratory; had the fire kindled; put on his vessel of plate-iron; calcined his starch, added the water, observed the temperature; and all the while held conversation with his keen-eyed customer, whom he had un-

suspectingly allowed to be present. It is enough to say that this acute calico-printer never required any more British gum of the convalescent's making. Gradually the secret spread, although the original purchaser of it still retained a share of the manufacture.

When penny postage came into operation, it was at first doubtful whether adhesive labels could be made sufficiently good and law-priced, which would not have been the case with gum-arabic. British gum solved the difficulty; and the manufacturer made a contract with Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Heath, to supply it for the labels. In the second year of his contract, a rumour (alluded to in our article on Queen's Heads) was spread, that the adhesive matter on the postage stamps was a deleterious substance, made of the refuse of fish, and other disgusting materials. The great British gum secret was then spread far and wide. The public was extensively informed that the postage-label poison was made simply of — potatoes.

CHIPS.

PRIVILEGES OF THE FRENCH NOBILITY.

A RECENT decree of the President of the French Republic has restored their titles to the nobility of France; but, judging from the lion's share of power which the Restorer has taken for himself, it does not seem likely that the privileges enjoyed by that once highly favoured class are likely to be superadded, by way of making the titles of any real value. So much the better; for it must be confessed that those privileges were, according to all reasonable notions of liberty, tyrannically excessive both in number and degree. Happening to fall in with an unpublished document (copied about five years since from the Archives du Royaume") bearing upon the subject of "privileged nobility," we thought we might as well add this mite of information to the general stock.

It was not simply in the affairs of this world that privilege was claimed by and conceded to those of royal or noble lineage: their "great greatness" — as Jonathan Wild would have called it — could only be satisfied by spiritual as well as by temporal advantages. An amusing instance of the liberal view which the higher classes in France were in the habit of taking of the excesses of their royal masters, is given in the following anecdote related in the Mémoires de Dangeau.

On the 27th of September, 1693, Prince Philip, one of the "hopes" of France, suddenly departed this life, after having diversified his career by every vice that could deform it. A knot of courtiers were moralising on the event in one of the ante-chambers of Versailles, and expressing their

doubts of His Royal Highness's fitness for the celestial spheres, when they were interrupted by Madame la Maréchale de la Maillerayе, who, with an air of profound conviction, observed, with no wilful intention to utter blasphemy — "I assure you God thinks twice before he condemns persons of the Prince's quality."

These royal personages were also prepared for Heaven after a fashion of their own. In taking the Sacrament the Princes and the Princesses of the blood did not communicate with the common wafer such as the people swallowed, but had a kind manufactured for themselves; and the Memoirs above cited tell us that the Dauphine was once "put to much inconvenience" by having to wait, the priest who officiated having forgotten to prepare an exclusive wafer ("*hostie choisie*") for her use.

It seemed, indeed, as if these "exclusives" fancied they condescended in allowing themselves to be redeemed at all; and the Chanoine-Comtes of the Chapter of Saint John of Lyons were so impressed with their own dignity, that they actually refused to kneel during the celebration of mass and elevation of the host; and what was more extraordinary, were confirmed in this "privilege" (which Louis the Fourteenth abrogated) by an ecclesiastical decree. The Canonesses of Verdun joyed the same immunity uflexion, and wore their heads covered at the religious processions.

The Abbé de Pompadour, who, although a glergyman, was of the secular order, was of opinion that it would be as serviceable to his soul, as probably it was, if he said his prayers by deputy; he accordingly gave his valet extra wages to read his breviary for him in the ante-chamber, while he, most likely, was playing at cards in the *salon*. This pious Abbé died in 1710.

We could multiply anecdotes like the above, but our document awaits us. It is intituled, "Petition of the Dukes and Duchesses" (M. Mgrs. les Ducs et M. Mmes. les Duchesses) "to his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, Regent," and commences in the following (humble) strain: —

"MONSEIGNEUR, — So little respect is paid to us in public ('*dans le monde*'), that it is necessary we should have an express law enacted to replace us in our rights and privileges, with regard to the people, the inferior nobility, and the clergy. Who can be ignorant that the clergy are only allowed to be anything in the State, but because a certain number of Peers have not disdained the titles of Bishop and Archbishop? It is necessary that a bishop, at the least, should be the person to administer the sacrament to *us*. We alone have the right to carry cushions (to kneel upon '*carreaux*') to church. It is our privilege to receive the sacred bread bef any one else, no matter

who! If we go to a conventual church, we must be waited for at least half-an-hour, whenever we should happen to be detained. In the streets, all the other classes of nobility must give the right-hand side (*'le haut du pavé'*) to a peer, whether that peer be in a carriage or on horseback; and as to the coaches of people of the commonalty (*'gens de la roture'*), they must be obliged to draw up as we pass, however inconvenient it may happen to be.

"A peer and peeress occupy, as a matter of course, the back seat of the carriage; indeed, it is necessary that the law should restrain them from giving up their places, if moved to it by politeness or natural modesty. At table their healths ought to be drunk before those of the master and mistress of the house. At the theatre, they are to occupy the best boxes, and if these are filled on their arrival, those who are sitting there must immediately withdraw; any other arrangement, Monseigneur, would neither be *just* nor endurable. A peer has no occasion for fighting a duel with a private nobleman, even if it should happen that he has been well beaten by him (*'quand même il en aurait reçu des coups de bâton'*).

"No one can pretend to hold any place until it has been refused by the peers, the peers being so completely above the people, that they really are not called upon to their existence (*'les sont tellement au-dessus du peuple, qu'à peine ils doivent le connoître.'*) No workman or mechanic should be allowed to compel them by process of law (*les contraindre juridiquement*) to pay their debts. This sort of persons ought only to give them a polite intimation of the fact of their indebtedness (*les avertir honnêtement*), and the peers will satisfy them, if they think proper to do so (*s'ils le jugent à propos*).

"Finally, Monseigneur, on the same principle that a nobleman has not the right to draw his sword upon a duke; so the servants of noblemen cannot force those of dukes to make use of their fists in self-defence; and the latter should rather allow themselves to be thoroughly milled (*se laisserent plutôt rouer de coups*) than compromise the honour which they enjoy, of being in the service of their masters."

One would think that this "document" was the production of a *farçeur* who wished to raise a laugh against the pretensions of the "Ducs et Pairs;" but no such thing; it is a veritable State paper, taken from box K, of the Archives of France, in Paris, and so extracted, as we have already said, in the last year of the reign of Louis Philippe.

STILL ON THE WING.

TROT away, ye good and steady-footed steeds. On, Andrew, on, till the sea once more stops us. We are out again to

seek our fortune. With such a bright sun, and such a soft breeze, it is impossible to despond. The Eastern princes, who went out in search of the singing tree and the golden waters, did not come home without bringing back some pleasant results of travel with them; nor shall we

It is impossible to proceed far without observing, to the right and to the left, frequent "bals" displaying their respectable proportions. They are a little mysterious, like people of known good property, who keep the exact amount of it to themselves. They look "keenly," that is to say, *kindly* — [an expression, which is matched by the Germanism of a *friendly*-looking house] — especially those that have "pretty courses of ore," as far down as "the forty-fourth level" — "courses of ore," ninety feet "big." The beautiful bals! *They* pay dividends, and give crack dinners; and the man who doubts the healing virtue of a good dinner, is sunk into the lowest abyss of scepticism. Better bring one's savings to a good *bal*, than send them to friendly Pennsylvanian repudiators. Singular enough, that *bals* should give dinners; but the "pusser," or if you prefer it, the purser, would be wretched without them. Is it not clear that any one who can seriously and soberly find fault with the appearance of a bal, must be a soured and spiteful misanthrope, who does it through sheer envy? Why, the very crumbs from their table are worth picking. Depend upon it, the remains of the dinner would give us an excellent luncheon next day, if we could but hit upon the correct date. I am far from despising creature-comforts; and shall in future adapt new words to the beautiful glee: —

'Mine be a *bal* beside a hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear,
And *milky streams* adown the rill
With many a fall shall linger near."

"With many a fall shall linger near!" — The prosperous idea makes one quite vocal.

But a deep narrow valley receives us; an avenue of hills, with the Atlantic to close the perspective. We descend; we cross the little brook at the bottom; we mount again, in persevering pursuit of our wandering black birds. Not all the concentrated cunning of the *corvidæ* can save them when *man* has once set a determined foot upon their trail. We now are going to try the environs of the Logan Rock: and this is the village; a droll, crinkum-crankum, helter-skelter group of houses, over which might float a flag with the inscription, "THE WORLD'S END." No one would deny its propriety.

And now comes the inn; a tidy, comfortable looking snuggery, with clean white window-curtains, and a prepossessing appearance of well-aired beds, where a botanist, an artist, or a pen-and-ink gentleman, might put up for a week, and profitably pursue his studies in the neighbourhood. I

have only to observe further, that if the sign of this inn is an accurate representation of the Logan Rock, my curiosity is satisfied, and I do not care to see any more of it. Neither Stanfield, nor Turner, nor Copley Fielding, nor Martin, left *this* oil-painting in discharge for an unpaid score.

I must here remark, at the risk of letting loose a whole host of enterprising *dilettanti*, that Cornwall is exactly the subject for an artistic mind to grapple with. The special reason may be told in few words: at the same time that it contains great variety of detail, including objects suggestive of the deepest thought; while it is original, fresh, devoid of *conventional* picturesqueness, and is naturally, not artificially, romantic, it is neither so vast nor so wide spread as to be beyond the admirer's grasp. It is all perfectly comprehensible, perfectly reducible, both on canvas and in print.

There are in the world Immensities which defy art. Though they may not satisfy the imagination, they baffle the copyist, and perhaps, also, disgust by their monotony. Even in the heart of the Tyrol or of Savoy, scenery on a still grander scale is perfectly imaginable by the amateur, whose sketch-book and whose journal have long been cast aside, as useless incumbrances. It is after having been thus vanquished by the unbearable weight of Nature's magnificence, that the traveller, who is in search of something more than the mere excitement of wonder, is charmed to find a perfect whole, sufficient to delight, but insufficient to overpower him. Just such a spot is Cornwall. The artist there, escaped from the vast features of Continental landscapes, has exactly the feeling of a man who has long been burdened by the cares of a large house and establishment far beyond his means; and who finds himself at last, by a prudent *coup d'état*, the tenant of a pleasant cottage, with every comfort, and with no superfluities attached to it.

The "World's End" is behind us, and the fag-end of all things begins to promise well. We walk along the uppermost convexity o a rounded promontory, not utterly destitute of a little sheep's "meat." At last we descend amidst some granite rocks that have been carelessly tossed about on the slope of the declivity. Two guides, a senior and a junior, have not offered their services, but have joined company. Is not the wilderness free to all? Before us is a most exquisite pile of granite rocks, heaped together in pyramidal form: harmonious in colouring and perfect in arrangement; with patches of green grass, grey and yellow lichen, dark tufts of fern protruding from obscure crannies; with the purple sea and its white foam; and us, little things of men, groping about and displaying our littleness by contrast with the vast blocks of stone — altogether, it is one of the most

complete pictures I have ever seen. There is nothing out of place; nothing incongruous to spoil it.

What is that absurd noise? Looking back to the declivity already passed, we see a foolish dog giving chase and tongue to a rabbit he has started. Capital fun for the rabbit! In and out, between the massive lumps, his white tail flashes and dodges, till he thinks he has given the colly a sufficient breathing; then he is seen no more.

To the left, a narrow sheep-path winds round the outside of the pyramid, overhanging the sea. You will surely not go that way. — Why not? Where the sheep walks, there walk I. Why should there be more real danger for the man than for the quadruped? It is not reason which is the guide in such performances — it is nerve and instinct; a consciousness of ability to do it. I would not mind taking a high-spirited child to see the Logan Rock, being careful all the while never to slacken a firm grasp of the hand; but to the Land's End — not for the world! However, instead of this path, which is optional, we will thread the labyrinthine masses of the pile, more venerable and more ancient than the famous pyramids of Egypt.

We emerge. Before us is a hollow gully, easily passable. Directly opposite, facing you, is a sort of natural Cyclopean wall, all built with huge fragments of granite — nothing but granite all around — and on the top of the wall, quite at the edge, lies, amongst others, a rudely long-squared lump, with one of its ends, not the sides, towards us. That is THE LOGAN ROCK, or the Rocking Stone.

Man's very feebleness increases his own self-admiration, when he finds what feats he can nevertheless accomplish; which ought thence to rise to admiration of the Power who made him what he is. That such a creature should be able to measure the distance from hence to the sun, and weigh the planets respectively; that a being, sent into the world as naked and as helpless as a worm, should buffet with seas and storms, and find his way direct from England to the Antipodes; that a block of stone, of enormous weight, should yield to the cunningly-applied pressure of an animal who looks almost like a fly, ready to be crushed beneath its movement! — A man is assuredly delighted with himself to find that he can stir the Logan Rock.

We are silent in admiration. Not a sail is in view, not a shred of civilisation is to be perceived, and the primæval character of the scene overpowers the thoughts. We are gazing on a portion of Great Britain left just in the state in which it was before the first human inhabitant set foot upon the shore.

Our younger guide finds all this dull, and begins to get impatient, like a greyhound wanting to be let

slip. He was not, however, at all of the greyhound build; but a short, stout, healthy lad, of one or two-and-twenty, with a true good-humoured Cornish face, which, by the way, is quite distinct from our mixed Anglo-Normo-Romano-Saxon physiognomy. My companion correctly interpreted the restlessness, and supposed that though a corpulent person like myself might be in no hurry to scale the ramparts of the Logan Rock, I might still wish to see it moved.

At a word, down rushed our young Cornishman into the intervening hollow; up again at the other side to the foot of one end of the Cyclopean wall; up again, hop, skip, and jump, leaping in mid air from ledge to ledge with fearless agility. A slight pause at the foot of *the* Logan; then, clapping his shoulder to its lowest edge, and planting his feet firmly on an opposite block, he began to heave, and heave. A slight tremor in the mass was first observable; then, as he began to grow red in the face with the exertion, a very visible rolling of the Logan to and fro was apparent, which looked as if it would increase till it overbalanced itself—possibly on his side.

"Enough!" we shouted; "that will do for the present." Then, rising from his almost horizontal position, he stepped back half a pace, and with a spri by the aid of hands and feet, mounted the Logan itself, and stood perched and upright on the very top, before it had hardly ceased its quivering.

"Bravo!—Admirable!—Hurra! hurra! — Very good, indeed, young tin-man!"

Our adventurer (as critics would say) looks around him a moment or two, as careless as a crow roosting on a tree-top, and then dashes down the rugged steep as fast as the laws of gravity aid him in so doing. He reaches the bottom of the hollow safely, and in a minute more stands panting at our side.

My companion had been painfully overcome by terror at the performance; but was reassured, by information from our Nestorian friend, that the performer, during a considerable part of the year, practised the profession of a sailor, and was no stranger to the topmast, and those other parts of a ship's rigging wherein it is so pleasant to take the air.

Nestor is asked if he could do that. Nestor shakes his head, to intimate that *his* dancing days are over; but, if we wish it, the other one will do it again, instead. Again, then, let us see the mighty mass roll on its side. The will was as good as ever, and the feat was executed. But there are some things which it is not possible for a man to perform perfectly more than once or twice in the day. It was like asking Carlotta Grisi, at the conclusion of a brilliant and long-continued coruscation of her many-twinkling feet, immediately to repeat the same air, with variations. Our

young friend did his best; but the bound and the spring of his former flight were wanting. It revealed one thing, however, which much diminished our fears for his safety: that what we deemed a rash improvisation, was, in fact, a practised, well-arranged succession of movements; every step, and stride and leap being the same, at the same spot as before. Other people do contrive to get to the summit of the Logan Rock; but most of them do it very clumsily. Nothing but a course of gymnastic lessons from a resident professor would enable an amateur to acquit himself creditably.

"'T is an enormous thing for one man to stir. *Thirty*-six tons, you say, it weighs? Why, Murray's Hand-Book calculates it at *eighty*-six."

"Murray is right, Sir, though I don't know the gentleman; I said *airty*-six. And yet that foolish Lieutenant managed to upset it."

And then Nestor gave us a yarn: — How a gentleman in the British navy, having heard the popular belief that the Logan Rock, though moveable, was not displaceable, determined to capsize it. How he came with his crew, unobserved as he thought, and departed with the proud consciousness of having destroyed one of the most remarkable natural curiosities in Great Britain. How the whole country was in an uproar, and would have pelted the gang of brigands with Logan Rocks, if possible. How the Admiralty quietly ordered their smart Lieutenant to replace the Logan Rock as it was before, on pain of losing his commission. How the guides looked on and grinned, while the sulky, shame-faced sailors were straining away at their machinery. How at last they got it back again, though even now, they say, it does not rock quite so beautifully as before. The Lieutenant had had enough of it before he had done. It was an excellent lesson to those gentry who take mischief for wit; who believe lamp-breaking to be a highly intellectual amusement; and who would glory in having executed a brilliant sally, by decapitating the Dying Gladiator, breaking the legs of Apollo Belvidere, or knocking off the Venus de Medici's nose.

The printed accounts of this honourable exploit read as if our naval iconoclast had thrown the Logan Rock down, from the summit of what I have called the Cyclopean wall, into the hollow beneath it. Such was not the case; had it been so, he would have had considerably more difficulty in settling his accounts with the Admiralty. He merely turned it over on one side: but that was enough to destroy its character. There it lay, a poor, prostrate, defunct Rocking Stone: the bread was snatched out of the Guides' mouth and the inn, in spite of its then historical sign, might shut up shop.

Nestor is intelligent and obli-

ging, though utterly free from toadyism — a disreputable habit which I never once witnessed among the working people of Cornwall. Nestor thinks I should like a well-rooted specimen of *Asplenium marinum* — pronouncing the name accurately — to take home; and procures one from a chink in the granite. While accepting the fern, I thank him for this attention, and whisper in his ear that there is one thing I do long for and earnestly desire, and that is, to see, and to procure, a pair of live Cornish daws — those charming birds with the red legs and bill. Nestor ruminates; — would if he could, but there are no daws here at present. I must search elsewhere; and I am once more thrown on the flat of my back almost despondingly. We retire, gratified confessedly; but with at least one craving of the heart unsatisfied.

Look! what a state my gloves are in, from holding on so tight your tiresome rocks! A blind man would say he was handling a mountain of nutmeg-graters.

Your gloves, indeed! What a thing to think about in such a spot! Think, rather, of the hundreds and hundreds of miserable wretches who have looked up from those waters to these very rocks, in desperate hope of climbing them; who have grasped some jutting point with their naked flesh, all torn and bleeding, till strength failed and the wave drew them back to bury them in the deep.

You remember the little islet we saw at the Land's End, off Cape Cornwall? Not long since, a man and his wife, shipwrecked there, managed to crawl up to one of its ledges, beyond the reach of the breakers. They were seen by the people on the mainland, but no boat could reach them. The storm continued to rage, and no assistance could be afforded, — pity only. There they sat on that rocky islet, night and day — cold, wet, unsheltered, and starving. The weather subsided a little, and a few bold men determined to rescue them, if possible. A boat was launched: they rowed to the rock as near as they dared without being dashed to pieces; a rope was thrown to them, to tie round them and be dragged to the boat through the sea. The woman hesitated; but it was the only chance, and she was persuaded. One last embrace, one parting kiss, and she made the plunge. She was got into the boat alive, and that was all. The rope was thrown to the man, and he, too, was thus dragged into the boat. But the suffering and the shock were too much for his partner; she died almost immediately. He was safely landed, and kindly treated; but went mad.

We will bid good-bye to the Logan Rock with a less doleful recollection. Some dozen years ago a French vessel was wrecked near this famous stone. The crew were all saved — which vindicates the character of the present Cornish from the old charge of cruelty as wreckers; but property

was not then so carefully looked after by the Coast-Guard as now; and a great deal of Champagne came ashore, and was dispersed in the neighbourhood. The people seemed to regard it as a superior sort of ginger-pop, and to be ignorant of its intoxicating properties; so that, without the least suspicion on their part, they were kept in a constant state of excitement for some weeks. So long as it lasted, a bottle of Champagne could easily be had by any lion-hunting tourist who had penetrated so far.

And what am I to do about my Cornish Choughs, now? I don't know; I never was more at a loss in my life. Day after day, and can't catch sight of a tip of a wing. Have them I must; but whether I am lucky enough to track them in their British home, or to find them amongst the peaks of the Tyrol or along the shores of the Bay of Biscay, my friends shall be sure to hear of it.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XV.

ROGER MORTIMER, the Queen's lover (who escaped to France in the last chapter), was far from profiting by the examples he had had of the fate of favourites. Having, though the Queen's influence, come into possession of the estates of the two Despensers, extremely proud and ambitious, and sought to be the real ruler of England. The young King, who was crowned at fourteen years of age with all the usual solemnities, resolved not to bear this, and soon pursued Mortimer to his ruin.

The people themselves were not fond of Mortimer — first, because he was a Royal favourite; secondly, because he was supposed to have helped to make a peace with Scotland, which now took place, and in virtue of which the young King's sister Joan, only seven years old, was promised in marriage to David, the son and heir of Robert Bruce, who was only five years old. The nobles hated Mortimer because of his pride, riches, and power. They went so far as to take up arms against him; but were obliged to submit. The Earl of Kent, one of those who did so, but who afterwards went over to Mortimer and the Queen, was made an example of in the following cruel manner:

He seems to have been anything but a wise old earl; and he was persuaded by the agents of the favourite and the Queen, that poor King Edward the Second was not really dead; and thus was betrayed into writing letters favouring his rightful claim to the throne. This was made out to be high treason, and he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed. They took the poor old lord outside the town of Winchester, and there kept him waiting some three or four hours until they could find somebody to cut

off his head. At last, a convict said he would do it, if the government would pardon him in return; and they gave him the pardon; and at one blow he put the Earl of Kent out of his last suspense.

While the Queen was in France, she had found a lovely and good young lady, named Philippa, who she thought would make an excellent wife for her son. The young King married this lady, soon after he came to the throne; and her first child, Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards became celebrated, as we shall presently see, under the famous title of EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

The young King, thinking the time ripe for the downfall of Mortimer, took counsel with Lord Montacute how he should proceed. A Parliament was going to be held at Nottingham, and that lord recommended that the favourite should be seized by night in Nottingham Castle, where he was sure to be. Now, this, like many other things, was more easily said than done; because, to guard against treachery, the great gates of the Castle were locked every night, and the great keys were carried upstairs to the Queen, who laid them under her own pillow. But the Castle had a governor, and, the governor being Lord Montacute's friend, confided to him how he knew of a secret passage underground, hidden from observation by the weeds and brambles with which it was overgrown; and how, through that passage, the conspirators might enter in the dead of night, and go straight to Mortimer's room. Accordingly, upon a certain dark night, at midnight, they made their way through this dismal place: startling the rats, and frightening the owls and bats: and came safely to the bottom of the main tower of the Castle, where the King met them, and took them up a profoundly-dark staircase in a deep silence. They soon heard the voice of Mortimer in council with some friends; and bursting into the room with a sudden noise, took him prisoner. The Queen cried out from her bedchamber, "Oh, my sweet son, my dear son, spare my gentle Mortimer!" They carried him off, however; and, before the next Parliament, accused him of having made differences between the young King and his mother, and of having brought about the death of the Earl of Kent, and even of the late King; for, as you know by this time, when they wanted to get rid of a man in those old days, they were not very particular of what they accused him. Mortimer was found guilty of all this, and was sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn. The King shut his mother up in a genteel confinement, where she passed the rest of her life; and now he became King in earnest.

The first effort he made was to conquer Scotland. The English lords who had lands in Scotland, finding that their rights were not respected under the late peace, made war on their own account:

choosing for their general, Edward, the son of John Baliol, who made such a vigorous fight, that in less than two months he won the whole Scottish Kingdom. He was joined, when thus triumphant, by the King and Parliament; and he and the King in person besieged the Scottish forces in Berwick. The whole Scottish army coming to the assistance of their countrymen, such a furious battle ensued, that thirty thousand men are said to have been killed in it. Baliol was then crowned King of Scotland, doing homage to the King of England; but little came of his successes after all, for the Scottish men rose against him, within no very long time, and David Bruce came back within ten years and took his kingdom.

France was a far richer country than Scotland, and the King had a much greater mind to conquer it. So, he let Scotland alone, and pretended that he had a claim to the French throne in right of his mother. He had, in reality, no claim at all; but that mattered little in those times. He brought over to his cause many little princes and sovereigns, and even courted the alliance of the people of Flanders — a busy, working community, who had very small respect for kings, and whose head man was a brewer. With such forces as he raised by these means, Edward invaded France; but he did little by that, except run into debt in carrying on the to the extent of three hundred d pounds. The next year he did better; gaining a great sea-fight in the harbour of Sluys. This success, however, was very short-lived, for the Flemings took fright at the siege of Saint Omer and ran away, leaving their weapons and baggage behind them. Philip, the French King, coming up with his army, and Edward being very anxious to decide the war, proposed to settle the difference by single combat with him, or by a fight of one hundred knights on each side. The French King said, he thanked him; but being very well as he was, he would rather not. So, after some skirmishing and talking, a short peace was made.

It was soon broken by King Edward's favouring the cause of John, Earl of Montford; a French nobleman, who asserted a claim of his own against the French King, and offered to do homage to England for the Crown of France, if he could obtain it through England's help. This French lord, himself, was soon defeated by the French King's son, and shut up in a tower in Paris; but his wife, a courageous and beautiful woman, who is said to have had the courage of a man, and the heart of a lion, assembled the people of Brittany, where she then was; and, showing them her infant son, made many pathetic entreaties to them not to desert her and their young Lord. They took fire at this appeal, and rallied around her in the strong castle of Hennebon. Here she was not only besieged without by

the French under Charles de Blois, but was endangered within by a dreary old bishop, who was always representing to the people what horrors they must undergo if they were faithful — first from famine, and afterwards from fire and sword. But this noble lady, whose heart never failed her, encouraged her soldiers by her own example; went from post to post like a great general; even mounted on horseback fully armed, and, issuing from the castle by a bye-path, fell upon the French camp, set fire to the tents, and threw the whole force into disorder. This done, she got safely back to Hennebon again, and was received with loud shouts of joy by the defenders of the castle, who had given her up for lost. As they were now very short of provisions, however, and as they could not dine off enthusiasm, and as the old bishop was always saying, "I told you what it would come to!" they began to lose heart, and to talk of yielding the castle up. The brave Countess retiring to an upper room and looking with great grief out to sea, where she expected relief from England, saw, at this very time, the English ships in the distance, and was relieved and rescued! Sir Walter Manny, the English commander, so admired her courage, that, being come into the castle with the English knights, and having made a feast there, he assaulted the French by way of dessert, and beat them off triumphantly. Then he and the knights came back to the castle with great joy; and the Countess, who had watched them from a high tower, thanked them with all her heart, and kissed them every one.

This noble lady distinguished herself afterwards in a sea-fight with the French of Guernsey, when she was on her way to England to ask for more troops. Her great spirit roused another lady, the wife of another French lord (whom the French King very barbarously murdered), to distinguish herself scarcely less. The time was fast coming, however, when Edward, Prince of Wales, was to be the great star of this French and English war.

It was in the month of July in the year one thousand three hundred and forty-six, when the King embarked at Southampton for France, with an army of about thirty thousand men in all, attended by the Prince of Wales and by several of the chief nobles. He landed at La Hogue in Normandy; and, burning and destroying as he went, according to custom, advanced up the left bank of the River Seine, and fired the small towns even close to Paris; but, being watched from the right bank of the river by the French King and all his army, it came to this at last, that Edward found himself, on Saturday the twenty-sixth of August one thousand three hundred and forty-six, on a rising ground behind the little French village of Crecy, face to face with the French

King's force. And, although the French King had an enormous army — in number more than eight times his — he there resolved to beat him or be beaten.

The young Prince, assisted by the Earl of Oxford and the Earl of Warwick, led the first division of the English army; two other great Earls led the second; and the King, the third. When the morning dawned, the King received the sacrament, and heard prayers, and then, mounted on horseback with a white wand in his hand, rode from company to company, and rank to rank, cheering and encouraging both officers and men. Then the whole army breakfasted, each man sitting on the ground where he had stood; and then they remained quietly on the ground with their weapons ready.

Up came the French king with all his great force. It was dark and angry weather; there was an eclipse of the sun; there was a thunder-storm, accompanied with tremendous rain; the frightened birds flew screaming above the soldiers' heads. A certain captain in the French army advised the French King, who was by no means cheerful, not to begin the battle until the morrow. The King, taking this advice, gave the word to halt. But, those behind not understanding it, or desiring to be foremost with the rest, came pressing on. The roads for a great distance were covered with this immense army, and with the common people from the villages, who were flourishing their rude weapons, and making a great noise. Owing to these circumstances, the French army advanced in the greatest confusion; every French lord doing what he liked with his own men, and putting out the men of every other French lord.

Now, their King relied strongly upon a great body of cross-bowmen from Genoa; and these he ordered to the front to begin the battle, on finding that he could not stop it. They shouted once, they shouted twice, they shouted three times, to alarm the English archers; but, the English archers would have heard them shout three thousand times and would have never moved. At last the cross-bowmen went forward a little, and began to discharge their bolts; upon which, the English let fly such a hail of arrows, that the Genoese speedily made off — for their cross-bows, besides being heavy to carry, required to be wound up with a handle, and consequently took time to re-load; the English, on the other hand, could discharge their arrows almost as fast as the arrows could fly.

When the French King saw the Genoese turning, he cried out to his men to kill those scoundrels, who were doing harm instead of service. This increased the confusion. Meanwhile the English archers, continuing to shoot as fast as ever, shot down great numbers of the French soldiers and knights; whom certain sly

Cornish-men and Welchmen, from the English army, creeping along the ground, despatched with great knives. The Prince and his division were at this time so hard-pressed, that the Earl of Warwick sent a message to the King, who was overlooking the battle from a windmill, beseeching him to send more aid. "Is my son killed?" said the King. "No, Sire, please God," returned the messenger. "Is he wounded?" said the King? "No, Sire." "Is he thrown to the ground?" said the king. "No, Sire, not so; but, he is very hard-pressed." "Then," said the King, "go back to those who sent you, and tell them that I shall send no aid; because I set my heart upon my son proving himself this day a brave knight, and because I am resolved, please God, that the honour of a great victory shall be his!" These bold words, being reported to the Prince and his division, so raised their spirits, that they fought better than ever. The King of France charged gallantly with his men many times; but it was of no use. Night closing in, his horse was killed under him by an English arrow, and the knights and nobles who had clustered thick about him early in the day, were now completely scattered. At last, some of his few remaining followers led him off the field by force, since he would not retire of himself, and they journeyed away to Amiens. The victorous English, lighting their watch-fires, made merry on the field, and the King, riding to meet his gallant son, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him that he had acted nobly, and proved himself worthy of the day and of the crown. While it was yet night, King Edward was hardly aware of the great victory he had gained; but, next day, it was discovered that eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand common men, lay dead upon the French side. Among these was the King of Bohemia, an old blind man; who, having been told that his son was wounded in the battle, and that no force could stand against the Black Prince, called to him two knights, put himself on horseback between them, fastened the three bridles together, and dashed in among the English, where he was presently slain. He bore as his crest three white ostrich feathers, with the motto *Ich dien*, signifying in English "I serve." This crest and motto were taken by the Prince of Wales in remembrance of that famous day, and have been borne by the Prince of Wales ever since.

Five days after this great battle, the King laid siege to Calais. This siege — ever afterwards memorable — lasted nearly a year. In order to starve the inhabitants out, King Edward built so many wooden houses for the lodgings of his troops, that it is said their quarters looked like a second Calais suddenly sprung up around the first. Early in the siege, the governor of the town drove out

what he called the useless mouths, to the number of seventeen hundred persons, men and women, young and old. King Edward allowed them to pass through his lines, and even fed them, and dismissed them with money; but, later in the siege, he was not so merciful — five hundred more, who were afterwards driven out, dying of starvation and misery. The garrison were so hard pressed at last, that they sent a letter to King Philip, telling him that they had eaten all the horses, all the dogs, and all the rats and mice that could be found in the place; and, that if he did not relieve them, they must either surrender to the English, or eat one another. Philip made one effort to give them relief; but they were so hemmed in by the English power, that he could not succeed, and was fain to leave the place. Upon this they hoisted the English flag and surrendered to King Edward. "Tell your general," said he to the humble messengers who came out of the town, "that I require to have sent here, six of the most distinguished citizens, barelegged, and in their shirts, with ropes about their necks; and let those six men bring with them the keys of the castle and the town."

When the Governor of Calais related this to the people in the Market-place, there was great weeping and distress; in the midst of which, one worthy citizen, named Eustace de Saint Pierre, rose and said, that if the six men required were not sacrificed, the whole population would be; therefore, he offered himself as the first. Encouraged by this bright example, five other worthy citizens rose up one after another, and offered themselves to save the rest. The Governor, who was too badly wounded to be able to walk, mounted a poor old horse that had not been eaten, and conducted these good men to the gate, while all the people cried and mourned.

Edward received them wrathfully, and ordered the heads of the whole six to be struck off. Sir Walter Manny pleaded for them, but in vain. However, the good Queen fell upon her knees, and besought the King to give them up to her. The King replied, "I wish you had been somewhere else; but I cannot refuse you." So she had them properly dressed, made a feast for them, and sent them back with a handsome present, to the great rejoicing of the whole camp. I hope the people of Calais loved the daughter to whom she gave birth soon afterwards, for her gentle mother's sake.

Now, came that terrible disease, the Plague, into Europe, hurrying from the heart of China; and killed the wretched people — especially the poor — in such enormous numbers, that one-half of the inhabitants of England are related to have died of it. It killed the cattle, in great numbers, too; and so few working men re-

mained alive, that there were not enough left to till the ground.

After eight years of differing and quarrelling, the Prince of Wales again invaded France with an army of sixty thousand men. He went through the south of the country, burning and plundering wheresoever he went; while his father, who had still the Scottish war upon his hands, did the like in Scotland, but was harassed and worried in his retreat from that country by the Scottish men, who repaid his cruelties with interest.

The French King, Philip, was now dead, and was succeeded by his son John. The Black Prince, called by that name from the colour of the armour he wore to set off his fair complexion, continuing to burn and destroy in France, roused John into determined opposition; and so cruel had the Black Prince been in his campaign, and so severely had the French peasants suffered, that he could not find one who, for love, or money, or the fear of death, would tell him what the French King was doing, or where he was. Thus it happened that he came upon the French King's forces, all of a sudden, near the town of Poictiers, and found that the whole neighbouring country was occupied by a vast French army. "God help us!" said the Black Prince, "we must make the best of it."

So, on a Sunday morning, the eighteenth of September, the Prince — whose army was now reduced to ten thousand men in all — prepared to give battle to the French King, who had sixty thousand horse alone. While he was so engaged, there came riding from the French camp, a Cardinal, who had persuaded John to let him offer terms, and try to save the shedding of Christian blood. "Save my honour," said the Prince to this good priest, "and save the honour of my army, and I will make any reasonable terms." He offered to give up all the towns, castles, and prisoners he had taken, and to swear to make no war in France for seven years; but, as Philip would hear of nothing but his surrender, with a hundred of his chief knights, the treaty was broken off, and the Prince said, quietly — "God defend the right; we shall fight to-morrow."

Therefore, on the Monday morning, at break of day, the two armies prepared for battle. The English were posted in a strong place, which could only be approached by one narrow lane, skirted by hedges on both sides. The French attacked them by this lane; but were so galled and slain by English arrows from behind the hedges, that they were forced to retreat. Then, went six hundred English bowmen round about, and, coming upon the rear of the French army, rained arrows on them thick and fast. The French knights, thrown into confusion, quitted their banners and dispersed in all directions. Said Sir John Chandos to the Prince, "Ride forward, noble

Prince, and the day is yours. The King of France is so valiant a gentleman, that I know he will never fly, and may be taken prisoner." Said the Prince to this, "Advance English banners, in the name of God and St. George!" and on they pressed until they came up with the French King, fighting fiercely with his battle-axe, and, when all his nobles had forsaken him, attended faithfully to the last by his youngest son Philip, only sixteen years of age. Father and son fought well, and the King had already two wounds in his face, and had been beaten down, when he at last delivered himself to a banished French Knight, and gave him his right-hand glove in token that he had done so.

The Black Prince was generous as well as brave, and he invited his royal prisoner to supper in his tent, and waited upon him at table, and, when they afterwards rode into London in a gorgeous procession, mounted the French King on a fine cream-coloured horse, and rode at his side on a little pony. This was all very kind, but I think it was, perhaps, a little theatrical too, and has been made more meritorious than it deserved to be; especially as I am inclined to think that the greatest kindness to the King of France would have been not to have shown him to the people at all. However, it must be said, for these acts of politeness, that, in course of time, they did much to soften the horrors of war and the passions of conquerors. It was a long, long time before the common soldiers began to have the benefit of such courtly deeds; but they did at last; and thus it is possible that a poor soldier who asked for quarter at the battle of Waterloo, or any other such great fight, may have owed his life indirectly to Edward the Black Prince.

At this time there stood in the Strand, in London, a palace called the Savoy, which was given up to the captive King of France and his son for their residence. As the King of Scotland had now been King Edward's captive for eleven years too, his success was, at this time, tolerably complete. The Scottish business was settled by the prisoner being released under the title of Sir David, King of Scotland, and by his engaging to pay a large ransom. The state of France encouraged England to propose harder terms to that country, where the people rose against the unspeakable cruelty and barbarity of its nobles; where the nobles rose in their turn against the people; where the most frightful outrages were committed on all sides; and where this insurrection of the peasants, called the insurrection of the Jacquerie, from Jacques, a common Christian name among the country people of France, awakened terrors and hatreds that have scarcely yet passed away. A treaty called the Great Peace, was at last signed, under which King Edward agreed to give up the greater part of his conquests, and

King John to pay, within six years, a ransom of three million crowns of gold. He was so beset by his own nobles and courtiers for having yielded to these conditions — though they could help him to no better — that he came back of his own will to his old palace-prison of the Savoy, and there died.

There was a Sovereign of Castile at that time, called PEDRO THE CRUEL, who deserved the name remarkably well: having committed, among other cruelties, a variety of murders. This amiable monarch being driven from his throne for his crimes, went to the province of Bourdeaux, where the Black Prince — now married to his cousin JOAN, a pretty widow — was residing, and besought his help. The Prince, who took to him much more kindly than a prince of such fame ought to have taken to such a ruffian, readily listened to his fair promises, and, agreeing to help him, sent secret orders to some troublesome disbanded soldiers of his and his father's, who called themselves the Free Companions, and who had been a pest to the French people for some time, to aid this Pedro. The Prince, himself, going into Spain to head the army of relief, soon set Pedro on his throne again — where he no sooner found himself, than, of course, he behaved like the villain he was, broke his word without the least shame, and abandoned all the promises he had made to the Black Prince.

Now, it had cost the Prince a good deal of money to pay soldiers to support this murderous King; and finding himself, when he came back disgusted to Bourdeaux, not only in bad health, but deeply in debt, he began to tax his French subjects to pay his creditors. They appealed to the French King, CHARLES; war again broke out; and the French town of Limoges, which the Prince had greatly benefited, went over to the French King. Upon this he ravaged the province of which it was the capital; burnt, and plundered, and killed, in the old sickening way; and refused mercy to the prisoners, men, women, and children taken in the offending town, though he was so ill and so much in need of pity himself from Heaven, that he was carried in a litter. He lived to come home and make himself popular with the people and parliament, and he died on Trinity Sunday, the eighth of June, one thousand three hundred and seventy-six, at forty-six years old.

The whole nation mourned for him as one of the most renowned and beloved princes it had ever had; and he was buried with great lamentations in Canterbury Cathedral. Near to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, his monument, with his figure, carved in stone, and represented in the old black armour, lying on its back, may be seen at this day, with an ancient coat of mail, a helmet, and a pair of gauntlets hanging from a beam above it, which most

people like to believe were once worn by the Black Prince.

King Edward did not outlive his renowned son, long. He was old, and one Alice Perrers, a beautiful lady, had contrived to make him so fond of her in his old age, that he could refuse her nothing, and made himself ridiculous. She little deserved his love, or — what I dare say she valued a great deal more — the jewels of the late Queen, which he gave her among other rich presents. She took the very ring from his finger on the morning of the day when he died, and left him to be pillaged by his faithless servants. Only one good priest was true to him, and attended him to the last.

Besides being famous for the great victories I have related, the reign of King Edward the Third was rendered memorable in better ways, by the growth of architecture and the erection of Windsor Castle. In better ways still, by the rising up of WICKLIFFE, originally a poor parish priest: who devoted himself to exposing, with wonderful power and success, the ambition and corruption of the Pope, and of the whole church of which he was the head.

Some of those Flemings were induced to come to England in this reign too, and to settle in Norfolk, where they made better woollen cloths than the English had ever had before. The Order of the Garter (a very fine thing in but hardly so important clothes for the nation), also dates from this period. The King is said to have picked up a lady's garter at a ball, and to have said, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* — in English, "Evil be to him who evil thinks of it." The courtiers were usually glad to imitate what the King said or did, and hence from a slight incident the Order of the Garter was instituted, and became a great dignity.

THE HARVEST OF GOLD.

THREE years ago, one Mr. Smith, a gentleman engaged in iron-works in Australia, made his appearance at the Government House, Sydney, with a lump of gold. He offered, for a large sum of money, to point out where he had got it, and where more was to be found in abundance. The Government, however, thinking that this might be no more than a device, and that the lump produced might, in reality, have come from California, declined to buy a gold field in the dark, but advised Mr. Smith to unfold his tale, and leave his payment to the liberality of Government. This Mr. Smith refused to do, and there the matter ended.

On the third of April, 1851, Mr. Hargraves, who had recently returned from California, addressed the Government, stating that the result of his experience in that country had led him to expect gold in Australia; that the results of his exploring had been

highly satisfactory; and that for the sum of five hundred pounds he would point out the precious districts. The same answer was returned that had disposed of Mr. Smith, but with an opposite effect; for Mr. Hargraves declaring himself "satisfied to leave the remuneration for his discovery to the liberal consideration of the Government," at once named the districts, which were Lewis Ponds, Summer-Hill Creek, and Macquarie River, in Bathurst and Wellington — the present Ophir. Mr. Hargraves was directed to place himself at once in communication with the Government Surveyor.

Meantime, the news began to be whispered about. A man who appeared in Bathurst with a lump of gold worth thirty pounds, which he had picked up, created a great sensation, and numbers hastened to see whether they could not do likewise. The Commissioner of Crown Lands became alarmed. He warned all those who had commenced their search, of the illegality of their proceedings, and made earnest application for efficient assistance, imagining that the doings in California were to be repeated in Bathurst, and that pillage and murder were to be the order of the day. The Government immediately took active measures for the maintenance of order. Troops were despatched to the Gold fields, and the Inspector-General of Police received a discretionary power to employ what force he thought proper.

Great was the excitement in Sydney upon the confirmation of all this intelligence. Hasty partings, deserted desks, and closed shops, multiplied in number. Every imaginable mode of conveyance was resorted to, and hundreds set off on foot.

On the fourteenth of May, the Government Surveyor reported that in communication with Mr. Hargraves, he had visited the before-mentioned districts, and after three hours' examination, "had seen quite enough:" — gold was everywhere plentiful.

A Proclamation was at once issued, forbidding any person to dig without a license, setting forth divers pains and penalties for disobedience. Licenses were to be obtained upon the spot, at the rate of thirty shillings per month, liable to future alteration. No licenses were granted to any one who could not produce a certificate of discharge from his last service, or otherwise give a satisfactory account of himself; and the descriptions of such as were refused were registered. A small body of mounted police were at the same time organised, who were paid at the somewhat curious rate of three shillings and threepence per day, with rations, and lodgings when they could be procured. Fortunately, there was no attempt at disturbance, for the Governor in a despatch states, "that the rush of people (most of them armed) was so great, that had they been disposed to resist, the whole of the troops and police

would have been unable to cope with them." The licenses, too, were all cheerfully paid for, either in coin or gold.

On the third of June, Mr. Hargraves (who, in the meantime, had received a responsible appointment) underwent an examination before the Legislative Council, when he stated that he was led to search in the neighbourhood of Bathurst, by observing the similarity of the country to California. He found gold as soon as he dismounted. He found it everywhere; rode from the head of the Turon River to its confluence with the Macquarie, about one hundred miles; found gold over the whole extent; afterwards found it all along the Macquarie. "Bathurst," observed Mr. Hargraves, "is the most extraordinary place I ever saw. Gold is actually found lying on the ground, close to the surface." And Mr. Commissioner Green, two days afterwards, reported, that "gold was found in every pan of earth taken up."

But the most important event connected with these discoveries, and which is without parallel in the world's history, remains to be told.

On the sixteenth of July, The Bathurst Free Press, commenced a leader with the following passage: —

"Bathurst is mad again! The delirium of golden fever has returned with increased intensity. Men meet together, stare stupidly one another, and wonder what will happen next. Everybody has a hundred times seen a hundredweight of flour. A hundred-weight of sugar is an every-day fact; but a hundred-weight of gold is a phrase scarcely known in the English language. It is beyond the range of our ordinary ideas; a sort of physical incomprehensibility; but that it is a material existence, our own eyes bore witness." Now for the facts.

On Sunday, eleventh July, it was whispered about in Sydney, that a Dr. Kerr had found a hundred-weight of gold! Few believed it. It was thought a capital joke. Monday arrived, and all doubts were dispelled; for at midday a tandem, drawn by two greys, drew up in front of the Free Press Office. Two immense lumps of virgin gold were displayed in the body of the vehicle; and being freely handed round to a quickly assembled crowd, created feelings of wonder, incredulity, and admiration, which were increased, when a large tin box was pointed to, as containing the remainder of the hundredweight of gold. The whole was at once lodged at the Union Bank of Australia, where the process of weighing took place in the presence of a party of gentlemen, including the lucky owner and the manager of the bank. The entire mass weighed about three hundred pounds, which yielded one hundred and six pounds of pure gold, valued at four thousand pounds. This magnificent mass was accidentally discovered by an

educated aboriginal in the service of Dr. Kerr; who, while keeping his master's sheep, had his attention attracted to something shining on a block of quartz, and breaking off a portion with his tomahawk, this hitherto hidden treasure stared him in the face. The lump was purchased by Messrs. Thacker and Company, of Sydney, and consigned to an eminent firm in London.

Meanwhile, the Commissioner reported a gold field many miles in extent, north-east of Bathurst, adding that it would afford employment for five thousand persons, the average gain of each person being *then* one pound per day; while provisions, which at one time had been enormously high, owing to the cupidity of speculators, had fallen so low, that the sum of ten shillings a week was quite sufficient for one individual's subsistence. The Reports from the other Commissioners were equally favourable; and it is gratifying to find that they all spoke in the highest terms of the orderly and exemplary conduct of the diggers.

Since the discoveries in the neighbourhood of Sydney, there have been found, in South Australia, large tracts of country, abounding in gold, only sixteen miles from Melbourne. The most recent accounts (December 15, 1851) from these regions are of a most astounding character. In the first week in December nearly fifty thousand pounds value in gold was brought into Melbourne and Geelong. The amount would have been greater but for want of conveyance. "To find quartz," says the Australian and New Zealand Gazette, "is to find gold. It is found thirty-two feet from the surface in plenty. Gold is actually oozing from the earth." Nuggets of gold, from fourteen ounces to twenty-seven pounds, are to be found in abundance. A single quartz "nugget," found in Louisa creek, sold for one thousand one hundred and fifty-five pounds. The Alert was on her way home with one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling in gold, and two other vessels with similar rich cargoes.

Every town and village were becoming gradually deserted. "Those who remain behind to mind the flocks demand such wages, that farming will not long pay. Labour is in such demand that anybody with a pair of hands can readily command thirty-five shillings per week, with board and lodging." The Government Commissioners had given in their unanimous report, that the gold fields were already so extensive as to afford remunerative employment for one hundred thousand persons. In conclusion, the last advices describe the excitement as so intense that fears were entertained that sufficient hands would not be left to get in the standing crops.

Every week the number multiplies, of gold-seekers' colonies planted about streams in Australia; at all, the conduct of the

diggers is exemplary. Most of them cease from labour on the Sunday, and spend that day as they would spend it if they were in town. The first keg of spirits taken into an Australian gold field had its head punched out by the miners; and Government has since assisted them in the endeavour to repress the use of stronger stimulants than wine or beer. Where every member of the community possesses more or less of the great object of desire; where stolen gold could never be identified; where it would be far from easy to identify a thief who passes to-and-fro among communities composed entirely of chance-comers, having faces strange one to another, a little drunkenness might lead to a great deal of lawlessness and crime. There are men, however, who will drink; and what are called by the miners "sly grog-sellers" exist, and elude discovery in every gold settlement. Yet we read of one man who, being drunk, had dropped the bottle which contained his gold, and are informed that he was afterwards sought out, and received due restoration of his treasure from its finder. Some settlements are much more lawless than the rest, and we have read, perhaps, more ill of Ballarat than any other; yet it is of Ballarat that we receive the following sketch from a private correspondent.

The writer, with a party of four young friends, quitted a farm near Geelong, in October last year, to experiment as a digger at Ballarat until the harvest. One man at a gold field can do little for himself; a party of about four is requisite to make a profitable division of the labour. "With this party," our correspondent says, "I started on Thursday, October the second, for the Gold City of Ballarat. We took with us all requisite tools; a large tarpaulin to make into a tent; and provisions to last us for two months. All this was stowed away in our own dray; and our man Tom accompanied it.

"This mode of travelling — the universal mode in Australia — is very pleasant in fine weather. We used to be up at daybreak, and start as soon as we had breakfasted. We would go on leisurely —for bullocks won't be hurried— and get through a stage of from fifteen to twenty miles, according to the state of the roads, allowing an interval of one hour for dinner. Then we would stop for the night at some convenient camping-ground, where there was a good supply of grass, wood, and water. There, our first proceedings were to make a big fire, and a great kettle of tea — a kettle, mind; then we rigged out a temporary tent, spread our beds on the ground, and went to sleep as comfortably as if we were at a first-rate hotel.

"On Monday night — having left the farm on the previous Thursday — we camped about two miles from the diggings; and making a very early start, we got

in sight of them a little after sunrise.

"It certainly was the most extraordinary sight I ever beheld. Imagine a valley, varying in width from one hundred to five hundred yards, enclosed on either side by high ranges of hills, thickly timbered. Through the middle of this valley there winds a rapid little stream, or 'creek,' as it is termed here. On the banks of the creek, and among the trees of the surrounding ranges, were clustered tents, bark-huts formed after the native fashion with boughs of trees, and every kind of temporary habitation which could be put up in the course of an hour or two,

"Some idea may be formed of the number of tents and other habitations, when I say that there were then at least five thousand men at work within a space of about half-a-mile up the creek. All these had collected together in a few weeks; for it was only in the latter end of August that gold was first found in this out-of-the-way forest valley — now the site of the 'City of Ballarat,' as it was nicknamed by the diggers.

"We chose a place for our tent on a rather retired spot, nor far from the creek; in a couple of hours our 'house' was put up, the stores stowed away inside it, and Tom and his team were off on the home journey to Geelong. Leaving the others to 'set our house in order,' get in a stock of firewood, bake a damper, and perform various other odd jobs attendant upon taking up one's residence in the Bush — Fred. and I set out to reconnoitre the scene of our future operations.

"The place where there was the richest deposit of gold was on the face of a hill, which sloped gradually down from the edges on the right-hand (or east) side of the creek, going towards the source. I mention these particulars, because it is worthy of note that almost all the principal diggings have been discovered in places similarly situated. The whole of the hill was what geologists call an 'alluvial deposit:' consisting of various strata of sand, gravel, large quartz boulders, and white clay, in the order I have named them. It is in this white clay, immediately beneath the quartz, that the gold is found. In one part of the hill, where the discovery was first made, this layer of quartz was visible at the surface, or 'cropped out:' in other parts it is to be met with at various depths, of from five to thirty feet.

"When first these diggings were discovered, there were, as might be expected, continual disputes as to how much ground each man should have for his operations. One party applied to the Government, which immediately appointed a Commissioner and a whole staff of subordinates, to maintain order and enforce certain regulations, made ostensibly for the benefit of the diggers. Of these regulations the two principal ones were, that each person

must pay thirty shillings per month for a license to 'dig, search for, and remove gold' (I enclose you my license as a curiosity); and that no person could claim more than eight feet square of ground to work at, at one time. In consequence of this last regulation, the workings were concentrated in a small part of the hill, where the gold was chiefly to be found. This spot was perfecly riddled with holes, of from eight to sixteen feet square, separated by narrow pathways, which formed the means of communication between each hole and the creek. A walk about this honeycomb of holes was most amusing. The whole place swarmed with men; some at work in the pits; others carrying down the auriferous earth to be washed in the creek — in wheelbarrows, hand-barrows, sacks, and tin dishes on their heads. In some of the holes I even saw men digging out bits of gold from between the stones with a table-knife.

"Busy as this scene was, I think the scene at the creek was busier. Both banks, for half-a-mile, were lined with men, hard at work washing the earth in cradles. Each cradle employs three men; and all the cradles are placed close to one another, at intervals of not more than a yard. The noise produced by the incessant 'rock-rock' of these cradles was like that of an immense factory. This — together with continual hammering a thousand picks, and the occasional crashing fall of immense trees, whose roots had been undermined by some mole of a gold-digger — made a confusion of sounds, of which you will find it difficult to form a just idea."

Our correspondent's party was not very fortunate in its researches at Ballarat. Having explained this to us, he continues to give his impressions of the place.

"When we arrived there, the influx of people was still going on; tents springing up at the rate of fifty per diem. This continued until the third week in September, when the number of persons on the ground was estimated at seven thousand. Strange as was the appearance of the place by day, it was still stranger at night. Before every tent was a fire; and in addition to this general illumination, there was not unfrequently a special one — the accidental burning down of some tent or other. These little conflagrations produced splendid effects; the bright glare suddenly lighting up the gloomy masses of trees, and the groups of wild-looking diggers.

"Noise, too, was a prominent feature of 'Ballarat by night.' From dusk till eleven p. m., there was a continuous discharge of fire-arms; for almost every one brought some kind of weapon with him to the diggings. Then there was a band which discoursed by no means eloquent music: nine-tenths of the score being monopolised by the drum. In the pauses of this — which occurred, I suppose, whenever the

indefatigable drummer had made his arms ache — we would hear rising from some of the tents music of a more pleasing character. The party next ours sang hymns very correctly in four parts; and from another tent the 'Last Rose of Summer' sometimes issued, played very pathetically on the flageolet.

"Sunday was always well observed at the diggings, so far as absence from work was concerned: and there was Service held twice a day by different ministers. Altogether, though there were occasional fights — particularly on Sundays — there was much less disorder than one would have expected, where a large body of such men were gathered together. While we stayed, there happened only one murder and two or three robberies. You must not take the quantity of gold we got as any criterion of the amount found by other parties. Numbers made fortunes in a few weeks. One party that I knew obtained thirty pounds weight — troy — in seven weeks; and a youth of seventeen, who came out with me in the 'Anna Maria,' received five hundred pounds as his share of six weeks' work. These are but ordinary cases. The greatest quantity known to have been taken out in one day, was sixty-three pounds weight, nearly three thousand pounds worth.

"On Wednesday, November fifth, we packed up, left Ballarat, and set off for Mount Alexander, where we arrived on the Saturday following. The Diggings there are not confined to one spot, but extend for twelve miles up a valley. The gold is found mostly among the surface-soil: some I have even seen lying among the grass. We tried first at a place where there was only one party at work; and the trial proving satisfactory, we stayed there three weeks, and obtained thirty-six ounces of gold. For a few days we did nothing; and then we went over to some other Diggings about five miles off. Here we went "prospecting" for ourselves, and the first day found out a spot from which we took thirty-five ounces in one week — the last of our stay; eighteen ounces we found in a single day.

"We then started off, back to Geelong; for I was anxious to be back for the harvest. We reached home on Saturday, December twentieth."

Writing on the twenty-eighth of December, our informant adds: —

"This gold discovery has sent the whole country mad. There are now upwards of fifty thousand men at work at the various diggings; of which I have only mentioned the two principal ones, Ballarat and Mount Alexander. Everybody who can by any means get away, is off. It is almost impossible to obtain labourers at any wages. Half the wheat in the country will most likely rot on the ground for want of hands to reap it. Fortunately we shall be able to get in ours ourselves, for our

man Tom is still with us, and Mr. R.'s four brothers will lend us a hand. We have a very good crop of wheat, for the first year: the barley, of which we had an acre or two, we have already cut and threshed, and are going to send a load in to Geelong to-morrow. I can handle the sickle and flail pretty well for a beginner. We shall cut the wheat next Tuesday. As soon as the harvest is over, and the wheat threshed out and sold, Mr. R. and I mean to make up another party and be off to the diggings. We cannot do all the work on the farm ourselves, and hiring servants now is out of the question. Men are asking seven shillings and sixpence a-day wages, and will only hire by the week at that rate. Things will soon be in the same state as they are in California, All ordinary employments will be put a stop to for a time: but there will no doubt come a reaction in the course of a year or two."

The reaction anticipated by the writer will not consist in a disgust at gold, or a decrease in the number of gold-diggers. It will be less a reaction than a recovery of balance. Although the gold in Australia is, on the whole, peculiarly accessible, and so abundant that a persevering worker cannot fail to draw a livelihood out of the diggings; yet there are many workers who are not ›sed to persevere. Experience ' ›wn, that a large number who rush upon the gold ' :k up a fortune, like all sanguine people, take up quickly with despair, and come away after a few weeks of bad success. Of the large number of people who will be induced by their gold to emigrate into the Australian colonies, many will try the gold fields and abandon them, many will find their health or their acquired habits unsuited to the rough work of the diggings, and the "Home of the Gold Miners" — as one sees it advertised in Sydney papers, "weighing only twelve pounds — nine feet square by eight feet high, for thirty-five shillings." Such men and others will be more ready to spread about the towns and through the pastures. In a year or two there will be in Australia labour willing to employ itself as readily upon the fields as upon the gold, while the work will proceed at the gold fields steadily enough.

The contrast is very great between the orderly behaviour at the gold fields in Australia, and the disorders of California. There are few fields, we are told, at which a miner might not have his wife and family; if he could provide accommodation for them, they would be as safe, and meet with just as much respect as if they lived in their own house in town. A clergyman, quitting the Turon settlement, publicly returns his "sincere thanks to the commissioners of the Turon, and to the mining population in general, for the many acts of kindness which he experienced during his short residence among

them. He considers it his duty," he says, "thus publicly to state, not only his own personal obligations, but also the pleasure which he felt in witnessing the general desire of all classes to promote the object of his mission, and to profit by his humble labours; and if," he says, "he were to judge from their orderly conduct, and from the earnest attention and apparent devotion with which they all joined in the religious services of the sabbath, he could not help forming a very favourable opinion of the miners. It cannot be denied that the great majority are sober, industrious, and well-disposed."

The file of a Sydney daily paper since the commencement of gold discoveries, is quite a study for philosophers. Wonderful tales of treasures brought to town, condensed into the weekly "Gold Circular," are waited upon by an array of light, social absurdities, and supported by an admirable body of sound human feeling. In one week, for example, twenty-five thousand pounds' worth of gold has come to town, against which uprises a wholesale and retail grocer, who advertises that "Economy is a sure road to a Gold Field," and requests the public to look rather to his Teas and Coffees. Then our English eyes do, indeed, dwell a little on his list, when we remember our own taxes, and see that the gold diggers may buy gunpowder tea at two shillings a pound, and sugar at twopence. No wonder that they make their tea in kettles.

The next weekly "Gold Circular" tells of fifteen thousand pounds' worth that has come in by Government escort — an unpopular, because a dear conveyance, the charge being one per cent.; and, as for the gold privately transmitted, adds the Circular, "When we know of one man bringing down a thousand ounces in a horse-collar, it is impossible to state correctly what may come into town." On the same day, a draper declares that he is determined to sell ten thousand pounds' worth of haberdashery at an alarming sacrifice, "it being perfectly evident that at the present time it is the only means by which a trade can be done," — and so on. In the same paper there is advertised Number One of a new periodical, to be called "The Golden Age;" and another bookseller announces as "The only readable book ever published in Australia, 'The Gold Calculator; or, Diggers' and Dealers' Ready Reckoner.'" That being the humour of Australian authors, an Australian musician offers, in the same good cause, "The Ophir Schottische;" while the public is in various places strongly recommended to buy pumps and cradles.

In another paper, we meet with an intelligent calculation of the advantages that will be derived by the Australian colonies, from the immigration caused by gold. Among these, it is remembered that more mouths will want more

mutton, and pay to the now troubled agriculturists better price for carcases, that hitherto have only been available for tallow. In this calculation, we meet with an item that again falls curiously on our English ears: — "The consumption of meat at Sydney is at the rate of about three hundred and thirty pounds per head per annum; that of the bush much more, as there is a small proportion of children, and the adults have, at least, five hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and a large proportion from six hundred to seven hundred and twenty pounds."

Then we come upon a narrative of the attempts that have been made to put down sly-grog-men at the gold-fields. "I went out," says the writer, "one or two nights with the Commissioners on the Turon, and after blundering about all night among deep pits and high banks, crossing a flooded river half-a-dozen times on slippery logs, I came to the conclusion that to be out of bed on any such errand, was all vanity and vexation of spirit. We knew that we were within a few yards of the grog-shop; saw drunken men lying about, but everything was perfectly quiet; not a move, nor a sound, except the monotonous declaration of a drunken fellow, that — he was a man." Perhaps he was sober enough to feel that urred some risk of being for a beast.

nother paper we are told first passage of "the gold coach" through a quiet village, and of the consequent defection of the labourers. In the same paper we have news from Mount Alexander, that might well turn the head of any villager. One person "left Melbourne on Saturday, and returned on the Monday week following, bringing fourteen pounds weight of gold with him, dug up by himself. Another man, after working ten days, brought back twenty-two pounds weight. A friend of mine, a gentleman who only went to see, was anxious to try his luck, and begged a dishful of earth, to have, as he thought, a few grains to take home with him; a few minutes washing gave him nearly two ounces of gold." The gold at Mount Alexander, the richest field discovered yet, lies near the surface. Two men there obtained four hundred ounces in three weeks. As for the weekly "Gold Circular," at Sydney, it gets poetical: —

"In our first shipment, we could count the value of the gold in pounds sterling by hundreds; in a few weeks it rose to thousands; in a few weeks more it became tens of thousands; and we are fast approaching a period when each ship will convey hundreds of thousands." At the time when that was written — on December sixth — in the very few months since the digging was commenced, there had been shipped from Australia, gold to the value of three hundred and twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven pounds; and since

that time the yield of gold has been increasing. At the same time, California continues unexhausted, and the field of gold in Russia has enlarged.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is just reason for anticipating a change in the value of gold, which will begin to take place gradually at no distant time. The annual supply of gold promises now to be about eight times greater than it was at the commencement of the present century. The value of silver, with reference to corn, fell two-thirds in the sixteenth century, as that of gold is likely to fall in the nineteenth. The price of silver fell in consequence of the increased production from the great mines in America. A piece of gold is now assumed to be worth fifteen or sixteen like pieces of silver; during the Middle Ages it was worth only twelve such pieces. In Europe, under Charlemagne, ten pieces of silver were an equivalent; and at one period, in Rome, silver was but nine times less precious than gold: relative values, therefore, have varied, and they will vary again. Since they were last fixed by law, there have occurred no causes of disturbance. Now, however, a time of disturbance is again at hand.

In France the monetary unit is a franc, and silver is, by law, the standard coinage; but, a supplementary law having assigned the value of twenty silver francs to pieces of gold of a fixed weight, our neighbours will not be exempted from our difficulty, and the French State, like the English State, may profit, if it please, at the expense of public creditors. Governments have only to do nothing, and a large part of their debts will tumble from them; holders of Government securities have only to be passive, and in the course of years their incomes will diminish sensibly. Debtors will hold a jubilee, and creditors will be dismayed, if gold shall be allowed to fall in value, without due provision being made to avert, as far as possible, all inconvenience attending that event.

In 1848, the value of gold had been for many years a very little more than the amount of silver allowed by law, in France, as its equivalent. The little difference was quite enough to put gold out of circulation. Gold was more precious as metal than as money; it was, therefore, used by preference as metal; when wanted as coin, it was only to be bought, at more than its legal current value, of the money-changers. There is a vast quantity of gold in circulation now, but it is newly coined.

The fall in the value of gold cannot begin to any appreciable extent, until the utmost available quantity has been employed upon the monetary system of the world. Coinage now goes on rapidly. A huge mass of sovereigns has lately been sent from England to the Australian colonies. When the depreciation once begins, it

will be tolerably rapid. It is not absurd to calculate, that if the gold production should continue at its present rate, sovereigns will be as half-sovereigns now are in value, in the course of about twenty years.

At the same time, it will be the duty of all States to take such precautions as shall make it impossible for a change of this kind to introduce confusion into commerce, or to change the character and spirit of existing contracts.

THE RIGHTS OF FRENCH WOMEN.

It is very absurd and very provoking; but there certainly is something so peculiar in the style and manner of John Bull, that, go where he will, and dress as he may, he is sure to be recognised as an Englishman.

"Does Monsieur know where he is going to?" asked a man in a *blouse*, as I entered one of the French frontier towns. His politeness arose from the hope of pocketing (in return for leading me to the place I might want to find) a few of those ugly and miscellaneous things called *sous*. These, however, it is rumoured, are soon to grow beautifully less, by the substitution of a new miniature coinage, a sort of doll's money, in which a tiny pocket-piece about the size of a farthing, is to represent the value of a stout, overgrown brown penny.

"Does Monsieur know the way?"

"Yes, thank you, I know my way. But what is all this bustle about?"

"They are drawing for the conscription, here, to-day. To-morrow they will draw at the place you come from. 'The driver hopes you will return in *his* voiture:" there being a strong opposition, or *concurrence* on the road.

Now, among the most cherished birthrights of a Frenchman, are, the Right to wear a beard of any size and shape, from a housemaid's blacking-brush to a full-grown porcupine; and the Right to be drawn for a soldier, and to serve in the army seven glorious years, or thereabouts.

The "thereabouts" arises from the circumstance that the term is reckoned from the first of the January of the year in which the drawing takes place; and many things may happen to hasten the *congé* or discharge. Otherwise, the service claims its due with little respect to persons. Every male (subject or citizen?) born in France, or of French parents in a foreign territory, is liable to be drawn. Among the exemptions, are — the eldest of an orphan family; the only son, or, if no son, the only grandson or great grandson, of a widow, or of one seventy years of age. Substitutes are sometimes provided by a sort of Conscription Assurance, on the payment before the drawing of a thousand francs; if the man-

market is full, eight hundred may insure the individual, in case he happens to be drawn. After the conscription has marked its men, a substitute is much more costly.

The market-place was now full of these lads; for it is only in their one-and-twentieth year that they are open to the honours of the conscription. Many of them, by their look, would have been taken for mere boys of sixteen or seventeen. I moved among the groups unmolested and unnoticed, though I felt very much out of place there.

As fast as each numero or number was drawn, and the name to which it fell ascertained, the person to whom it belonged stuck in front of his cap a white paper, with the figures written in ink in large characters. The exact number is a matter of some interest. For suppose that from a certain district it is calculated that fifty serviceable men are required, numbers will be inscribed and drawn up to perhaps eighty. If *all* the first fifty, on medical inspection, turn out as it should be, the remaining thirty escape; but if number one is blind or lame, then number fifty-one comes into play. So that the early numbers are sure to serve, the last numbers almost sure to come off scot-free, while the intermediate gentlemen are in quite a precarious state, till the revision is over. In some municipalities a trifling *honorarium* — a five-franc piece, or so — is given to the drawer of number one; but that is soon melted away.

The poor lad, as soon as he was ticketed, was seized by two or more companions, and led off pinioned arm in arm to the nearest liquor-shop, and kept there until his senses were stunned.

"La, la, la! — la, la, la! — la, la, la!"

"Ah! poor boys, *they* sing," said a female acquaintance who recognised me. "*They* sing, and the mothers cry. My poor son, whom you know, had to set out for Algiers directly after *his* drawing. There he was, two years, till he caught the African fever, and was sent home for us to nurse. He soon was really convalescent, but we made the worst of it. He went to the military hospital, and you know, Sir, in this neighbourhood I have a good deal of influence, and a good deal of protection. So they clapped a large blister over his chest, and inspected him by twilight, and discharged him as incapable. My husband and I were glad to have our only child back again. He did not like the blister — such a large one — but that was better than five more years in Algeria.

"La, la, la! — la, la, la! — la, la, la!"

More intoxicators, and more intoxicated, arm in arm, in strings of half-a-score. As heathen priests deaden the senses of a doomed victim, so those who are not drawn make it a duty to inebriate those who are. Soon it works: quarrels, abuse, foolish fraternisations, fighting, face-slapping, falls in the dust, the interferences of excited

women, and a great deal that is sad. At last they are dragged home somehow, and all is quiet.

But it is just to record also that not a few conscripts, on receiving their *numero*, wore it like men, carrying themselves as if they knew they had a duty to perform, and walked home in honourable guise, neither exhibiting fear, nor the temporary bravery of stimulants.

Next day, the same scene at the place indicated. Once was enough to have witnessed the playing of this game, and I thought I could better occupy myself in solving the question whether Frenchmen do, or do not, eat frogs; and if so, of what particular species. I therefore turned my back, and marched towards the country. At the corner of the street leading out of the market-place stood a well-dressed good-looking *bourgeoise* about forty years of age. She had no intention of approaching nearer to the crowd, but as I passed her, she asked me whether the drawing had begun. Had I been a Frenchman, I do not think she would have spoken.

"Not yet, Madame," I replied, "but they are going to commence immediately."

She gave me a bow, by way of thanks, and I proceeded on my road.

The Rights of Frenchwomen
e pretty well comprised in
rilege of doing whatever in
countries is done by men,
going to the field of battle;
I quite sure that I have

ever seen a Frenchwoman *at plough*. We all know that at Paris the inns are stocked with female waiters, female porters, and female Bootses, and that women conduct all sorts of shops, while their husbands lounge about with their hands in their pockets. Moreover, in agricultural districts, it certainly does look odd, on a warm spring forenoon, to see a stout, good-looking girl, twenty or more years of age, pull off her jacket *(camisole)* to go to work in her shirt (?) sleeves, and dig aw
and spread manure, and pl
cabbages and potatoes. But w
would half-a-dozen of the
sex, thus employed, say to
who should attempt to interf
more than by giving them an
casional hand's-turn? They wo
turn them out of the garden as
generate citizens, and tell then
go and smoke their pipes like m

Digging is only light work. What are those women doing yonder by the side of the canal? They are taking the place of Darwin's "unconquered steam," and dragging afar "the slow barge," if not "the rapid car," as fast as they can. With a hempen strap across their chest, and a rope at their backs, they are tugging and towing like yoked buffaloes — and no doubt their pull is nearly as effectual as that of the men behind them; but they do not look conscious of doing anything extraordinary or improper. They would refuse to be released from the laborious partnership, and sit on deck in idleness. Any such pr

would be thus received: "We are much obliged to you, but please mind your own business. . What do you mean by separating men and women? We eat, drink, laugh, travel, and sleep with our husbands; and shall we not work with them? Take yourself off for a foolish busy-body." Further south, female energies are even more strenuously exerted.

I must think that those who say that all this is merely the result of the men having been drawn off by continual warfare, are very superficial observers. It is not so. French women have achieved for themselves a standing, an independent position, which is unequalled among civilised nations. They have caused themselves to be made the companions and the friends of the men, as well as their sweethearts and wives; they are not to be put down, or kept in the back-ground. The *Dames de la Halle* are a Power; and Louis Napoleon was wise to acknowledge them as such. What is the most endearing term by which a Frenchman addresses his wife? *Ma bonne amie!* "My good female friend!" In return — *Mon ami!* "My friend!" is the title by which the lady expresses her affection, and her almost-equality. She will love, and she will cherish; but it is questionable how far she will obey. She will take her share, and do her part in everything, — and there is an end of it.

On a bright sunshiny morning I took my place in one of those unpretending but comfortable one-horse vehicles which ply between the small French towns. Covered carts we should call them in England. I settled myself in the back part — *le fond* — a nice snug corner, the wind being north-east, and behind us.

"Egh! — Ugh! — Arrrrh!" said the driver. The sober grey knew what was meant, and started off at a cow's trot of, perhaps, three and a half miles an hour.

Before we quite got clear of the streets, a shop-door flew open, and a stout, strong man hailed us, with "Have you room for an infant!" Plenty, of course, even had there been none. The shop was a grocer's: the name I forget, but it was somebody's, Marchand Épicier. I should rather say nobody's, according to his own description. For he soon returned in a smartly braided cloak backed by a hood like an extinguisher, and with a fat, rosy-cheeked child in his arms. His wife dismissed him with a nod, and returned into the spicery. He mounted, and took his seat by my side. The room inquired after was for baby and self.

The child looked to be one of those desirable infants that never *can* cry, unless soundly whipped. Its cheeks were like a ripe Orleans plum, full of juice, which the slightest pinching of the skin would cause to squirt out. Instead of a doll, it held in its hands a two-*sous* roll of light bread, which it hardly knew how to manage to dandle.

"That child will be starved one of these days," said I.

"Not yet, Monsieur," answered the Merchant Spicer. "Plenty of bread is good for the health."

"And how long has she worn ear-rings?" I asked, taking the liberty at the same time to handle the copper-coloured pendants.

"Well, I don't know: a long time. She is nearly two years old, and her ears were pierced before her third month. To pierce them early is good for the health." I could not reply that it had been unhealthy in this instance.

Here the cow's-trot suddenly flagged; and weathering the butt-end of a cottage, we perceived, by a black profile portrait of a can of beer and a tumbler, which ornamented the upper part of the doorway, that "Here one sells to eat and to drink." A smiling dame appeared, talked unintelligible *tutoier*-ing nonsense to the bejewelled infant, and took papa's order for a glass of gin.

"Not good for the health," said I, as he took the bright thimbleful in hand. "Not good for the health, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon," shaking my head, referring to my watch, and putting as much gravity into my looks as if I had never tasted anything stronger than milk-and-water all the days of my life.

"But yes, Monsieur! but yes, yes, *yes!* It is very, very, *very* good for the health."

"Egh! ugh! arrrrh!" again.

The whip made a score of flashes and cracks in mid-air, as if waging war with an invisible swarm of horse-flies, but never once touched our rapid grey. *We* say the French know nothing about horses; they certainly know very little about treating them cruelly. Off we dashed with an increased velocity, of not less than three miles and three quarters per hour. The country was pretty; and, though in the *fond*, there was a small square bit of glass close by me, which they called a *croisée*, thus enabling me to contemplate the landscape. Soon I perceived a pleasant group of cottages, and a farm. There we halted again. The infant, and what belonged to her, vacated the place and got out.

"You return by me to-morrow?" asked the driver.

"Or the day after. I shall make a promenade; my infant also. I shall dine, I shall sup, and then we shall sleep like two wooden shoes. My wife sends me here, because she says the air of the country is good for the health. Good day, Messieurs; — to see you again!"

I lifted my hat to the mademoiselle with the ear-rings, and the covered cart once more trundled on.

"How very ridiculous!" said I to myself; for the gravity and matter-of-course air of the grocer was a significant point. "How many English women would thus send their husbands out to grass, themselves stopping at home to fag at the shop and the warehouse? How many Englishmen out for two or three days' 'air of the country,' would be bothered

with a two-year-old bantling, male or female, ear-ringed, or unear-ringed?"

Another little incident will illustrate the Rights of French Women.

Whilst taking a stroll through the forest of Guînes, I observed several piles of faggot-wood of a peculiar construction. Each faggot was about seven feet long, and of a conical shape like an enormous extinguisher, the point being formed by a tolerably stout stake. It will be seen that these, laid neck and heels together, pack as closely as our own cylindrical ones; perhaps more closely. So I thought that was the "wherefore." But we often fancy too hastily that we have fathomed the reason of all which we see.

Out of the forest, I was returning homewards; and, looking across country, a feeling came over me as if I were about to have a fit, or be subject to hallucinations. For *there*, down below, were half-a-dozen of these very faggots walking along, upright on end, with the big part of the extinguisher raised in the air. Imagine six gigantic peg-tops steadily proceeding to the nearest town. I could not see much of their small end, because they were travelling along a roadway, which would be called a lane at home, but which had no hedge or boundary, other than its depression in the earth, and was, in fact, only an exaggerated wheel-rut.

Soon they stopped, all still upright. My eyes had not deceived me, and I took courage. I approached; again they moved forward. Again they halted, and I overtook them. It was the height of absurdity: each large heavy faggot screened its bearer — a woman. All were now standing at ease. The faggot was slung to the shoulders in such a way, that when the bearer-ess stood upright, the peak of the extinguisher touched the ground. The ladies' legs were posted in such a position, that with the toe of the peg-top they formed perfect tripods. It was not exactly the attitude which Madame Michaux, that accomplished mistress of deportment, would have recommended to her advanced pupils, as a drawing-room position. None of Sir Thomas Lawrence's beauties would have consented to "sit" thus. Nevertheless, it was a posture of repose. Good-humour shone from every face, gabble flowed from every tongue. As I passed, I had a "*Bonjour, Monsieur;*" but all the rest of the conversation was as if every one of them was trying which could repeat fastest the celebrated Christmas forfeit,

> "Three blue beads in a blue bladder,
> Rattle beads, rattle bladder,"

Soon, with a hitch, the tripods were broken up, and I beheld six animated faggots wending their way to Guînes, perhaps to cook my very own dinner.

"Now," thinks I, 'if I could have conjured out of the earth half-a-dozen donkeys, while those females were practising their 'blue

beads,' and have put the faggots upon *them*, leaving the human carriers unencumbered by a knapsack of brushwood, what would have been the consequence? Instead of getting a '*Bonjour*, *Monsieur*,' I should have been torn to pieces as an unprincipled reformer, meddling with the Rights of Women. What business had I to take the bread out of their mouths, by calling unnecessary donkeys into existence? How were the ladies to pass their time, if there were no wood to carry, and they were not to carry it? It was their pleasure so to work; and work they would, even if they had to massacre all the donkeys in the world, and eat them afterwards."

Whenever a Madame Thomas Paine advocates the Rights of Woman in France, her first position will be that their special right is TO WORK; and woe be to the man who tries to prevent it!

A DISH OF VEGETABLES.

FROM the moss to the palm-tree, the number of contributions made by the vegetable world towards the sustenance of man, would make a bulky list of benefactors. We have not room to advertise them all, still less to talk about them all. It may be well, however, and only grateful in us as human beings and recipients of vegetable [illegible], to do a little trumpeting our of the great families of which have contributed ore especial liberality towards the colonisation of the world by man.

For example, there is, in the first place, the POTATO family, famous for its liberal principles, and the wide sphere over which its influence is spread. The members of this family, with equal generosity, are prompt to place a luxury upon the rich man's gravy, or a heap of food beside the poor man's salt. The Potato family has been for many years one of the noblest benefactors to the human colony, and when it w prevented lately by ill-health fro the fulfilment of its good int tions, great was the anxiety men, and many were the bulleti of health sought for and issue Its constitution still appears to l a little shaken, and we all st hope for the complete recovery so sincere and influential a frien

The family seat of the Potato is well known to be in Americ They are a comparatively new race in our own country, since they did not come over until some time after the Conqueror. The genealogists have nearly settled, after much discussion, that all members of this family spread over the world, are descended from the Potatoes of Chili. Their town seat is in the neighbourhood of Valparaiso, upon hills facing the sea. The Potatoes were early spread over many portions of America, on missions for the benefit of man, who had not been long in discovering that they were friends worth cultivating properly. It is said, that the first Potato wh

visited Europe, came over with Sir Francis Drake, in 1573; it is said, also, that some of the family had accompanied Sir John Hawkins, in 1563; it is certain that a body of Potatoes quitted Virginia, in 1586, and came to England with Sir Walter Raleigh. M. Dunal, who has written an elaborate history of the Potato family, shows it to be extremely probable that, before the time of Raleigh, a settlement of Potatoes had been formed in Spain. Reaching Eng- n 1586, the benevolent Po- amily was welcomed into m in 1590. In 1610, the otatoes went to Ireland, they eventually multiplied ew, to form one of the most ant branches of this worthy The Scotch Potatoes date origin as a distinct branch, from 1728. It was at dates not very different from this, that other branches of the family settled in Germany. The Potatoes of Switzerland first settled in 1730, in the Canton Berne. In 1738, the thriving family extended its benevolent assistance to the Prussians; but it was not until 1767 that its aid was solicited in Tuscany. In France, the kindly efforts of this family were not appreciated, until, in the middle of the last century, there arose a man, Parmentier, who backed the introduction of Potatoes into France with recommendations so emphatic, that it was designed to impute to him the interest of near relationship, not indeed by calling him Potato, but by calling Potatoes by his name, Parmentiers. The benevolent exertions made by the Potato family on behalf of France, during the famine of 1793, completely established it in favour with the grateful people.

Potatoes, though so widely spread, are unable to maintain their health under too warm a climate. On the Andes, they fix their abode at a height of ten or thirteen thousand feet; in the Swiss Alps, they are comfortable on the mountain sides, and spread in Berne to a height of five thousand feet, or not very much less. Over the north of Europe, the Potato family extends its labours farther on into the cold than even barley, which is famous as the hardiest of grain. There are Potatoes settled in Iceland, though that is a place in which barley declines to live. The Potato is so nutritious, and can be cultivated with so little skill and labour, that it tempts some nations to depend solely on it for sustenance. The recent blight, especially in Ireland, consequently occasioned the most disastrous effects.

The Barley branch of the Grass family has, however, a large establishment in Scotland, even to the extreme north, in the Orkneys, Shetland, and, in fact, even in the Faroe Islands. They who are in the secrets of the Barleys, hint that they would be very glad to settle in the southern districts of Iceland — say about Reikiavik — if it were not for the annoyance of unseasonable rains. In Western Lapland, there may be found

heads of the house of Barley as far north as Cape North, which is the most northern point of the continent of Europe. It has a settlement in Russia on the shores of the White Sea, beyond Archangel. Over a great mass of northern Siberia, no Barley will undertake to live, and as the Potatoes have found their way into such barren districts only here and there, the country that is too far north for Barley, is too far north for agriculture. There the people live a nomad life, and owe obligation in the world of plants to lichens for their food, or to such families as offer them the contribution of roots, bark, or a few scraps of fruit.

It is not much that Barley asks as a condition of its gifts to any member of the human colony. It wants a summer heat, averaging about forty-six degrees, and it does not want to be perpetually moistened. If it is to do anything at all in moist places, like islands, it must have three degrees added to the average allowance of summer heat, with which it would in other places be content. As for your broiling hot weather, no Barley will stand it. Other grasses may tolerate the Tropics if they please; Barley refuses to be baked while it is growing. The Barleys are known to be settled as an old native family in Tartary and Sicily, two places very far apart. Their pedigree, however, indeed the pedigrees of all ' ıches of the great Grass must remain a subject wrapt in uncertainty, buried in darkness, and lost in a great fog of conjecture.

We find Oats spread over Scotland to the extreme north point, and settled in Norway and Sweden to the latitudes sixty-five and sixty-three. Both Oats and Rye extend, in Russia, to about the same latitude of sixty-three degrees. The benevolent exertion of Oats is put forth on behalf not only of men, but also of their horses. In Scotland and I ---- shire, in some countries o many, especially south of phalia, the people look tc for sustenance. Scotch bo muscle are chiefly indebted to oatmeal; for porridge (which consists of oatmeal and water, and is eaten with milk) is the staple — almost the only — food of the sturdy Scottish peasantry. Oatcake, a kind of mash, such as horses are fed on occasionally in this country, made into a thin cake and baked, is also much relished north of the Tweed. South of the parallel of Paris, however, the friendship of Oats is little cultivated. In Spain and Portugal nobody knows anything about Oats, except as a point of curiosity.

The Rye branch of the Grass family travels more to the north than Oats in Scandinavia. In our own country we decline to receive gifts from Rye: we succeed so well in the cultivation of more wealthy benefactors, that we con- sider the Ryes poor friends; and, like good Britons, hold them at arm's length accordingly. In coun-

tries where the land is poor, poor Rye is welcome to a settlement upon it. Rye is in great request in Russia, Germany, and parts of France, and one-third of the population of Europe looks to its help for daily bread.

The most numerous and respectable members of the great Grass family, are those which bear the name of WHEAT. There are an immense number of different Wheats; as many Wheats among the grasses as there are in this country Smiths among the men. We know them best as summer and winter Wheats. The family seat of the Wheats, most probably, will never be discovered. There is reason to believe that Tartary and Persia are the native countries of Wheat, Oats, and Rye. Strabo says that Wheat is native on the banks of the Indus. Probably, wherever the old seats may be, all trace of them was destroyed in very ancient times, when even a thousand years ago and more, the plough passed over them. The settlements of Wheat in Scotland extend to the north of Inverness; in Norway, to Drontheim; in Russia, to St. Petersburgh. How far north the Wheats would consent to extend the sphere of their influence in America, it is not possible to tell, because enough attempt at cultivation has not yet been made there in the northern regions. Winter cold does not concern the Wheats. The spring-sown Wheat escapes it, and that sown in autumn is protected by a covering of snow. Wheat keeps a respectful distance of twenty degrees from the Equator. Indeed, in the warm latitudes, new combinations of heat and moisture, grateful to new and very beautiful members of the vegetable world, who suit their gifts more accurately to wishes of the people whom they feed, would cause the kind offices of Wheat to be rejected, even if they could be offered there. On mountains in warm climates, settlements of Wheat of course exist. On the north side of the Himalaya mountains Wheat and Barley flourish at a height of thirteen thousand feet.

The well-known name of RICE carries our thoughts to Asia. The family seat is somewhere in Asia, doubtless; but all trace of it is lost. The family has always lived in Southern Asia, where it supplies food, probably, to more men than any other race of plants has ever had occasion to support. No Rice can enjoy good health without much heat and much moisture. If these could be found everywhere, everybody would cultivate a valuable friend, that is supposed to scatter over a given surface of ground more than a common share of nourishment.

Most liberal of all vegetables, however, in this respect, are the BANANAS. Humboldt tells us, that they spread over the said given extent of ground, forty-four times more nutritive matter than the Potatoes, and a hundred and thirty-three times more than any Wheat.

Where the benevolent among our Grasses cease to grow, because it is too far south, there it is just far enough north for the COCOA-NUTS, who, within their limited sphere, supply a vast contribution towards the maintenance of man, that very wise and very independent creature. Very nearly three million of Cocoa-Nuts have been exported in one year from the Island of Ceylon.

Then there is in Brazil that excellent vegetable friend MANIOC, a shrub, whose roots yield almost the only kind of meal there used. An acre of Manioc is said to yield as much food as six acres of wheat.

And to come nearer home, there is a large-hearted plant, bearing the name of MAIZE, and the nickname of Turkish Wheat. Its native seat has not been fixed yet by the genealogist. It grows at a good height above the sea in tropical America, and it occurs in Eastern Europe on the banks of the Dniester, in latitude forty-nine. Maize does not care about the winter; it wants nothing but summer-heat, in a country which it is to choose as a congenial habitation. It will do, also, with less heat than the vine, for it has been grown in the Lower Pyrenees, at three thousand two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, the vine stopping at two thousand six hundred and twenty.

We have here spoken only of a few of the great liberal families belonging to the world of plants; families, to which the human colony looks for support; upon whose aid we, in fact, depend for our existence. The whole list of our vegetable patrons would be very long. Respectable names must crowd down upon every memory, and take us off to

> "Citron groves;
> To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
> With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
> Their lighter glories blend. Lay us reclined
> Beneath the spreading tamarind" —

in fact, take us a long dance among roots, and fruits, and vegetables. It must be enough, therefore, that we have here briefly expressed a general sense of obligation to our vegetable friends, and hinted at a fact which, in our high philosophy, we now and then forget, that the outer world may be a shadow, or a reflex of our own minds, or anything you please to call it; but that we, poor fellows, should be rather at a loss for dinner, if the earth did not send up for us, out of a kitchen that we did not build, our corn, and wine and oil.

ANGEL EYES.

THE cold night-wind blew bitterly;
The rain fell thick and fast;
The withered trees sighed mournfully,
As a Woman hurried past.
What does she here, on a night so drear,
Alone amid the blast!

Her face, though fair and youthful,
Is worn with want and pain;
And her hair, that was once a mother's care,
Is tangled with wind and rain;
And nights of sin and days of woe
Have wrought their work on her brain.

There is no tear upon her cheek;
But a wild light in her eye,
As she turns her sin-seared countenance
Up to the frowning sky,
And prays the quivering lightning flash
To strike — that she may die!

The wild sky gazed unpitying
On the wilder face below;
The lightning mocked her desperate prayer
As it darted to and fro;
And the rain ceased and the stars came forth,
And the wind was hushed and low.

"Oh, stars! have ye come forth to gaze
Upon me in my shame!
I left the city's wicked streets,
For I could not bear the blame
That was heaped upon me as I went,
And that cruel, cruel name!

"I passed the house of the false, false one,
Who tempted me to sin;
I stopped and gazed through the window-pane,
And saw the bright fire within;
And *he* sat there with wine and cheer,
While I stood wet to the skin.

"Behind me, on the wintry sky,
There gleams the city's light;
Before me, shine the clear cold stars,
Like the eyes of angels bright;
I cannot hide from men's eyes by day,
Nor from angels' eyes by night.

"I know a pool that's still and deep,
Where, 'neath the willow's shade,
When a happy child, the water-weeds
And rushes I would braid;
But I little thought within that pool
My grave would e'er be made."

She sought the place with hasty steps,
And a wild and rigid stare;
But she saw the mild, bright eyes of the stars
Had got before her there;
And to Him who sent them to soften her heart,
She fell on her knees in prayer.

NOTES FROM NORWAY.

THE ROADS IN CHRISTIANIA.

CHRISTIANA-FJORD is pleasant water. It is about seventy English miles in length, varying in breadth, but becoming narrower as one gets near the head. Its shores resemble those of the Scotch lochs, bounded by hills of moderate elevation, and its surface is beset with islands. Here and there are scattered little towns, churches, and windmills; now and then a sudden turn of the coast shuts them all out of sight. Christiania itself stands on an expanse formed by a southern arm of the Fjord; water before it, and behind it a good back-ground of hills. The wonderful clearness of the atmosphere brings out the gay colours of the houses, and the bright hues of the hills behind, with a vividness that is almost magical. Every little detail, too, is reflected in the clear blue Fjord, and the whole seems more like a gay picture or a child's toy, than a real work-a-day town. The town, however, has realities. The steamer did not take us quite to Christiania; boats to land the passengers came up in numbers; we, of course, took one. On arriving at the Custom House quay, something was asked of us by the rough-looking boatmen; it was a question of payment, as one might judge from the outstretched hand; with us the question was, "How much to pay?" None of us understood a word of Norsk, nor had we any Norsk money in our

pockets. Our hesitation was removed by a mariner, more of a linguist than the rest, who stepped forward, and said, "Von an sixpens."

The streets of Christiania are broad and straight; they are generally built at right angles, and, moreover, generally possess, the great advantage to a stranger of bearing their names distinctly inscribed at every corner. But oh, the pavement! At the best, it is a rough-pitched pavement; frequently this is destroyed; it lies neglected, and develops pools filled with soft mud, into which carriages sink with a jolt, and from which they afterwards clear themselves with another jolt. The foot-passenger is often sorely puzzled how to cross the street with a dry foot and an unsplashed garment, even on one of the dry days in summer.

On the day after our arrival we accepted the invitation of a Norwegian gentleman to drink tea at his country-house, about a mile and a half from the town. We agreed to meet him at an early hour in the afternoon, at his house of business, where he promised that his carriage should be waiting to drive us along a new road then being formed beside the Fjord, before it took us to his villa. We accordingly, at the appointed time, picked the best way we could to the said town-house. We found it after passing through a narrow gateway, which led into a court of no great size, [illegible]ly hung with tapestry; in fact, almost plugged up with linen there exposed to dry. Our kind host and his little son were ready for us, and the carriage was in waiting. The carriage had a wonderfully tumble-down appearance, and creaked in a boding manner as we took our places; my friend and myself behind, Herr Jehu and his son on the box. With the most consummate skill, Herr Jehu drove out of the little yard, dexterously avoiding a sharp corner, guarded by a projecting post. We turned into the street in grand style, rattling over the stones with vigour. The clatter of our wheels overwhelmed and silenced all the clatter of our tongues. Before we had driven twenty yards the fore-wheels went down into some depths, but righted; the hind-wheels following into the same depths, there remained buried. Our host turned round to see what was the matter; then he got down to take a closer view, quietly observing, "I think something must be broken." The axle-pin had been snapped in two. Herr Jehu begged us to descend, and sent hit little boy to find a smith.

A CHILD'S FUNERAL AT DRAMMEN.

While detained at the Hôtel de Scandinavie, I was much interested in watching the ceremonies attendant on the funeral of a child at a house nearly opposite. My attention was first attracted to a couple of men who were

planting two young fir-trees firmly in the ground on each side of the door. They then proceeded to strew the road before the house thickly with fir-boughs. Presently the mourners who had by degrees assembled in the house, re-appeared, bearing the coffin on a bier. The coffin was a little oblong chest with a raised lid; it was painted white, and had a black cross on the head-board. A chaplet of flowers lay upon it, and there were a few flowers scattered in the doorway. The mourners moved off slowly in pairs, to a church not far distant; there was no sound of bell, and after a very short interval, they returned to the house before dispersing.

We remained only one night at Drammen, and drove the next morning in a hired carriage to Hongsund, a little village on the Drammen river, just below a famous salmon-leap. I have a friend whose servant met us at this place with two carrioles; the carriole is the universal summer conveyance of the Norwegians. It is a long carriage without springs, set on exceedingly long shafts; it holds one person only in the body, and it has a board behind, which accommodates luggage or a driver. It runs upon very large wheels, and is very well adapted to the rough mountainous roads of the country. In the two carrioles we placed ourselves; and after travelling another Norsk mile — which is equal to about seven miles English — we arrived at the junction of the Drammen and Simoa rivers. Here we crossed by a ferry, which plied just under a glorious waterfall on the one hand, and just over a smaller cascade on the other hand, whereof the spray rose and fell above the surface of the water. Some picturesque mill and farm-buildings marked out the landing-place; the distance was on all sides bounded by hills, and mills, and waterfalls; and carrioles, and ferrymen, and travellers, were all in a glow under the red light of sunset.

Again starting on our road, we were in half-an-hour at my friend's house. There we were greeted in the Norsk fashion; they had surrounded the doorway of the house with flowers in honour of our arrival. Large festoons of the gay wildflowers with which Norway abounds, were fastened on each side, while from the centre was suspended a wreath, within which were displayed my initials (be it known, I am a lady) in Forget-me-Nots. The whole household was collected at the door under the flowers, to receive the guests with hospitable smiles.

OUR TOTAL ECLIPSE PIC-NIC PARTY.

On the morning of the 28th of July, 1851, we were anxiously interested in the state of the weather. Norway has not a very settled climate; and showers, sunshine, and mist, in rapid alternation for some days beforehand, had made it doubtful whether we should be edified by the Eclipse,

which many travellers from England had come out to see in its perfection.

The steamer which conveyed the greater part of the wise men, and some of the curious, to Norway on this occasion, presented an odd scene. The "passengers' luggage" was of an unaccountable description. Mysterious white deal cases, often of an unwieldy length, and generally marked "Glass, with great care," or not unfrequently declaring the owners' names in immense capitals, had settled down upon the ship in horrible confusion. The saloon accommodated several; but others were strewn along the passage, and some lay in wait to trip up those who walked unwarily upon the deck. When after three days of discomfort we were saluted with the joyful summons to look after our goods because the Custom House officers had come on board, it was a pleasant sight to see these sealed cases handed down more tenderly than babies, into the little boats by which we were to land, each superintended by its owner. The Custom House had courteously waived the ceremony of minute inspection.

The morning of July, 28, 1851, respectably broke out cloudy, but with a tendency to clear. I found that a party had been planned by a Norsk friend of ours, to go a few English miles up the Fjord to the Skuterud Sæters or summer pastures, which commanded an extensive range of country, over which to observe the effect of the Eclipse. This arrangement, of course, had been dependent on the weather, and as that warranted our making the experiment, we prepared forthwith for the expedition. We started soon after eleven o'clock in an English pony carriage, drawn by a pair of active little Norsk horses, and carrying, as luggage, a large collection of smoked glasses, and a tiny telescope. Our road lay, first, through the little village Nymoen, then, crossing the Simoa river, by a bridge immediately over a foss or fall of upwards of a hundred feet in height, we soon entered a pine forest. One always does soon enter a pine forest in traversing Norwegian scenery; this particular one was, perhaps, more than usually fragrant in consequence of the late rains. Now the sun, good fellow, broke out joyously, and put forth strength enough to make us grateful for the shade we were enjoying. Our little ponies cantered up and galloped down hills which would have been terror to an English horse, and in an hour-and-a-half we reached the mines of Skuterud. Beyond this point there is no road, a foot-path only leading to the Sæters. We lost no time in securing a guide to lead us to the rest of the party, who, we were told, had already reached their destination. As we mounted on our way, the view, of course, extended on all sides. Blue hills marked out the horizon, with a magical distinctness; but since the sun was beating upon our backs, we were glad to find

ourselves at last on the crowning point, selected by our host as the fit station of observation; it was one which could not easily be bettered. We were completely encircled by hills of picturesque outline, and if not of very great elevation, yet high enough to retain traces of the winter's snow. North-east lay the Tyri-fjord, calm and clear; and immediately around, but still below us, the rude Sæters, built of stems of fir-trees like the Swiss châlets, and like them merely summer dairy huts.

The group collected on the summit was a pleasant company; first, I was introduced to our hostess, "Fru," as she was called, a title which in Norway marks a higher standing than "Madame," but which is enjoyed by some who have not the education or manners of the middle class in England. She was a short, stout, handsome little woman, who bowed low and shook hands with me, but speedily retired to attend to her hospitable preparations. My next introduction was to her eldest daughter, a handsome brunette, under a deep brimmed straw hat. The younger children, all under the shadow of broad hats, scudded away in every direction to avoid being subjected to introductions. Seated on a projecting rock was a young man, fresh from the University of Christiania, with a handsome countenance, and a becoming beard. He was talking over "coming events" with two friends, one of them an Englishman; these, with ourselves, were all the members of the party. Punch and a variety of cakes having been handed about by the two elder daughters, we planted ourselves in the most comfortable positions for watching the commencement of the Eclipse, which was now nearly due. At last, at about a quarter to three o'clock, one of our party, an Englishman, had reason to exclaim, "Now, it 's begun."

As the shadow increased, the change in the appearance of the landscape was most curious. The light gradually grew pale, the distant blue became gray, the foreground dim; in fact, a deed twilight seemed to have stolen over us. The temperature sank considerably; the silence was complete; an irresistible feeling of awe compelled us all to speak in whispers; but the most impressive change took place about two minutes before the totality commenced. Then a shadow, like a thick dark cloud, appeared over the north and north-west, and swept slowly on towards the south-east, until, when the Eclipse became total, it surrounded us entirely. At the same moment a bright orange streak of light broke out on the western horizon, causing the outlines of the hills to stand out in a bold relief, and giving to the whole landscape, somebody said, the effect of a Claude. The corona appeared to emit bright yellow rays, but they were not strong enough to cast a shadow. Many stars were visible; we have

since made up our minds that there were at least twenty, but, at the time, we were all too busy to count them. Mercury and Venus were conspicuous. We declared it a thousand pities, that before the totality was over (and with us it lasted barely three minutes), the clouds thickened so rapidly, that we afterwards caught only momentary glimpses of the Eclipse passing away behind them; for that reason the effects, produced by the returning daylight, were so decided as those which attended upon its departure. At about a quarter to five, it was decided that the Eclipse was over, and so we descended from our eminence towards the mines, in the guest-chamber of which we were to find a feast awaiting us.

On our way we stopped to look at the inside of a Sæter. It contained two rooms; the first being the living-room was hung round with dairy utensils, and furnished with primitive home-made chairs and tables, which stood at all angles on a rough mud floor. An old man was sitting by a low wood fire, smoking; and two little bare-legged and yellow-haired children were silenced in the middle of a noisy frolic by our entrance. Both rooms were extremely low and small, and fitted only for that season of the year during which they are to be occupied. Of the cattle we saw nothing, they were scattered far and wide upon the pastures.

We ourselves rambled to our pasture in the little guest chamber, a small wooden building, of which the floor was strewn with sprigs of juniper, a kind of carpeting that gives a strong smell to Norwegian rooms. Some beautiful specimens of cobalt ore from the adjacent mines were there deposited, one of which I was told was even finer than that which had been sent to the Great Exhibition.

Summoned to dinner, I was much aghast at finding that the head of the table was allotted to me as the stranger. Dinner began with tea, and after this we had the usual pies, and fowls, and bottles of a pic-nic. Toasts were in much request, including the healths of all the great astronomers then honouring Norway with their visits; this we very properly did, because it was in the character of amateur astronomers that we had formed our pic-nic party. When we prepared for our departure we discovered that the rain had come to see us home. Wrapped in all sorts of plaids and cloaks we took leave of our host and hostess, and climbing into our respective vehicles—which formed together quite a motley group of carriages and carrioles, we drove off at a rapid pace, some taking one road, some another, galloping to our respective beds.

A DAY OF DINNER.

A Norsk dinner-party is a very serious affair. It is not, like our parties in England, limited to a

duration of from four to five hours, and those in the evening of the day, when the usual occupations of most people are completed; in Norway, the fashionable hour for dinner is from two to three, and if the party be at all large, dancing and singing follow, so that the whole business probably is not concluded until two or three o'clock in the next morning. There is something exceedingly quaint and primitive in the Norwegian manners, and to our ideas, even in their dress and physiognomy. The people do not look much unlike Englishmen, but the likeness in them is to the old-fashioned portraits of our ancestors, not to the men of our own day.

At a dinner party, which I mean now to describe, guests, to the number of twenty or thirty, were expected. To the last, the precise number who would come, remained uncertain: for in Norway, that essentially free country, a custom prevails of giving very general and undecided answers to all invitations, also of bringing without scruple any chance guest in addition to those members of the family really invited.

One large room having been completely cleared of all extraneous furniture, the dinner tables were arranged in the form of three sides of a square, leaving only room between the tables and the walls for the passage of waiters behind the chairs. Another room was appropriated to the reception of the guests, a third was prepared for the smokers of the party, and the wide folding-doors of the hall (universal here) were thrown wide open, seats being arranged inside and out for such of the company as preferred these less formal quarters. The door-way was hung with flowers, a fresh green mat of young fir boughs was laid down before it, and as a finishing touch, the sand which supplies the place of gravel, was carefully raked over. Soon after two o'clock the arrivals began, guests came in carriages of every imaginable size and shape. The grandees came in very high old-fashioned barouches, very much the worse for wear, and of which it was impossible to guess even the colour through the mud and dust, which seemed to have accumulated over them during the past months or years. Some drove in double, some in single carrioles; very few came on foot. These arrivals following each other in rapid succession, one was soon lost in a confused maze of "Frus," and their "Fröken" daughters; "Madames" with their "Jomfrus," Proosts, Pastors, and titles, or rather, designations, without number. Titles, properly so called, were, some years since, suppressed by a decree of the Storthing; this, in spite of the king's refusal to sanction it, was passed after it had been persisted in by three successive Storthings, in accordance with the laws of the Norwegian Constitution. But, although the class of nobility no

longer exists, everyone enjoys his own title, expressive of his occupation in the world. Thus, a dignitary of the church, answering perhaps, to our Rural Dean, is called Proost, and his wife Proostinde; a lawyer is called Advokat; a shopkeeper, Kjobmand, and so on. This is the rule in writing; in general conversation it is usual to mention the surname only. The company having arrived, was not kept waiting for the wine and cakes, which it is fit to offer before dinner. The sofa is held to be the seat of honour, and to it the most distinguished among the ladies were ushered with the incessantly repeated "*Vær saa god*," which does duty for every ceremony of politeness. The assembled party did not present a very gay appearance for the state colour is black. A black bombazine or alpaca dress, or better still, a black silk, is the true adornment of gentility. A sumptuary law ordains black to be worn at Court to avoid the greater expense of coloured dresses; and, it is still very generally, though not universally, the colour in request for balls. Dinner being ready, we proceeded in couples to the dining-room. The host and hostess were seated near the middle of the table, on which were placed merely the dishes of the sweet course dressed with flowers, and the cover for each person. There appeared to be no order in the handing round of the dishes. Fish was followed by meat, and afterwards fish-pudding (that is, fish beaten up in a mortar until it is of the consistency of cream,) made its appearance. The vegetables were quite curiosities: young potatoes were swimming in parsley and butter, mixed up with very small carrots. Peas were served in their pods, equally disguised in a rich gravy; and all were handed about and eaten by themselves, not after our mode, as adjuncts to the meat. Soon after we were all seated, the toasts began. The host began them, raising his glass and saying, "*Velkommen til bords!*" (Welcome to the board!) and after this beginning they were kept up briskly. Toasts, though nearly abolished in good society in the towns and more fashionable places, appear to be still very general in the provinces of Norway; and, in the instance of which I am speaking, they were perpetually proposed during the couple of hours we spent at table. It is not the custom in Norway for the ladies to retire before the gentlemen, but all rise together; moreover the signal for retirement is not given by the lady of the house, for that would be considered an almost incredible piece of rudeness and inhospitality. The feast is closed by the guests themselves, through the chief of them, who proposes "*Tak for Maden*" (Thanks for the meal); and this toast being drunk by all, the wondrous scraping of chairs on the bare boards which ensues, announces that the sitting

is over. Not so the ceremonies which belong thereto; each gentleman escorts his lady back into the reception-room, and then everybody shakes hands, first with the host and hostess, saying again "*Tak for Maden*," and, afterwards, with everybody else. This is an embarrassing form for a stranger, who, among so many, finds it far from easy to remember which hands he has shaken, and which hands remain to be sought.

This done, coffee was served, and we dispersed about the garden and grounds, sauntering at our pleasure. By degrees, as the evening closed in, most of us began to reassemble in the large room in which we had dined. There a free space was cleared for dancing, and thereinto fresh guests were constantly arriving. While standing about and talking in this room, my arm was suddenly seized by no less grave a personage than the Rector of the University of Christiania, who, without speaking, led me into the large open space in front of the house, and placed me in the midst of a circle who were playing at a game nearly resembling our English "Puss in the Corner." He then bade me follow his example in taking a part. I was much rejoiced to see this wholesome fun heartily kept up by the old as well as by the young. This sport was followed by a game called *Eukemand*, or the widower, which was played in the following manner: — Several couples placed themselves in file, all the ladies on the right hand of the gentlemen. One gentleman — the Eukemand — stood at the head of the column, and called out, "*Sidste par ud*" (Last pair out); on which they rushed forward to the front, either keeping to their respective sides, or crossing, to deceive the Eukemand; whose endeavour was to catch the lady before her partner could seize her, in which case he took her for his own, and left the disappointed gentleman to take his place as Eukemand. This game appeared to be a favourite, and gave rise to abundant mirth.

Music and dancing were our next amusements: not much of the music, except in so far as it was subservient to the dancing; for people either could not or would not — certainly they did not — sing or play. The dancing was made up chiefly of waltzes. Something like a country-dance was attempted; but it was not kept up with much spirit. In some parts of Norway, but very generally in Sweden, occasional servants have to perform a duty which would astonish the ladies whose suburban feasts in this country are helped through with the aid of the green-grocer, or by a man from the confectioner's. It is expected of a waiter, not only that he should be able to announce names in a sonorous voice, to hand dishes rapidly, to change plates quickly, to help wine adroitly, to be staid and respectable in his conduct in the kitchen; but that he should be a good musician! When the dishes

have been cleared away and the cloth has been removed, after he has been handing about the delicacies of the season, the coffee, and in summer, the ices; he again appears, music in hand, to perform on the piano-forte. The Norsk and Swedish amateurs deem it beneath the dignity of the High Art music to which they aspire to perform mere Terpsichorean tunes. Dance music is therefore delegated to waiters, some of whom perform Musard's Quadrilles, Strauss's and Lanner's Waltzes, and Jullien's Polkas, in a style which would astonish even those who in this country belong to "High Life Below Stairs." After dancing, the party had frequent recourse to some game or other to enliven them. "French blind-man's buff," and "hunt the ring," accompanied by music, were both in request, and shared in by as many as could find room in the circle. Punch, by no means badly brewed, was constantly circulated, and produced decidedly enlivening effects.

At about eleven o'clock, we were marshalled into a large room up-stairs, where supper was laid in the same style as dinner had been; and, indeed, it consisted very nearly in the same routine: it occupied, to be sure, less time. Dancing followed once more; and, like all after-supper dancing, it was done with spirit. The languor of the previous displays was now succeeded by vigorous and amusing movements. Before supper, in fact, it had been really hard work to dance in a room by daylight. In the middle of summer, the evenings are so light in these northern latitudes, that we had not required candles before supper.

While the greater part of the company were thus engaged, I was attracted by the sound of voices in chorus outside, and wandered away to find out what was going on. I found a group of seven or eight of the young men of the party, who were singing Norsk and German songs in parts, very beautifully. They stood under a chestnut-tree on one side of the hall-door, and the light from one of the windows of the dancing-room fell on the group with capital effect.

Singing in parts is an accomplishment much valued in Norway. In Christiania there are various clubs or societies established for the practice of part-songs, — one among the students, another among the shopkeepers, &c. The Norsk national air, "For Norge Vigempers Födeland," was sung with great applause. It is a most inspiriting strain, of modern origin, being the composition of Mehul. Our own national air was also performed among the number, and was, I found, claimed by Sweden as well as by Germany.

By this time it had really become late — past midnight — and some of the party, who had several English miles to drive before they should reach home, began

to think it high time to take leave.

The hostess was again assailed with thanks; but this time the burden of the compliment was, "*Tak for idag*" (Thanks for to-day). The horses were put to, the wondrous carriages again drove up to the door, looking exceedingly clean and respectable in the uncertain twilight; and the company dispersed, after the "Vortens Skaal" (The Host's Health) had been performed by the before-mentioned choristers.

THE GREAT CHOWSEMPOOR BANK.

It has long been a prevalent idea with that benighted creature, "the million," that to follow the avocation of a banker, requires a long life of training in the deep, mysterious workings of complicated accounts, interest-tables, and something more than mere multiplication; that to become an expert and successful banker, involves deep and patient study, long practice, and an unblemished career; in short, that bankers, like bishops, can hardly be worth anything until their hair is grey. It has been the task of the Anglo-Indian community of the present century to demonstrate the hollowness of this long-cherished belief. The wise men of the East have flung the antiquated Lombard Street creed far into the shade; they have demonstrated to a nicety that what Lord Byron once wrote of criticism may now be equally applied to the banker's craft:

> "A man must serve his time to every trade,
> Save banking, bankers all are ready made."

Under the genial influence of a tropical climate, the development of a bank far outstrips the fabled worth of Jack's magic bean-stalk. While some institutions on the old system, in the old country, would be issuing circulars and preparing their ledgers; in the East, young military subs and beardless civilians spring up into full-grown, "first-chop" bank directors.

It was in the latter part of the year eighteen hundred and something — not so long since, but that I perfectly remember all the circumstances, and I am not an old man yet, — when a party of officers and civilians sitting round the mess-table at Blankpoor, a military station in the largest presidency of our Indian Empire, agreed among themselves to "get up" a bank; the want of "accommodation" being then much felt in that part of the world. Before they rose from the table, the amount of capital had been agreed upon, the scrip apportioned, the "direction" filled, and the secretary and managers appointed. No time was lost. It was discovered that what looked so beautifully rose-colour after a dozen of Champagne, wore an equally cheerful aspect when looked at the following morning over Bass's pale ale. The thing was not long

in embryo. Within a week the Great Chowsempoor Bank was a fact. The Bank had directors and a regular working staff; the directors had shares; and, by some complication of circumstances, before a dozen accounts were opened, the shares got up to a premium. Residents at the other neighbouring stations, military and civil, thirsted for bank honours, and scrip was applied for from all quarters, and in any quantity.

For some brief period the Chowsempoor institution wore an appearance of intense humility and modesty. It would not for the world have been thought ambitious or even presuming. The young captain of light-infantry, who condescended to act as secretary on three thousand rupees a month, informed the public, in the virgin Chowsempoor circular, that their capital was intended to be limited to a lac, or ten thousand pounds. But, the ten thousand became augmented to twenty, and then to fifty thousand. Neither was it very long before the majors, and collectors, and magistrates forming the Board discovered, that such places as Blankpoor and Anditorbad, and other minor hill stations were far too circumscribed a field for their growing operations. They must extend their influence through other channels; they must have a branch establishment at the great metropolis of the Presidency; accordingly a branch was formed — a branch which was fated to outgrow the parent institution in more respects than mere extent of operations.

By way of a little variety, a few merchants were admitted into the branch direction; this imported fresh vigour to the system, and the Hooghly Bund Branch of the Great Chowsempoor Bank bade fair to do all in its power to develope the resources of that portion of British India, on the most approved modern principle.

A spacious building was appropriated for the "Branch," in the most commanding and expensive part of the capital. The house was fitted and furnished in true Oriental style and costliness, and was tended and guarded by a little army of retainers. Not the least splendid were the suite of apartments devoted to the local manager — a skilful penman, a mighty warrior in figures, a special pleader in conversation, in deeds something more: in short, precisely the man to make such a child as he had in hand, walk alone before it was a year old. It was perfectly marvellous to see how the institution grew and throve. People were lost in amazement at it. Even the cunning old foxes of natives were not prepared for it — and they are usually prepared for a good deal. Bramins and Zemindars became envious of the Great Chowsempoor Bank, and determined to become shareholders. It was not long before the list of directors contained the revered names of

Baboo Futty Maund, and Dustomiewallah Dutt.

The resources of the Presidency were now being fully developed — in vulgar words, the exports were doubled; credit was lavishly given, and as freely taken. Small men of a few odd thousands shipped produce to the extent of hundreds of thousands, and they were not over particular as to *what* they shipped. Shopkeepers swelled into merchants. Merchants expanded into princes. Civil servants turned up their official noses at their dry routine duties, thought seriously of retiring from the service, and, as they revelled in the winning Hookah, gave themselves up to dreams, which in fairy splendour and impossible magnificence, could only have found a rival in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. To their imaginative vision the fabled Pagoda Tree appeared to be putting forth its glittering foliage, and ripening its tempting fruit with magic rapidity.

That was a right merry season for the bold and the venturesome; and everybody became bold and venturesome. Each member of the Hooghly Bund community appeared to possess a chip of the real original philosopher's stone, a touch of which transmuted every object into the precious metal. Many and brilliant were the evening parties, and the dinners, and the nautches given by the *élite* and the *non-élite*, at which the "Lions" were sure to be one or two directors, with perchance the Manager of the Hooghly Bund Branch of the Great Chowsempoor Bank. The shares of the Bank continued to rise until they reached one hundred per cent. premium: where they remained, either lacking the courage to go any higher, or feeling that they had done their duty.

It may be as well to state here the principle which regulated the allotment of the new shares, of which the Bank's enormous success warranted the issue, as it will at once show the immensely superior management of Indian banks to that of the old school. The new scrip was not permitted to find its way at once among the vulgar crowd. It was apportioned among the existing share-holders in an exact ratio with the number of shares held by them, and of course made over to them at *par* — *i. e.* each share of fifty pounds, was handed to them at that figure, although worth, in the share market, double that amount; and, inasmuch as most of these same proprietors had taken as many shares as they could find cash to pay for, the Bank very considerately gave them the new scrip on credit. The fortunate possessors of this fresh stock, at once turned their acquisitions to good account, by selling them for cash at the ruling high rate of premium; paying in, to their account at the Bank, the price at par, and comfortably pocketing the difference. This simple and good-natured process was repeated

several times over, infinitely to the satisfaction of those in the secret. In order to prevent the possibility of any serious decline in the market price of these new shares, and to make assurance doubly sure, the wary manager watched the course of events; and, on any appearance of there being more sellers than buyers, went in and bought up all, at a trifle below the full rate. On account the Bank? Not at all; purchases were made with the Bank funds it is true; but in the name of the directors, in equal proportions. In time, the crafty Bank Manager contrived to monopolise every share as it fell in the market, and thus, buyers went to him, as a sheer matter of course, as the only chance of obtaining a share; so that, not only was the price well maintained, but something handsome was turned over in the shape of profit for division among the "direction."

Far and wide the Bank share mania spread. The Cholera and the Plague travelled at a mere snail's pace — and a very infirm old snail's pace too — compared with the rapid raging of this Joint Stock fever. High and low, rich and poor, washed and unwashed, Christian and Heathen, Jew and Gentile, were alike struck down. The judge upon the bench, the pleader at the bar, the priest in the pulpit, the poorest clerk, the meanest money-changer, — all d the knee to the new golden they of Chowsemp. A bank director was thrown from his horse on the parade; quick as thought, half-a-dozen doctors rushed to the disabled man; and, as the foremost and most fortunate among them felt his pulse, whispered in his ear an inquiry about a few of the next issue of shares. The trustee of a Benevolent Fund for Widows and Orphans, was so anxious to add to the means of these poor dependent creatures, that on his own responsibility, and in secret (as good should ever be done), he invested the whole of the moneys in his hands in Chowsempoor Bank Stock.

The young and rather speculative firm of Hookey, Walker, and Company, went boldly to work in the way of "developing the resources of the country;" which signifies literally, making enormous shipments of raw produce. They made large purchases of silk, indigo, rice, gums, and, in short, of all the most valuable products of the land; and, having shipped them to England, they found not the least difficulty in obtaining from the very useful Chowsempoor institution an advance, in cash, quite equal to the entire value of the goods. The rule had been, to advance no more than two-thirds of the prime cost; but by an ingenious process, known as "salting the invoice," the articles were made to appear as worth fifty per cent. beyond their real value. Thus the enterprising firm recovered on the spot all they had paid for their shipments.

Moreover, Messrs. Hookey, Walker, and Company were largely interested in Indigo Factories; that is to say, they possessed several extensive estates producing that article. The firm, finding how well the system worked with their shipments, determined to launch out in planting matters. One of the partners being a director of the Bank, there was no difficulty in obtaining "accommodation;" in other words, a loan of a few lacs, (a lac is only ten thousand pounds) to enable these enterprising merchants to extend their operations, which they accordingly did in the most approved fashion. Among many other transactions of that time may be instanced the sale, by this same firm, of an indigo factory in the interior, at a rather heavy figure. Payment was made in bank post bills of the other Hooghly establishment — the "Junction Bank" paper — which was then fully thirty per cent. below par. Our friends, Hookey, Walker, and Company, took these bills to the Chowsempoor Bank, who, not wishing to refuse good customers, obligingly cashed the paper at its full original value.

To any ordinary mind this would appear a somewhat losing game. But, oh dear! no; the Manager of the "Chowsempoor" was too clever for that, and soon backed out of the difficulty. An "advance" happened to be wanted by a customer, on a rather shaky sugar concern; and the hawk-eyed, clear-headed man of business consented to make the loan, on condition that it was taken in the unfortunate bank post bills, valued at par. It is true this sugar estate turned out a very sorry affair, indeed; and it was soon after evident that unless the Bank assisted the proprietor with a further loan of rupees to keep it in good cultivation, the property would go to utter ruin, and the directors would find their first advance scattered to the winds. That mattered little; further aid was granted; the owner was still embarrassed; and it ended in the factory reverting to the Bank as their own property, whilst the directors and managers chuckled at the increasing extent of their operations.

But, the benevolent Bank did not shower its golden favours on commercial men alone. It was particularly indiscriminate in its generosity. The directors, doubtless, bending under the weight of gold mohurs and Company's rupees, smiled complacently on all mankind, and appeared, by their distribution of worldly riches, to be imbued with Communist principles. The young cadet, basking in the sunshine of college life, crippled and fettered by his paltry allowance from the Honourable Company, of four hundred rupees a-month, besought the friendly offices of this truly charitable institution; and not in vain, for one of the directors was his uncle's most intimate friend. A few strokes of the pen, and the embryo civilian possessed the

means of driving his tandem, drinking Champagne at tiffin, giving crack parties, frequenting the gaming-table; in short, of qualifying himself for a perfect model Hooghly Bund Sahib.

So long as the gold and silver stream swept gaily and smoothly over the land, all went well. Trade flourished and traders prospered. Employment was good, and prices rose enormously. Imported goods were consumed in huge quantities, at last rates. Exports swelled to an unusual amount; ships were no sooner in the river and unloaded, than they were freighted with costly goods for Europe. The collectors of revenue were faint with the effort of receiving so many taxes: the treasury of "John Company" was well nigh bursting open its massive doors, so vast were the piles of glittering coin within. Indeed all allowed that there never had been seen such a prosperous time within the memory of the oldest civilian. The public prints were loud in their exultations, and their praises of the judicious management of the Banks. They pointed with exultation to the enormously increased trade of the country, and gave all honour to those noble and useful institutions, which thus fostered the commerce of, and added fresh lustre to, the brightest gem in the crown of Britain!

This state of things was not destined to last for ever. Some evil genius, envious of the Chowsempoor career, stepped in and spoilt the pleasant game. Time rolled on; half-yearly meetings of shareholders were held, and most cheering prospects were developed by eloquent directors in sanguine speeches, and attested by kind auditors in glowing accounts. Easy, however, as it was to cook up pleasant reports, it became somewhat less easy to continue providing the usual dividend of twelve per cent. per annum. Accordingly, after a little delay, the twelve was reduced to six, and proprietors were told to thank their stars it was not four.

A change came o'er the doings in the East. Heavy shipments outward and homeward overstocked both markets; prices fell seriously; and, as every one wanted to sell, no one wanted to buy, and of course matters did not improve. Some merchants were so pressed by heavy losses, that they actually ventured to sell out Chowsempoor stock. The effect of this upon the market was not long in being felt; for fear is contagious, like many other complaints; and the fashion of converting scrip into real rupees, soon became prevalent, much to the mortification of directors and managers. It was found impossible to continue the old plan of buying up shares from the market, since every one who could, became a seller; the stock rapidly fell to par, and then to much below that moderate point, until all the world had shares to sell, but no buyers were left. And then, but no until then, the price ceased

to fall any lower, for the shares had no price; they fell to zero.

The next general meeting was an anxious, and an unpleasant meeting for all parties. Still the directors' report spoke confidently of the future. No actual panic had then occurred, and although heavy losses on all sides were matters of notoriety, the considerate auditors had put down no more than a few thousand rupees as bad debts. To be sure, the dividend of five per cent. boldly declared on the current year, would have had to be paid out of the capital. but it was dreaded that it would be very difficult for the manager to discover any capital whatever. This difficulty was soon mastered; the directors were not put to the trouble of fishing for capital in empty coffers, and an infinite amount of vexation and declaring of accounts was saved them by the far more simple process of suspending payment; which was done not long afterwards to the terror of many, and the astonishment of more.

It was then clearly demonstrated that whilst the Great Chowsempoor Bank had been so ardently bent upon "developing the resources of the country," the directors had overlooked the necessity of developing the resources of the Bank. The stale old maxim about being just before being generous had found no place in the managers' creed, and when the hour of trial and difficulty came, they who had been so lavish towards others found there was not a single friend or supporter for themselves.

Of the scenes which passed in and about Hooghly Bund, after the stoppage of the Great Chowsempoor Bank, it would be not less difficult than painful to treat. To such firms as Hookey, Walker and Company, it was no doubt distressing and inconvenient to a degree; to the Insurance Companies it was perhaps more so: while the young, confiding embryo civilians, and the juvenile captains and innocent ensigns, all of whom had learnt to look at the Bank as greatly honoured by the accommodation accorded them, considered it extremely hard to be called upon to "pay up" their accounts —so very hard indeed that scarcely any attended to the call. But if it proved harassing and annoying to all these, how was it with the poor friendless widows and orphans, whose *all* in this world had been engulphed within the fatal vortex of the banking mania? Terror would be a faint term to apply to the feelings of these stricken people when they learnt the extent of the blow— that they were not only friendless, but penniless! Their official Trustee was exceedingly sorry for what had occurred; but he had acted for the best!

As for the Great Chowsempoor Bank itself, its affairs are still being wound up, with no prospect of a dividend; although some very clear-headed, sharp-dealing individuals have contrived to realise fortunes out of the scattered

wreck; *how*, it is scarcely necessary for me to relate.

SNAILS.

EPHRAHIM SLITHERHOUSE, the father of William Slitherhouse, our hero, was a respectable mechanic, who gained his livelihood by making clock-faces, or to speak more correctly, a certain part of them, for he only made the hands. After working sedulously at this branch of horological mechanism during fifty-three years, he was just beginning to think of importing a few Dutch clocks, and establishing an independent trade, when his own hour-hand stopped. He, dying, "bequeathed to his son a good name," together with special directions as to the manufacture of the black hands, in the Swiss style, as he thought them more elegant than gold ones, and also clearer to be seen at dusk or by night. William Slitherhouse followed all his father's injunctions so carefully, that after remaining in business five-and-forty years, he had saved enough to retire to a six-roomed villa, at Camberwell. A strip of garden at the back, enclosed by a brick wall on two sides, with a wooden paling and a salubrious ditch at the bottom, afforded him every opportunity for rural recreation and the pursuit of new sources of interest in life.

William Slitherhouse took to gardening. In his first season he tried a great many things, and found they would not grow. Some died at once, and others in the course of a few weeks. He saw that it was not wise to be too ambitious, and that the climate of Camberwell had been overrated by his landlord. After his third season, he came to his senses, and was content with humble flowers and vegetables. His greatest success was in cabbages; that is to say, so far as their growth and promise were concerned; but unfortunately there always came a large colony of snails in the spring, which multiplied immensely all through the summer and autumn, and devoured the best of his produce. Not a cabbage was left heart-whole, and all the best of the intermediate leaves were riddled like very fine old point lace, or otherwise damaged for all edible purposes. This gave Mr. Slitherhouse a hostile feeling towards the marauders, and he always did his best to get rid of them.

It is very much to be feared that humane people, who are fond of gardening, dispose of their surplus snails by throwing them over into the gardens of their next door neighbours. It is clear they must be disposed of somehow. The question is, in all similar cases, who are to eat the vegetables—the grower, or the pirates? But a snail is a sort of substance not very nice and easy to deal with. It is all very well for gardening-books simply to say, "Snails are destroyed by crushing." Of course they are; but who likes to do it?

William Slitherhouse, I say it to his honour, was not the man. Robbed though he was every year of the best part of the produce of his garden, he could never make up his mind to use his virtuous amateur spade for any such purpose. It is true that a chemist in the neighbourhood, having whispered to him that salt was a deadly poison to snails, our friend did once deposit a score of them in a flower-pot, and then cast over the moving mass of shells and horns half a handful of salt. But he never did it twice. The instantaneous shrinking back of all those protruding and inquiring horns—the yellow froth of the shell-mouths, and the anguished rolling over of the shells, was too much for him—and no wonder. Mr. Slitherhouse's servant, an old woman of no imagination, once collected a heap of snails from the palings near the ditch at the bottom of the garden, and after scolding them all down the pathway into the kitchen, threw them into the fire. She received warning that very day.

Mr. Slitherhouse now adopted the plan of collecting two or three scores of the marauders in a pocket-handkerchief, and carrying them a few miles off to deposit them beneath the hedge of some field. By these means he avoided the horrors of gelatinous contortions, and all the spittings and splutterings attending extermination; while, at the same time, he reconciled the fact of such injury as the snails might do to the hedge-leaves and field-grass, by the reflection that snails were sent into the world to eat something, and that he had not the least knowledge of the person who owned the field. Perhaps it belonged to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, in which case there was no harm done.

No doubt can exist but the revulsion caused in the mind of Mr. Slitherhouse, by the previous murders that he had himself committed as well as witnessed during the "reign of terror," had caused a re-action in his feelings, so that he now pursued his task of tracing out and capturing the interlopers with a degree of interest in the creatures themselves. This naturally increased as he bestowed more and more observation on their structure and habits. One day he noticed a snail whose shell had been partially crushed, creeping into a cranny in the wall with the languid air of an invalid going to the hospital. Finding it still there the next time he visited the spot, he attentively watched its operations, and the creature's repair of its shell, in each stage of the process. At length it was all made compact once more and hardened in the wind, and the very first morning the snail issued forth after its recovery, Mr. Slitherhouse had the pleasure of witnessing one of those scenes so excellently described by Mr. Rymer Jones, in which the snail, meeting with an admirer of its own species, they each began to make

extraordinary demonstrations in the air with their horns (or rather, the tentacles) and exhibited an alacrity of gesticulation in the uplifting and twirling the head and neck, which showed that their love, though at first sight, was mutual.

From this day we have to date a great change in the mind of Mr. Slitherhouse. He now pursued his researches after snails with a very different eye from that of a gardener. He had unconsciously become a close observer — a naturalist. "No doubt," mused he, in his little summer-house, built after the approved manner of English suburban villas, on the borders of the ditch — "No doubt but the department of Natural History which I have adopted for especial study, is not very extensive; nevertheless, there must be a great many snails in the world, and as nature loves variety, they are probably not all alike." In order to ascertain how the fact stood in this respect, he sent to a bookseller for Mr. Lovell Reeve's book on the subject, having been informed that this contained the most comprehensive account, and was also the latest authority. He desired that the pamphlet, or whatever else that author had written on snails, should be forwarded to him by post.

The bookseller had the good sense to spare Mr. Slitherhouse tage, and forwarded the by the Parcel's Delivery Company — a large quarto volume of some two hundred pages, with nearly a hundred plates, all beautifully drawn and coloured (facsimiles) of the original snail-shells, price five guineas. Mr. Slitherhouse, with an equal mixture of pride, respecful awe, and delight, sank back in his arm-chair, and sat staring at the quarto as it lay upon the table, not yet quite emancipated from the thick sheets of brown paper in which it had been packed.

Lying by the side of the goodly quarto was a thin pamphlet by the same author, "On the Geographical Distribution of the *Bulimi*" — (Mr. Slitherhouse felt the importance of snails considerably enhanced as he pronounced the word, and he assumed a more dignified attitude in his chair as he read furthermore) — "a Genus of terrestrial *Mollusca;* and on the Modification of their Shell to the local physical Conditions in which the Species occur. By Lovell Reeve, F.L.S., &c., *with a map!*" Mr. Slitherhouse turned over the pages with avidity, devouring their contents — with his eyes. He took an enthusiastic flight and a bird's-eye view of the whole. He saw what a field was before him. That day the abstemious naturalist drank nearly a whole bottle of port wine after dinner. He felt quite another man. He sat with his eyes fixed on the wall of his room, till the papering gradually assumed the outlines of Mr. Reeve's coloured map, and his imagination became

geographical as he wandered over the world in the pursuit of snails.

Just where the faded tail of an eccentric peacock on the paper of his sitting-room, lost itself in the faint pink of a true lover's knot, forming an introductory flourish to the stem of a large white oak leaf with a pale blue acorn, Mr. Slitherhouse began to distinguish the southern part of Europe (famous chiefly for its snails), running down to the Mediterranean and extending to the Black Sea, and thence advancing to the Caucasian variety of the *Bulimi*. Having gratified the first gush of his roving imagination thus far, Mr. Slitherhouse bethought him that it would be better to methodise his excursions a little, and in accordance with the map he had seen in the pamphlet. Still keeping his eyes fixed upon the paper of his room, he made a dash through nine peacocks' tails, with their associated true lovers' knots and white oak leaves, and alighted at once upon a spot which corresponded with his ideas of the Brazilian and other snail-provinces of South America, recollecting that Mr. Reeve had distinctly stated that this hemisphere comprised the "four grand provinces of their distribution." He there saw in imagination (or to speak more correctly, in *memory*, for he had just been looking at the coloured fac-similes), amidst the luxuriant wilds of Venezuela and New Granada, "the highest condition of the genus." Here the warm temperature and the vegetation, watered by the tributaries of the Magdalena and the Orinoco rivers, are most favourable to the development of these interesting creatures, so that sixty different species may be collected at different altitudes. On the sides of the mountains sloping from the sea, where there is little vegetation, Mr. Slitherhouse saw but a few species, and of these the shell was extremely poor; thin in substance and dull of hue, owing to the want of sufficient moisture in the animals. Their bodies, however, were curiously spotted and painted, and they clung in bunches, one over the other, to many a splendidly-flowering cactus, eating into the very middle of the leaves and stem, notwithstanding the thorns, prickles, and frizzy hairs that protected the food. How so soft a substance as the head and neck of a snail could contrive to escape without wounds in so dangerous a feeding-place, was a question of much admiring speculation in the mind of our naturalist. But what a difference between the dull colour of these snail-shells, and those of some other parts of the world, where they were so brilliant, transparent, and variegated. These differences were discoverable, to a great extent, between the shells of the same provinces at different elevations, according to the temperature, and to the character of the vegetation. Journeying up the mountains of Venezuela, for instance, they are

large and sombre in some parts, bright and small in others; proceeding higher still, the plants become thicker, and gradually give place to forests with undergrowth of broad green leaves, the whole space being enveloped in clouds and mists. Mr. Slitherhouse perceived at once, that although this was no place to read "Thomson's Seasons" in, it was a very beautiful locality for snails. Here, at an elevation of from four thousand to six thousand feet, he remembered to have seen (in Plate twenty-four of the quarto) the richly coloured *Bulimi fulminans*, and *Blainvilleanus;* the former, oblong, acuminated towards the apex, having five whorls (curls), with a lip "widely reflected," its colour a peculiar semi-transparent smoky brown, shot with sharp angular zigzags of bright chestnut; the latter creature similar in architecture and tone of colour to the *fulminans*, but over-laid with a remarkable epidermis of a dark green hue, sometimes, in highly favoured individuals, dotted with yellow spots, deposited in fine rippling wrinkles, resembling those which we often see on oil paintings that have been too much exposed to the heat of the sun. Clambering higher still up these mountains, in fact, to an elevation of eight thousand feet, our naturalist had no doubt but the temperature which he should feel would be considerably lowered; for there, beneath decayed leaves of dense woods, or in cold shadowy ravines and clefts of rocks, were the huge widely-inflated, thick-shelled "vehicles" of several very imposing creatures, and more especially of the darkly painted *Moritzianas*, — brown, streaked with yellowish white, in a wavy pattern, covered with an olive green epidermis, and having a broad lip of deep orange.

Here the memory of Mr. Slitherhouse, excited as it had been, quite failed him, and he was obliged to withdraw his eyes from the geographical wall of his apartment, and turn to Mr. Reeve's map, pamphlet, and the Plates of the quarto.

He found that the great Snail families were distributed over the equatorial, tropical, and temperate regions of the globe, in tribes, each of a distinct character, and not at all disposed to change their special localities. "Being of sluggish habits," says the pamphlet, "with few means of transport" (none, we should fancy, beyond their own slow coaches), "little migration occurs, even where there are no such natural boundaries as seas, deserts, or mountain-chains." The localities of nearly six hundred different species, distributed over the world, are now well authenticated. Our enthusiastic naturalist, having hastily examined the Venezuelan and Brazilian provinces, turned his gaze to the sandy plains of Chili, where there is little moisture, except that which is derived from the

dews. The shells here were generally small, thin, and not very admirable in colour or marking. Near the sea-shore, they were darkly speckled, and existed in a torpid state for many months in in the crevices of rocks. In the warmer district of Peru, however, they were more bright of colour, and possessed more variety in their patterns. Still, Mr. Slitherhouse found there was equally a want of rain in those localities; and that, in the more arid parts of Peru, the shells had a colder aspect than those of the same latitude in Brazil, on account of the very scanty nature of the vegetation, the less degree of humidity in the atmosphere, and the cold precipitated from the cold antarctic drift-current, which flows in a northerly direction along the western shores of South America nearly to the equator. The effect of moisture, and consequent amount of decaying vegetable matter, in promoting the formation of shell, was curiously illustrated by the presence of a stout, richly-coloured species, of large size, on the rainy border of Peru, where they crawled up the stripped trees in great abundance; and by another species — dwelling on bushes and garden-walls, on the Bolivian side of the Andes, at an elevation of nine thousand feet — which had a robust, dark-painted shell, similar to those of the lofty Venezuelan type. Mr. Slitherhouse had also the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a family which inhabits a wide range of country, extending from the environs of Valparaiso, near the sea, to Cocapata, in Bolivia; crouches under stones in the sand, in the first-named locality; and has a pale, smooth, calcareous shell. In the woods of Cocapata —where the family reside in more humid situations, among the trunks of trees — he found the shell larger, stouter, more richly coloured, and with more of epidermis: the change which characterised different species, presented in the same species under different conditions, thus became apparent. Another remarkable instance was presented in a kind of zebra-marked shell. This species inhabited an area of Central America, enclosing Honduras, Nicaragua, the West Indies, and Pernambuco, reaching to the shores of Peru, and produced a shell varying so much in character, according to the physical conditions under which it was formed, that it has been described as several species; but Mr. Slitherhouse perceived very clearly that such descriptions were deficient in research and accuracy.

Our naturalist now took a careful view of the provinces of Bolivia, of Central America, and of the islands of the Western Hemisphere, particularly the Gelapagos; but he found that the Polynesian Islands were among the most wretched places on the face of the globe (so far as snails are concerned), and the Marquesas, Friendly, and Society Islands not very much better.

Becoming impatient at the lamentable deficiency of snails in the above places, Mr. Slitherhouse turned to the quarto; and, without reference to any learned description or comment whatever, feasted his eyes, plate after plate, on the numerous and beautiful — varieties which were there set out before him, — the choice products of the Eastern Hemisphere, the Caucasian, Malayan, and African provinces — in addition to those at which he had previously glanced. He examined, with great curiosity the tiger-striped snails of Africa, and other shells whose form and colours suggested with equal force the presence of wild beasts of different kinds, some of the shells being marked with dark spots, stripes or clouds — and of a vivid brown, dark-yellow, — black and tawny, — or dusky grey colours; and others having mouths set all round with ugly fangs. Some were pale, white, or dun coloured, suggestive of arid soils, hot and sandy; others of rich chestnut, or of deep sea-weed green, showing that they belonged to the luxuriant undergrowth of woods, and were huge feeders upon the leaves of trees. Here, he found a snail with a house as bright as the brightest yellow of a canary-bird; there, he saw one all covered with the most minute work and tracing, a sort of mosaic, which (in the real shell) is revealed to be more perfect and minute in proportion to the power of the magnifying glasses through which it is examined: here, he regarded with delight the golden-haired shells from the Phillipine Islands; there, he beheld with wonder the immense shells of the largest species of snails, and pictured to himself what would be the effect of walking in a wood, and suddenly perceiving a snail with his state-coach, or van of a long helmet shape, solemnly advancing to meet him with uplifted and inquiring horns! Finally, he examined a variety of snails' eggs, many of them little round yellow balls, many in size and shape exactly like white sugar plums; some the size of peas, others like fine porcelain beans; and a few of the shape, colour, and size of pigeon's eggs. The size of the eggs, he perceived, were curiously disproportioned to the size of the creatures; the largest eggs by no means belonging to the larger sort of shells. Not less interesting were the infant snails, which in some species are produced from the maternal shell, of a minute size; yet, in all respects, perfect creatures.

It is not to be denied, but that the reading of the quarto and the pamphlet on this subject, with the examination of the map and the contemplation of the plates, did produce a very considerable excitement in the imagination of Mr. Slitherhouse, so that (he confessed this, subsequently, to his friends) he had begun to form a project for starting off to the Phillipine Islands, as the most prolific of all localities for the discovery and collection of all sorts of shells.

But the result of his first inquiries put an end to his dream. He found that Mr. Hugh Cuming, the conchologist, had, some time since, hired a yacht with a crew, and that he had passed ten years on board this little vessel, assiduously dredging for shells, and cruising, day by day; especially among the Phillipine Islands. At this news the great Camberwell naturalist drew in his horns, and resolved in future to content himself with the reality of his little garden, while he indulged his imagination in the quarto with its brightly coloured plates, and in tracing on the map the course of Mr. Cuming's yacht among the sunny little spots of the shell-islands.

DEPARTED BEGGARS.

CHARLES LAMB in his day complained of the decay in the number of beggars in the metropolis. The decay has now approached dissolution.

Where are the beggars to whom the macaronis of George the Fourth's princely and wasted youth flung the smaller coins, after Brummell had banned contumeliously the retention of small "change?" Where are the weather and brandy-beaten soldiers, redder or browner than their tattered uniforms, who asked for alms—"an obolus to Belisarius?" [A fable, but it *ought* to have been true.] Where are the seamen, sturdy as they were crippled, who, as a matter of choice — when choice permitted — were for the "town's-end" for life? and even London town had then a few straggling and varying indications of what might be called "ends." Where is the escaped negro slave, whose back was marked as with scars from the leathern and wiry claws of the slave-driver's cat, and whose body, bowed in mendicant and slave-like humbleness, was often to be re-marked for its dull, sable obesity? Where are the unshorn and ill-linened men who watched the congregating and departing of classical schools, and begged, as they thought, classically, "*Miserere mei! Sum pauper egensque;*" or asked those whom they k[illegible] or fancied, to belong to the F[illegible]nch-class, "*Donnez-moi un sou, milord; un petit sou; pour l'amour de Dieu?*" Where are the brimstone-tipped match-sellers who, in the age of tinder-boxes, introduced their wares and wants in London suburbs, under cover of some lugubrious psalm, or solemn "werses for the occasion," despite the bidding that it is for the merry to sing psalms? Where are the attractive, yet repulsive, deformities who begged loudly, openly, upbraidingly, of recusant Christian people, in other days? Where, I say, are all these long-established and long-remembered public characters now? Gone, all gone; as defunct as the box-seat of the York mail, or as the London street cry, which heralded the dawn, and in some parts was

heard, like the nightingale, "all the night long," the cry of "Saloop." The New Policeman walks, with slow and measured steps, along diamantled or demolished streets, once the beggar's, the veritable beggar's hotel, his lavatory, his tiring-room, his harem. Streets, too, which once rang with mendicant melody or malediction, are now purged and live cleanly.

Yet, it is little more than a quarter of a century ago that the streets were prolific in the very pith and pride of beggary. The martial cankers, the remnants of the long war, and the simulations of the battered trooper's dress and manners, were bold in the highways. They had their peculiar feasts and fun, their favourite viands, their still more favourite beverages, their own toasts and their own "cant," their graceless orgies, and their unbroken slumbers upon broken floors. Gone, all gone. The beggar has nightmares now; his blue lettered and numbered enemy haunts him in his dreams.

The spirit of street mendicity and mendacity is broken; the genius of beggars' invention has shrunk into the envelope of ill-worded begging letters. Where is there now a man like "the Scotchman," who wore four waistcoats and three coats, but was shoeless and hoseless, and had a loose robe, disposed like a lady's about him, and so artistihat he looked "a deplora-"? And did he not gain his thirty, or forty, or fifty shillings a-day by pure begging? What was a lieutenant's or a captain's half-pay to that? And did he not, all calm and unruffled, when interrupted in the exercise of his profession by a buzzing insect of a beadle, retire to a public-house, inviting thither also his interrupter, and consume for dinner a pound of ham, half-a-pound of less savoury beef, with a pint of rum, and two pots of ale?

The strictly professional beggars in those days, the flourishing beggars until they relaxed for the night, carried their liquor like gentlemen, and were grave in the streets as was Thomson's doctor, "a black abyss of drink" among the fox-hunters. And had not the Scotchman a tin case between his shoulders in which he kept bank-notes, of genuine Abraham Newland's mark (for he was his own banker), and did he not, moreover, enjoy a pension from Chelsea Hospital? Show me half so adventurous a pensioner in our dull days: half so successful a beggar. The present fraternity are like the men of whom Le Sage tells, who went to Madrid to see what o'clock it was, and went away as wise as they came.

In those days there was actually a man who posed all civic wisdom. He appeared in man-of-war attire, and was led by a dog who carried his masters's poor-box in his mouth. This man put it to the Mansion House, and he put it to the Guildhall, that it was his dog which begged, and not he. Then

there was a man with a valuable limp, which he put off when he retired into domestic life, and stood forth a first-rate boxer. A Chelsea pensioner boasted over his cups of his success in begging, as he stood by his "friend Devonshire's" wall in Piccadilly, shrinking and blinded, from the war in Egypt. His pension was only some ten shillings a-week. One beggar, who patronised Russell Square, until it was spoilt by Mr. Croker, did *not* carry his liquor like a gentleman, although sedate enough in his business hours; but he took his quaffing pints of gin at a draught, and repeating the draught in a very quack-like style, was continually snoring o'nights in street kennels. I need not dwell on the instances of beggars having bequeathed fortunes (one, as a token of gratitude, left a legacy to a bank-clerk, who was good for a penny a-day); and one begging negro retired, rich, to the West Indies, the English climate being cold and insalubrious. Neither have I time to tell of women-beggars who really outdid the men; and, after the manner of such women, did not fail to tell them of it.

Beggary (in which word I include simply begging) rallied a few years back. Certain legionaries, in faded uniforms, paraded the streets, announcing their sufferings for Queen Christina in Spain. Great was their success. "Why, we had, Sir," one of the batch of street-professionals said, "wine when we liked, and hot giblet pies for supper!" Inferior vagrants cleaned these men's boots. But legionaries sprung up like a crop from dragons' teeth and the "lurk" — such is the technicality — was demolished by the police. The man whose words I have cited has begged from his infancy upwards.

There were also the "distressed tradesman" and the "clean" lurk; but they were little better than revivals.

Where, I repeat, is there an old-school beggar in London? Nowhere. Have, then, mendicancy and vagrancy left the streets and highways of London to the ten thousand wheels of commerce to gents in Hansoms, and ladies in Broughams; to rich and reading professionals, and M.P.s, whose carriages are vehicular "studies;" and to the race of aristocratic loungers and shoppers, in chariots heavy with armorial bearings; as well as to the host of pedestrians upon pocket-compulsion? No: so: vagrancy is rife through the kingdom; but mendicancy — able and most special-pleading mendicancy, which once

"— Flew, like night, from land to land,
Which had strange powers of speech —"

pure mendicancy — is gathered to the fathers and mothers of whom I have just presented a simple record. There was once a pride of art which bore the beggar bravely on; but now, even the veriest singing beggar is (comparatively) as silent as Memnon's statue, the poets notwithstanding. If these beggars chance to sing

they also strive to sell; they are not of the true blood of beggary; not of the breed which could assume the simple and timid look at will; they are, like Lear and his friends and fool, "sophisticated;" the byegone beggars were, like Mad Tom, "the thing itself."

There is, however, a covert mendicancy in our day. Aged and infirm people go from door to door with small stocks of lucifer-match boxes, or stay and boot laces, or memorandum-books or almanacks, and under shelter of this array of small traffic, they — beg. The children, little girls especially, beg under the odour of violets, "only a penny a bunch," even in winter. They profess no mendicancy; but their dress, their look, their tone, their straggling hair and protruding toes, are all mendicants' pleas, and they sometimes beg directly. Sorely, I have been told by two young sisters, have they sometimes been snubbed by fine, but not very young ladies, because the children refused a halfpenny for the nosegay, which was about its cost, by the dozen bunches, at day-break, in Covent Garden market in the bleak frost.

Then there are Irish beggars. Some are old men, tottering to a pauper's grave, who sell match-boxes, and when a civil word or a pitiful look encourages them, beg eloquently.

"Well thin, Sir," said a grey-ed feeble Irishman, whom I oned, "I was a lock-smith, in my prime, yer honner, -self in this country. But sorra the file can I hold now, for it has plazed God to fail my fingers and hands with the rheumatics. Ah! it 's a match-box I can scarce hold now.. Ay, and indeed, yer honner, you may say, 'sad changes.' The streets get cowlder and cowlder, Sir, and people gets crosser and crosser wid an old man like me. But," brightening up a little, "I have a daughter that's immigrated. The Lord fasten the life in the good lady that helped her, though it almost broke my hear[illegible] she 'll help me, will my d[illegible] sure; and I must go on now, till thin."

The street beggar's vocation is, therefore, not entirely gone from among us. It lingers, and is found here and there, like the small-pox; but it is fast disappearing, or has assumed strange guises, of which I have not now space to tell. Bethnal Green shall have no more legends; and no King Cophetua could now find a beggar-maid beseemingly to woo. The "jovial beggar," too, of Burns's lay is not. In fact, I have had opportunities to observe that your beggar, if he be a cripple, and *must* beg or pine in a workhouse, is an exceeding dull fellow. In our age an idle heavy lad who must yet be a runaway and scorn restraint, sinks into a beggar; the more quick-witted young vagrant (for, in such cases, a common lodging-house is a hot-house, a forcing-house) soon blooms a [illegible]ef.

There is another and a re-

markable change portending to this matter. In other days the vagabond, or the beggar, seems to have been, as Blackstone calls seamen, "favourites of the law;" or rather, perhaps, of London magistrates. The man was, perhaps, sent off into the next street to beg, after bowing to an injunction to "look out for honest work;" a frequent consequence, and always to the disgust of the reproved and now (in such functions) superseded beadle, who had captured the beggar "in the act." Now the conviction is summary.

The lines of street beggary are not, in this year of grace, cast in pleasant places.

SUBMARINE GEOGRAPHY.

By an act of the American Congress in March 1849, the secretary of the United States Navy was authorised to appoint three suitable vessels for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of the winds and the waves, to find short routes, and to discover matters of importance to commerce and navigation. These vessels were to sail under the instructions of Lieutenant Maury, the author of the Wind and Current Charts, published at New York. From some cause, but one vessel was fitted out for this important service; the "Fancy," a schooner commanded by Lieutenant Walsh, which sailed from New York, in October 1849, amply furnished with the means of carrying out the instructions given. Those orders included not only constant observations upon the wind, the force and set of the currents, with their temperature, depth, position, &c., but also notices of the general temperature of the ocean, with "deep-sea soundings."

In May of the following year, the United States ship Albany, Commander Plate, was despatched on similar service to the West India station, equally well found in every requisite for the purpose. The field of the "Fancy's" operation was to have been the "Horse Latitudes" to the north of the Equator, and a few degrees south of the Line, between fifteen and twenty-five degrees west longitude. Unfortunately, this vessel proved unseaworthy, and her commander was compelled to relinquish his undertaking before being half completed. This first voyage was, however, not without results, for it enabled the officer in command to disprove the existence of various supposed rocks between the West India Islands and the African continent, and which had, until that time, been regularly laid down in the official charts. Lieutenant Walsh also discovered a submarine current of considerable velocity, moving in a direction opposite to that on the surface; he found water at a great depth, which, when brought up, relieved of all pressure, and equalised to the surface temperature, proved to

be lighter than the water at the surface. In "deep-sea soundings" less was done than had been anticipated, owing mainly to the loss of their longest wire-line, which parted close to the reel on deck. The deepest sounding made by this expedition, and which is also the deepest yet made, was five thousand seven hundred fathoms, or six miles and a half, at which immense depth no bottom was found. This was made about three hundred miles to the eastward of Bermuda, on the 15th of November, 1849, and serves to establish the fact, that the actual depth of the great ocean basin is greater than any elevation above the sea level. The time occupied by this length of wire in running out was one hour and a half; and, to have wound it up on the reel by two or three men, would have required at least twelve hours; that labour, however, was not needed, as the whole length parted at the surface, and was lost.

It may not be uninteresting to detail the mode by which the direction and velocity of the under-currents were determined — a method at once simple and efficacious. A large *chip-log* of a quadrantal form, the arc of it measuring four feet, and being heavily loaded with lead to keep it upright, was sunk to the required distance, say one hundred and twenty fathoms; on the upper end of the line to which this was red, was a *barrega*, or float, h of course followed the direction of the sunken chip-log, propelled by the under-current, and the rate at which it moved was ascertained by means of a log-line and glass, in the ordinary way. Lieutenant Walsh found, by these means, a great number of under-currents moving at various rates, according to depth, ranging from two miles to half a mile, but always in a direction contrary to the surface current, and usually moving at a more rapid rate.

The second expedition in the Albany, proved far more successful than the first; and although the scene of operations was on a much more limited scale, the task was performed most completely. This vessel was of much larger tonnage, more liberally officered, and better supplied with *matériel*. In place of *wire* sounding lines, cod-lines of sufficient size were furnished, which were well waxed or oiled, and marked off at every hundred fathoms. The supply extended to fifty thousand fathoms, sufficient, one might suppose, for several such voyages, yet the greater part of it was used on this one trip; losses of some thousands of fathoms occurring incessantly from the inferior make of the line causing it to part.

The first deep-sea soundings were made somewhat to the southward of the Bermudas, where no bottom was found with lines of one thousand nine hundred fathoms and one thousand fathoms. Standing on towards Hayti, and within a few degrees of that island, bottom was found, and re-

gular sets of soundings effected in a most satisfactory manner from that point right across the Gulf of Mexico, and afterwards across the Carribean Sea. From a depth of sixteen hundred fathoms (about two miles) the ground gradually trended upwards, towards the coast of Hayti, with very ordinary undulation. Passing on, westerly, through the shoals and islands to the northward of Cuba, at which island the vessel remained a day or two to overhaul the lines and correct the imperfections, a course of soundings was taken right across the bay from east to west, and again from west to east. Three months were occupied in this portion of the work, and although, at times, the squally state of the weather rendered soundings quite impracticable, the fine calm days intervening sufficed for every useful purpose. The result of these operations was to show that the depth of the two great waters, the Gulf of Mexico and the Carribean Sea, is not nearly so great as, from their extent, might have been anticipated; whilst, on the other hand, the submarine valleys situated between Cuba and some of the immediately adjacent islands, stretch to a much greater distance below than the larger undulations. These contiguous ocean-valleys are, in fact, so many sharp precipices descending to a depth of sixteen hundred fathoms, and twelve hundred fathoms; equal, by land measurement, to two miles, and one and a half mile. The greatest declivity found in the Mexican Gulf was eight hundred and eighty fathoms, a trifle over a mile, whilst, in the deepest part of the Carribean Sea, right to the westward, the soundings gave fully thirteen hundred fathoms, decreasing, with a few irregularities, to about three hundred fathoms in the vicinity of the gulf stream, between Cuba and Cape Haytien. The formation of these two vast basins is especially interesting, as connected with the course and strength of the great gulf stream and other tributary ocean rivers, which it is now evident feed the one mighty stream. The operations of the officers on board the Albany prove that, in the centre of the Mexican Gulf, stretching away for the North American coast, between the mouths of the Mississippi, towards the Yucatan Pass, there lies a ridge of elevated matter, which, whilst it serves to confine the incoming gulf stream to its present course, protects the mouths of the great Mississippi from any encroachments from that quarter. Doubtless, the submarine barrier thus thrown up as it were for mutual purposes, owes its origin and growth to more than one system of rivers. In all probability, the mighty Amazon and Orinoco have as much to do with it as the great northern torrent; and should these inquiries be carried out to their full extent by obtaining specimens of the bottoms in all these soundings, the point might, with no great difficulty, be determined,

through the means of microscopic observation.

Who can say what mighty work may not be in progress beneath the surface of these far waters? Who can tell what vast sedimentary formations may not be in course of preparation, to give to the world, in a future generation, new lands, new countries, rich in organic remains, rich in all that can astound and bewilder the naturalist, who, gazing in ages to come at the treasures thus locked up, will find within the overwhelming mass, fossil palms and infusoria from the Amazon; reptiles from the Orinoco; birds from the Rio Grande; plants and creepers from the Upper Missouri; pine, beech, and ash, from the Mississippi — heaped up in gigantic confusion with wrecks of steamers, and skeletons of man, and beast, and monsters of the deep.

Having stated briefly the actual results of the two first attempts at fathoming the depths of the great waters, I will now mention further operations undertaken in another direction by the Commander of the United States ship John Adams, during the spring of last year (1851). This vessel was steered nearly due west, from latitude thirty-eight degrees, fifty minutes north, and made some most successful deep-sea soundings. The first was taken in about fifty-two degrees west longitude, when bottom was found at twenty-six hundred fathoms. In about forty-five degrees west longitude, bottom was found at five thousand five hundred fathoms, which is the greatest depth at which soundings have been successful; for, although, in the Fancy expedition, two hundred fathoms deeper were explored, no bottom was found. The above sounding corrected for drift, *i. e.* making due allowance for the effect of under-currents upon the line whilst running out, gives an actual up-and-down descent of twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and fifty feet. In longitude forty-four degrees west, the soundings gave bottom at two thousand three hundred fathoms. From this spot to within twenty-four miles of the Peak of Pico, the bottom ascended gradually to six hundred and seventy fathoms, whilst, between the Azores and Madeira, the depth increased to beyond a thousand fathoms. In this course of soundings a great deal of line was lost from accidental breakages; a casualty to which all the tackle employed appears to have been especially subject. It will be observed that the soundings taken in forty-five degrees and forty-four degrees west longitude, differed most materially: the actual distance of locality did not exceed seventy miles, yet the ocean bed was found to sink from over five thousand fathoms to less than half that depth. Here, then, we have a direct proof, that the irregularity in the submarine geography of the world is not confined, as has been imagined, to the immediate neighbourhood of

dry land, but that ocean valleys and mountains exist far away in the watery waste of equal grandeur with any on our continents, and, as already proved, of greater vastness in some cases. This is but the result of an inquiry and research at present in its infancy: the knowledge is as yet only dawning upon our minds: what it may lead to, can be but mere surmise. The island of Saint Helena is, as we know, a bluff, up-heaved, rocky mass, running off at a very precipitous angle below the water's edge. Doubtless, it forms the summit of some ocean Andes, some tremendous ranges of geological structures, which, if in our upper-land, would be capped with eternal snows.

Of the structure and irregularities of the great southern basin nothing is as yet known. It will not be long, however, before we possess some data on which to rest future stores of knowledge. Already a portion of the American navy has gone to the southward in prosecution of this most interesting inquiry, provided with every possible requisite, and in charge of men of undoubted ability and energy.

Before concluding this notice, it may be as well to detail the plan of operations as carried on in these deep-sea soundings. The cordage found to be best adapted for the work, is stout fishing-line, of equal strength throughout its entire length. It should be oiled or waxed, in order to prevent as much as possible any degree of friction in passing rapidly through the salt water. The line must be measured off, and marked at every thousand fathoms with silk thread of various colours, tied tightly round it. The intervening hundred fathoms are to be denoted by threads of corresponding colours, but secured in a different manner, so as to indicate from one to nine hundred.

The weight employed for sinking the line has been a thirty-two pound shot, slung in canvas bands, and so secured to the line, that any sudden jerk upon it will detach the one from the other: the labour of hauling up that weight at the end of a line, several thousands of fathoms long, would be far too great: as it is, the reeling up of the line itself is a task of considerable magnitude, though the reel is worked by cranks and fly-wheels, at which three or four men are employed. Several attempts were made by persons on board these surveying ships, to raise one of the thirty-two pound shot from the ground, when on the bottom of the ocean, at a depth of about three thousand fathoms; but although it was easy enough to drag it along the smooth bed, the strongest man in the vessel was unable to lift it an inch. To regulate and check the passing out of the line during the descent of the shot, canvas friction-bands are employed; otherwise the twine might flow from the reel more rapidly than the shot would sink it, and so become entangled on the surface.

It has been found by many trials, that the weight descends with a steadily decreasing rapidity, in exact proportion with the depth attained by it: a knowledge of this has enabled those employed in the soundings to detect the existence of an under-current at any depth below, for the action of such current, though, perhaps, of not more than half a knot per hour upon the great length of line out, caused it to run off the reel more rapidly than, according to the depth, it should have done. In this way, by timing the descent of the line at every hundred fathoms, not only is it perfectly easy to detect the existence of an under-current, but also to determine its position, and, with some tolerable accuracy, its speed. The five thousand five hundred fathoms run out by the Albany, with soundings, took two hours and forty minutes in its descent, and required ten hours for re-winding by four men, according to the usual rate. This rate of descent, it will be seen, was much less than that of the five thousand seven hundred fathoms of wire-line, which the officers of the Fancy passed out without getting soundings, and which occupied but one hour and a half in its fall, owing to the smaller amount of friction with the metal than the fibrous line.

Let us hope that what has been well begun by our friends the Atlantic, may be not led by our own authorities that similar researches may be made in those seas which peculiarly form the highway of our Oriental commerce. If these things are worth the attention of a young people like the Americans, how much more so of the care of the British Government, whose ships of war are floating in almost every degree of longitude and latitude throughout the watery world? In the vast Indian Ocean there is, beyond doubt, a rich harvest awaiting the labourer: the field so often passed over is as yet unexplored. The crude materials extracted from ships' log-books go to show that in the Indian seas there exists a gulf stream similar to that on the Eastern coasts of America, having a temperature often above blood heat.

In the system of aqueous circulation thus detected, and in the prevailing winds of the Pacific, are to be found the conditions which cause the climates of the Atlantic States to be repeated along the coasts of China; the climate of Western Europe to be re-duplicated in North-western America. In the tepid waters of India which this stream conveys towards the Fox Islands — the Newfoundland of the Pacific Ocean — is to be found the origin of the fogs of the North Pacific and the European-like climate of Oregon. It may readily be imagined that the storms which take their rise near the western margin of the Pacific Ocean will also follow this stream in their course. The passage from China to Cali-

fornia, now made in fifty-four days, may reasonably be reduced to thirty, if we obtain an accurate knowledge of all these matters; and in like manner, the voyage from Calcutta or Hong-Kong to London might be shortened by a week or two.

THE FIERY TRIAL.

A LEGEND.

"Go, carry to thy convent back
That scarred and ugly face,
And sure the lady sisterhood
Will thank thee for the grace,
If thoughts of beauty's fleeting bloom
For such meek souls be fit,
Good sooth, they have their lesson here,
Not delicately writ.

Our household portraits do they need
The added charm of thine?
No; let oblivion drink the blot
From our well-favoured line."

"In days of old, oh grandame stern!
The holy olden time,
To give a blemished lamb to God,
It was a grievous crime.
My darling sister from my kiss
Her bright mouth backward drew,
As though she feared the faded lips
Had power to wither too.
But her; why do I speak of her?
My father scowled at me;
Was it a dream that I had been
Once fondled on his knee?

"And yet, I could have borne it all
Had but my mother shown
That, e'en beneath such foul disguise,
Her love could tell its own.
I kissed her hand, for near embrace
I felt had been amiss;
But my whole heart, my yearning heart,
I poured into that kiss.

"Oh love! wert thou as powerful
As legends say thou art,
Thy charmed touch had moved her hand
To draw me to her heart.
They say I was a pretty child
(They need to say so now!)
Ah! then she used to smooth the hair
That curled about my brow.

"The curls are gone, or gold or brown,
Their lost hue I forget,
But, on their scorched and scant remains
That pressure lingers yet.
But, for the cruel hand that stayed
The red flames wreathing high,
I might have died, and left my name
A household memory.

"And, deep within my mother's heart,
Beyond Death's power to kill,
I still had been the little child,
The bright-haired darling still."

"Go back! Thy seemly covering
The veil and hood must be,
For never shall our ancient house
Give coronet to thee."

"A coronet! oh, give me back
The home affection gone!
I covet from our lineal gems
That pearl of price alone.
'T was at thy word the convent's gloom
My childhood darken'd o'er;
But I've stepped beyond the worldly shades,
I shall not enter more.

"Bethink thee, I am scarce sixteen,
And grievous it appears
To learn my life-time in a day,
Yet live it three-score years.
As well I may, for convent life
Doth draw a sluggish breath;
Life, did I say? — 't were better called
A long look-out for death.

"And, oh! amidst those cloisters dim,
Where not e'en *thought* is free,
The mounting bird, the running stream,
Would still keep haunting me.
Nor could the missal's sacred lore
My thoughts with Heaven engage;
Some landscape from the world without
Still floated o'er the page,

"Keep, keep thy wealth, and rank and name,
Yea, home and friend deny,
Let me be free to come and go
Beneath God's open sky.
In nature's large and loving heart
I have not lost my place;
The stream that gives *thine* image back
Doth not refuse *my* face.

"The flower doth not avoid my touch,
Nor tall tree wave me hence,
The breeze doth kiss thy cheek and mine
Without a difference.
But sickly plants I love to tend,
For these my kindred be,
And, when their gentle breath flows out,
It feels like sympathy.

"With these and my unquestioned thoughts
Here will I live and die;
Though at the altar, I should stand,
Thy power I will defy."

In vain their stormy anger burst
The steadfast maiden o'er;
So they were fain to seek for one
To take that burden sore.

They offered wealth, but knight and squire
Of high and low degree,
Vowed they would need her weight in gold
To wed with such as she.
Then the poor maiden raised her head,
And all a woman's pride
Swelled the slight neck, while jest and scoff
Flew round from side to side.

But up then spake a yeoman stanch,
And his sun-browned face flushed high,
"If *ye* be knights and gentlemen,
Thank God, so am not I!
I have a home. Dear lady, say,
If thou couldst stoop so low;
Thou knowest that on the lowly bush
A pleasant fruit doth grow.

"An ancient house; it hath in front
An oak, a royal tree;
But each old branch, at morn and eve,
Shall learn to bow to thee.
It hath a pleasant garden-ground;
I 'll make thee there a seat,
Just where the rivulet can float
Its lilies to thy feet

"A quiet house, where, year by year,
The building swallows come;
Poor wounded bird! the heights are cold,
Come to the sheltered home.
And, to atone for all the griefs
That robbed youth of its right,
True love shall make thy later years
A childhood for delight."

And then the maiden bent her head,
And all her pride was gone;
She said, "I will wear out my life
In serving thee alone."

Then spake the grandame: "As thy wife
She may not own my name."
"And shall not!" quoth the yeoman bold,
"It was her only shame.

"And keep thy wealth, thou cruel heart!
It never shall be told,
My wife had not sufficent worth
To be mine, without gold."
Thus cast they from their halls of pride
Their innocent reproach;
But her bruised heart felt evermore
Affection's healing touch.

And love, o'er the unsightly face,
To its old magic true,
Shed coloured floods of softened light
To please the husband's view;
She read and sang to win his ear,
And often would he bless
The voice, that seemed the lingering sprite
Of her dead loveliness.

And, as the years increased, arose
Fair children round her knees,
Who only felt their mother's love,
Not her deformities.
Her features did from her altered life
Such natural graces gain,
Her mother's self could scarce have known
The happy Lady Jane.

NOTES FROM NORWAY.

SUMMER AMONG THE FARMERS.

In a country which, like Norway, can hardly be said to possess more than two seasons, summer and winter, one must "make hay while the sun shines." The frost is generally in the ground from October till May, or the beginning of June, and none of the chance thaws pierce the surface of the soil when it is once fast frozen. Frequently the crops are scarcely cleared and there remains no time for ploughing, before winter takes the farms into its keeping. Nevertheless, when he has once bro-

ken the ice, the sun is anything but bashful, and his small talk, in the shape of vegetation, springs up with a wonderful rapidity. A doubtful summer is a certain loss; for the short season does not permit of waste time to be recovered. Even in ordinary years, many little devices, equally unknown and unnecessary in our more favoured land, are employed to help the farmer forward.

The hay-season lasts from the end of July to the end of August or beginning of September; all hands are pressed into the service, and the horse demanded by the traveller who journeys post, is very grudgingly bestowed. The hay-field itself has not an English look; the stunted grass is thickly interspersed with weeds and wild flowers of many kinds, among which one sees commonly the tall French willow.

Women, as well as men, are employed in mowing, and the cut grass is usually hung on racks about the field, to catch every ray of sun and every breath of wind. When it is dry enough, they take it home on hay sledges — carts resembling a cattle-crib set on wooden skates, with two little wheels behind, not larger than a pair of dinner plates. These carry a very light load, and contrast greatly with our large and solid hay-carts. The hay in the sledges is conveyed, not to a rick-yard, but into the upper story of the large barn which forms part of every homestead. It goes up by means of an inclined plane, generally formed of logs laid crosswise, up which the sledge goes, horses and all. In the landing at the top it is unloaded, the hay being conveniently deposited in the loft over the stable. But hay is not the only food housed for the maintenance of cattle during the long winter. Straw is chopped up for them, and the leaves of many trees (such as the alder, poplar, &c.) are used to eke out other provisions. As autumn comes on, one may see women and children busily at work laying bare the anatomy of these trees, and carrying the leaves home in bundles on their heads. The people even pay a rent to the owners for a right to secure this addition to their winter stores.

The hay-season is closely followed by the harvest. Wheat is not much grown; it is only here and there that there occur small patches of it, and what I have seen has been so thin and poor, that it certainly seemed scarcely to repay the cost of cultivation. Barley and rye are the customary crops, with, perhaps, nearly an equal quantity of oats. Here, again, women are to be seen at work reaping, almost as frequently as men. The corn is cut very close to the ground, to secure as much of the straw as possible. After lying a few days, it is stacked for drying and ripening, but not quite in the same manner as the hay. At regular intervals throughout the field are planted stout strong poles of ten or twelve feet high;

to these the sheaves are bound from top to bottom, all the heads being turned towards the south, the warmest quarter, to ripen. This arrangement gives the corn-field a most curious appearance, particularly towards evening, when the sun is low and the long shadows fall slanting from each laden pole; the fields then seem to be alive with giants. Sometimes, the corn is cut so green that it remains standing in this way even during the first frosts. Now and then I have seen it hung out on horizontal beams, protected by a roof from some part of the cold, while the wind had full liberty to travel through the building. After all, it will occasionally happen that none of these means properly succeed; so it was, for instance, in the autumn of 1851, when the rye was very green and damp, and rye being the staple food of the people, a great deal of sickness was occasioned.

Oats are used very much for flad-bröd, which closely resembles the Scotch bannock; it is oatmeal rolled out to the thinnest possible extent, and being skilfully transferred by means of a couple of irons or sticks to a girdle or round plate of iron, supported on a tripod over a bright wood fire, it is there allowed to bake for about five minutes, being turned two or three times during that space of time. It is then piled up on a hanging raft, such as is used for bacon in our midland counties. When crisp, this oat-cake is really excellent, much better than flad-bröd made of wheaten-flour; for that is disagreeably insipid.

Another piece of autumnal farm business in Norway, pleasant to witness, is the bringing home the cattle from the Sœters up the fjeld, whither they are sent at the beginning of the summer. They are brought down in the middle of September, either for sale to avoid the expense of feeding them through the long winter, or to be kept in close confinement in the cow-house for the next eight or nine months. In either case it is a dreary change for them, after the freedom of their mountain pastures.

The herdsmen, carrying the dairy utensils, or leading horses laden with them, head the procession; and the cow bearing the bell walks next, the others diligently following her lead. When the cavalcade exchange land for water, the amusement of the scene begins. During a passage of this kind I spent, one day, some hours at a ferry. It was near the bend of the river, which, being of considerable depth and undisturbed by a single breeze, reflected the adjoining banks and distant mountains with a like distinctness. Some rafts of timber floating down had run aground close to the landing-place on one side of the water, and about these many of the village children clambered, laughing in the bright rays of the sun, and taking their seats noisily, to see the passage of the cattle. The ferry itself was, like many of

ours in England, a raft pulled across the water by a rope; but the banks being at this point low and rather muddy, there was here provided the convenience of a little pier of timber logs on either side. As soon as the first drove appeared in sight over the hill immediately opposite, the ferryman pushed over to meet them, and having received the greater part of the men and the horses, and the bell cow — I suppose because she was not a good swimmer — returned, and landed them over the way. Then came chaos. The cattle, not much relishing the sight of the broad water before them, scampered off in all directions. Then there was a flying abroad of men, a shouting and a fighting with sticks after escaping tails, until at last somebody succeeded in driving some two or three cows into the stream. These swam a few strokes, and then, perceiving that they were not followed, they rushed back, dripping and bellowing, and throwing the whole herd into a fresh state of dismay. Afterwards, the forcing of the first few cows into the river, seemed at once to gain for the herdsmen the contested point. The success would seem then to be too great. The cattle all rush on towards the water, and pressed one upon another with so much impetuosity that they arrived, quite unawares, at the edge of the little pier which overhung the margin of the river. Then, of course, suddenly the forefeet missed their footing, and, with an involuntary plunge head foremost, cow after cow completely disappeared, a flourish of the tail being the last thing visible. That cow was happy who, upon recovering her balance, was not immediately tumbled over and again sent to the bottom. Once fairly afloat upon the stream the whole energy of the herd was spent in making haste to get out on the other side. The swimmers all threw back their heads, and struggled boldly forward, bellowing by the way for want of thought; and, since no part was visible except the top of their heads, the surface of the whole water bristled with horns. The endeavours of the cattle to climb the opposite bank on landing were most ungainly, and contrasted with the graceful rising of the horses from the water. These being again laden, and the cows having shaken themselves to the best of their ability, the cavalcade moved forward. The men attendant on it formed a picturesque part of the whole scene, dressed as they were in the peculiar costumes of their various districts, which is not unlike that of the Tyrolese; but, in addition, they often wear silver brooches of considerable value and curious designs, connected, now and then, by silver chains. They speak the real old Norsk, in contradistinction to the modern language so called, which is in reality Danish. They are rich in legends and historical traditions to pour out on those who speak with them, but

they mistrust the modern dialect, and are only confidential when they are talked with in their mother tongue, and softened by a friendly pipe.

For a few days droves passed the ferry four or five times in the course of the twenty-four hours, varying in numbers from a herd of fifty to one of nearly two hundred head. Afterwards, there was scarcely a cow to be seen in all the country round; every ox was a stalled ox, and lived in the warmed cowhouse in company with sheep, ducks, fowls, and, in short, the whole live stock belonging to his owner. If he was not to see another summer he awaited there his fate at the November slaughtering.

Autumn is also, in Norway, the season for sending timber down from high land forests to the seaports at the mouths of rivers, along which it is floated. While falls and rapids interrupt the river logs are sent down singly, each marked after the owner's fashion. When they reach the lower country and such obstacles have all been passed, they are collected into rafts of tolerable size, so that they support several men and boys, who guide them on their way, and now and then afford means of conveyance to chance passengers. On their arrival at the port the rafts are broken up, and shipped for foreign countries. Holland receives from Norway hief portion of the smaller r, France being the best customer for timber of a better quality.

FROSTY WEATHER.

A WINTER in Norway is more note-worthy than summer, according to the notions of an English stranger. In the first place, the cold is much more thorough than we get it at home, though not equal to that felt in other countries having the same latitude; and the measures taken against it are manifold — for the Norwegians are as fond lovers of heat as people usually are of a good thing whereof they never have been sickened by satiety. The large stoves, which are used alike in sitting and sleeping rooms, are lavishly supplied with wood, and produce a temperature, high and dry, which bakes an Englishman alive. I used frequently to feel that I was beginning to be cooked about the temples, particularly when I came into a hot room after walking or driving. The cold is not only burnt out, but also shut out by double glass windows, which, when once put up, remain immovably closed till they are taken down in spring; so, very little genuine fresh air can find admittance, during winter, into a Norwegian house.

The sledge takes the place of the carriole for travelling — a very pleasant exchange; for a swift slide over the white snow, glittering about one like a diamond desert in the sunshine, is very joyous exercise. Sledges are both

single and double: the former is very much like the body of a carriole, set upon skates; the whole carriage is not three feet from the ground, and, of course, light. The double sledge — which holds two persons sitting side by side, with the addition of a perch behind for a driver, or sometimes a double-seat — is both a much more considerable and much more comfortable affair, inasmuch as one can sit in it instead of being half-reclined. A bearskin kaross covers the knees, and is strapped at the upper corners to the back of the sledge, making an exceedingly snug apron. A pair of strong little horses are set between shafts, which spring from the curve of the sledge or skate; they wear bells on their collars, sometimes six or eight in number, and these shall make music wherever they go. The use of this music is to serve the purpose of a railway-whistle, warning other carriages of an approach, which otherwise, upon the noiseless surface of the snow, might escape notice now and then, and be the cause of serious collisions. When the snow is really deep, there is a track formed for the sledges, by means of a snow-plough, which is a frame of wood, in shape something like de letter V. The horse is harnessed to the point of the wedge, and, being slowly driven on, pushes the snow into a ridge on each side as he proceeds.

The travelling dress, too, is curious, but well adapted to the climate in which it is worn. A gentleman's outer garment is a wolfskin coat, made with the fur outside, and thickly wadded within; it has a high collar, which can be raised to protect the neck and head; all is bound close to the body by a scarf, either knitted or woven, which is some six or seven yards long; this bandage, after acting as a comforter to the throat, is passed two or three times round the waist, and firmly tied. This is called a travelling scarf, and is considered quite a necessary part of human trapping. The gentleman wears, furthermore, a fur cap, generally of otter or seal-skin — as these are the skins most impervious to wet — which is provided with a deep shade, and has flaps, to be tied down over the ears. Large knitted woollen gloves, frequently made like children's gloves, with one division for the fingers and another for the thumb to cover his hands; such gloves being warmer than those in which the fingers are all separated. Finally, to complete his equipment, he steps into a pair of over-boots, which reach nearly to the knee, or higher, and are generally lined with sheep-skin. These boots are made large enough to be drawn over those in common use, and are indispensable for walking through deep snow.

A lady's dress is less remarkable, although the thickly-wadded stuff bonnet has an odd appearance. She wears great boots, like those just mentioned, but not quite so high, nor so heavy, though quite

massive enough. On stepping into the sledge, she finds there a large sack, lined either with wolf or sheep-skin; it is rather longer before than behind; into this she gets, and being carefully tucked in by the servant, sits down, and drawing the long end up as high as she pleases, is thus completely poked out of the way of cold.

In strange contrast to the couple within the sledge, the boy who goes to drive, or take care of the horses, springs upon his airy perch behind, with no extra wraps about him beyond the boots, mits, and a comforter round his neck. But, then, happy fellow! he is constantly in motion, either running up the hills, or giving his weight behind, to prevent the sledge from sliding down too rapidly. So sharp is the cold, that a very short time covers the coats of the horses and the kaross with hoar-frost; and the breath falls on beart, or veil, or anything within reach, in a white powder.

The winter scenery is grand and striking. The snow hangs so magnificently on the tall fir-trees, so heavily that the strong thick branches are borne down with the weight. Generally, at this season, the sun is so low in the sky that it does not rise so far above the overhanging rocks as to allow the narrow valleys a great share of sunshine. Then, when emerging from a valley one comes suddenly upon an opening, the effect is doubly beautiful; the light falls so brilliantly on the sparkling snow, the encumbered stems and branches, while some distant rock casts a deep shade over the back-ground, and provides a foil for the surrounding glitter. At night "the moon shines bright as day," and the northern lights, though not very common, now and then come out to play. They vary in some degree from such lights as we see in England, being very seldom of that elegant rose-colour which we admire so much. They spring up faintly in the north, increasing in brilliancy as they get gradually towards the zenith, which becomes the centre from which flickering beams radiate, being in form like the beams of a gigantic dome. Across these there is a horizontal current of light constantly fluctuating, now bright, now completely vanished, sometimes two such currents cross each other's path, producing rainbow tints; but otherwise it is all colourless as moonshine. It is a fact, with rare exceptions, that the aurora will come out to play only on moonlight nights; and it plays, as might be supposed, very seldom in the southern quarter of the heavens. In mild weather it is considered by the Norwegians to foretell rain, and in cold weather ow.

Delightful as the exercise of sledging is in Norway, it must be still more so in Russia, or any country where one may glide along without finding much inequality of hill and dale. In Norway one may judge of this in some degree by the ease and rapidity with which the sledge flies over the

smooth surface of the frozen rivers, which in winter become high-roads. Fences are broken down, and gates taken off their hinges, to make a way of getting to the river, and thereby saving a circuitous route up and down hill. In places where, from a neighbouring fall or other causes, the ice is not firm enough to be trustworthy, a winter bridge is thrown across, formed of trees cut into equal lengths, laid horizontally, while others placed longitudinally at each side bind them together. So it floats like a bridge of boats till the ice binds it fast in its position.

Those who are not driving, but making their way on foot, have also a means of getting over the ground very speedily in the shape of a miniature sledge, called a kœlke. A kœlke suited to the use of an adult is about two feet long, by about fifteen inches broad. It is merely a flat board placed on two large wooden skates sheathed with iron, and is furnished with a rope in front by way of a handle. These little sledges are so light as easily to be pulled up hill or along level ground; but as soon as the owner reaches a declivity, he seats himself on his kœlke, and darts down with railway speed, pulling against the rope, and steering with his foot. The kœlkes are in constant requisition; children drag them up the steepest places for the mere fun of flying down again; while the man who has a load to carry finds it convenient frequently to place it on his kœlke. In slippery weather, especially, when it is impossible to descend the hills with anything like despatch, they are particularly handy, for the roads are in the best state for them. Often after a thaw followed by a frost without snow, it is almost impossible to keep one's footing, without iron spikes, which are strapped over the boots round the instep and ankle. Skates are not much used, for the ice is not so suitable for skating as in England. It is made rough with traffic, and becomes very soon covered with snow.

A far more useful and general winter amusement, is provided by the skier or snow-shoes. Those used in Norway are more simple in their construction than those which we are accustomed to see brought from North America. They consist merely of a strip of wood, three inches in breadth, and from four to six feet long, pointed and turned up after the fashion of a skate in front. Across the middle is a strap of twisted twigs, which fits over the instep of the wearer, in the same way as the tie of a clog. The feet are slipped in, a long stick or pole gives the first impetus, and afterwards is used for steering; then away flies the traveller, descending the hills as swiftly as he could descend them with the kœlkes, and over level ground a great deal better. One sees the two little furrows left by them as their track, on rocks and steeps, otherwise inaccessible, and along the ice and snow of rivers, in a straight, unswerving

line, which vouches for the speed at which they have been journeying. Men shooting down a hill, seen at some little distance, look much more like birds than human creatures.

This kind of exercise has not pastime only; there were, formerly, regiments who were exercised on snow shoes, both in Norway and Sweden, and they were in active service during the war between the two countries in the beginning of this century. It was, I believe, in the winter of 1812—13, that a detachment of this battalion, belonging to the Swedish service, crossed the frontier, and seizing on a Norwegian peasant, compelled him, by threats of violence, to be their guide to some outposts of his own countrymen whom they were ordered to surprise. He consented, but being a true patriot, and perceiving that they were quite ignorant of the course they ought to take, he determined to mislead them. Seizing a torch, he desired them to follow, and shot off on his snow-shoes, leading them over rock and fell in a contrary direction, while they, not suspecting treachery, implicitly followed his lead.

Presently, they arrived at the brink of a precipice, over which he threw his torch, and at the same time dashing off his snow-shoes, buried himself in the snow. The soldiers, beguiled by the descent of the torch, their leading star, cluded that they were only at ummit of a declivity, not steeper than others which they had already passed, and, hindered by the darkness from perceiving the manœuvre of their guide, did not hesitate in their career. So they were all shot over the precipice, and met their death among the rocks below.

LAST HOMES.

We are all born, and we all wish to be buried — not quite at present — that point is settled. But it still remains an open question how and where, we are to be disposed of by-and-bye. Shall we be potted with quicklime in a general mess — as at Naples; shall we be thrust into places where we must offend and injure the survivors whom we now profess to love — as in most English towns; shall we be horribly and indescribably put out of the way, after forms and appearances have been complied with — as in London; or, shall we condescend to follow the example of any other nation; not hesitating even if it be one whose paganism we may depise, or another whose superstitions we may at once fear and ridicule? Shall we take pattern by any people whose morals we slander, our own being so faultless? Shall we for once be humble enough to observe what is done in other places, and then consent to lay the remains of our departed friends in some spot where they may continue to prolong our tender affections, and keep our hearts

and unpetrified, instead of becoming a dangerous nuisance, and a pest?

The more a town is crowded by the living, the less room is left to spare for the dead. Usually, when a place is thrifty, and its population increases, *it* spreads with them in due proportion. The mass of dust and ashes cannot be piled beyond a certain height, without enlarging its circumference. But there are many towns so circumstanced that they cannot spread.

"I wonder how they manage here for churchyards," said I to myself, as I was taking an inspective stroll about the streets of a strongly fortified town in no part of the present British Empire. Every spot was occupied; streets, public buildings, and the open spaces necessarily required, left not a patch of ground appropriated for interments; though Englishmen might have found room, had it still been subject to their rule. "No sign of a churchyard to be seen! Curious! What, then, do they do with their dead?"

I continued to search along the principal streets in vain. Passing through the gates of the town, at which young, blue-coated, red-pantalooned conscripts were apprenticed as sentinels, and over the bridges, on which horses and asses are forbidden to trot, on pain of a fine, I was in the country, outside the fortifications. Not far removed were extensive suburbs, regularly built, with tall chimneys, and large manufactories established by the English, with timber-yards, canals, and bakers' shops, full of great loaves a yard long, and places where one can lodge on foot or on horseback, though I prefer a night's lodging in bed. The main street was the one to follow. At a Magazine full of odd curiosities, fitted up on purpose to amuse such of the straggling English as have eyes, I looked in at the window, to watch a lady in a bob-tailed jacket suiting herself with a smart pair of wooden shoes of the first quality; but before she had decided, a pattering and clattering was heard, which I knew must come from a large party of those females who conspire to starve the carriers by an Anti Shoe-leather League. Looking round, there was the very thing I wanted — a funeral.

It was headed by the priest, at a good stiff pace. The mourners followed, a numerous assemblage; the men by themselves, and the women with their shoes by themselves, all decently and warmly clad; earnest and serious, though their step would not have kept time to the Dead March in Saul, as we usually hear it performed. Their rapid progress seemed odd, and I was beginning to think it disrespectful to the deceased; when it came to mind that *we* now and then despatch our departed friends by Express Trains; and no great harm done either.

Why did they move so quickly? Because the distance of the cemetery from the town is so laudably

great; and, because time is a matter of measurement in which there cannot be cheating. No day contains more than a certain number of hours; no life has more than a limited number of days. The duty of interment ought not to set aside, but to dove-tail nicely with, the other duties of life.

The cemetery was some way beyond the wooden shoe-shop; and, not having pressing business to transact, I reached it leisurely. Entering, not the funeral gates, but a little side-door next to the sexton's cottage, I found myself in a large quadrangular space, laid out on a very simple plan, and in great part filled with the little domains and narrow tenements of those who have ceased to require more space here below. The outer portion of the area, adjoining the low inclosing wall, was divided into narrow freeholds, inscribed with words to the effect that the ground is to remain for ever unbroken, except by the family whose members repose there. Lasting monuments of marble and stone are appropriate in these permanent possessions, especially as they do not exclude the further decorations of growing flowers, and wreaths, and bouquets, as tokens of friendship, affection, and remembrance. The central portion was mostly filled by occupants not *à perpétuité*, but with a reasonable time allowed for their dissolution. Here, consequently, the memorial tablets almost all of wood. Those ›ing nearly to decay would indicate that the bodies beneath them had, likewise, advanced in the same natural course of yielding up their elements to nature. In a sunny portion of a further part of the cemetery, the English lie, all interred together.

Even if what we call natural feeling is the same all the world over, (which some have doubted,) the modes of expressing it certainly vary exceedingly among nations. What is only conventional propriety among one people, is thought almost ludicrous by another. Here, a heart-shaped tablet is used to denote true cordial love. Some, too, will allow opinions and matters of faith to creep out, which others would conceal. Thus, after "Here reposes the body of Nainsee Gleneur," a strange apostrophe to the dead is added; "Friendship, esteem, and regrets follow thee to the tomb in the eternal night where thou hast descended. Receive, O tender daughter, a confession of grief. Thy relations, thy friends, while watching over thy ashes, will bless thy virtues, and will shed tears."

Well; tears, we know, are a frequent accompaniment of sorrow: and, accordingly, at the bottom of the inscription on most of these wooden gravestones, are painted large black tears, as fitting emblems, but looking more like bulls' eyes, or Prince Rupert's crackers, made of bottle-glass, than anything else which is usually seen. It must be a peculiarly constituted eye to weep

such inky monsters. The usual number depicted is three. Sometimes, in profuse cases, there are five, and even seven; but, now and then, grief is economised, and the sad shower is represented by a single drop. There were but few painted tears on the English memorials, and those might be guessed to be not ordered, but the spontaneous work of native artists. In contrast with the epitaph on poor Nainsee Gleneur, some British parent had placed, at the head of a small grave, a little square board bearing only two words — *Darling Child* — legibly painted. If we may judge from a comparison of the style of epitaphs here, the grief of the old for the young, of parents for children, is more acute, though, perhaps, not more sincere, than the regrets which the young experience for the elders who have preceded them.

A "Pray for the repose of his soul," is a natural address to a Roman Catholic visitor; but French politeness finds its way even upon gravestones, when you read there, "*If you please*, pray for the repose of his soul." One can understand the feeling which, at the end of an obituary inscription, concludes all with a sigh— "Alas!" But the repeated announcements that "our regrets are eternal," just exemplify the folly of exaggerated statements. Regrets may be perennial, and even life-long; but some of the freehold burial-places show, by their dilapidated condition, that man's regrets cannot be eternal. A perpetual purchase of graveland can neither insure everlasting marks of sorrow, nor a successive generation of those who are to supply them.

It is to be noticed, with admiration, that even on those neglected tombs, nothing is displaced which the affectionate hand has once arranged. Ornaments, which we should call childish, such as shells, painted medallions of glass, and artificial flowers, remain untouched and uninjured, as long as wind and weather permit. The wreaths of *éternelles* hang till the flowers rot off, and their straw foundation alone remains; still they are not tossed aside in scorn or mischief. The feelings of survivors, as well as the memory of the departed, are treated with respectful forbearance. And, therefore, *we* ought not to more than smile on reading the announcement near the sexton's door, that he keeps by him, for immediate supply to customers, an assortment of crowns, or wreaths, made of everlastings, of ivory shavings, of feathers and everlastings, and of artificial flowers, from forty *centimes*, or a fourpenny-piece, as high as two *francs*, or one shilling and eightpence sterling.

To linger a little longer among the tombs; — some mystery is contained in one inscription: "Well-beloved wife, unfortunate mother-in-law, . . . &c. Pray God to watch over your husband, up to the moment when he comes to rejoin you in heaven. Adieu."

This, with a little help as to facts, would go some way towards a tale. A cautiously worded epitaph records the end of an Englishman — "Many years a Medical Practitioner in this town, who met his death under peculiar and melancholy circumstances." Very peculiar! — His most intimate friend was the Commissary of Police. They had been spending the evening pleasantly with other friends; they left together, and had taken a little stimulant. It is supposed that the Doctor reminded the Commissary of a debt due to himself, though no one can say exactly what might have been at the bottom of all. They just crossed the Market-place, and entered the official Bureau, from which the Englishman soon staggered out, stabbed to the heart, with a dagger which the Commissary had kept in his desk. No witness saw the deed: the victim never spoke after; and the culprit, in consequence (through the forbearance of French law), was acquitted, with a very severe reprimand from his Judge, and remained a long time in Paris without being allowed to resume any official appointment in the Police.

A long mile further into the country is another cemetery; for this is filling, and the churchyard of the suburb is already full, and therefore is closed for seven years. The new burial-ground is a dry, sandy, square plot, enclosed on all sides by a moat, filled with water, and accessible only at the entrance gates. Here, for some years to come, the dead, both from the suburbs and the fortified town, may be deposited, without affecting the health, or shocking the feelings of either.

"But what is all that to us?" asks the reader. "We do not live in fortified towns, hemmed in by rampart and ditch, like a beetle caught in the middle of a Chinese nest of tea-cups. We do not want any French fashions here."

Very well, Sir or Madam, have your own way. Shut your eyes to what is good, as well as to what seems to you absurd. But if London, and scores of other towns in England, are not fortified towns, as far as room for interments is concerned, I will consent to pitch my tent — and dwell in it too — in the midst of one of *your* cemeteries, for the remaining portion of my life.

END OF VOL. XIII.

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