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HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XV.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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

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VOL. XV.

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BERNH. TAUCHNITZ JUN.
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VOL. XV.

THE FARMER OF TIPTREE HALL.

On a fine morning in July, two hundred travellers might have been seen leisurely wandering along the road leading from the Kelvedon Railway Station to the good hostelry, the Star and Fleece. They had come down that morning from London by a special train. Before the doors of the Star and Fleece, upon the road that winds among the gabled houses and gardens of an Essex village, Kelvedon itself, horses stood ready caparisoned in vans, in carts, in phaetons, in waggons, in omnibuses, to convey the travellers to Tiptree Hall, for on that day the magician who, during the last eight years, has performed strange works upon the top of Tiptree Hill, had summoned men from afar to behold his annual display of gramarye.

Mechi — for that is the magician's name — dwelt for a long time as a necromancer in the heart of London, wearing outwardly the semblance of a tradesman, but prospering in trade by the exercise of magic. We have all heard of his work of art, commonly called the magic strop, out of which a few passes made with an edged tool are said to produce wonderful results. Carrying his magic with him into this and similar devices, it is not surprising that he should have at last gone so far as to succeed in making money. For the attainment of this result, it is reported that the necromancer needed aid from no less than three demons, named Sense, Energy, and Enterprise; and it is believed by some that he has carried these demons with him to the country, together with a portion of the money they have made, and that there they are all labouring together to create a magic farm upon the top of Tiptree Hill. There are some, also, who state that, as there are necromantic crystals in which it is said that only the fresh eyes of children can see wonders, so the magic in the works on Tiptree Hill is of a kind that can be practised only by a person having

his wits clear and his temper good. If so, the magician cannot be a man whose hall we shall be disinclined to visit.

We get, therefore, with a good will into the omnibus that is to carry us to Tiptree, and listen to the talk within, for the soil without is dreary and the dull road, about which no tricks of gramarye have yet been played,

> "Is a straight ride unadvised by
> The least mischief worth a nay —
> Up and down — as dull as grammar on
> the eve of holiday."

A field outside, however, has suggested to some of our neighbours, who are all farmers visiting the magic farm, an animated dialogue on beans, and we have had mentally a heavy feed of beans, before new speakers arise, and there occurs a change of topic.

The next topic is corn: one inexpert theorist considering a whitened field to be white for the harvest, is informed that it is white with the multitude of blighted and dead stalks. The land is miserably poor; in some places the earth is left without attempt at cultivation, and shows but an inch or two of soil, where it has been cut for gravel. Then we come to a bare heath, Tiptree heath; the Hall is close by. Surely no man, unless he meant to farm by magic, would have selected such inhospitable ground in which to sow his seed, and hope for increase. Here are fields of promising appearance, concerning which the omnibus conductor volunteers some information. He is a genius of the soil, in a loam-coloured suit, with stains of clay upon his person, who by some art has been transformed into an omnibus conductor. "Ah," he says, "you hadn't a seen carn like that some year ago. That 's Mr. Mechi's doing. The people used to laugh at 'un, but you may see by the carn they 've picked up some of his ideas." The genius of the soil is evidently glad of it, the soil itself seems to be glad and send up its production a flourish.

The heath, however, there is no denying. The genius of the soil points to luxuriant corn on one side of the way, and many voices cry (not from the bowels of the earth, but from the bowels of the omnibus,) "that 's Mechi's!" We are at the outer gate of Tiptree Hall, and from a patch of barren heath, left at the threshold to remind all comers of what had been, we pass instantly between a wealth of shrubs and flowers, and our omnibus drives up to the Hall door.

Behind the door stands the magician, welcoming those friends who in vans, carts, phaetons, waggons, and omnibuses are collecting on his farm. Horsemen and gig men, with carriage-men, arrive also, and some pedestrians; there will be three hundred of us here before the day is over.

An annual agricultural gathering it is called; but they are not all farmers who are here assembling, gossipping and making rapid attacks upon a lunch table in

storming parties of fourteen. There are indeed stout farmers dressed for the day in white corduroys and yellow kids, blue stocks, and long napped beavers, who think themselves good food producers, as indeed they ought to be, for they are evidently good food consumers; these form among themselves one or two incredulous knots, having no faith in magic about which they have many a time on their own clods

— "among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing."

But there are also farmers, whose stout frames and wholesome faces tell only of the healthy character of an occupation that has by no means dulled their minds. These, though they are some of them old men, have evidently come to learn what may be learnt. There are one or two young farmers with eye-glasses, hard faces and crops of hair that has been well manured with grease about the roots: these evidently have nothing to learn — but there are other young men about whom old men cluster, young men who have things to teach, who have followed with keen eye the movements of the world, who have invented implements and given solid produce from their minds, who have themselves attained rank as magicians, and to whose call already spirits of the soil yield up their hidden treasures.

There are others in this group of many-minded men who have a thoughtful townbred aspect. Some are impressed with the belief that there exists an intimate connexion between health in houses and fertility in fields. Many men, therefore, whose names are eminent among the advocates of public health, scholars and noblemen whose talents are devoted — as all talents ought to be devoted — to the furtherance of human progress, have come down to see the magic farm, and are now making assaults upon the farmer's lunch. The eyes of the country which communicate with the great head through its optic nerve, the Press, are also here; that is to say, there is a sprinkling of the representatives of newspapers. If there be no magic in the matter, certainly there must be marvel. If we are to say no more than that a successful London tradesman has gone down to Essex and applied London habits of free energy and enterprise to the cultivation of the soil, it certainly supplies us matter for reflection when we see him, as we now see Mr. Mechi (lunch being laid waste), set out from his own door to walk about his farm, followed and watched by three hundred men who represent all classes of opinion, among whom are some of the leading farmers and sanitary reformers, with a fair representation of the educated classes in this country, of the nobility, the gentry, and the public in general, with the ambassadors to London from America and Belgium. All these follow each other in a long file through the fields of Tiptree

Hall to see and hear what has been done upon a farm of no greater extent than one hundred and fifty acres.

We traverse a garden that is smiling where the heath once frowned, and walk through a shrubbery of laurels growing there in token of the victory obtained in the great battle of civilisation fought on Tiptree Hill; so we come upon the farm, and one field that is more especially the farmer's field of glory. There is a piece of water near it, a small square cutting in the ground — some two feet square, perhaps; about this cutting the visitors collect. A pipe is discharging into it a full and even stream of water, which again passes out through another pipe, leaving a clear little pool into which a brown jug is dipped. The brown jug passes as a loving cup from lip to lip filled with delicious bog water. Bog water! — it may be magic, or it may be enterprise — but this fine field of ripening corn, four and a half quarters to the acre, was a bog when it was included in the eligible site of Tiptree Farm. Horses that came too near the spot over which we are now walking cheerfully enough under the summer sun, sank as flies do in treacle, and had to be dragged out by their yoke-fellows. Drain-pipes were sunk some sixteen feet under the surface of the bog; the water that was feeding on the tance of the land was caught pes, and carried off to feed d elsewhere with its own substance. This is the water flowing for many hours daily by the square cutting over which we stand, and it supplies a large part of the water used for fertilising purposes throughout the farm. The bog land, after drainage, shrank as a sponge shrinks when the water is pressed out of it, and its level fell several feet, so that the drain-pipes do not now lie at an unreasonable depth below the surface. The transformation of a bog into a wheat field is good magic, or good work to be done before the farmers by a City tradesman.

But the City tradesman's farming does not pay. Certainly it has not paid up to the present time; nobody gives franker or fuller means for ascertaining that than the Farmer of Tiptree Hall himself. It is not, however, every man who encloses bog land and heath when he desires to own a profitable farm. It should be remembered also that the energy of Leadenhall Street, first let loose upon Essex, would be likely to make awkward agricultural mistakes, and did make such mistakes, for which it received good-humouredly the amplest share of ridicule, and set work about amending them w undiminished zeal. It should remembered also that the des of the Farmer of Tiptree Hall not himself to thrive by farmir but to show others how they m do so. He walks before over uncertain ground, and bids men look and see where he treads

safely, and on such ground follow him, but where he trips or gest into quagmire he desires that they take warning by his mishap, and keep away. Tiptree receives with open arms all promising ideas on agriculture, but promise and performance do not always sing in tune together. An energetic temper of experiment must therefore cost its owner something for a little while, but in the end it will assuredly attain to results that reward every adventure. A squire of the old school does not expect to reap a sudden harvest when he plants oaks: that sort of gain he designs for posterity. In like manner, the capital sunk in the Tiptree soil cannot be realised in one or in a dozen harvests. In calculating profit and loss we must spread them over years, not only past years, but future years; and we shall find that instead of laying out his improvement money upon a present annual loss, Mr. Mechi is assuredly paying towards a good deferred annuity — a better one than could have been attained in three successive life-times on the old follow-my-leader system.

We are now, however, following our leader, among barley, wheat, and clover, noticing occasionally little pipes crossing our path, and men here and there sprinkling jets out into the sun from gutta percha hose, of a liquid that conveys its name in scents upon the breeze — liquid manure. A gentleman, laudably curious to ascertain the strength and quality of this fertilizer as employed on Tiptree Farm, takes up a little of it in the hollow of his hand and places it in contact with his nose. Here, near the farm buildings, is the great tank, to the mouth of which we mount up the side of a rough mound. A couple of trap-doors being opened, we look down into a gloomy vault of the size of a small cottage, wherein there sleep, in a dull, heavy way, the remains of a great many things. Every atom of manure upon the farm, all offal, every dead dog or sheep, is buried here. Cattle dead of disease are skinned, cut into quarters and thrown down this trap-door. "What is the density of this mass, Mr. Mechi?" "If we were all to jump in it would float us all, and an elephant or two into the bargain." This is a country supply of Mechi's Magic Paste intended to improve the blades of grass and corn. Any gruel so thick and slab never was yet concocted in a witch's cauldron; a frog would be a ridiculous drop to throw into such a bucket; and the farm labourers who "round about this cauldron go," if they read Shakespeare, must think him far from having attained sublimity in his ideal of a filthy mess. This is the filth collected on a single farm, every grain of which the seed upon the farm, fulfilling its appointed office in the scheme of nature, is ready to convert into corn, cabbage, clover, and the like, which will again pass into flesh. This pool is not a Slough of Despond, but

a true Bethesda to the sickly land about it. Over this pool we may well think how large a tank would be required to hold the filth of London, and of many another city. Such filth lies partly stagnant under towns, and partly pours into their rivers; it ripens crops for undertakers in the city, and yields crops for butchers and for bakers in the field.

If we look down into the tank we shall perceive, now that the pool is stirred, no solid wheel could move in the thick mass to mix it properly; what iron could not manage is done by the impalpable substance of the air. Powerful streams of air are forced in from below by the adjoining engine; these make their way upward, and slowly the huge mass stirs, the scum breaks upon its surface, and strange shapes of corruption rise to the top, slowly pass aside, and sink again. Water, drained from the farm — the water that once puffed the land up as a diseased excrescence — a bog tumour, flows into the tank, is mixed with the more solid matter, and having thinned it to the due consistence, passes with it, in the form of liquid manure, through a pipe that lies under the strong thumb of a steam engine. Through a pipe five inches in diameter, the steam engine forces the fertilising stream into a series of tubes, which run under the brown skin of the soil as arteries run under our own skins, charged with nourishment. The blood-vessels of a farm are, of course, pipes of iron, arranged in a net-work not particularly close. It is only necessary that they should run to supply plugs fixed at regulated distances, from which a stream may be poured at will, as from a fire-plug in the street, through gutta percha hose. The force of the current at Tiptree, urged by an engine of very moderate horse-power, sends through a hose two hundred yards in length, a stream which is propelled to a distance of sixty feet from its point of escape into the open air. With such a piece of hose, therefore, the liquid manure may be made to fall in showers over a circle of soil having the plug for its centre, and a radius of two hundred and sixty feet. Fifteen plugs, with the help of gutta percha hose, suffice therefore to place every portion of the Tiptree Farm under the influence of this new system of irrigation. Of course there will be no manure heaps on a farm contrived upon this system, which has been in operation for the last seven or eight months at Tiptree; there will be no labour required for carting and spreading manure about the fields: above all there will be no loss of any particle of matter. Whatever rots in the tank to-day will probably be growing in the field to-morro there is no waste of matter a there is no waste of time. T manure heap might be trans- formed twice over into growing vegetables, and be back in the shape of a double quantity of manure, instead of lying idle for a twelvemonth as it does occa-

sionally in the old-fashioned farm-yard. Nothing lies idle at Tiptree. The tank is the great stomach of the farm into which all refuse goes as food, and forms the chyle that is to pass as the farm's blood through pipes under the whole surface of the land. It creates new life, out of which there comes new death, which returns to the great central stomach and builds up new life again. As the boys manage at leap-frog, the pot here is always kept a boiling, and death in the pot becomes life in the pasture.

The hose is of course managed without difficulty by a single man, who is able to irrigate — that is to say, to manure in the most effectual way — a large field in a comparatively little time. The cost of hose and piping is from three pounds fifteen shillings to four pounds an acre, "that is to say," says the Farmer of Tiptree, "if you go to the best market for your iron." We come down from the tank and pass into a clover-field to watch the simple process of irrigation with the hose. Velocity compensating for diminished space, there is poured from the hose as much liquid manure per minute as would flow in the same time through a pipe five inches in diameter at the pace of a common river current. As the somewhat too balsamic shower falls before us, gentlemen who have not taken the precaution to select a safe point of view, put up the umbrellas that they had been advised to bring by a merry shower in the morning. Liquid manure, however, forms the substance of the only showers that will fall to day upon the fields of Tiptree. The effect of this irrigation during past months on the present crops, excited in the next place the applause of farmers and the hopes of sanitary reformers.

Some time ago there was formed a company in London for the conveyance of the filth of the metropolis as sewage manure, at a small price for delivery on farms in the surrounding country. Whether the hopes of that company be dormant now, whether the company exists, we cannot tell; perhaps it was a chicken broken prematurely from the shell; but, as surely as there are railways, and as surely as there is gas, and as surely as there is a penny post, so surely will the day come when every town in England will perform for the surrounding country the work now done by the tank for Tiptree Farm; and the matter that makes putrid fever for ourselves shall have no time allowed it to remain in town and give out deadly fumes, but shall be carried off into the country to make bread for those who may live after us.

Little stands have been made about the farm by manufacturers, who take advantage of the agricultural gathering at Tiptree to display such tools and implements as are thought worth displaying. They are all such things as are designed for the satisfaction of farmers who believe that ploughs

and sickles, nay, even spades, are things that did not attain their perfection fifty or a hundred years ago, and are not, perhaps, perfect now. Here, for example, is a stand of spades and forks, about which we assemble, and the man in charge of them is brought at once into the focus of a hundred eyes.

The stand is made over a patch of the hardest soil, a spade is taken, and it is found that with much effort it is simply impossible to dig with it efficiently in soil so hard. The man then takes a light fork, weighing two pounds less than the agricultural fork commonly put into the hands of labourers. Its five narrow prongs are of cast steel, and it is completed of one solid piece without joint or weld. With this fork the man proceeds to dig with wonderful facility the heavy stony soil. The prongs of such forks yield place to the stones, and bend round them, loosening the soil, springing instantly, when withdrawn, into their original form. A match was on one occasion tried between two workmen, one of whom used the old-fashioned, rigid, and broad-bladed fork, the other used one of these light implements (Winton's Parkes's they are called) with narrow tines of elastic steel. The man with the light fork earned four shillings while the other was earning two shillings and threepence, and the heavy fork after the match required an outlay of sixpence for repairs. The savings in repairs and renovation pay for the light fork several times in the course of a year, and in labour the saving is so great, that a man using this fork is said to lift — by the saving of two pounds on each effort — five tons less in the course of a day's work than his old-fashioned neighbour. Some of these forks are made still lighter for the use of children, who can earn good day wages by the use of them at twelve-inch trenching. These forks were regarded as playthings by the men when they were first brought to Tiptree, but it was soon found that whoever could get one of them to use was saved twenty per cent. of labour, and was able to perform his work more thoroughly than it could otherwise be done. Thus it appears that there is room for Young Agriculture to display its brains, even upon a pitchfork.

Who is Young Agriculture? We are sorry to be told that while the Agricultural College at Cirencester is indeed prospering at last, and has now fifty pupils, not one of those pupils is a farmer's son. Who, therefore, is Young Agriculture? A tradesman who brings brisk habits, sense, and enterprise out of the City is the representative of agriculture here on Tiptree Hill. Still there is hope. These earnest-looking farmers are not here for nothing. This quick-eyed Scotchman, who has travelled three or four hundred miles for the express purpose of seeing Tiptree, and is now satisfying his own mind by comparing

for himself the digging powers of the spade and fork, has a model farm of his own down in the north, and is not here for nothing. These young men, who group round one of their companions lying on the grass, and look so much at home among the wheat, are first cousins of Young Agriculture at the least. One of them has invented a subsoil drainage plough. Give him an order, go to bed, and you will find drain pipes laid under your land next morning as cleverly as though the fairies had been working for you. You may detect cautious old farmers taking this near relation of Young Agriculture by the button, and whispering ideas of contracts in his ear. Others are godfathers or parents to reaping machines. Three kinds of reaping machines stand here ready for action. The Farmer of Tiptree gives the word, the company of visitors form into a line along the path, some recklessly drive in among the grain to get a better view, the word is given, and Crosskill's machine charges the standing corn. The horses steadily advance, and as they pass we see the corn falling in sheaves, which a man forms with a rake as they fall, the crowd closes in and follows the machine over the clean stubble; a long strip of growing wheat is in a few minutes laid in sheaves, and the smooth surface of remaining stubble is declared by practised eyes to be superior to anything that they had ever seen upon a field that had been cut by sickle.

When thrashing machines were introduced, the farmers said that straw was damaged by them, and that they never could be generally used. Few large farmers now thrash by flail. Reaping machines, let him croak who will, must follow. Here follows one already, McCormick's upon Crosskill's. Form line again, and gentlemen who run into the corn be generalled, and understand that treading the wheat down before the path of the machine, gives a bad chance to the inventor. No matter! The corn falls, and a revolving wheel doing the work that was done by the rake just now, the labour of the man is confined to the placing of each sheaf on one side. There is a comparing of stubbles: Crosskill's machine is said by some to leave the best stubble, and McCormick's to deposit most advantageously the fallen corn. No matter! Here comes Hussey's as improved by Garrett. Each machine is to have two trials, and the Farmer of Tiptree Hall is enthusiastically urging them to charge into his immature crops, caring more for the ripening of agricultural ideas than for the ripening of an acre or two of his corn. Which is the best machine we are unable to say, the present best no doubt will in due time be bettered. With one of the machines as they are now made, two men and two horses can reap fifteen acres in a day. For the comfort of any one who wishes to see Young Agriculture prospering,

we are glad to add that from one maker alone there have already issued six hundred of these machines, which will be at work during the approaching harvest, and that they are now being issued from the same manufactory at the rate of about six a day.

One of the reaping machines is next put to the severe test of mowing clover in a field that has been for some weeks overrun by sheep, — that is Hussey's (Garrett's edition); its cutting edge has been so much improved, that the machine trots round the field, along or across deep furrows, in all manner of directions, followed by a train of triumphing admirers. We enter into many conversations, sitting in the sun, with half the company who are now lagging among these machines; but whether Garrett's Hussey, Crosskill, or McCormick was the favourite machine, we are unable fairly to discover; each has its good points and its knot of true believers. It is pleasant work to do nothing now that the heat of afternoon is come upon us, nothing but sit on a machine and see a line of active men, some using their umbrellas now as parasols, trailing off in the distance following the indefatigable Tiptree marshal to review his pigs. We are too lazy to go to pigs, but it pleases our laziness to see these people travelling like a black train of ants by the ditch side; to hear the engine puffing, to watch the ilising fountains playing in the ance like small waterspouts, such spouts as possibly might indicate a whale at sea. It is pleasant to look at the old, battered farm labourer, who is telling his experience and praising these new days which, whatever they may do for the soil, do much more for the labourer. He tells of cheerful oversight and willing labour, of wholesome cottages, and of such matters; he envies neither ox nor pig. What good work might a clever farmer do when seconded with healthy, well-instructed labourers, who have intelligence enough to drop the fatness of a little sense upon the soil? We know, however, that such labourers belong rather to Young Agriculture than to old. In the district occupied by Tiptree Hall, the farmers, we are told, raise for the improvement of their roads — and they are bad enough — a rate of threepence in the pound; but for the improvement of their reason, they refuse to pay more than threefarthings, which yields on the whole fifteen pounds a year, for the establishment of schools and the providing a fit education for the labourers throughout the parish.

It is time now, however, to shake off dull sloth and join the caravan, which may be discerned winding in the distance through a field of mangold-wurzel.

We effect a junction with the troop, which represents no longer the main body of the invaders of Essex, in a cabbage field; here we are told great things of the prosperous state of the mangold-

wurzel, through whose country the caravan had lately passed. One half of the farm on Tiptree Hill yields grain, for one of the advantages resulting from the improved farming systems is an abbreviation of the old series of rotation of crops: the same field will yield wheat every alternate year, with profitable things during the interval. The productive power of the country, as regards bread, will therefore, be increased in every direction by Young Agriculture, when its day shall come. Look here, for example, at this machine, a drill, which its inventor is expounding in the paddock. It will so place every single grain in its right place upon the soil, that when such machines shall be used throughout the country, thousands of bushels of corn that are now thrown as waste seed over the surface of the kingdom will be reserved for food. A pint of corn carefully put into the soil by a machine like this is worth a bushel scattered as Old Agriculture scatters it. Use my drill, says the inventor, and you may feed the country and have corn to export.

The drill is rolling quietly along a garden walk depositing its grains for public inspection; it is nearly three o'clock, and hands are being washed, the outdoor work is over, and on a large barn floor tables are spread, at which, surrounded by flowers and laurels, the three hundred gather about their host, and sit down sociably to dinner. Wine and speeches end the day. Men of European fame as labourers for civilisation urge the moral of the day's experience. They speak of the future of agriculture, the intimate connexion that exists between the necessities of farmers, and the measures necessary for the health of towns. Liquid manure sends its odour from the neighbouring steam engine; and as the great fact of the day at Tiptree, it has doubtless a fair right to be represented, and to address, after dinner, if not the ears, yet in its own way the noses of the company. The most incredulous farmers, prophesying by the inspiration of Port wine, loudly request all men to hear, hear, hear the great want of education and good homes for labourers; they applaud the desire for thorough drainage of prejudice out of the old agricultural head. A few prudent men, mindful of nine o'clock and the return of the express train, have, during the last half hour, from time to time risen and left the room; these

> —"as they passed,
> Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
> Had stolen unheeded by."

So the movement becomes general at last towards the door; cigars are lighted, horses saddled, gigs depart; vans, carts, phaetons, waggons, and omnibuses fill; in a few hours the Tiptree Farm will lie asleep under the starlight, one of the drops of leaven sprinkled here and there about the country, that will surely in due time leaven the whole lump of English farming.

come under my notice. Nobody raves in this manner but antiquated dogs, who have not only had their day, but who have been making a night of it ever since — except perhaps the comic *bon vivant* of some Irish magazine, who has probably drawn his inspiration from a *restaurant* in the Palais Royal, at two francs, *prix fixe*. Perhaps there is no subject upon which more nonsense has been written (inclusive of the lucubrations of the comic Irishman) on both sides of the question than upon French cookery. For my part, I am perfectly aware that the best dinners in the world are to be had in Paris, if you go to the right places. But the vaunted variety is all nonsense as far as the accidental dinner is concerned. Deduct from the ten thousand *plats*, or whatever number the *carte* may profess to contain, the dishes that do not happen to be in season (always a large proportion); those that never are, and never will be in season (a still larger number); those of which, at whatever time you dine, the last *plat* has just been served (an equally large number); those which require to be specially ordered in the morning (not a few); and you will find that as to selection the remainder is not very bewildering — especially when it is remembered that two different names very often refer to one dish or to two, with a difference so slight as to be scarcely distinguishable.

Having thus, I hope, justified myself for finding promiscuous dining in Paris monotonous after a few months of it, I need not farther explain how I came to test the resources of the Barriers in this respect, and how, in the course of not finding what I was looking for, I met with the Père Nicolet.

The Barriers, I may premise, are a grand resort, not only of dancers (to whom I have already alluded in a previous article) but of diners and drinkers of all descriptions and degrees. It is owing to their happy attraction that so few drunken persons are seen about the streets of the city; and not, as has been sagaciously inferred, because drunken persons are by any means rare phenomena among a Parisian population. The *octroi* duty upon viands and wine entering Paris, was diminished a few months ago by a popular act of the President, but not sufficiently so to injure the interests of the *restaurants* outside. It is when the neighbourhood around becomes so thickly populated that the Government find it desirable to extend the boundary and bring it within the jurisdiction of the city authorities — which has happened now and then — that these establishments suffer. Placed under the ban of the *octroi*, their wines and viands are no longer cheaper than in the heart of the city; and their customers forsake them for new establishments set up on the outside of the new Barriers — destined perhaps some day to be themselves subjected to a similar proceeding.

Meantime, on every day of the year — but on Sundays more especially — thousands upon thousands, attracted perhaps as much by the excursion as by other considerations, flock to these *restaurants* to transact the mighty affair of dinner. Let us plant ourselves — that is to say, myself and two or three congenial associates, at one of the largest and most respectable. The place is the Barrière Clichy, and the time, Sunday, at six o'clock. The principal dining room, on the first floor, is spacious and lofty, with all the windows open to the air. Nearly all the long narrow tables — which look very white and well appointed — are occupied by satisfied or expectant guests. Yonder is a respectable shopkeeper at the head of his very respectable family. See with what well-bred politeness he places chairs for his wife and the elder girls; who hang up their bonnets, and adjust their already nicely adjusted hair in the mirror with perfect composure — not at all embarrassed by the presence of a couple of hundred persons whom they have never seen before. At the next table is a grisette dining with a young gentleman of rustic appearance, with red ears, who does not seem quite at his ease. Never mind, she does, that 's very plain. They are waiting to order their dinner. The young lady stamps impatiently with her little foot upon the floor, and strikes a glass with a fork to attract the attention of a waiter — a practice that is considered under-bred by fastidious persons; and which, to be sure, one does not observe at the Trois Frères. The *garçon* at length arrives, and the young lady pours into his ear a voluble order; — a flood of *Jullienne* soup and a bottle of anything but *ordinaire* wine, corking it down with a long array of solid matters to correspond. The young gentleman with the red ears, meantime, grins nervously; and indeed does little else during a very long dinner, making up, however, for the subordinate part he has hitherto played, by paying the bill. Round the room are scattered similar parties, arranged variously. Now a lady and gentleman — then a gentleman alone — then a lady alone (who partakes of everything with great gravity and decorum); then two ladies together, who exchange confidences with mysterious gestures, show one another little letters, and are a little lavish in the article of curaçoa; then two gentlemen together, who are talking about the two ladies, exchange a glance with one of them, and depart.

Such is a specimen of the society usually to be met with at a dinner outside the Barriers. If you wish to exchange a little for the worse, you will not find the process very difficult. In the *restaurants* of a lower class, there is a greater preponderance of cold veal and fried potatoes among the viands, and of blouses among the guests. The wine, too, is rougher, and what Englishmen call fruity. You will be amused, too, during

dinner, by musical performers (who walk in promiscuously from the street), conjurors, and other ingenious persons — some of whom whistle duets with imaginary birds, which they are supposed to carry in their pockets, and imitate the noises of various animals with a fidelity which I have seldom known equalled.

The sun is setting as I stroll forth with my friends along the exterior Boulevards, rather dull, as becomes inhabitants of our beloved island, and anxious for "something to turn up" to amuse us. One proposes a visit to a suburban ball; another, an irruption into a select wedding party, which is making a great noise in a large house adjacent, where dancing may be seen through the open windows. The last proposition is negatived on the ground that we are not friends of the family, and might possibly be ejected with ignominy. I had myself, by the way, assisted at one of these entertainments a few days previously. It had been given by my laundress, on the occasion of the marriage of one of her "young ladies" with a youth belonging to my hotel. On that occasion I had been bored, I must say; and, moreover, had found myself compelled to contribute, in the style of a *milord*, towards setting up the young pair in life — for which purpose a

e was sent round among
s. It was next proposed
the manners of the lower
With great pleasure; —

but how, and where? Somebody had heard of a great establishment, which could not be far off, where "the million" were in the habit of congregating to an unlimited extent — on Sundays especially. We would stop the first intelligent plebeian we came across, and inquire for such a place. Here is a man in a blouse, with a pipe in his mouth: a circle is formed round him, and six questions are addressed to him at once. He is a plebeian, but not intelligent — so we let him pass. The next is our man: he looks contemptuously at us for our ignorance, and directs us to the Barrière de Rochechouart — *le Petit Ramponneau*, kept by the Père Nicolet, whom everybody (sarcastic emphasis on everybody) knows.

The Barrière de Rochechouart is not far off; and the Barrier once gained, the *Petit Ramponneau* is not difficult to find. A long passage, bordered by trees, leads into a spacious court-yard, bounded by gardens. Round the court-yard, taking the air pleasantly, hang the carcases of sheep and oxen in great — in astonishing — in overwhelming numbers. Not a pleasant spectacle, truly, to a person of taste; but, viewed with an utilitarian eye, magnificent indeed. Mr. Pelham would find it simply disgusting: Mr. M'Culloch would probably describe it as a grand and gratifying sight. Making our way across the court-yard, rather inclined to agree with Mr. Pelham, we pass through the most conspicuous door fronting

us, and find ourselves at once in the kitchen — an immense hall, crowded with company, well lighted up, and redolent of

— "the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners."

On the right hand, on entering, there is a bar — a pewter counter crowded with wooden wine measures — in the regular public-house style; but with something more of adornment in the way of flowers and mirrors. On the left, the actual *batterie de cuisine* is railed off, like the sacred portion of a banking-house. On the sacred side of the railing the prominent object is a copper of portentous dimensions; — seething and hissing and sending forth a fragrant steam, which, night and day, I believe, is never known to stop. Cooks, light and active, white-capped and jacketed, are flitting about, and receiving directions from the proprietor — the great and solemn Nicolet himself. To say that the Père was stout, would be, simply, to convey the idea of a man who has more than the ordinary amount of flesh upon his bones. To say that he was solemn and grand, would not be distinguishing him from the general notion of solemnity and grandeur, as associated with any heavy and stupid persons. Let it be understood then that he united all these qualities in their very best sense, and had, besides, a *bonhommie* and good-humour that is not always found reconciled with them. As he stood there distributing his orders, and himself assisting continually in their execution, he looked like a monarch; and, probably, felt himself to be every inch a king.

Meantime, a crowd through which we had elbowed our way, are choking up the space between the counter and the sacred railing, all intent upon winning their way to a little aperture, through which dishes of smoking and savoury ragout, or whatever the compound may be called, are being distributed to each comer in succession, as he thrusts in his arm. This great object gained, he passes on and finds a table where it pleases him. This, it should be observed, is no difficult matter. In this principal room itself long tables and benches are arranged on all sides; in the garden, in every direction, similar accommodation; up stairs, in several large rooms, extensive preparations are spread. Everywhere — up stairs, down stairs, throughout the garden — groups are engaged in the one great occupation. Conversation, — here in whispers, there buzzing; now boisterous, anon, roaring and unrestrained — on every side. Heartiness and hilarity predominant, and everybody at his ease. As we stroll through the place, our foreign — and, shall I add, distinguished — appearance, so unusual at the *Petit Ramponneau*, attracts attention. I hear somebody stigmatize us as spies, but somebody else re-assures the suspector by a description a little nearer the mark

— that we are only English — a little eccentric. It should not be forgotten by philosophic persons who like to intrude into strange scenes, that a good-humoured word to the roughest and most quarrelsome-looking fellow has always a good effect; and that nothing stops the democratic mouth so effectually as wine.

Having "inspected," as the newspapers call it, the resources of the place, we planted ourselves down stairs to see what it could afford us by way of refreshment. Here the proprietor himself was at hand, all bows and blandishments and expressions of "distinguished consideration," and, through him, we duly made the acquaintance of some of the other people of the house, who were taking their own dinner — or supper, now that the labours of the day were at an end. One of these — a lively, bright-eyed young lady, who went about like a benevolent countess, a youthful Lady Bountiful, great in ministering charities — I understood to be the daughter of the proprietor. We had succeeded in accomplishing a very satisfactory fraternisation in that quarter by the time our wine arrived. The wine, I may observe, was some of the best Burgundy — at the price —I ever drank, and we gave it due honour accordingly, to the delight of the Père, who prided himself especially upon his cellar. We invited him to partake, and he immediately sat down and grew nicative. The conversation naturally upon himself; then upon his house. He had commenced on his present system, he told us, a poor man, without a penny to bless himself with. By the exercise of industry and economy, which — I have since learned — approached to something like heroism, he became what I saw him. As I saw him, he was simply a cook in a white cap and apron. But he was, in reality, something very different. His wealth, I have since learned, was immense—indeed, he had the reputation of being a millionnaire. Yet, with all his prosperity, he never changed his old habits, nor made the slightest attempt to set himself up higher in the social scale, which men of a tenth part of his means are accomplishing successfully every day. He might have married his daughters to bankers even; but he gave them to men of his own rank, and was satisfied so that they were happy. As for the business, it had increased by degrees to its present extent; and even now it augmented day by day. Nor did he gain his wealth by any undue contribution upon the poor: on the contrary, the *Petit Rampon-neau* was the greatest blessing that they could enjoy. A dinner there, he assured me to my surprise, cost the visitor but five *sous*, exclusive of wine, which, however, could be enjoyed at a proportionately economical rate. If any testimonial was wanting to the excellence of the system, it could be found in the number of persons who availed themselves of it —

sometimes from three to four and five thousand in the course of the day. Of these, the majority were of the very poorest class, as I could see for myself; but among them were many of an apparent respectability that made their presence there a matter of surprise. The number of persons of the better classes who were reduced by "circumstances" to dine there, was by no means inconsiderable. He himself, the Père, had often recognised faces that had been familiar to him in far different scenes. And he was convinced that the establishment which, by good management, was so large a source of profit to himself, was an inestimable benefit to the poorer classes of Paris.

I thought of the many thousands in London who starve more expensively than they could dine at the *Petit Ramponneau*, and entirely agreed with the worthy Père.

While we were talking, the guests had been gradually moving off; plates and dishes were being carried away in huge piles; the tables and benches were being cleared and re-arranged; the copper had ceased to hiss, and the furnace to roar. Everything denoted preparations for closing.

Presently half-a-dozen men began to roll some huge tubs — nearly as high as themselves — into the court-yard. I asked the meaning of this arrangement. "They are the wine-barrels that have supplied the consumption of to-day," was the reply.

I was fairly astonished, and by a matter of the merest detail. It gave me the best idea I could have formed of the large number of the frequenters of the *Petit Ramponneau*. But so it always is. Statistics tell us very astonishing things in calculations and total results; but they suggest nothing definite to ordinary minds; but the sight of these huge empty wine-barrels gave me a more distinct idea of the enormous consumption of wine in one day, than the most skilful grouping or tabulating of figures could possibly have done.

Here we took our leave of our new acquaintances, and made the best of our way into Paris. As for the *Petit Ramponneau*, it flourishes still, I believe; but I regret to learn that the worthy proprietor is among the things that were. Poor fellow! he died, I am told, true to the last to his simple unostentatious system; in his white cap and apron by the side of the great copper and the roaring furnace.

CHIPS.

BERRINGTON'S KNAPSACK.

In a corner of a newspaper we met, the other day, with a neat little story of a sanguine man. It bore the heading "Privy Council," and took the form of an application for the renewal of a patent.

The hero of the tale is a gentleman named Berrington, who, some time ago — certainly more than fourteen years ago — invented an improved knapsack. The knapsacks then used in the army were notoriously cumbrous, artfully contrived to press the belt over the lungs in walking, and to impede the free movements of the soldier. Mr. Angelo, who instructs the army in sword exercise, stated that chiefly, or entirely, owing to the weight and bad adjustment of the belt and knapsack employed in the army fifteen years ago, nine out of ten of the infantry became flat-chested.

Mr. Berrington, impressed with this fact, exercised his wits in the invention of a knapsack that should be light, that should be so hung as to remove the pressure from the surface of the chest, and that should in itself be more convenient than the old knapsack for the purposes to which a knapsack is applied. Mr. Berrington succeeded in his intention; at any rate, he said that he did, and no man contradicted him. His improved knapsack had the further claim on patronage that it was a float, and would act as a life-preserver in case of shipwreck. So that, in case of the wreck of a transport-ship — and the recent fate of the Birkenhead reminds us that such terrible events do now and then occur — the lives of soldiers provided with he improved knapsack would not ery readily be lost.

Berrington having invented his knapsack — an affair, the merits of which could be proved or disproved in ten minutes by any impartial man — took out a patent. It was so obvious to him that the substitution of his knapsack for that which was in use fifteen years ago, would increase the health, comfort, and efficiency of troops, that he was quite sure it would be adopted after due inquiry by the Government, and substituted gradually for the old machines. He took out a patent for — fourteen years! The sanguine man! Is there another man in England who believes that either military or naval authorities in this country are able, in so short a time as fourteen years, to grasp a new idea. The revolutionary notion! Knapsacks now are precisely what they were fifteen years ago, and soldiers become flat-chested in the old proportion. Mr. Berrington took out his patent in the year 1838, and his fourteen years of hope and effort having now expired, he applied the other day for a renewal of his patent for seven years more. The sanguine inventor believed that, if the authorities could not adopt his improvement of the soldier's knapsack in fourteen years, they certainly would do something in twenty-one.

The seven more years were granted, the bench going through the form of expressing some surprise at the neglect of the invention, which would almost throw discredit on the truth of its pretensions. Since, however,

all evidence was in favour of the new knapsack, and the renewal of the patent was not opposed on any ground of demerit, the patent was renewed for seven years. Seven years hence, however, we very much fear that soldiers' knapsacks will be what they now are, and what they were fifteen or fifty years ago. The whole dress and equipment of our infantry requires reform. Ten minutes would suffice to demonstrate some ten blunders therein, easily removed. Nevertheless, we should not like to risk the value of a patent on the chance of one amendment introduced, of their own accord, by the authorities during the next ten years.

WRECK AND RUIN.

In October 1848, I went over to the Island of Capri, some twenty miles from Naples, to enjoy a rustic festival. Our party consisted of some Englishmen and some Italians; the latter, being in the service of the Government, had a fixed limit to their leave of absence. When the morning arrived that was appointed for the departure of our Italian friends, we accompanied them to the shore, where they made their arrangements for the passage back to the mainland. There was a strong west-and-by-south wind roaring round the island and the sea looked dangerous, but in Naples, where there is no career for a young man out of Government employ, an official must not trifle with his post. The preparations, therefore, for the launching of the boat went on.

It was one of those wide-bottomed boats, commonly used in the Port of Naples, upon which the stranger starts out for a moonlight row to Posilippo, or betakes himself with his portmanteau and his carpet-bag, or with his wife and her pill-box-full of a few things to the steamer. Such boats are not made for riding on a stormy sea. The men preparing to put out that morning were our two friends the officials, and two boatmen. One of the passengers was hailed by the captain of a good strong bark upon the point of starting. "Come with us, Raffaelluccio, it will be madness to sail out in that cockleshell through such a sea!" Raffaelluccio, a delicate youth, replied that he was no coward. He had come in the boat and might go back in the boat, with the Madonna's blessing. The other passenger was a stout black-bearded man, and the two boatmen were a youth and a weather-beaten sailor from the port of Naples.

The little harbour at Capri is so sheltered from certain winds that there is often a deceptive smoothness in its waters. It was only by looking out to sea that one detected, on that wild October morning, how the waters writhed under the torture of the wind. Far as the eye could reach, the

sea was covered with those smaller storm waves, called in the phrase of the country *pecore;* these, as the day advanced, swelled into great billows, *cavalloni*, which came rolling on upon our little island, and dashed violently against the coast of Massa and Sorrento.

The boat had been shoved off, and had returned for some article, left accidentally behind. A group of weatherwise old sailors thronged about the fool-hardy crew, in vain urging them to wait for fairer weather. They put out to sea again, and made straight for the cape under the summer palace of Tiberius. This is a well-known point which boatmen often seek when they desire to catch a direct wind for their passage to the mainland. The gale that had been blowing round the island appeared to pour out from this point its undivided force, and beat the sea with a strength almost irresistible. We saw the mast of the little boat snapped the moment it had reached the cape, and the crew put back, not to await calmer weather, but to seek another temporary mast, and start again. No threat or persuasion could detain the Italians, who feared to exceed their term of leave. A rude mast was set up, and again the boat started, leaping across wave after wave. We saw no more of it. "I watched some distance," said the r of the barque, which had l at the same time. "Their ɔent as though it would break with every puff of wind, and the little sail fluttered like a handkerchief upon the waves. In a moment it disappeared, and we knew that our foreboding had proved true." The rest of the tale I had from the lips of the black-bearded official, the sole survivor; and a wilder tale of human passion does not often fall within the bounds of sober truth.

The old mariner at starting had been placed at the helm, as the most competent man of the party; but there was an alarming difference between the eddies, currents, and billows at the cape, and the smooth waters of the Bay of Naples. A monstrous *cavallone* appeared in the distance; leaping, roaring, foaming, it was close upon their quarter; its crest overhung them; in an instant, said my informant, they were swallowed up. The boat was overturned, but the crew — struggling desperately for life — rose with it once more to the surface, clinging to its bottom. In their last agony they glared upon each other, face to face among the beating waves, and the loud execrations of his companions were poured passionately on the ancient mariner, whose want of skill was cursed as the fatal cause of their despair. The hold of the poor old fellow, weak with age and faint with emotion, had not strength to bear him up amid the tossing of the waters, and as his grasp relaxed, the others watched his weakness with a fiendish satisfaction. "It

is some consolation," exclaimed one, "to see you die first, fool as you are." He did not hear the latest maledictions, but went down in the deep sea. The next who died was Raffaelluccio, upon whose daily work the daily bread of a mother and three sisters depended; "I am stiff with cold and can hang on no longer," he said to his companion. "Get on my shoulders," was the answer of the stronger man. And so he did, and so he died, the living man with the dead weight upon him grappling still for life and drifting before the storm. The young boatman, the other survivor, trembling himself upon the brink of eternity, crept round to the dead body, and having robbed it of a watch and chain and other valuables, pushed it from the shoulders of his friend into the sea. So there remained these two men, clinging to the boat and gazing on each other anxiously.

The thought had crossed the mind of the young man that if they lived until they should be thrown ashore, the surviving passenger would require that he should deliver up the watch and other valuables to the family of Raffaelluccio. He may not have taken them with a design of theft. He probably saw that the dead body cumbered his companion, and committed it from a good human motive to the sea, having removed the jewellery. But to retain possession of the property, his conscience did not bid him shrink from murder of which no eye of man would ever see the stain. An unexpected blow would silence his companion, and leave him on the boat to drift to land, a sole survivor, quietly made richer by the wreck. "I read it in his eyes," said my informant. "The devil was in them, and I watched him well, but a heavy sea raised his side of the boat — that was his opportunity; and immediately he struck a heavy blow upon my head. If he was the younger I was the stronger, and he summoned me to struggle for my life, or for that chance of life which either of us had upon the gulf of waters. There was a horrible wrestling. I am the only survivor.

"All that day, and through a stormy, pitchdark night, I lay tossed about, almost senseless, in the Bay of Naples. But, before dawn on the second day my boat was cast ashore at Torre dell' Annunziata, and there locked between two rocks. I had just strength to crawl to the Coast Guard-house, in which I perceived that lights were twinkling. I was spurned. My papers were demanded.

"Faint as I was, in time I found it possible to make the good officials understand my case, and excuse the production of credentials from the fishes. They took me in and treated me with Christian kindness. My looks had frightened them; my face was bloated, and my eyes protruded like those of a lobster."

The mother of Raffaelluccio was living in Capri, and I was

there when the news came back of her son's fate. In the darkness of an October night, the ruined family — the bereaved mother and her daughters — mounted to their house-top, and turning towards the sea, shrieked wildly for the son and brother whom it held from them.

The voice of woe that then thrilled in my ears will never be forgotten. I never knew till then what agony could be, not expressed only, but communicated by the wail of women.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XIX.

THAT proud and wicked French nobility who dragged their country to destruction, and who were every day and every year regarded with deeper hatred and detestation in the hearts of the French people, learnt nothing, even from the defeat of Agincourt. So far from uniting against the common enemy, they became, among themselves, more violent, more bloody, and more false — if that were possible — than they had been before. The Count of Armagnac persuaded the French king to plunder of her treasures Queen Isabella of Bavaria, and to make her a prisoner. She, who had hitherto been the bitter enemy of the Duke of Burgundy, proposed to join him, in revenge. He attacked her guards and carried her off to Troyes, where she proclaimed herself Regent of France, and made him her lieutenant. The Armagnac party were at that time possessed of Paris; but, one of the gates of the city being secretly opened on a certain night to a party of the duke's men, they got into Paris, threw into the prisons all the Armagnacs upon whom they could lay their hands, and, a few nights afterwards, with the aid of a furious mob of sixty thousand people, broke the prisons open, and killed them all. The former Dauphin was now dead, and the king's third son bore the title. Him, in the height of this murderous scene, a French knight hurried out of bed, wrapt in a sheet, and bore away to Poitiers. So, when the revengeful Isabella and the Duke of Burgundy entered Paris in triumph after the slaughter of their enemies, the Dauphin was proclaimed at Poitiers as the real Regent.

King Henry had not been idle since his victory of Agincourt, but had repulsed a brave attempt of the French to recover Harfleur; had gradually conquered a great part of Normandy; and, at this crisis of affairs, took the important town of Rouen, after a siege of half a year. This great loss so alarmed the French, that the Duke of Burgundy proposed that a meeting to treat of peace should be held between the French and the English kings in a plain by the river Seine. On the appointed day, King Henry appeared there, with his two brothers, Clarence

and Gloucester, and a thousand men. The unfortunate French King, being more mad than usual that day, could not come; but, the Queen came, and with her the Princess Catherine: who was a very lovely creature, and who made a real impression on King Henry, now that he saw her for the first time. This was the most important circumstance that arose out of the meeting. As if it were impossible for a French nobleman of that time to be true to his word of honour in anything, Henry discovered that the Duke of Burgundy was, at that very moment, in secret treaty with the Dauphin; and he therefore abandoned the negociation. The Duke of Burgundy and the Dauphin, each of whom with the best reason distrusted the other as a noble ruffian surrounded by a party of noble ruffians, were rather at a loss how to proceed after this; but, at length they agreed to meet, on a bridge over the river Yonne, where it was arranged that there should be two strong gates put up, with an empty space between them; and that the Duke of Burgundy should come into that space by one gate, with ten men only; and that the Dauphin should come into that space by the other gate, also with ten men, and no more. So far the Dauphin kept his word, but no farther. When the Duke of Burgundy was on his knee before him in the act of speaking, one of the Dauphin's noble ruffians cut the said duke down with a small axe, and others speedily finished him. It was in vain for the Dauphin to pretend that this base murder was not done with his consent; it was too bad, even for France, and caused a general horror. The duke's heir hastened to make a treaty with King Henry, and the French Queen engaged that her husband should consent to it, whatever it was. Henry made peace, on condition of receiving the Princess Catherine in marriage, and being made Regent of France during the rest of the King's life-time, and succeeding to the French crown at his death. He was soon married to the beautiful Princess, and took her proudly home to England, where she was crowned with great honour and glory.

This peace was called the Perpetual Peace; we shall soon see how long it lasted. It gave great satisfaction to the French people, although they were so poor and miserable, that, at the time of the celebration of the Royal marriage, numbers of them were dying with starvation, on the dunghills in the streets of Paris. There was some resistance, on the part of the Dauphin in some few parts of France, but King Henry beat it all down.

And now, with his great possessions in France secured, and his beautiful wife to cheer him, and a son born to give him greater happiness, all appeared bright before him. But, in the fulness of his triumph and the height of his power, Death came upon him,

and his day was done. When he fell ill at Vincennes, and found that he could not recover, he was very calm and quiet, and spoke serenely to those who wept around his bed. His wife and child, he said, he left to the loving care of his brother the Duke of Bedford, and his other faithful nobles. He gave them his advice that England should establish a friendship with the new Duke of Burgundy, and offer him the regency of France; that it should not set free the royal princes who had been taken at Agincourt; and that, whatever quarrel might arise with France, England should never make peace without holding Normandy. Then, he laid down his head, and asked the attendant priests to chant the penitential psalms. Amid which solemn sounds, on the thirty-first of August, one thousand four hundred and twenty-two, in only the thirty-fourth year of his age and the tenth of his reign, King Henry the Fifth passed away.

Slowly and mournfully they carried his embalmed body in a procession of great state to Paris, and thence to Rouen where his Queen was: from whom the sad intelligence of his death was concealed until he had been dead some days. Thence, lying on a bed of crimson and gold, with a golden crown upon the head, and a golden ball and sceptre lying in [illegible]eless hands, they [illegible]lais, with such a [illegible] seemed to dye [illegible]k for miles. The [illegible]cotland acted as chief mourner, all the Royal Household followed, the knights wore black armour and black plumes of feathers, crowds of men bore torches, making the night as light as day; and the widowed Princess followed last of all. At Calais there was a fleet of ships to bring the funeral host to Dover, and so, by way of London Bridge, where the service for the dead was chanted as it passed along, they brought the body to Westminster Abbey, and there buried it with great respect and reverence.

It had been the wish of the late King, that while his infant son KING HENRY THE SIXTH, at this time only nine months old, was under age, the Duke of Gloucester should be appointed Regent. The English Parliament, however, preferred to appoint a Council of Regency, with the Duke of Bedford at its head: to be represented, in his absence only, by the Duke of Gloucester. The Parliament would seem to have been wise in this, for Gloucester soon showed himself to be ambitious and troublesome, and, in the gratification of his own personal schemes, gave dangerous offence to the Duke of Burgundy, which was with difficulty

As that duke declined the Regency of France, it was bestowed by the poor French King upon the Duke of Bedford. But, the French King dying within two months, the Dauphin instantly

asserted his claim to the French throne, and was actually crowned under the title of CHARLES THE SEVENTH. The Duke of Bedford, to be a match for him, entered into a friendly league with the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, and gave them his two sisters in marriage. War with France was immediately renewed, and the Perpetual Peace came to an untimely end.

In the first campaign, the English, aided by this alliance, were speedily successful. As Scotland, however, had sent the French five thousand men, and might send more, or attack the North of England while England was busy with France, it was considered that it would be a good thing to offer the Scottish King, James, who had been so long imprisoned, his liberty, on his paying forty thousand pounds for his board and lodging during nineteen years, and engaging to forbid his subjects from serving under the flag of France. It is pleasant to know, not only that the amiable captive at last regained his freedom upon these terms, but, that he married a noble English lady with whom he had been long in love, and became an excellent King. I am afraid we have met with some Kings in this history, and shall meet with some more, who would have been very much the better, and would have left the world much happier, if they had been imprisoned nineteen years too.

In the second campaign, the English gained a considerable victory at Verneuil, in a battle which was chiefly remarkable, otherwise, for their resorting to the odd expedient of tying their baggage-horses together by the heads and tails, and jumbling them up with the baggage, so as to convert them into a sort of live fortification — which was found useful to the troops, but which I should think was not agreeable to the horses. For three years afterwards very little was done, owing to both sides being too poor for war, which is a very expensive entertainment; but, a council was then held in Paris, which it was decided to lay siege to the town of Orleans, which was a place of great importance to the Dauphin's cause. An English army of ten thousand men was dispatched on this service, under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, a general of fame. He being unfortunately killed early in the siege, the Earl of Suffolk took his place; under whom (reinforced by SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, who brought up four hundred waggons laden with salt herrings and other provisions for the troops, and, beating off the French who tried to intercept him, came victorious out of a hot skirmish, which was afterwards called in jest the Battle of the Herrings), the town of Orleans was so completely hemmed in, that the besieged proposed to yield it up to their countryman the Duke of Burgundy. The English general, however, replied

that his English men had won it, so far, by their blood and valour, and that his English men must have it. There seemed to be no hope for the town, or for the Dauphin, who was so dismayed that he even thought of flying to Scotland or to Spain — when a peasant girl rose up and changed the whole state of affairs.

The story of this peasant girl I have now to tell.

CHAPTER XX.

In a remote village among some wild hills in the province of Lorraine, there lived a countryman whose name was Jacques d'Arc. He had a daughter, Joan of Arc, who was at this time in her twentieth year. She had been a solitary girl from her childhood; she had often tended sheep and cattle for whole days where no human figure was seen or human voice heard; and she had often knelt, for hours together, in the gloomy empty little village chapel, looking up at the altar and at the dim lamp burning before it, until she fancied that she saw shadowy figures standing there, and even that she heard them speak to her. The people in that part of France were very ignorant and very superstitious, and they had many ghostly tales to tell about what they dreamed, and what they saw among the lonely hills when the clouds and the mists were resting on them. So, they easily believed that Joan saw strange sights, and they whispered among themselves that angels and spirits talked to her.

At last, Joan told her father that she had one day been surprised by a great unearthly light, and had afterwards heard a solemn voice, which said it was Saint Michael's voice, telling her that she was to go and help the Dauphin. Soon after this (she said), Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret had appeared to her, with sparkling crowns upon their heads, and had encouraged her to be virtuous and resolute. These visions had returned sometimes; but the Voices very often; and the voices always said, "Joan, thou art appointed by Heaven to go and help the Dauphin!" She almost always heard them while the chapel bells were ringing.

There is no doubt, now, that Joan believed she saw and heard these things. It is very well known that such delusions are a disease which is not by any means uncommon. It is probable enough that there were figures of Saint Michael, and Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret, in the little chapel (where they would be very likely to have shining crowns upon their heads), and that they first gave Joan the idea of those three personages She had long been a moping, fanciful girl, and, though she was a very good girl, I dare say she was a little vain, and wishful for notoriety.

Her father, something wiser than his neighbours, said, "I tell thee, Joan, it is thy fancy. Thou hadst better have a kind husband to

take care of thee, girl, and work to employ thy mind!" But Joan told him in reply, that she had taken a vow never to have a husband, and that she must go as Heaven directed her, to help the Dauphin. It happened, unfortunately for her father's persuasions, and most unfortunately for the poor girl, too, that a party of the Dauphin's enemies found their way into the village while Joan's disorder was at this point, and burnt the chapel, and drove out the inhabitants. The cruelties she saw committed, touched Joan's heart and made her worse. She said that the voices and the figures were now continually with her; that they told her she was the girl who, according to an old prophecy, was to deliver France; that she must go and help the Dauphin, and must remain with him until he should be crowned at Rheims; and that she must travel a long way to a certain lord named BAUDRICOURT, who could and would, bring her into the Dauphin's presence. As her father still said, "I tell thee Joan, it is thy fancy," she set off to find out this lord, accompanied by an uncle, a poor village wheelwright and cart-maker, who believed in the reality of her visions. They travelled a long way and went on and on, over a rough country of the Duke of Burgundy's and of all kinds of robbers and marauders, until they came to where this lord was.

When his servants told him that there was a poor peasant girl named Joan of Arc, accompanied by nobody but an old village wheelwright and cart-maker, who wished to see him, because she was commanded to help the Dauphin and save France, Baudricourt burst out a laughing and bade them send the girl away. But, he soon heard so much about her lingering in the town, and praying in the churches, and seeing visions, and doing harm to no one, that he sent for her, and questioned her. As she said the same things after she had been well sprinkled with holy water as she had said before the sprinkling, Baudricourt began to think there might be something in it. At all events, he thought it worth while to send her on to the town of Chinon, where the Dauphin was. So, he bought her a horse, and a sword, and gave her two squires to conduct her. As the Voices had told Joan that she was to wear a man's dress, now, she put one on, and girded her sword to her side, and bound spurs to her heels, and mounted her horse and rode away with her two squires. As to her uncle the wheelwright, he stood staring at his niece in wonder until she was out of sight — as well he might — and then went home again. The best place, too.

Joan and her two squires rode on and on, until they came to Chinon, where she was, after some doubt, admitted into the Dauphin's presence. Picking him out immediately from all his court, she told him that she came

commanded by Heaven to subdue his enemies and conduct him to his coronation at Rheims. She also told him (or he pretended so afterwards to make the greater impression upon his soldiers) a number of his secrets known only to himself, and, furthermore, she said there was an old, old sword in the cathedral of Saint Catherine at Fierbois, marked with five old crosses on the blade, which Saint Catherine had ordered her to wear. Now, nobody knew anything about this old, old sword, but when the cathedral came to be examined — which was immediately done — there, sure enough, the sword was found! The Dauphin then required a number of grave priests and bishops to give him their opinion whether the girl derived her power from good spirits or from evil spirits, which they held prodigiously long debates about, in the course of which several learned men fell fast asleep and snored loudly. At last, when one gruff old gentleman had said to Joan, "What language do your Voices speak?" and when Joan had replied to the gruff old gentleman "A pleasanter language than yours," they agreed that it was all correct, and that Joan of Arc was inspired from Heaven. This wonderful circumstance put new heart into the Dauphin's soldiers when they heard of it, and dispirited the English army, who took

for a witch.

Joan mounted horse again, rode on and on, until o Orleans. But, she rode now, as never peasant girl had ridden yet. She rode upon a white war-horse, in a suit of glittering armour; with the old, old sword from the cathedral, newly burnished, in her belt; with a white flag carried before her, upon which were a picture of God, and the words JESUS MARIA. In this splendid state, at the head of a great body of troops escorting provisions of all kinds for the starving inhabitants of Orleans, she appeared before that beleaguered city. When the people on the walls beheld her, they cried out "The Maid is come! The Maid of the Prophecy is come to deliver us!" And this, and the sight of the Maid fighting at the head of their men, made the French so bold, and made the English so fearful, that the English line of forts was soon broken, the troops and provisions were got into the town, and Orleans was saved.

Joan, henceforth called THE MAID OF ORLEANS, remained within the walls for a few days, and caused letters to be thrown over, ordering Lord Suffolk and his Englishmen to depart from before the town according to the will of Heaven. As the English general very positively declined to believe that Joan knew anything about the will of Heaven (which did not mend the matter with his soldiers, for they stupidly said if she were not inspired, she was a witch, and it was of no use to fight against a witch), she mounted her white war-horse again, and ordered her white

banner to advance. The besiegers held the bridge, and some strong towers upon the bridge; and here the Maid of Orleans attacked them. The fight was fourteen hours long. She planted a scaling ladder with her own hands, and mounted a tower wall, but was struck by an English arrow in the neck, and fell into the trench. She was carried away and the arrow was taken out, during which operation she screamed and cried with the pain, as any other girl might have done; but presently she said that the Voices were speaking to her and soothing her to rest. After a while, she got up, and was again foremost in the fight. When the English, who had seen her fall and supposed her to be dead, saw this, they were troubled with the strangest fears, and some of them cried out that they beheld Saint Michael on a white horse (probably Joan herself) fighting for the French. They lost the bridge, and lost the towers, and next day set their chain of forts on fire, and left the place.

But, as Lord Suffolk himself retired no farther than the town of Jargeau, which was only a few miles off, the Maid of Orleans besieged him there, and he was taken prisoner. As the white banner scaled the wall, she was struck upon the head with a stone, and was again tumbled down into the ditch; but, she only cried all the more, as she lay there, "On, on, my countrymen! And fear nothing, for the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" After this new success of the Maid's, several other fortresses and places which had previously held out against the Dauphin were delivered up without a battle; and at Patay she defeated the remainder of the English army, and set up her victorious white banner on a field where twelve hundred Englishmen lay dead.

She now urged the Dauphin (who always kept out of the way when there was any fighting) to proceed to Rheims, as the first part of her mission was accomplished; and to complete the whole by being crowned there. The Dauphin was in no particular hurry to do this, as Rheims was a long way off, and the English and the Duke of Burgundy were still strong in the country through which the road lay. However, they set forth, with ten thousand men, and again the Maid of Orleans rode on and on, upon her white war-horse, and in her shining armour. Whenever they came to a town which yielded readily, the soldiers believed in her; but, whenever they came to a town which gave them any trouble, they began to murmur that she was an impostor. The latter was particularly the case at Troyes, which finally yielded, however, through the persuasion of one Richard, a friar of the place. Friar Richard was in the old doubt about the Maid of Orleans, until he had sprinkled her well with holy water, and had also well sprinkled the

threshold of the gate by which she came into the city. Finding that it made no change in her, he said, as the other grave old gentlemen had said, that it was all correct, and became her great ally.

So, at last, by dint of riding on and on, the Maid of Orleans, and the Dauphin, and the ten thousand sometimes believing and sometimes unbelieving men, came to Rheims. And in the great cathedral of Rheims, the Dauphin actually was crowned Charles the Seventh in a great assembly of the people. Then, the Maid, who with her white banner stood beside the King in that hour of his triumph, kneeled down upon the pavement at his feet, and said, with tears, that what she had been inspired to do, was done, and the only recompense she asked for, was, that she should now have leave to go back to her distant home, and her sturdily incredulous father, and her first simple escort the village wheelwright and cartmaker. But the King said, "No!" and made her and her family as noble as a King could, and settled upon her the income of a Count. Ah! happy had it been for the Maid of Orleans, if she had resumed her rustic dress that day, and had gone home to the little chapel and the wild hills, and had forgotten all these things, and had been a good man's wife, and heard no stranger voices than the voices of little children!

It was not to be, and she continued helping the King (she did a world for him, in alliance with Friar Richard), and trying to improve the lives of the coarse soldiers, and leading a religious, an unselfish, and a modest life, herself, beyond any doubt. Still, many times she prayed the King to let her go home; and once she even took off her bright armour and hung it up in a church, meaning never to wear it more. But, the King always won her back again — while she was of use to him — and so she went on and on and on, to her doom.

When the Duke of Bedford, who was a very able man, began to be active for England, and, by bringing the war back into France and by holding the Duke of Burgundy to his faith, to distress and disturb Charles very much, Charles sometimes asked the Maid of Orleans what the Voices said about it? But, the Voices had become (very like ordinary voices in perplexed times,) contradictory and confused, so that now they said one thing, and now said another, and the Maid lost credit every day. Charles marched on Paris, which was opposed to him, and attacked the suburb of Saint Honoré. In this fight, being again struck down into the ditch, she was abandoned by the whole army. She lay unaided among a heap of dead, and crawled out how she could. Then, some of her believers went over to an opposition Maid, Catherine of La Rochelle, who said she was inspired to tell where there were treasures of buried money —

though she never did — and then Joan accidentally broke the old, old sword, and others said that her power was broken with it. Finally, at the siege of Compiègne, held by the Duke of Burgundy, where she did valiant service, she was basely left alone in a retreat, though facing about and fighting to the last; and an archer pulled her off her horse.

O the uproar that was made, and the thanksgivings that were sung, about the capture of this one poor country-girl! O the way in which she was demanded to be tried for sorcery and heresy, and anything else you like, by the Inquisitor-General of France, and by this great man, and by that great man, until it is wearisome to think of! She was bought at last by the Bishop of Beauvais for ten thousand francs, and was shut up in her narrow prison: plain Joan of Arc again, and Maid of Orleans no more.

I should never have done if I were to tell you how they had Joan out to examine her, and cross-examine her, and re-examine her, and worry her into saying anything and everything; and how all sorts of scholars and doctors bestowed their utmost tediousness upon her. Sixteen times she was brought out and shut up again, and worried, and entrapped, and argued with, until she was heart-sick of the dreary business. On the last occasion of this kind she -place at Rouen, dismally decorated with a scaffold, and a stake and faggots, and the executioner, and a pulpit with a friar therein, and an awful sermon ready. It is very affecting to know that even at that pass the poor girl honoured the mean vermin of a King, who had so used her for his purposes and so abandoned her; and, that while she had been regardless of reproaches heaped upon herself, she spoke out courageously for him.

It was natural in one so young, to hold to life. To save her life, she signed a declaration prepared for her — signed it with a cross, for she couldn't write — that all her visions and Voices had come from the Devil. Upon her recanting the past, and protesting that she would never wear a man's dress in future, she was condemned to imprisonment for life, "on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction."

But, on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction, the visions and the Voices soon returned. It was quite natural that they should do so, for that kind of disease is much aggravated by fasting, loneliness, and anxiety of mind. It was not only got out of Joan that she considered herself inspired again, but, she was taken in a man's dress, which had been left — to entrap her — in her prison, and which she put on, in her solitude; perhaps, in remembrance of her past glories; perhaps, because the imaginary Voices told her. For this relapse into the sorcery and heresy and anything else you like, she was sentenced to be burnt to death. And, in the market-place

of Rouen, in the hideous dress which the monks had invented for such spectacles, with priests and bishops sitting in a gallery looking on, though some had the Christian grace to go away, unable to endure the infamous scene; this shrieking girl — last seen amidst the smoke and fire, holding a crucifix between her hands; last heard, calling upon Christ — was burnt to ashes. They threw her ashes in the river Seine; but, they will rise against her murderers on the last day.

From the moment of her capture, neither the French King nor one single man in all his court raised a finger to save her. It is no defence of them that they may have never really believed in her, or that they may have won her victories by their skill and bravery. The more they pretended to believe in her, the more they had caused her to believe in herself; and she had ever been true to them, ever brave, ever nobly devoted. But, it is no wonder, that they, who were in all things false to themselves, false to one another, false to their country, false to Heaven, and false to Earth, should be monsters of ingratitude and treachery to a helpless peasant girl.

In the picturesque old town of Rouen, where weeds and grass grow high on the cathedral towers, and venerable Norman streets are still warm in the blessed sunlight

the monkish fires that
eamed horribly upon them
ng grown cold, there is

statue of Joan of Arc, in the scene of her last agony, the square to which she has given its present name. I know some statues of modern times — even in the World's metropolis, I think — which commemorate less constancy, less earnestness, smaller claims upon the world's attention, and much greater impostors.

TAPPING THE BUTTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I AM fifty-four or thereabouts in age; weigh fourteen stone and a half; am five feet ten inches in height, and never had a day's illness in my life. Yet no man, perhaps, has travelled more for the recovery of his health. The junior partners would sulk uncommonly if it was mere pleasure that took me from London just as the heat began; they would grudge every week I spent at Brighton, Dover, Eastbourne, Worthing, Bonchurch, or Torquay, if they knew what a jolly life I led at all those places; but, when they hear my cough as I walk into the counting-room about the end of May, when they see the large vials of brandy and water, marked "Sedative Draught," which I drink with rueful face any time after two o'clock (I lunch on a roast fowl at half-past one); when they see, in short, what a determined valetudinarian I am, it is amazing how anxiously they advise me to

be gone: "Poor old fellow!" I hear them saying; "he can't stand this long." "Governor 's going, Snooks," — I heard the book-keeper say to one of the clerks. "Where to?" inquired Snooks; "to Paris again, or Scotland?" "Don't be a fool!" was the book-keeper's reply, "you 're an unfeeling beast. The poor old gent's a going to slip his wind. Nobody can stand all them cough mixtures and doctor's stuff; hear how he blows on the stair — puff, puff, puff!"

So, with the universal good-will of the whole establishment, I pack up my trunks, give my housekeeper injunctions of secresy, creep weakly into a cab, which picks me up at the office door, and spring radiant with health and happiness into a railway coach. But whither? Here is the merry month of June; I have arranged for an absence till the end of July, with ingenious preparations for a elapse till the beginning of Sep-mber; about that time a sprained ncle will give me three weeks ıore, and the cool first week of)ctober will tempt me back to ıoderate work in the mornings, nd a quiet club dinner at night. hree or four months are to be isposed of, and what is to be done? Egypt is vulgar, and the continent unsafe. I have visited every scene "consecrated by antiquity or adventure," from Stonehenge and Runnymede to Jack Straw's Castle and the Love colleges of Dorset. I thought at one time of enrolling myself as an inmate in those sweet abodes, and afterwards publishing the results of my experience as "Nights in the Agapemone;" but this is a fastidious age, and Afra Behn and the Queen of Navarre have fallen into disuse. Mountains and rivers, towns and villages, Scotch lochs and Welsh coombs, have neither novelty nor attraction; and yet a pilgrimage without an object is a very dull affair, and an object, therefore, I must find. "I shall think of it on the way," I said, as I took out my ticket and paid the whole fare; and, with a railway guide in my hand, I racked my brains to discover some end and aim for a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. Better get out and chase butterflies than have no purpose in life. Last year I travelled from Dan to Beersheba in search of eighteen hundred and twenty Port, small binns of which are still to be met with in old-established way-side inns, where its charms have the additional advantage of being utterly unappreciated and inadequately charged for by the unconscious possessor; you sometimes also find a remnant in quiet country houses, where it is brought forth on great occasions, and treated with the veneration it deserves. But a man can't always travel in search of bees'-wing and cobwebs. Two years ago I determined to see fat cattle, and frequented agricultural shows and provincial aldermen's dinners, till the production of tallow appeared to be the chief end of man. Science. also, has

had its attractions, and I followed the progresses of the *savants*, witnessed their experiments and attended their *conversaziones*, and heard the wonders of nature displayed by naturalists and geologists till I became persuaded of the reality of red lions and sea-serpents, and was ready to swear I had seen enormous specimens of both kinds of animals with my own eyes.

"It's of no use," I exclaimed in despair, when I had reached about forty miles from St. Paul's, and shut up Bradshaw with a force that alarmed my fellow passenger who was sitting opposite. It was a little prim old maid — there was no mistaking that — who had been gazing every now and then with an astonished look at the devotion of my whole time to the study of the times of starting and arriving; very light eyes she had, and eyebrows to match — so light that they were almost undistinguishable, a thin nose so evidently formed for the reception of spectacles, that I couldn't help thinking there must be a pair bestriding it at that very moment, though, by some supernatural means rendered imperceptible by the naked eye. In fact, over the whole of her appearance there was spread such a film of invisibility from the colourlessness of countenance and dress, that I sometimes expected to see her evaporate altogether like the apparitions in a German story. However, she did not; but came forth in speech.

"Are you going far, Sir? beautiful country! very fine day."

Now it was impossible to answer all these observations at once, unless by a bow; so I bowed.

"Very far, Sir? a delightful railway this — so comfortable the carriages."

"Yes."

"To the very end of the line, Sir? Are you afraid of accidents in a railway? Do you think they're likely to happen here?"

"No."

"Not to the end of the line? Perhaps to an intermediate station? Business, Sir?"

"Madam, you manage to ask always three questions in a breath, and I can't answer them at once. As to how far I am going, I have not made up my mind. The object of my journey is not business. This is a good railway, and I am not much afraid of an accident."

"You remind me, Sir, excu me for saying so, of the great M Pinker, of the Butts; he nev gives me a straight answer to n separate questions, but waits t they have accumulated to a goc number, and then touches (them in their exact order."

"The great Mr. Pinker?" I inquired.

"You've heard of him, surely? the childrens' book Mr. Pinker — he is such a charming man, and edited the last edition of Goody Twoshoes."

"And the Butts?" I farther inquired.

"My village; six miles from the next station — were you never at

the Butts? There 's a chalybeate there; are you fond of chalybeates?"

"No."

"That 's odd. You put me so in mind of the great Miss Wormer. You don't say you've never seen her? nor heard of her?"

"Never."

"Wonderful! why, she's Biddy Budd, the greatest woman in England: such a soul — such a genius."

Biddy Budd, who is Biddy Budd?"

"Miss Wormer, I tell you. How surprised the great Mr. Bangles will be when he hears that the name of Biddy Budd is unknown to a single European — you're European, of course."

"I never heard of such a quantity of great people," I said; "do they all live at the Butts?"

"All? yes, and a great many more, all great and distinguished. Mr. Bangles is a great mathematician, and has invented a gig — come, Sir, you don't pretend not to know the Bangles three-wheel?"

"Not I, Madam, but if the Butts is only six miles from the station, I shall certainly make a pilgrimage to the residence of so many celebrities. Is there an inn at the Butts?"

"The best inn in England. The great Mr. Smith keeps it."

"Is he great, too?"

He gained the tulip prize two years running — a very great man. You will be delighted with the Queeker Arms — the sign is the family coat of the great Queeker family. Mr. Q. talks of standing for the county, and studies politics night and day — a great man. He doesn't like Sir Robert Peel; do you, Sir?"

I saw no use in making the lady my confidante, and gave no answer, but resolved that, in lack of a better object for a journey, a visit to the Temple of Fame, described in such glowing colours by my companion, would be a very good one. I am fond of seeing great men — I saw Napoleon on board the Northumberland, and Thistlewood hanged. I have also seen the Swiss giantess, and Tom Thumb.

On coming to the station I helped my new acquaintance to descend, and afterwards took charge of an infinite variety of trunks and boxes. The train speedily passed on, and I found myself standing on the platform, keeping guard like a sentry over the luggage, while the lady kept her eye fixed on me as if she had been inspecting officer.

"Do you stop here, Sir? a very dull place, and quite new. We don't like it."

"No, Madam; I am going on to the Butts. Your description has so interested me that I can't resist the inclination to visit it."

The lady pulled her veil down a little farther, and gave a short little cough, and then went sidling about among her traps, counting them two or three times over, and looking at them as if calculating their size and weight. At

last she nodded her head in a very satisfied manner, and said, "It will just do. Your fly can carry us all, and I can show the way. Mamma will say I am a very forward girl in making such an offer, but I know the world, and you won't think worse of me for being frank and open." I looked again at her face as she talked of her mamma, and called herself a girl. She was fifty years old if she was a day, or, in fact, might have passed for any age from fifty upwards, for her locks were so light coloured that they might have done duty as grey hairs in a rapid state of descent with sorrow to the grave; and her features so indistinct that they seemed to have worn away in the course of years. Her mamma must be a rum one — I thought — but they're all wonderful people at the Butts; and I would rather explore that undiscovered region than the sources of the Nile. But I had no time for these meditations, for I soon found sufficient occupation in fitting her and her possessions into the one-horse fly, which, on a signal from her, had drawn up beside us. There were two or three trunks, two or three bandboxes, a great number of baskets, great and small, a birdcage, and an uncountable variety of paper parcels, so that when, after much shaking and shifting, she was fairly seated, I looked in vain for any room in or about the vehicle for myself. However her lynx eye discovered a small unoccupied space beside the driver, which, by dint of sitting sideways, with my legs dangling over the wheel, she thought might be available, but even her ingenuity could discover no process by which any room could be made for my portmanteau. She therefore gave positive orders to the innkeeper to forward my luggage at once in a light cart to the Queeker Arms, and professing great fear that her mamma would be alarmed if she did not arrive soon, she begged the man to drive as hard as he could, and off we went. The woman's voice was extraordinary; it was so shrill and clear, that, sitting quietly among her baggage, and in spite of the rumbling and creaking of our fly over a not very well-made road, and the jumbling of the miscellaneous articles tied on the roof, she made every syllable as distinct to me on the driving-seat as if we had been close together in a silent room.

"Do you see that thorn bush on the right hand, and the elm tree a little way down the lane? That's the scene of Biddy Budd's Fable of the Donkey and the Crow. The donkey stood under the thorn and wished for wings, and the crow sat on the elm and wished for long ears. Pretty idea, isn't it? and what do you think is the moral of the story? That people should be contented with their positions and not wish to change with their neighbours? O dear, not at all. It alludes to the Reverend Stephen Budge, of Gaperton Vicarage, who thinks himself a poet, and says his Pegasus can fly. But,

you see, Biddy Budd makes great fun of him, for she puts a crow's wings on a donkey, and calls it 'The Winged Pegasus of a certain reverend would-be poet, who resides not a hundred miles from Gaperton Vicarage.' Isn't that witty and severe? She's immensely religious, is Miss Wormer, and says the most biting things you ever heard. Drive on, coachman, mamma will be greatly alarmed —"

Here there was a pause for a moment in the stream of sound that went whistling into my ear like a heated wire.

"You had better get threepence ready," it began again. "There's a 'pike round the corner. Mr. Slockum — a great wit, Mr. Slockum; they say his writings, when they come out, will be very like Joseph Miller's — worked for one or two years at an epigram on that 'pike. It was kept then by a man of the name of Salmon, and he had come to the second line where he talked of the "net" produce, but before he got any

er Salmon left the 'pike, and
William Jones keeps it.
e he is — you had better pay
the threepence. Very hard
... ..Ir. Slockum, wasn't it? Mr. Slockum kept three pupils — but at present they've all gone away — and he advertises to take half-a-dozen, at five pounds a year less than his printed terms, provided they are the sons of gentlemen. So when they come, they will be a delightful accession to our society."

By dint of great exertion, I managed to ask her how many families there were in the Butts altogether, and the question seemed to make her amazingly happy.

"Let me see," she said, laying a long thin unsubstantial forefinger of one hand on the forefinger of the other — "let me see. There's the Grove — where the Wormers live; there were once three elm trees, they say, on the ground, so they call it the Grove — that's one. The Wilderness — Mr. Pinker's, a very large place, more than an acre, and an excellent house, coach-house and stable, entrance lodge and iron gates, quite a show place — that's two. Then there's Belvidere Castle, mamma's — a large house on the right with Venetian blinds to the upper windows and a green verandah; the porch is round, with turrets on the top, so we call it the Castle — that's three. Then, there's the Bangles's — he calls it Niagara Villa because there's a spring that falls into a shell — that's four. The Dingle — the Cave — the Den — the Hollow — the Mount — the Vale — the Levels — the Hermitage — Oporto Hall —"

"Ha!" I said or rather roared, 'tha's a nice name for a house; who lives there?"

"The great Mr. Mudd, and his charming nieces the Miss Boltons —"

"And what is Mr. in?"

"Decanters. He

at the Fine Art Exhibition for a decanter that holds three bottles, and doesn't look much bigger than a pint."

I determined, if possible, to make the acquaintance of Mr. Mudd, who struck me to be the most usefully ingenious of all the distinguished characters I had heard described.

"Then there's the parsonage — it isn't the parsonage, but only the house where the curate lives — Mr. Platterwipe, who is a wonderful musician and plays on the flute delightfully, and also on the bass fiddle. He is a great genius, and reads the prayers through his nose, with a twist up at the end of them like the chorus to a ballad. It's quite charming, and as he says he has a vocation for celibacy, we young ladies just consider him one of ourselves, and Mr. Slockum calls us the Nunpareils. See, there's Mr. Bangles's — there's the Grove — that's the Hermitage — and this is Mamma's."

I saw before me — at the foot of a moderate elevation, but which I afterwards found was called the mountain — a scattered hamlet of twenty or thirty houses built irregularly along the course of a little stream. There were hedgerows and apple-trees as far as the eye could reach; a glorious sun was shining upon the scene, and glanced from the windows of the different villas, and basked upon their roofs, and turned the thin wreaths of smoke that went up- the kitchen chimneys coloured ribbons losing themselves in the clear blue of the sky. And I confessed at once that it was a beautiful prospect, and a very fitting residence for the saints and sages who had here set up their rest. But what could be the reason of so many of the *élite* of the earth establishing themselves here? or was it the fact of coming here that gave them all their wonderful abilities? Could Mr. Bangles have invented a gig if he had lived in London? Could Mr. Mudd have produced a three-quart bottle looking like a pint, if his lines had been cast in Yorkshire? "Thank you, Sir," said the voice, in the midst of these reflections; "the luggage is off now, and it's all right. I'm so much obliged to you for bringing me in your fly. Drive on to the Queeker Arms. I have recommended the house to the gentleman. The gentleman will pay." And before I had time to turn myself fairly round on the driving-seat, my communicative companion had disappeared within the porch of the Castle, and left me to pursue my way to the hotel.

"What is that lady's name?" I inquired of the driver.

"Gawker, Sir. Her and mother carries on their trac that 'ere house."

"What trade? What do they do?"

"They skins flints," replied the driver, in a very bitter tone; "and sweats spoons when they can catch 'em."

I didn't carry on any further conversation with the man, who

had accompanied his last observation with a look of disdain at me, and the thumb of his right hand applied to the point of his nose, the usual place of the projected little finger being supplied by the whip. I silently paid him his demand, and stood expectant on the step of the Queeker Arms.

"House, ho!" I cried, looking in vain for a waiter, or a bell to summon one. "House, ho! Are you all asleep?"

No answer came for a long time. At last a sort of chambermaid, a stout woman with a slop-pail, crossed the hall, and I renewed my thumpings and hallooings. The glass door at the top of the stair continued closed; and the woman putting her hand to her lips, as if to enjoin silence, passed on in chambermaiden meditation, fancy free. I at last got angry, and became very emphatic in my kicks and bumps against the inhospitable door. "Such a place pretending to be the chosen habitation of the wise and good! and such a miserable locked up old barrack pretending to be an inn! I'll try if I can't force my way in, in spite of bolts and bars." But I had not succeeded in more than damaging one of the panels and twisting off the handle of the lock, when a voice from the area commanded me to desist and go my ways for a housebreaker, or they would let loose the dog. And on looking through the rails, I saw a tatterdemallion stableboy seated on an empty barrel, where he had perched himself to enjoy the sun and had evidently fallen asleep.

"You insolent ragamuffin," I exclaimed; "if you don't tell some one to open the door instantly, I'll have the landlord before a magistrate for refusing accommodation to a traveller on his lawful occasions."

"We don't care for bagmen here," rejoined the strapper on the barrel, "nor about their aweful occasions either. The gentlefolks are busy and won't be disturbed."

"Won't they?" I cried, again applying a thundering kick to the door, that shook one of the panes into the passage with a crash that echoed through the house like an avalanche of glass. "We shall see that: house, ho!" A door at the farther end of the hall was cautiously opened, and four or five heads were pushed inquiringly forth; after looking at me for a minute or two, the possessors of the aforesaid heads put their fingers to their lips like the witches in Macbeth, and in the same careful manner as they had opened the door, closed it again.

"Oh, that's your plan, is it?" I vociferated, now fairly in a rage. "You have no right to keep me out of a house of public entertainment, so here goes."

And stepping back a yard or two to gain impetus for the blow, I rushed at the door with all my might — hands, feet, and shoulders — and in an instant I found myself lying in the passage among the fragments of wood and glass,

like the picture of Samson among the ruins of Dagon's Temple. The resemblance was immediately made more complete by the rushing forward of all the Philistines, male and female, who were within hearing of the noise. They clustered round me with terror depicted on their faces, and exclamations of surprise and horror escaping from their lips. "Housebreaker — Irishman — madman" — were among the gentlest of the names by which they saluted my appearance among them.

"Where is the landlord?" I said, endeavouring to restrain my wrath; "I'll punish him severely for his behaviour."

"What has he been doing, Sir?" inquired a very tall and very gentleman-like man. "If you come here to revenge yourself for some real or imagined wrong, allow me to tell you that personal violence is not the way to attain your object. The tribunals of this great and happy country are open to the meanest as well as to the loftiest of its sons. Can't you apply to an attorney?"

A murmur of applause ran round the crowd, and from the exclamations I overheard I perceived I had before me the great Mr. Slockum.

"I may, perhaps, have recourse to the law afterwards," I said; "but in the meantime I'll show that inhospitable fool, Mr. Smith, that he has no right to shut his door in the face of a respectable man, who can pay for his entertainment. Where is the landlord?" A very small, dark-haired individual, dressed in black, and rejoicing in a stiff white neckcloth, here stepped timidly forward, and said, "I am Mr. Smith." To look at the man, you would have thought him a curate after Dr. Pewsey's own heart, for his collar was very low, and his neck very strongly enveloped in white cambric; his hair also was demurely parted on the top of his left temple, projecting a long deciduous lock over his right eye; altogether it was difficult to make out whether he was one of the Neo-Anglican clergy, or a waiter dressed for duty at the London Tavern.

"Oh, you're Mr. Smith," I said; "and what do you mean, Sir, by pretending to keep an hotel and refusing admittance to any one who chooses to come in?" Before Mr. Smith had time to answer, a fat, strong-looking man laid his hand on the landlord's shoulder.

"Let me answer him, Smith," he said. "I'm sure, Sir," he continued, addressing me, "you will at once pardon poor Smith's oversight in having locked his door, if you take any interest in the progress of knowledge or the triumph of eloquence and wisdom. Our learned friend, Mr. Slockum, was in the middle of a fascinating lecture at the time you made your appearance; and I confess we were all so carried away by his oratory that we were very ill-pleased at the interruption. If you will kindly forgive the rudeness of your first reception, I feel

sure you will be highly gratified if we can prevail on Mr. Slockum to resume his discourse. He is great — immensely great" — added the gentleman in a lower key — "and you will be delighted, I am sure."

"I had heard Mr. Slockum's name before," I answered, "from my friend, Miss Gawker,"

"A friend of Miss Gawker" — cried the assemblage unanimously — "of the great Arabella. Do pray come into the Hall of Eloquence." And in the friendliest manner possible I was admitted to the lecture; and my new friend, the stout man, who had acted as champion for Mr. Smith, conducted me to a chair in the front rank of the audience.

"I take a deep interest in the prosperity of the hotel," he continued, while Mr. Slockum mounted the rostrum, "and, indeed, of the whole estate. I am proprietor of it. Ignatius Queeker."

This, then, was the chief of the family — of the great family of the Queekers, furnishing the heraldic emblems to the sign-board of the Queeker Arms! I sat silently down, and the lecture recommenced. I was rather curious to hear how the author would proceed, for I remembered that he had taken several years to write two lines of an epigram, and of course I gave him credit for having devoted a long time to the composition of his present essay. In this I was not far mistaken, for before he had proceeded a page, I discovered he was lecturing in the future tense on the probable effect of a Reform in Parliament, as proposed by Lord Grey and Lord John Russell. The picture he drew of the results of that measure made my hair stand on end. Five years would not elapse before the guillotine would be in full play in the middle of Fleet Street. He gave a description of the heroic death of an imaginary Lord Mayor, which made several of us burst into tears. Then the description he gave of the degradation of the Commons was most appalling. Instead of the honourable ambition which now prompted the pure and lofty to bestow their hundreds and thousands in support of poor voters, in order, by their disinterested assistance, to obtain a seat in the great council of the nation, he foresaw a time when election contests would be at an end; when the only struggle would be to avoid being chosen as representative of county or borough; when the only expense entailed on the elected would be — as in the ever estimable militia ballot — the payment of a substitute. "Gatton and Sarum," he said, "are still the twin stars that guide the weary mariners on their voyage of patriotism and honour. Extinguish Castor, extinguish Pollux, what will be left to direct the steersman's way? The smoke of a thousand factories in Manchester and Birmingham will blacken with pestiferous pall the heaven in which Pitt read the signs of the times. Life and dignity will

equally expire, A headless monarch will sit on a legless throne; and the monster Reform will insultingly blow the trumpet — or, like Nero, play the fiddle — among the ruins which it made."

This peroration was nearly drowned in the shout with which it was received. When the raptures that filled us had subsided, he announced that in a few years he hoped to deliver a lecture on the proofs, from internal evidences, that Walter Scott wrote the Waverly Novels. We were all enchanted with the prospect of future enjoyment; and I began to think I had got embarked by some means on what Alfred Tennyson would call "the backward flowing flood of time," and that the Butts was a quiet village still situated on the shores of 1820 — but the audience were all in the dress of 1852, and the railway was within six miles.

Sitting within two or three of me were two remarkably pretty girls, the only faces, indeed, in the room that did not seem of the same pre-Adamite date with the lecture. They laughed behind their handkerchiefs till I thought they would offend the dignity of the assemblage, but, somehow, when they caught my eye, their mirth was greatly increased. Whether it was from sympathy with my feelings, or from the absurd appearance I must have made in listening to the astounding revelations of the [redacted]hetic lecturer, [redacted]lightful to [redacted]ally when they are young and have good teeth, so I encouraged them in their mirth by seeming intensely interested in the whole affair. This behaviour apparently pleased the assembly, especially Mr. Slockum. He came up to me as the company began to disperse, and invited me in the warmest and friendliest manner to spend the evening at Mr. Mudd's, for I found that hospitality in this astonishing district was almost as vicarious as the information was antediluvian. I accepted with the greatest pleasure, and shook hands with a great number of people as they were going out, who all expressed the greatest happiness in the prospect of seeing me again. From this I gathered that the whole parish was about to honour Mr. Mudd with its presence; and in order to do justice to the brilliant assemblage, and get myself into perfectly good humour, I ordered the best dinner Mr. Smith could furnish, and a bottle of old Port that should do honour to the Queeker Arms.

MONSTERS OF FAITH.

We people in this western world have, in our time, not less than those who went before us, been witnesses of many acts of eccentric and exaggerated faith. We have seen this virtue dressed in many a guise, tricked out in many a hue. We have seen it in the meanest and the highest. Johanna Southcote, and Thom, and

several others in their time put the old Saxon faith of this country to a pretty severe test; in the present day Mr. Price passes it through a comfortable Oriental ordeal at his Agapemone. In the countries of southern Europe for ages past, we know how Catholic faith has been experimented upon by means of old bones, old coats, pieces of decayed timber, and weeping images; whilst Protestant faith has been staked, and burnt, and hanged, and cut into very small pieces. I will say nothing of secular faith — of faith in Cock Lane ghosts, in the Volunteer Apostles described in a recent article of Household Words, and of the Mysterious Rappings which have lately so wondrously thriven in the United States.

What is cold, dwarfed, European faith, when compared with the huge monstrous faith of the barbarous land of the sun? The two will no more bear comparison than will the Surrey Hills compare with the Himalayas, or the Thames and the Garonne bear being mentioned beside the Ganges and the Burrumpootra. The scenes I am about to relate are not selected for their rarity or for any peculiarity about them; they may be met with at any of the many festivals, or Poojahs, throughout India proper.

The village at which the Poojah I witnessed was held, was not very far distant from one of the leading cities of Bengal, a city numbering possibly half a million of inhabitants, with a highly populous country round about if for many a league. The reader will, therefore, readily imagine the crowding and rushing which took place from all sides, to witness the festival of a deity in whom all believed, for, away from the south, there are comparatively but few of any other faith than Hindooism.

It was high noon when I arrived on the ground in my palanquin; and by favour of the friendship of the British collector of Howdahpore I was admitted within the most privileged circle, and took up my stand beneath the pleasant shade of a wide-spreading Jambo tree. I had time and opportunity to note the place and the people; for the sacred operations had not as yet commenced. The spot we were assembled in was in an extensive valley lightly wooded at intervals, and commanding a picturesque view of a rather wide river which flowed on to Howdahpore, and was now busy with many boats loaded with passengers. On the river bank nearest to us, a number of bamboo and leaf sheds had been hastily erected, in which carousals and amusements of various kinds were in progress or preparation. Flowers decorated the ample doorways, and hung festooned from many a roof; while high above, wooing in vain a passing breeze and brightly glaring in the noon-day tropic sun, gay streamers drooped in burning listlessness. From the topmost summits of some of the loftiest

trees — and they *are* lofty here long tapering poles extended other flags and strips of coloured cloth. In cool, shady nooks, where clumps of spreading jungle kindly grew, at other times the haunts of fiercest tigers, or worse, of cruel Thugs, small knots of Hindoo families of rank were grouped in silent watchfulness. The lordly Zemindar of the district; the exacting Tulukdhar, the terror of village ryots; the grinding Putindhar: all these were there in eastern feudal pomp.

Far as the eye could reach, the rich green valley teemed with human life. Thousands on thousands flocked from many a point, and pressed to where the gaudy flags and beating drums told of the approaching Poojah. The steady hum of the vast multitude seemed like the ocean's fall on some far distant shore. Grief, joy, pain, pleasure, prayers and songs, blended with howling madness, or cries of devotees, in one strange, stormy discord; the heat and glare, the many new and striking garbs, the sea of dusky visages and brightly glaring eyes, mixed with the varied gorgeous foliage, and flinging into contrast the lovely gentleness of distant hills and woods, made up a whole not easy to forget, yet difficult to paint.

But my attention was before long directed to some preparations in progress not far from where I stood. I had observed several huge poles standing at a great height, with ropes and some apparatus attached to them, the use of which I knew from report alone. Here I now remarked a great deal of bustling activity; a number of attendants were beating back the crowd in order to clear a space around one of the loftiest of the poles I have mentioned. This was a work of much difficulty, for the mob was both excited and dense. At length, however, they succeeded in the task, and finding the ground before me pretty clear, I advanced close to the scene of action. Round about the pole were a number of Fakirs or Ascetics, a sort of self-mutilated hermits, who hope and firmly believe that, by distorting their limbs into all sorts of impossible positions and shapes, they have ensured the favour of some unpronounceable divinity, and with that a ready and certain passport to some future state about which they have not the most remote idea, which renders their devotion the more praiseworthy.

There was one miserable object, with his long matted locks of dirty red streaming over his shoulders, and one withered arm and hand held blighted high above his head, immoveable. It had been forced into that unnatural position years ago, and what was then an act of free will, was now a matter of necessity, the arm would no longer return to its true position, but pointed in its thin and bony haggardness to heaven. Another dark-eyed, dark-haired ascetic had held his hands for

years so firmly clasped together, that the long talon-like nails were to be seen growing through the palms of his hands and appearing at the back. Some I saw with thick rope actually threaded through their flesh quite round their bodies, many times, in bleeding coils; more than one young woman was there with her neck and shoulders thickly studded over with sharp short needles stuck firmly in the flesh. One man, a young man too, had forced a sort of spear right through the fleshy part of his foot, with the thick wooden handle downwards, on which he walked, quite indifferent to any sort of inconvenience. There was no lack of others, all self-tortured, maimed, and trussed, and skewered, as though about to be spitted and put down to the fire.

The object which all by one consent agreed to gaze at, was a young and pretty-looking girl, almost a child in manner, who sat upon the ground so sadly, yet so calm and almost happy, that I could not persuade myself one so young and gentle was about to be barbarously tortured. Yet so it was. It appeared that her husband had, months since, gone upon some distant, dangerous journey; that being long absent, and rumours raised in the native bazaar of his death, she, the anxious wife, had vowed to Siva, the protector of life, to undergo self-torture on his next festival if her loved husband's life should be spared. He had returned, and now, mighty in faith and love, this simple-minded, single-hearted creature gave up herself to pain such as the stoutest of our sex or race might shrink from. She sat looking fondly on her little infant as it lay asleep in the arms of an old nurse, all unconscious of the mother's sacrifice, and turning her eyes from that to her husband, who stood near in a wild, excited state, she gave the signal that she was ready. The stout-limbed, burly-bodied husband rushed like a tiger at such of the crowd as attempted to press too near the sacrificial girl: he had a staff in his hand, and with it played such a tune on bare and turbaned heads and ebony shoulders, as brought down many an angry malediction on the player. The nurse with the infant moved farther away amongst the crowd of admiring spectators. Two or three persons, men and women, pressed forward to adjust the horrid-looking hooks. Was it possible, I thought, that those huge instruments of torture, heavy enough to hold an elephant, were to be forced into the flesh of that gentle girl! I felt sick as I saw the poor child stretched upon her face, and first one and then the other of those ugly, crooked pieces of iron forced slowly through the flesh and below the muscles of her back. They lifted her up, and as I watched her, I saw big drops of perspiration starting from her forehead; her small eyes seemed closed at first, and, for the moment, I fancied she had fainted; but as

they raised her to her feet and then quickly drew her up in the air high above us, hanging by those two horrid hooks, I saw her looking down quite placidly. She sought her husband out, and seeing him watching her eagerly, gave him a smile, and, waving her little hands, drew from her bosom small pieces of the sacred cocoa-nut and flung them amidst the gazing crowd. To scramble for and obtain one of these precious fragments was deemed a fortunate thing, for they were supposed to contain all sorts of charmed powers.

And now the Poojah was fairly commenced. The ropes which carried the iron hooks were so arranged, that by pulling one end — which passed over the top of the pole — it swung round a plate of iron which set in motion the other rope holding the hooks and the living operator. Two men seized on this rope, and soon the poor girl was in rapid flight over the heads of the crowd, who cheered her on by a variety of wild cries, and shouts, and songs. Not that she seemed to need encouragement; her eyes were still bent towards her husband; I almost fancied she smiled as she caught his eye. There was no sign of pain, or shrinking, or yielding: she bore it as many a hero of the old world would have been proud to have done, scattering beneath her flowers and fruit amongst the busy throng.

I felt as though a heavy weight were off my mind when I perceived the whirling motion of the ropes first to slacken, and then to cease and finally, the girl, all bleeding, relieved from the cruel torture. They laid her on a mat beneath some shady trees; the women gave her a draught of cool water in a cocoa-nut shell. But her thoughts were not upon herself: she looked anxiously around, and could not be satisfied until her husband sat beside her, and their little swarthy infant was placed within her arms. The only care her deep and open wounds received was to have them rubbed with a little turmeric powder, and covered with the fresh tender leaf of a banana.

Leaving this family group, I turned back to watch the further proceedings around the huge pole, where there was once more a great bustle and pressing amongst the crowd. This time the operator, or sufferer, whichever would be the most fitting term, was a man of middle age, and of the lowest ranks of the labouring class. He appeared to be perfectly indifferent to anything like suffering, as the two operators seized the flesh of his back, and another roughly thrust through it two hooks. In another minute he was whirling through the air as rapidly as the attendants could force him; still he seemed anxious to travel faster, and by signs and cries urged them to increased speed. The mob was delighted with this exhibition of perfect endurance and enthusiasm, and testified their approbation in a variety of modes. This man remained swinging for

fully twenty minutes, at the end of which time he was released: somewhat less excited, I fancied, than when he was first hoisted in the air. I failed to learn his story, but it had reference, beyond a doubt, to some escape from danger, real or imaginary, and, of course, imputed to the direct interposition of the powerful Siva, or some equally efficacious deputy. The medical treatment of this devotee was on the ruder scale, and would have shocked the feelings and science of some of our army surgeons, to say nothing of civil practitioners. The root of turmeric was again employed, in fine powder, but placed in the wounds most hastily, and by way of forcing it thoroughly in, some one stood on his back, and trod in the powder with his heel.

I saw one other man hoisted up. He had taken the vow in order to save the life of a much-loved sister's child; and as he swung round and round in stoical indifference, the sister, a young creature with her little infant, sat looking at him as if she would willingly have borne the suffering in his stead. Doubtless there was a love linking these poor creatures together in their ignorance; which, mighty as it was, would have done honour to any highly gifted dwellers in the west. And, it must be remembered, their sacrifice was for the past; it was one of gratitude, and not of hope or fear for the future. Their prayers had been heard; and, although they knew not of that undying Providence which had listened to their voice and spared the young child's life, they turned to such stone and wooden deities as their forefathers had set up, and devoutly kept their vow.

There were other victims yet to be self-offered; but I had had enough, and the heat, and the noise, and the many strange effluvia were growing so rank and overpowering, that I prepared to retreat. As I returned through the dense crowd which made way for me, I perceived an aged woman preparing for a swing as stoically as any of the younger devotees who had gone before her. A tall, powerful-looking man was standing by her side, watching the preparations with considerable interest. He was her son; and, as I learnt, the cause of her present appearance in public. It had been some seven or eight years previously that the vow had been made to the stone deity; which, as they believed, had acted as a miracle and saved his life. It would have been fulfilled at once, but first poverty, and then ill-health, had stood in the way of its performance; and now, after this long lapse, being able to pay the necessary fees to the priests, she had left her distant home to carry out the never-to-be-forgotten vow. As I moved away in the distance, I heard the shouts of the enraptured multitude raised in honour of the old lady's fortitude; cry after cry floated on the breeze and died away in the din of drums, and pipes, and bells.

For miles the country round about was covered with festivity and uproar. Hundreds of fanatic companies were revelling in religious festive rites. In one leaf and bamboo shed, larger than the rest, I noticed, as I looked in unperceived, the young self-offered wife of that day, as gay and unconcerned by pain as any of the party; I might have fancied she had but just been married, instead of hanging in the air upon cruel hooks.

UP A COURT.

THE spoon which was, or was supposed to be in my mouth when I was born, was, decidedly, not a silver spoon. If ever wood existed — hard-wood, *lignum vitae* — my spoon was made of it. I had the daughter of a peeress for my godmother; but she never gave me anything, either in or out of my baptism, save a Bath bun. I have been patted more than once on the head by a live lord, and there is a tradition in my family that my nurse was once spoken to by a duke, a real English duke, with a garter on his gracious knee; whose grateful country, or friends, or somebody, caused him to be marmorified in that world-wide known statue by the celebrated Praxlights, the sculptor, and in that state stuck up for all the world to gaze at, in the very centre of Madapolam Square; — a species of blanket being deviously twisted round his gracious body (leaving bare the garter-knee), and his fore-finger dexterously interleaving the pages of a volume supposed to be the British constitution; of which he knew, honest man, about as much as he did of Confucius. This, however, is by the way. Praxlights, the sculptor, had to build a house to contain a studio for his statue, and had to pull it half down before he could get it out again. He goes about now with a horsewhip, with which he has been heard to menace the reverend Gilead Tuberose, chairman of the statue comittee, who was supposed to have a secret leaning towards Jack Fiddas, Praxlights' rival ("that horrid Irish stone-cutter," as he contemptuously calls him), and who by his casting vote caused the golden snuff-box and silver chisel, with which Praxlights was presented on the day of inauguration of the statue, to be debited against his, Praxlights' account. Be it as it may, my godmother has cut me, and the live lord, Heaven knows where he is, and the duke he is dead, and I am none the better for their patronage, and have not one shirt or boot the more for their condescension. They lived *at* Court, and I live up a court, so there is or was something in common between us.

Sometimes of a fine May day when the sun is shining brightly, and after the streets have been well watered, on a Thursday, and during the height of the London season, I please myself to come

forth from my court, in the parish of Saint Crapulens, and to pay a visit to that other Court, which foreign diplomatists love to call the Court of Saint James's, and in which I include the front of Saint James's Palace, Mr. Sam's library, the two first clubhouses in St. James's Street, and Mr. Crollins the tailor's. I delight in a drawing-room. Ragged, horny-palmed, foodless wretch as I may be, the sun is mine; the music of the Life Guards Band, the Park patereroes, the gorgeous bouquets and silk stockings of the tremendous footmen, the gold, the lace, the jewels, crosses and orders — all these for the moment I possess. When, squalid beggar with never a coat to my back as I may be, a Doctor of Divinity condescends to share the same pavement with me, and in full canonicals too; when a bishop condescends to hustle me; when I am for a moment a privileged spectator of an altercation between Inspector Bumps of the A division (very grand in silver lace and white gloves on drawing-room days) and an ambassador — a gorgeous creature, a pillar of pride on which they have hung votive crosses and stars, like the wreaths of immortelles on the railings of the column in the Place Vendôme — I cry "here is equality." When I see the horses with their satin coats, their small nervous heads, champing and stamping in their splendid harness; when I see those jewel-boxes on wheels, called carriages; when I eye reverently the rosy coachmen with their well-fitting wigs and buckled shoes; when, encumbering the very roadway, dodging among scaffold poles, edging between carriage wheels, popping round corners, and treading the pavement gingerly, I encounter lords, ambassadors, generals, lawyers, and divines — I cry "here is splendour." I gaze with admiring astonishment at Mr. Sheriff Slowbob, who has evidently been puzzled where to put most silk and gold — on his coach or on himself. I glance complacently at Hon. Curtius Cow, of the United States, who is about to introduce to the Presence his cousin Rufus Cow, of Caucus County, Va., now on a literary mission connected with the "Johnnicakopolis Democrat," and formerly as neat a hand at sampling dry goods as any man in the Empire City. He had a trifling "difficulty" lately with Colonel I. Bonaparte Fownes, who, meeting him in Coon Street, and on a disputed question of "drinks" unpaid for at the colonel's store, drew a revolver, and fired: whereupon Rufus out with a bowie knife, and, to use his own expressive epithet, "barked" the colonel, ripping him up indeed "from the nave to the chops." I regard with respectful complacency the fine old wrecks of generals and admirals laid up in ordinary and gold lace; it is good for my eyesight to see their weather-beaten old faces and white hair. And oh! sight of sigh rapt, yet tender a

and admiration at the fair young daughters of Albion, at the almond eyes and pearl necklaces resting on necks more pearly; at the rosy lips and blonde tresses, the small hands and feet, the slight symmetrical forms; at the plumes and diamonds, the rustling silks and long sweeping trains. I chuckle when I see these children of the aristocracy, and as I am elbowed by a vicious-minded looking old Austrian minister plenipotentiary, with a coat on, that seems to have grown white in the face with fear and hatred of English freedom, and covered with a leprosy of orders — I say to him mentally, "Match that if you can, old boy." Nor, looking towards where the people stand, and stand unrebuked, though within popular limits (for on drawing-room days the shibboleth of the Police Commissioners' "move on" slumbers a little), looking towards the hard-fisted, labour-stained inheritors of the wooden spoon, who gaze with an equably placid grin at the spectacle — looking even towards the tattered and forlorn philosophers, such as I am, I do not read in their faces anything approaching to that expression of ferocious contempt and pusillanimous hatred which I have caught lowering on the features of the lookers-on at the grandest foreign merry-makings. "Curse them," the look seems to say; "they beat me, and starve me, and cheat me: [illegible] their golden toys and [illegible] of my labour and grind me under the wheels of the tawdry carriages." But here I con a different page, and different faces. Well, the faces seem to say there is a great deal of nonsense and extravagance, and a great deal of what may be popularly termed humbug, here. Still there may be some good in it. I helped to make that grand sheriff's coach, and received a fair day's pay for a fair day's labour. There might be surely, and advantageously, a little less gold on yonder coats and carriages, and a little more in the pockets of myself, and of my mates; but still, should my son Tom ever become Field Marshal Smith, or my son John Lord Chancellor Brown, it will do me no harm to see them wear gold coats, and ride in gold coaches too. Who knows? They 're wondrous quick at learning. At which reflection the labour-beaten faces clear up, and the placid grins expand into a joyous guffaw, as a coster-monger's cart, which has sprung from no man knows where, and of which the driver wears the most hopeless expression of being out of his element that ever coster-monger wore, is made to curvet and to oscillate, to back and to advance, by infuriate policemen; who know as little what to do with it as does the driver himself; and, seeing that the up line and down line of carriages in all the streets are all crowded, can only menace him with their staves in a vague manner, and make sudden feints of arresting him, and dragging him off to a chimerical Green-

yard. How are they to get him there?

Meanwhile, I have had my fill of the Court of Saint James's; and, sunning myself in what I have seen — with the fanfare of the trumpets still in my ears, with the diamonds yet glittering, the plumes yet waving, the beautiful English faces yet sparkling before me — I creep back to my court in the parish of Saint Crapulens. If the reader likes, I will take him with me.

To Slaughterhouse Court. Low Lane, Saint Crapulens. Walk up the court, pray. Observe the dirt; also the smells. Walk inside. Observe a repetition of the dirt and the smells. Look at the people. Examine the children. Look at (but don't drink) the water, where there is any. I live here.

Why do I live here? It may be that I am a philosopher, an author dwelling up a court like Goldsmith or Johnson in solitude, total idleness, and "the pride of literature." It may be that I have nowhere else to live — that I have never possessed in my life half-a-dozen shirts, an umbrella, or a home. That I never was respectable. That I am one of the rabble — the lower classes — the inferior orders. That my father's name was Rag, and his father being Tag, I am Bobtail. Be it as it may, I live here.

Goodness knows who built Slaughterhorse Court; or, indeed, Calf Alley close by (leading into Bleeding-knife Yard); what sort of a man could he have been, so devoid of common sense, of common charity, to build, or to counsel the building of such a hole as this? It must always have been a hole. If every arrangement for dirt, discomfort, misery, and wretchedness had been systematic, organised, deliberately meditated, and carried out as a good joke, or a moral lesson, or for any object with malice prepense or aforethought by the architect, he could not have succeeded better. Slaughterhorse Court was built before there was gas; but the builder seems to have contemplated the possibility of such a invention; for he has rendered it almost impossible to erect gas lamps or to lay gas on. He has made little preventive nooks and corners, walls and beams to burk the laying on of water, to crush sewerage, to counteract the simplest measures of ventilation. He must have hated his species, this builder; he must have howled with joy to do them a mischief, to build this infernal spider's web for human flies to be tortured in.

I am not afraid to speak my mind. It is a hole, it is a spider's web. It is an uncovered sewer with an anthill burrowing in it. There is a rogue, though, who snuffs up its fetid atmosphere, as though it were laden with all the perfumes of Araby the blest. He takes care, however, not to live up our court. He lives on it. On stated days you may see him stop at the corner of Slaughterhorse Court and Low Lane, in a little

wickerwork chaise, drawn by a fat, sleek-coated, vicious poney. He is an ill-looking man, with a double chin grovelling in the folds of an ill-washed neckcloth. He has fat hands, on which the starched end of his wristbands makes a mark, and of which the nails are in half-mourning. I never knew a good man to have hands like those. He is the landlord.

This fellow, fattening on the rents he grinds out of us poor courtiers, lives in a pleasant house at Highgate; a little gem of a cottage where there is ivy, and lilac, and geranium; where the odours of hay-ricks float on the air with golden wings; a little sweet-smelling eyrie on a high hill, which stands nodding familiarly to Hampstead, winking confidentially to Hornsey; but regarding with a supercilious stare of astonishment the great smoking, steaming giant of a city with a cupola-shaped hat and a ball and cross at the top, just as a fresh country lass, new from gathering primroses, would stare at a big, swart, grimy ballast-heaver drinking his thirteenth pint of beer after a hard day's walk alongside the "Maria Jane." Does he ever think, this double-chinned earthworm, grovelling in a honeysuckled summer-house in his slip of a garden, moistening his wicked old clay with beeswinged port, and smoking his comfortable pipe, — does he ever think on the quiet summer Sunday evenings, while watching the swallows wending their way to and fro the great city in the distance, that there is not a little bird among them but might be the bearer of a message of wrath and vengeance to him from Slaughterhorse Court; where the filthy houses he lets, and persists in letting, and in conniving at sub-letting and in refusing to improve, are so noisome, so infected, so hideous that the swallows will not sit on the eaves to sun themselves; that the shrewd starlings avoid the place with a sidelong, cock-eyed glance of aversion; that the homely sparrows (and Heaven knows *they* are not difficult to please) alight timidly, hop irresolutely in its loathsome precincts, and fly hurryscurry away; preferring rather to go crumbless to their nests than pick the crumbs from our table. What live things could thrive in Slaughterhorse Court, save obscene rats, and Chance the one-eyed terrier, who belongs to the costermonger (who has not got, I am afraid, a worse name than he deserves), and a mildewed cock, with a broken crest, and such poor, sodden, sallow human rubbish as we are? I doubt if Mr. Gooze, of Gooze Cottage, Highgate, troubles himself with much thought about Slaughterhorse Court. He may say with an opaque wheeze to his friend Broome, the ex dust-contractor, or to his crony, Grubb, the retired bone-boiler, "Them houses down Low Lane brings me a deal of money;" but what does he know, what does he think of, what does

he care for the want, and crime, and misery, that dirt and sub-letting (both to be laid at his door) have wrought and are wreaking in Slaughterhorse Court. Heaven mend us all! We are all selfish. What should I care about the wretchedness of Slaughterhorse Court if I didn't live up it?

It is not only that Mr. Gooze drinks his Port, and smokes his pipe, and grows his geraniums, and keeps his gig at Gooze Cottage, Highgate, out of the rents of our court; Slaughterhorse Court supports other landlords. Gentlemen, friends of the middleman, of the sub-letting system, stop at No. 5, up our court, and take your fill of the beauties of sub-letting. No. 5 is the rottenest, filthiest house in our rotten filthy court. The woodwork, brickwork, stonework, are all rotten. The entrance passage shelves down like the entrance to a public-house cellar; the window frames have shrivelled, and left gaps between them and the window-cases. There is not a right angle among them. I would bet my morrow's dinner (if I earn one) that not one of the dingy panes of glass that have not yet been displaced by foul rags, tattered great coats, impossible flannel petticoats, brown paper, and scraps of the Newgate school of publications, has been cleaned for twenty years. The tenants have stripped what little piping or guttering there ever was away: the door-posts which were garnished with plates and bells, when there was only a moderate number of tenants — say, a dozen or a score, at No. 5 — now present only the caverns of defunct bell-pulls, and one twisted, rusted bell-wire.

The different floors of this disreputable tenement are let and sub-let to an infamous degree of minuteness. It is not the sub-division of a house into so many rooms to so many tenants that I object to: it is that every room should in its turn be subdivided; that beds should be underlet, that in the garrets the very floors, sometimes, should be at a premium, that in the cellar one Phelim Connor — whom I would not libel by saying that he was from Ireland — pays a few shillings a week for a miserable den, into which he crams as many of his miserable countrymen and women as can afford to pay a few pence a night. I am poor and miserable, I know, but I am bold enough to lift up my voice against our court, because the evidence is there full, broad staring in the face of God's heaven, to bear me out; because I am ready at any time of the day to say to the gentlemen who live among plate-glass windows, ventilated rooms, chimnies that don't smoke, and doors that will shut, in Great Goliah Street, close by: "Walk in, gentlemen, hold your noses, tread gingerly; but walk in and satisfy yourselves. Not only number five, but many more numbers. Don't we want a little water? Don't we want a little soap? If we were better lodged, don't you think we should have a

slight temptation to exert ourselves to get better fed and better taught? Depend upon it you would not have to sit on so many fever inquests, so many starvation inquests, so many murder inquests. If you would only have a word or two with our landlord, Mr. Gooze, you would not so often hear our voices quarrelling and blaspheming as you pass on your way to counting-house or to chapel. You would not be forced to pass through our court with fear and trembling after nightfall. You would not be compelled to expend so much virtuous indignation at vestry at the doings of that abominable den, Slaughterhorse Court: useless indignation, seeing that you allow the abomination to remain."

If you don't believe me, come and live up our court. Associate with Mr. Phelim Connor's lodgers, and his lodgers' lodgers, including the animalculæ. You are educated men: draw a parallel between Nebuchadnezzar grazing like an ox, and us, wallowing like pigs. Buy your victuals at the miserable little chandler's shop, where Mrs. M'Cann earns an ignoble livelihood by selling offal a little dearer than she bought it. Come! you are sure to find somebody at home. Some of our children are always sprawling or fighting in the dirt; some of our gentlemen are always smoking their pipes at the doorways; some of our ladies are always cowering or wrangling on the doorsteps.

Am I without hope for our court? Oh no! I have lived up it many years (I dwelt in Swag Alley — Grubb's Rents before), and have seen a very dismal and weary succession of dirty, fighting, unwashing years; but within the last few months hope — faint and distant, yet hope still — begins to peer above the horizon. From my window, at number eight, I can see the nearly completed tower of a public establishment for baths and washhouses at the very corner of our court where erst was Muggins's beershop; a model lodginghouse, at three shillings a head per week for each lodger has just been opened. The good time will come, and Mr. Gooze will be put to confusion yet.

THE RHYME OF THE CALIPH.*

THE Caliph Abderàma, in the pleasant South of Spain,
Long continued, firmly grounded on his people's love, to reign;
And one day his courtiers left him in his palace-hall alone,
And he fell into deep musings, sitting on his golden throne.

"Fifty years," he thought, "have vanished since I've held the royal power,
Standing in the midst of warfare with the calmness of a tower.
Fifty Winters, fifty Summers, fifty Autumns, fifty Springs,
Rise like flocks of birds before me, fluttering on their airy wings.

* Abderàma the Third, one of the Spanish-Arabian caliphs, is said to have left behind him, after his death in the year 961, when he had reigned fifty years, a paper containing the substance of the complaint embodied in these stanzas.

"I will shut mine eyes in darkness; I will close up both mine ears;
That my soul may look and listen down the vista of the years;
For I fain would gather wisdom of the rich and solemn Past,
And, from many-visaged Action, pluck the central Truth at last.

"Lo! the visions gather thickly! Through that length of time my hand
Has been clothed with awful power, and been honour'd through the land;
The young mothers murmur of me, as they sing their babes to rest,
Sitting at their open casements, when the sun is in the West.

"Riches I have had, uncounted — ample pleasures — regal state —
Might in all its sumptuous aspects — homage of the good and great —
And the liquid lays of poets, glittering from the gorgeous East,
All exalting Abderàma, have I heard at many a feast.

'Round my throne I have assembled grey philosophers, whose sleep
Brings them fiery revelations from the distant starry deep;
And my court has shone with warriors of the old Arabian race,
With their eager souls out-looking in the quick blood of the face.

"Art and Science, the twin-sisters, speak my praises near and far;
Learning, from her groves and cloisters, hails me as a morning star;
And, though threatened by the Faithless, I have kept my lands entire,
Underneath the sacred lightnings of the Crescent's silver fire.

"To increase my glory farther, and the largeness of my joys,
I have caused a wondrous palace in a garden to arise —
In a garden deep and leafy, where the sparkling walls are seen
Through the crowding of the tree-trunks, and the heavy, tremulous green.

"Like a vision in a sunset rise my palace-towers in air,
And the domes suspended lightly, and the galleries white and fair,
And the terrace-walks of marble, shadowy dim with citron bowers,
Where the birds, made faint with perfume, fall asleep upon the flowers.

"And within, the walls are builded all of lapis lazuli,
Overwrought with rubies sanguine, and the diamond's glancing eye,
And the air is cool'd with fountains, springing from the metal rich,
Each one with its golden sculptures standing in a jasper niche.

"Forty thousand silver columns lift the ceiling sapphirine,
Where the lamps of lucid crystal shed a languid light divine —
Shed a light on orbs of gold, that start and tremble into view,
Like the constellations kindled in a depth of evening blue.

"'Who so happy as our Caliph?' cry the people. 'Every hour
Is to him a stately vision, full of loveliness and power —
Lying in a light of jewels — laughing under lips of love, —
Like a rose-bud deeply reddening to the regal Sun above.'

"Idle words, and lightly spoken! In that lapse of fifty years,
I have noted every day which has been free from doubts and fears —
Every day of perfect pleasure, luscious, lingering, and serene,
When my soul has seemed a monarch. And the number is fourteen!

"Better had I been a herdsman, keeping flocks upon a hill,
Eating the earth's simple produce, drinking water from the rill!
Better had I been an Arab in the desert's luminous haze,
Living like a patriarch after Nature's unadulterate ways!

"Better to have dwelt unlook'd-for in some forest's shadows dun,
Where the leaves are pierc'd in triumph by the javelins of the sun!
Better to be born, and die, in some calm nest, howe'er obscure,
With a vine about the casements, and a fig-tree at the door!

"Had I known no greater riches than the common earth and air;

Had my flatterers been the tempests blowing from the mountains bare;
Had my palaces been caverns; had my fountains been the floods;
Had my gardens been the valleys and the barky, black-limb'd woods;

"Had I seen no other pageants than the trooping clouds at even
(Islands of the airy ocean, with their baseless tops in Heaven),
Or the Autumn forests, burning into heavy red and brown,
And great flamy breadths of yellow, ere the leaves are shatter'd down;

"Had I never felt the aching and the fiery-seeming pain
Of the sceptre to the hand, and of the crown about the brain, —
Happier would my days have glided, calmer would my nights have flown!"
And the Caliph sigh'd full sorely, sitting on his golden throne.

HOUSEHOLD SCENERY.

Most people amuse themselves, at one time or other of their lives, by fancying what sort of house they would like to live in; what sort of house they would build for themselves, if they had opportunity for that very charming amusement. But the last thing that people seem to have any thought about is the walls of their rooms. Yet, what is there that we see so much of as the walls of the rooms we live in? Even those who have the blessing of a country residence — those even who dwell in one of the very few remaining parsonages in the North of England, where a spacious porch shelters the house-door from draughts and driving rain, and who resort to that pleasant room looking out upon a meadow or a flower-garden, — even these have to sit between four walls for at least three-fourths of the year; and certainly always to sleep within them. It is all very well to revel in fine views from terrace or window; but it is well, also, to consider what our eyes shall rest upon in all times of sickness, of bad weather, and when the sun is below the horizon. It is a charming speculation to a man about to build a house for his own residence, to plan what it shall look like externally — how many rooms it shall have, and how they shall be most conveniently arranged; but the aspect of the four walls of each room is worth mature consideration too. In old times, people thought more of this matter than we do, if we may judge by the pains taken to decorate the interior of ancient buildings; and those who attend to the signs of civilisation assure us that there will be a revival of such thought and pains — and very soon. Let us hope that this is true.

There could scarcely, at any former time, have been a greater variety in the walls of human abodes than there is now. High up in the north there are the Esquimaux, huddled together within a circular wall made of snow, built up in slabs, inclining inwards, so as to form a dome — a house of bee-hive shape. Our English feelings would be put to a severe trial in such a place. If the walls remain solid, it is only because the temperature is below freezing point. If we should begin to flatter

ourselves with any notion of warm feet — of ceasing to ache and shiver with cold — at once the walls begin to steam and run down, and the wretched chill of thaw brings back despair. Much the same may be said of such palaces of ice as we read of in Russia. Translucent, glittering with a bluish star-like light, there is still the terrible alternative of frost or thaw within doors; each alike excluding all hope of wholesome warmth. Much pleasanter to our feelings is the South Sea Island dwelling, where the walls are nothing more than poles of bamboo; through which the morning and evening breeze may blow freely. To be sure, if privacy is desired, something more is requisite; for such an edifice seems to be designed for a community of that kind of stupid people, of whom the Americans say that they "cannot see through a ladder." However broad may be the eaves, however prolonged the thatch of palm-leaves, the sun must peep into the abode when he is low in the sky; and there is no hour of the day in that climate when the sun is a welcome visitor within doors. To meet these cases, there are mattings made of grass, which may be hung up where wanted. These simple hangings have a grace and charm about them which no others, however gay and costly, can boast: they are deliciously fragrant, especially when moistened. As the night dews descend, and when the breeze from the sea comes to shake these primitive curtains, a sweet scent charms the watcher, and spreads luxuriously through the dreams of the sleeper.

There are houses even now in civilised countries, which let the stars be seen through their walls. We have ourselves been entertained in a dwelling where the drawing-room was full of couches, easy chairs, books and musical instruments; where the dining-room was set out with an array of plate; but where, being wakeful in the night, we enjoyed the singular amusement of observing the stars passing over chinks in the walls, shining full into our eyes in the transit. How could this be? Why, the house was a log-house, on a plantation in a hot region. Perhaps from want of leisure, perhaps for the sake of coolness, the logs had been left rough, and the spaces between were not filled up with clay and moss, as is the practice further north. So the mosquitoes swarmed in and out, and hummed all night long; not to our annoyance, for we were safe within a "mosquito-bar," or muslin curtain, completely enveloping the bed; not to our annoyance, therefore, and we may hope to their own satisfaction, unless they were hungry, and tantalized by our inaccessible presence. Poets compare human eyes to stars. It struck us that we preferred those real stars, shining through the wall, to certain glittering human eyes which a lady once saw shining from her wall. As the story goes, this poor lady — destined to a terrible fright

— was sitting alone before the fire, opposite a mirror which rested on the mantelpiece, and taking off her jewelled necklace and bracelets before retiring to rest, when she looked up accidentally and saw in the mirror — what must have made a tapestried room terrible to her as long as she lived — for it was in a room hung with tapestry that she was sitting. She saw shining eyes rolling in the head of one of the woven figures, a sight which we, safe from all ambush of the kind, can never think of without a quiver of sympathetic dread. She knew that a thief was watching her, and that there must be some accomplice in the house who had cut out the eyes of the figure to enable him to do so. She did not go into hysterics, nor do anything else that was not to the purpose. She took no notice, sat awhile longer without looking into the mirror; — no doubt with a deadly horror of being approached from behind. She unfastened some part of her dress, yawned, put on a natural appearance of sleepiness, lighted her chamber candle, locked her jewel case, and — the only suspicious proceeding — left it on the table, walked steadily towards the eyes, the door being in that direction, quickly took the key from the lock, left the room, locked the door on the outside, and quietly went to seek help which she could better trust than that of her own servants. Such is one of the horrible stories which belong to the days of tapestry hangings, those curtain-coverings for walls which are perhaps the most objectionable of all modes of decorating apartments.

This is downright heresy, no doubt, in the eyes of those who make the pursuit of tapestry an idolatry. Nobody doubts the vast amount of pains and care spent on tapestry as an art. Nobody doubts the skill which so directed the shuttle or the needle as that they rivalled the pencil and the brush in their delineations. In fact, no art could be despised which employed the talents of the greatest painters; and while the cartoons of Raffaelle are associated in our minds with tapestry hangings, it is impossible to speak with disrespect of such a representative of the art of a past century. But we may be glad that it belonged to a past century, and that the present has done with tapestry. It might be necessary, in the days of imperfect building, to keep out draughts. King Alfred might have been glad of it before he invented his lantern, and when his candles were flaring and wasting so as to baffle him in his measurement of time by their burning; but we, in our tight houses, whose walls have no chinks and cracks, may better hang our apartments with clean, and light, and wholesome paper, which harbours no vermin, screens no thieves, and scares no fever patient with night-visions of perplexity and horror.

It does not appear, however, that tapestry was invented to cover defects in the building of

walls. From the little we know, it may rather be inferred that it was first used as a convenient imitation of the more ancient decoration of painted walls. The first tapestries which are seen fluttering amidst the shadows of remote history, were in the East, and of the same monstrous order of delineation with the Egyptian decorations, which so many travellers have described for a thousand years past. The Egyptians used to paint the scenes of their lives and deaths, — their occupations, amusements, their funerals, and their mythology, upon the massive walls of their temples and tombs. There seems to be no doubt that the convenience of making these pictures moveable gave rise to the manufacture of woven hangings. One striking instance of this is on record, in the case of the hangings of the Tabernacle which Moses caused to be made in the desert. The description of the animals wrought on that tapestry answers exactly to that of the walls of an Egyptian temple; and it is the opinion of learned men that the Greeks, as well as the Hebrews, thence derived their notions of fantastic composite creatures — griffins, centaurs, and the like, which certainly were wrought in tapestries for the Greeks by Oriental workmen. After a time, the Greeks substituted prettier objects in the centres of their hangings, and drew off all the monstrosities into the borders. In like manner, during the Middle Ages, when tapestries were gifts for kings to bestow and to receive, there was great beauty of design and infinite delicacy of execution in the finer tapestries, on which artists spent their best pains, and kings spent a vast amount of money.

We must not suppose that all hangings were like those that our Henry the Eighth fostered, or the French Henry the Fourth and Louis the Fourteenth. While the royal and the rich hung their palaces and their mansions with such fabrics as the Gobelin tapestry, the less wealthy were content with plain velvet, with worsted stuff, with any thing that would hide their unsightly walls, and keep them warm in their ill-built houses. The best and the worst were alike a nuisance in a dwelling-house. They imbibed the smoke; they grew mouldy with damp; and, in hot weather, they gave out a worse plague (if there be a worse) than the mosquitoes of tropical countries. It appears to us, in our cleanly times, that our grandfathers knew nothing about this kind of delicacy. After the rushes on the floor, (which were offensive with filth,) came the tapestries, which were almost as bad; and, while this was the condition of men's abodes, their persons were worthy of their dwellings — powder, pomatum, wigs, and other unnatural devices, rendering a pure state of skin impossible.

It was a great day when a Frenchman bethought himself that, instead of hangings of wrought car-

peting, or of velvet-flock, or stuff, a covering for walls might be made of figured paper — cheaper, lighter, cleaner — preferable in every way. It is said that this invention was made known in 1632, and that the first blocks used in making paper hangings are preserved in Paris. England followed so soon that there was some dispute as to which ought to have the credit of the invention, but it was doubtless due to France. James the First had lately given two thousand pounds — a large sum in those days — to encourage a manufacture of fine tapestry at Mortlake; but it was in a drawing-room of the Royal Palace at Kensington that the first specimen of English paper-hanging was seen. If anybody is curious to know whether that paper was like any that we see now, we can tell nothing more than that it was an imitation of the "velvet-flock" then in common use.

The "flock" order of paper seems to be coming into fashion, more and more, after a long interval. Perhaps the truth is, that the reduction of the duty on paper hangings puts a higher class of papers within reach of a greater number of householders. Sir Robert Peel took off tenpence out of the shilling a yard duty on French paper hangings, which, before 1842, kept good decorations out of the reach of all but the wealthy. We remember the time — somewhere about 1818 — when stencilling came into fashion, and was thought a great popular boon. Stencilling was done by splashing walls with colour through the interstices of tin patterns. The result was, a very coarse and untidy decoration of white-washed walls; the colours being bad, and the pattern never accurately made out for many consecutive feet of wall. But the work was so much cheaper than paper hangings, that people of small means were very glad of it; and, even in gentlemens' houses, the attics and servants' rooms were often thus coloured. Now, we seldom hear of stencilling; for papers of a tolerable quality and really good pattern may be had for less than a penny a yard, so that the abodes of the humble present a very different appearance now from any thing that could be seen even ten years ago. As for the taking off the duty, the story is the same that Free-traders are almost tired of telling about other articles. There were dismal prophecies that the French, who much excel us in the designs and preparations of paper hangings, would destroy the manufacture in England: and the wealthy did supply themselves — and perhaps do so still — almost exclusively from Paris; but, so much more extensively are paper hangings used, and so great is the improvement continually taking place through the emulation of the French by our manufacturers, that the manufacture is largely and steadily increasing. It only remains now to get the duty removed from the raw material, the paper, to give every

body a fair chance of a neat set of walls to his dwelling-rooms, decorated according to his means.

Perhaps there are no gayer walls to be seen anywhere — in our country at least — than those we saw yesterday, on the premises of Her Majesty's Paper-stainer for Scotland, Mr. Wm. McCrie. This gentleman's walls — even the rough walls in the yards and passages — are as good as a rainbow for colours. The boys empty their brushes on the space next at hand, to save the trouble of washing them; and the result is a show which would make a little child — with its love of brilliant colours — scream for joy. There are things to be seen at Mr. McCrie's, which may please elderly people as much as rainbow hues can gratify a child. By means of studying there the process of paper-staining from beginning to end, glimpses are obtained into all classes of homes, from the Queen's palace, and the student's library, and aristocratic club-houses, down to the humble abode of two or three rooms in town or country.

The paper used in this manufacture is made in Scotland, whence it is sent to England and Ireland, where more of the staining goes on than in Scotland. Mr. McCrie's establishment near Edinburgh, and one in Glasgow, are the only ones north of the Tweed. For ordinary patterns, the Scotch paper is about two feet wide. The French are narrower — a circumstance which should be remembered, when the cost of hangings is reckoned by the piece. Some of the granite papers for halls and staircases, and panel papers are of greater and various width. The pieces, of twelve yards, are tied up in bundles of ten; so that a bundle contains one hundred and twenty yards. The first thing that is done with the contents of a bundle, when it is untied, is to fit it for receiving a pattern by covering it smoothly and evenly with a coat of Paris white, or tint, for the ground, made of sulphate of lime and water, with size, which forms in fact a cement, and sets the pattern. This Paris white arrives from Hull and Leith: the size is made on the premises, as the observer's nose informs him; and in the yard, he sees the bundles of buffalo skins from which it is made, and the cauldron in which they are boiled. No part of the business is more serious than that of the preparation of the size — both for making the pattern on the paper, and for attaching the hanging to the wall. The size made in hot weather is never good; it runs, and the pattern is blotchy in places; and for this mischief there is no remedy. If the production must go on, without waiting for cooler weather, the patterns must suffer, and the sellers must have patience. A much more serious consideration for householders and decorators is, that none but the best size should be used for attaching the paper to the walls. Many a fever has been caused by the horrible

nuisance of corrupt size used in paper-hanging in bed-rooms. The nausea which the sleeper is aware of on waking in the morning, in such a case should be a warning needing no repetition. Down should come the whole paper at any cost or inconvenience; for it is an evil which allows of no tampering. The careless decorator will say that time will set all right — that the smell will go off — that airing the room well in the day, and burning some pungent thing or other at night, in the meantime, will do very well. It will not do very well; for health, and even life may be lost in the interval. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's nerves shattered, for the sake of the cost and trouble of papering a room, or a whole house, if necessary. The smell is not the grievance, but the token of the grievance. The grievance is animal putridity, with which we are shut up, when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Down should come the paper; and the wall behind should be scraped clear of every particle of its last covering. It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and then an incident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness.

Not long ago, a handsome house in London became intolerable to a succession of residents, who could not endure a mysterious bad smell which pervaded it when shut up from the outer air. Consultations were held about drains, and all the particulars that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last, a clever young man, who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, where he inserted a small slip of glass in the wall. It was presently covered, and that repeatedly, with a sort of putrid dew. The paper was torn down; and behind it was found a mass of old papers, an inch thick — stuck together with their layers of size, and exhibiting a spectacle which we will not sicken our readers by describing. A lesser evil, but still a vexatious one, may be mentioned here: that when there is not alum enough in the size, it will not hold. A family, sitting around a table, at dinner or at work, does not relish the incident of the entire papering of the room coming down at once, with a tearing, crashing sound, and a cloud of dust. Worse still is the trouble, when it is the pattern of the paper that is affected. A room was very prettily hung, not long ago, with a paper where a bright green trail of foliage was the most conspicuous part of the pattern. Day after day everything in the room was found covered with a green dust; and the pattern on the wall faded in proportion. The size had, in fact, been insufficient to fix the green powder, one ingredient of which, by the way, was arsenic. The decorator, being sent for, saw at once what was the matter, and, with expressions of

shame and concern, pulled down the pretty paper, and put up another without charge.— While on the subject of the mistakes that may be made in paper-hanging, we may mention one for which the householder is answerable, and not the manufacturer or decorator. While we are well, we ought to remember that we, and those belonging to us, shall some time or other be ill: and it is just as well to arrange the sleeping-rooms of our houses so as to give every advantage to invalids, when the day of sickness comes. It is of no consequence to the healthful, perhaps, how their beds stand; but it may make the difference to a sick person, of fever or tranquillity, of sleep or no sleep, whether his bed stands, as it should do, north and south, or east and west; and whether the window is opposite the foot of the bed, or in some less annoying direction. In the same way we may never think of the pattern on the wall of our room, while we go to bed only to sleep and rise the moment we awake; but it is certain that delirium in fever cases has been precipitated, and that frightful visions, or teasing images, have been excited by fantastic patterns on chintz bed-curtains, or on the hangings of the walls. The paper for bed-rooms should be of a rather light colour, and of a pattern as indefinite as can be had. For our part, we like nothing so well as a blank paper of some pleasant hue, with a dark border for a relief: but there are many papers now which do not present any of the everlasting forms and varieties of the square, the circle, and the diamond. A watered paper, or any trailing pattern is objectionable, because the eye of the invalid will trace human profiles in them. There are patterns in abundance which are pretty enough in a humble way — consisting of an aggregate of various small figures — so small and so various as to create nothing to the eye but a pleasantly-broken colour.

Having delivered our conscience of this admonition, out of the doctoring and sick-nursing part of our experience, we may return to our paper-staining.

The laying on the Paris white is done by a machine. The wet whiting is thrown into a trough, where it is licked up by a cylinder, which daubs it on a cylindrical brush, which transfers it to another cylinder, under which the paper is drawn, receiving the plaster as it goes. A wide brush, like a fringe of soft bristles, is fixed before the last cylinder, and sweeps the paper as the long sheet passes on, distributing the coating evenly, and smoothing the surface. The paper, in lengths of twelve yards, is drawn out by little boys, who carry it over little heaps of sticks, lifting up a stick, and of course the wet paper with it, and hoisting both on a pole, so that the paper can be carried to the drying place without being touched by human hands. Two boys thus carry away a piece in

four folds, which of course do not touch each other. The lads, with their poles, lay the sticks across horizontal poles at some height from the ground; and there, still untouched, hangs the paper to dry.

If a polished ground is wanted, the paper — duly prepared by a chemical process in the open air — is rubbed with a lump of French chalk; then, with a surface of felt or flannel, and finally with a polishing brush; and from this treatment it comes out with a burnish like satin. The paper, with a polished or a dead ground, is now ready to receive the pattern.

There are three ways of giving it a pattern — by a printing machine, by block printing, and by marbling by hand. It appears that one machine does the work of about four block printers; that two persons may prepare the paper for fifteen printing tables; and that fifty workmen can, by great diligence, turn out three thousand pieces (of twelve yards each) per week. They are paid by the piece — from twenty-pence to two shillings per score, and a workman can easily earn from thirty to thirty-five shillings per week. The business is carried on in large airy rooms, and although much activity and strength of eye, foot, and hand are required for joining the pattern, lifting the heavy block, and stamping it, there is no pernicious fatigue, or perilous liability of any kind. It is altogether a favourable and fortunate kind of employment for a good workman.

In one part of the premises abides the designer, educated now, generally speaking, at one of our schools of design. He watches the French; he watches the English; he watches nature; and draws ideas from all for his patterns. Star patterns are eternal in popular favour; and so are lobby patterns — granites and marbles; but beyond these, all is uncertainty. A new set of designs must be made every year; and if a pattern does not pay its cost the first year, it never will. It may not be utterly lost, but it will never be remunerative. In one of the lower rooms at Mr. McCrie's, we trod upon wealth in a truly magnanimous manner. The floor was laid with obsolete blocks; and thus we trampled on many hundred pounds' worth of property.

The blocks are a pretty sight, from the beginning, when the block-cutter traces his pattern from oil paper upon the wood, and taps his chisel, sending it down to a certain depth in the wood (pine), and then clears out the spaces, up to the funeral ceremony of laying these memorials of departed fashions in the ground; that is, in the floor. Where little bits of the wood are broken away, they are supplied with brass or copper. The blocks for granite papers are stuck all over "with everything that will make a mark," as we were told; with odds and ends of copper and brass, and with common nail-heads. For the printing machine,

the block is cylindrical, the process being just that of cylinder-printing of any kind. For the printing tables, the blocks are furnished with a strap at the back, to receive the workman's hand, and they are pressed down on the paper by a mallet driven by the workman's foot. Every time that he applies the block, he dips it on the surface of a stiff liquid in a trough by his side — the liquid being either the colour he wants to impress, or the oil which is to catch and retain the colour to be afterwards shed over it. For the best sort of gilding, gold leaf is applied: for the commoner gilding, bronze powder; for flock papers, the flock which is brought from the wool districts. The flock is wool, dyed of various colours, and reduced to powder. If the size or oil on which it is deposited be good, the flock cannot be rubbed off, or removed by any means short of scratching. The array of crimson flock papers is really superb in our day. One never tires of gazing at them in an establishment like this, and fancying how each would look in one's own study or dining-room. Of all charming rooms in a middle class house, the most bewitching, perhaps, is a library lined almost throughout with books, with the spaces between papered with a rich crimson flock paper, and affording room, between the book-cases, for a pedestal here and there, with a bust, or a good cast upon it, surmounted by a very few choice prints. The crimson makes a glorious ground for prints.

The workman has not always dismissed his piece when he has printed it from end to end. It may be a pattern of two colours, or of six, or even of twelve; and for each colour a fresh block and a fresh process are required, each repetition of course reckoning as a new piece in regard to his wages. The workman who does his work wholly by hand, he who marbles papers for lobbies and stair-walls, has also to go over it several times. The yellow polished ground is supplied to him ready for his brush. He veins it with a camel hair brush, dipped in a dark colour. One cannot but admire the decision with which he makes his strokes, and groups his veinings. We should stand hesitating which way to make our pencil wander, doubting whether we were making anything like marble; but the accustomed stainer wields his brush with as much purpose and decision as we do the pen, knowing as well where to go and wherefore. When he has thus veined a certain portion, he sprinkles, by jerking a brush, little drops of soap and turpentine, which make blotches, and give a marbled appearance to the whole surface. The coloured streaks, being diluted, spread into a perfect resemblance of the veins of marble; and nothing remains but to daub some white blotches into the centres of the groups of streaks. Of all the

imitation papers this appeared t. us the most perfect. The granite was good, with its glittering "frosting," which frosting is don by scattering, very sparingly particles of the thinnest possibl glass from the glass-houses. The graining of oak papers is done by putting an iron comb in the plac of the smoothing brush, when th paper receives its first coat.

Among the papers shown in the warehouse, where the completed goods are deposited, the most beautiful in our eyes was a broad panelled paper of white, watered with a panel border of roses. We looked in vain for the sort of hanging which we must think will be in demand ere long; a hanging which, being dark near the floor, becomes gradually lighter towards the ceiling. At present, decorators depend on a dark carpet and a light ceiling to give the effect indicated by decorative principle and required by a trained eye, some aid being given by a dark skirting board, and a cornice of light and bright colours; but there seems to be no reason why the hangings on the walls should not do their part, and there can be no doubt that a wide new range of design would be opened by following out this principle.

What we owe to the designers of good paper hangings can hardly be estimated by those who have not travelled in countries which assume to be highly civilised, but have no time to get things done in the best manner. Even at home, and in good houses, one meets occasionally with a mistake in the choice of a pattern: a mistake which causes irritation and annoyance to the visitor, from hour to hour; as when a pattern, which is everything that could be wished in the single breadth, gives birth to an imperfect form when joined with the next breadth; a diamond, for instance, which turns out a little smaller on one side than the other, or a curve which is not freely carried out. But in some parts of the United States, among other places, where money is not spared in decorating dwellings, but workmen are scarce and ill-qualified, one sees extraordinary spectacles on the walls of good houses. We were once standing in perplexed contemplation of our chamber wall, when our hostess entered, and told us how vexed she had been about it. She had employed an emigrant paper-hanger, who had passed himself off as a first-rate workman. She gave him the papers, and left him to his work. In a wonderfully short time, he came to her, exulting: he had done the job — capitally — he would say that for himself; he had "made every crease show." And so he had — with the most perverse ingenuity — by now spoiling the pattern, and now leaving a white thread of space between the breadths. There was no upholsterer's store within many miles, and therefore no remedy. Our hostess was English, and annoyed accordingly. The Americans care

less for such things, or do not even discover them, unless the blemish is very flagrant. We remember a curious instance of this difference between the American and the English eye, which met our notice as far off as Lexington in Kentucky. We were taken, of course, to the Senate Chamber at Lexington — merely our own party — to see the room. A picture over the President's chair hanging awry, we naturally stepped upon a bench which stood below, and set it right with a touch; after which the party went home, to one of the best houses in the neighbourhood, where a young Englishman of rank and a Mr. Clay were to join us at dinner. Our hostess and her guests fell into conversation about furnishing drawing-rooms, and attention was drawn to the paper of the handsome room we were sitting in. All admired it; but we observed on the oddity of the workman having put up two breadths, in different parts of the room, upside down. The hostess laughingly doubted it, had never heard of it, could not see it now: would ask the young Englishman, and see if any body thought so but ourselves. Presently came a Mr. Moat with Mr. Clay. Mr. Moat was asked to look round the room, and say if he saw any blemish anywhere. He glanced round, and pointed to the two breadths that were topsy-turvy, to the amusement of the good-humoured hostess, who said the English eye was something past her comprehension. Upon this, Mr. Clay related that he had just been taking Mr. Moat to see the Senate Chamber, and that he had mounted a bench to set straight a map which he declared to be hung awry, though nobody else could see it. The laugh was now louder than ever; and then followed a discussion whether it was a privilege or a misfortune to be so particular as we English had proved ourselves. Perhaps we should suffer more from our particularity in a new country than the thing is worth; but we should be sorry to lay it aside at home.

The omnipresent gutta-percha is among the paper hangings already. It presents itself in the form of consolation to the owners of houses which are cursed with a damp wall or corner. As for a generally damp house, one has only to quit it, if one has ever been foolish enough to go into it. But there are many excellent houses with some faulty bit — some corner or projection which got wet in the building, and could never be got dry; and here comes in the gutta-percha paper most consolingly. The housewife may have rubbed, and warmed, and dried, with toil and pain, every summer; but in winter, the stains come again, and, towards spring, the green moss. She may have battened that end or corner; but then, there was the uneasy thought that the damp and the moss were growing behind the screen. In case of damp from driving rains, in exposed situa-

tions, it may be true that there is nothing like a mantle of ivy, under whose leaves dry dust may be found at the end of the wettest winter. But, if the damp be incurred in the process of building, the ivy is not the appropriate cure; and besides, it takes some years to cover the end of a house. The gutta-percha paper confines the damp within the wall, at least, and compels it to evaporate externally, if at all. It thoroughly intercepts, if it cannot cure, a very great evil; and it will, no doubt, be in extensive use till all men are too sensible to have any damp corners in their houses at all.

CHIPS.

AN EQUESTRIAN MIRACLE.

THE following passage is quoted from the account of an unsuccessful search for Choughs in Cornwall, in an article headed "If this should meet his Eye."*

"A cavalier, after dinner, one day, betted that he would *ride* to the Land's End next morning. So, he mounted and got thus far. The shuddering horse turned and backed. The rider just saw the horse's hind feet going over the brink, threw himself off in agony, and escaped. The animal perished, and the last print of the clinging hoof is kept fresh by the guides. What an act of horsemanship to witness! This happened not many years ago, though the biped performer is since dead."

We have great pleasure in contradicting on the unquestionable [illegible] Sir Robert Arbuthnot, the courageous equestrian himself, the statement conveyed in the last period of this paragraph. That distinguished gentleman has been good enough to give us his own version of his performance.

"Having read in various publications erroneous statements of my miraculous escape at "the Land's End," when the horse I was riding fell over a cliff upwards of four hundred feet high, I have put on paper, at the request of a few friends, a true account of the transaction.

"In June 1804, when captain in a dragoon regiment and aide de camp to General Wilford, who was stationed at Falmouth, I attended him on an inspection of a yeomanry corps at Penzance. The day after the inspection, the general with a party proceeded to the Land's End on an excursion of pleasure; and, after taking refreshment at a house known by the name of "The First and Last House in England," three of the party, consisting of myself, Lieutenant Cubit of the Royal Artillery, and a clergyman who resided at Mazarion, preceded the others; and, on arriving at the top of the slope reaching down to the extremity of the Land's End — on each side of which was a steep precipice — I perceived that the grass was short and slippery; and, although a dragoon officer, I did not think it prudent to ride down; but my two companions being of different opinion, did so, while I followed them leading my horse.

After remaining a short time at the bottom, we mounted to rejoin the general; who had, with his party, reached the spot whence we had started, and were astonished — especially the general — at seeing me at the bottom of the hill and terrified at what afterwards occurred. Although I did not think it prudent to ride down, I fancied there could be no danger in riding up, and accordingly I mounted; but we had not proceeded far when my mare — a very spirited animal — became unruly, in consequence of the girths of the saddle going back, and she began to kick and plunge, inclining to the precipice on the right. Although in imminent danger, I did not happily lose my presence of mind, and I threw myself off when not more than four feet from the edge of the cliff. Mine was a hussar saddle, and the bridle having a whip at the end of it, I threw it over the mare's head, and was able to keep hold of it and to check her so as to prevent her kicking me. When she turned with her back to the cliff I let go, and she fell down and was dashed to pieces, leaving me on the ground close to the edge of the cliff. A person went down in a basket and brought up the shattered saddle and bridle, which a saddler at Penzance begged me to give him that he might hang it at the door of his shop.

"Many accounts of the event were circulated, but this is the true one."

SOMETHING NEW.

"Be careful to ask for the Universal Magazine!" Thus, in 1747, was announced the first appearance of a new and startling publication, "price sixpence, to be published monthly by Act of Parliament."

The title page alone, not to speak of the elaborate frontispiece, was well worth the money. The former set forth, in three very long rows, what the Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure contained; beginning with News and ending with Architecture. Moreover the author, as the worthy superintendent called himself, kept his word; was not this as much as man could desire, upwards of a century ago? Have we more now, in these days of cheap serials? And can we produce such a picture to seduce and encourage the reader as that which adorns the volume now lying before us, on this rainy day in June, in an antique library, the shelves of which groan with a rich collection of this evidently highly successful Universal? There sits the author at his writing table, with long slender crooked legs; books to be reviewed; foolscap paper, ink and pens are under his hand. An attendant stands — accurately in the third position — offering him a volume; while another reaches one from a bookcase. But he heeds not the invitation; his thoughts, as well as his eyes, are bent upon a descending genius in the shape of Mercury, from whose caduceus

flies a flag, inscribed with the name of the new periodical. A contributor, with cocked hat in one hand and a copy of verses in the other, is endeavouring to attract his glances — apparently in vain. Globes, sextants, quadrants, planes, and compasses, strew the floor at his feet; a flight of steps leads from the library — which seems all window — to some unknown sea; on which floats a whole navy of singularly shaped vessels in full sail close to the shore of a very crowded city. Two lines at the top and two at the bottom of this picture, in very irregular text hand, denote the intention of the representation, thus: —

"From Art and Science true Contentment springs,
Science points out the Cause, Art the Us[illegible] of things."

"Merit should be for ever placed
In Knowledge, Judgment, Wit, and Taste."

The reader's mind being thus prepared, he may safely open the book and look for knowledge and pleasure. The publisher first addresses the subscribers, and assures them that his gratitude is "extream" for their support. "Without," he nobly and impressively writes, "incurring the odious Character of vilifying and exclaiming against Other Monthly Publications, I can safely declare that I am the First that ever sold three sheets of letter-press, three copper-plates, and other Decorations at the same price! It must be allowed to be attended with much Labor and a surprising Expense!" This "surprising" work, he goes on to say, in defiance of grammar, is "divided between the Curious and the Industrious; and, what is more praise-worthy, Candour and Impartiality appears in every Part thereof." The publisher, warming with his subject, and with affection towards his authors, assures the reader that, "if anything has slipped by the Channel of an extensive and pressing Correspondence that can give Offence to any Public or Private person, they now beg their pardon." What could be said more to the purpose?

"Who with repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of Heaven nor Earth."

The publisher having concluded, let the authors speak. They, perhaps, will be a little less humble — a little more sarcastic — but let it pass. "As the Proprietor is neither afraid nor ashamed," say they, "to publish this Magazine in his own Name; neither shall we attempt to gain any reputation to this work by indecent language, and scandalously reflecting on those that have gone before us in the like method of Monthly Publications. The Fate of those that once flourished and are now forgotten, should convince others that pretend to monopolise wit and learning, and to set bounds to other people's knowledge and industry, that we have as much right to oblige and to entertain the public as any other."

After this stinging reproof, assisted by italics and capitals — severely felt no doubt by the culprits at whom it was levelled — a promise is held out that, "the adventurous merchant, the industrious tradesman, the skilful mechanic, the toilsome farmer, and the careful housewife, shall never want some helps in their respective stations. . . . The reader may expect a whole body of Arts and Sciences, tales, fables, and (powerful climax!) even riddles."

No bounds being put to expectation, our ancestors must therefore naturally have encouraged themselves to undertake the perusal of a work destined, almost, to o'er-inform their tenement of clay. It is more than probable that they were not disappointed; although we, in these days of progress, cannot keep ourselves from impertinently smiling at the simplicity of our respectable progenitors, who devoured such passages as we hit upon in turning over the leaves of their favourite magazine, and who were quite ravished with the novelties contained therein.

Would it not be worth the while of our modern editors to consider the propriety of introducing, at the present crisis, such a paper as the following to help the consciences of electors:

"HEADS OF SELF-EXAMINATION, PROPER TO BE USED BY EVERY ELECTOR IN GREAT BRITAIN BEFORE HE EITHER GIVES OR PROMISES HIS VOTE.

"1. Have I thoroughly considered the privileges which, as a Briton, I have a right to enjoy?

"2. Have I reflected that when I chuse a man to represent me I convey to him, for the time, all my share of the legislative power?

"3. If he has before had a seat in Parliament, how did he then behave? Was his steadfastness from a virtuous principle, or because the Minister did not bid up to his price? Did he listen at all to propositions of making easy, and did he bargain and higgle in a manner to create suspicion? Does he want to buy my suffrage or biass me by some favour or gratuity to give it in defiance of laws that make both him and me guilty in such a compact?"

After this we have a little history; and then our geography is helped by a very original map, adorned with a beautiful device of a tombstone and cornucopia. Science is illustrated by a page full of "Figs," singularly useful, and very marvellous. Law follows, with an "Opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor-General relative to Windows." Philosophy brings Earthquakes in his hand, with such an exordium as this: "I do not doubt but there is a supreme Being who moderates and guides the blind *impetus* and force of such raging and voracious motions."

Agriculture recommends the farmer in June "if his land be wet and spewy to sow cole or rape seed," and to mind his manure; nevertheless, deferring any directions about it "till another opportunity:" — an arrangement somewhat inconvenient to the farmer about to commence operating forthwith. Those who require to be positively assured that a spade is a spade have their minds set at ease by the information, under the head of "Gar-

dening," that "A Garden is an inclosed plot of ground, curiously cultivated and furnished with a variety of Fruits, Plants and Flowers. As to its form, that is to be according to the taste of the owner and the dimensions of the ground."

"The Complete English Housewife" may feel happy in the knowledge of the best method to serve her salmon and gooseberry sauce; "how to make a Pye of her Turbot," and what to do with her carp to make it eatable.

Receipts follow of remarkable importance. Amongst them is one "communicated by a Lady of great Charity and Distinction" for Sweating Powder; and another for Plague Water, in the latter of which, "master-wort and butter-bur, with lovage and zedoary," are prominent components. Immediately after the pages which record these treasures of knowledge, come the Poetry and Riddles, which are destined to recreate the student of so much learned matter. Here you have songs warbled by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall; Lines written in a Lady's Prayer-Book, beginning thus: —

"If you, fair Silvia, hope the gods will hear." —

On the heels of the Muses come the politics of Europe communicated in short hand, in this fashion: —

HAMBURGH, MAY 30th. — Dr. Blackwell confessed the treasons laid to his charge.

STOCKHOLM, JUNE 2nd. — Dr. Blackwell was sentenced to have his heart taken out of his body and burnt, &c.

LONDON, 5th. — The Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when John Cooke, for the Highway, Richard Ashcroft for Smuggling, and Samuel Hurlock for Murder, were condemned to be hanged. Thirteen were cast for transportation, one burnt in the hand, and five ordered to be whipped.

PETERSBURGH, 8th. — Veldt-Marshal Keith has obtained leave to resign his employments.

ROME, 27th. — The Pretender's eldest son, accompanied by several Scotch lords and gentlemen, arrived there.

LONDON, 12th. — It was ordered that every ship of war from one hundred to fifty guns, should carry as many marines as they mount guns.

MADRID, 13th. — A dreadful earthquake has happened at Lima in October last, which entirely demolished the town, and swallowed up all the treasures of that magnificent city, fifteen hundred inhabitants, seventy-four churches, fourteen monasteries, and fifteen hospitals.

LONDON, 17th. — This day His Majesty went to the House of Peers and made a most gracious speech from the throne.

Which gracious speech is given at full length; and on the same page is an ominous list of "those Persons particularly excepted in the Act of Grace," in which figure a fearful amount of Gordons, Frasers, Drummonds, and M'Donalds, whose attachment to "Charlie over the Water," placed them in the awkward predicament here set forth in full.

Then come the births, marriages, and deaths, certainly remarkable in their way: the candid spirit in which gentlemen, in those primitive times, proclaimed their motives for leading brides to the hymeneal altar is startling. Thomas Gordon, Esq., happily escaped the dangers of many of his

namesakes, and marries Mrs. Trenchard: "a fortune of two thousand pounds per annum;" the Reverend Stephen Duck officiating on the happy occasion. Mr. Palmer, an eminent distiller, becomes the husband of Miss Patty Smith: "a two thousand pounds' fortune."

The bookseller's announcements come now in aid of the promised variety, by which we learn how literature flourishes.

Life of Henry Simms, *alias* Young Gentleman Harry, from his Birth to his Death at Tyburn, all wrote by himself in Newgate. Parker, Corbett.

The Jesuit Cabal further opened. Birt.

A Letter to the Tories. Say six-pence.

The trial at large at Westminster, wherein a young lady was plaintiff, and a reverend clergyman defendant, on the non-performance of a marriage contract, when the young lady had seven thousand pounds damages.

A Letter from a Travelling Tutor to a Noble Young Lord.

The prices of Stocks precede a charming portrait of the East and West elevations of Windsor Castle, ingeniously unlike the real building; and the reader has had his money's worth in one number.

OUR RUINS.

Our town has not important commercial relations, if we except its trade in painted shells, polished pebbles, and mugs with views of the High Street gaudily daubed upon them. It has no port: its shipping includes only half-a-dozen crazy fishing-boats, and a few applegreen "pleasure" boats; from which it is the pleasure of visitors to add materially to the food Nature provides for the fish upon the coast. The local guide informs us that the Normans landed upon the coast, within a two-and-sixpenny fly drive of the Parade — that a young lady fell from the west cliff, of course only two days after her marriage — that there are smuggler's caves (which may be seen for sixpence a head,) well worth visiting — that the sea-bathing is reckoned the best on the coast, by competent authorities (that is, by the lodging-house keepers of the town). It is only, however, when the author of the guide approaches the great subject of his instructive volume, that he fairly gives the rein to his eloquence, and applies, with tremendous effect, the epithets "moss-covered" — "hoary" — "ivy-mantled" — "venerable" — "august," &c., &c., to the ruins which form the staple commodity of the place. No visitor should leave the town without having visited the ruins, as they are closely connected with the History of England, and the charge is twopence to pass the gateway. Who would wish to remain in ignorance of the plans of this "tremendous fortress of old," while ginger-beer may be bought in the ruins of its hall, and bis-

cuits are kept in the remains of its keep? Built firmly upon a commanding rock, it is not difficult to imagine that hence the sturdy warrior of old hurled dreadful stones upon the foe beneath: that hence the skilful archer winged his deadly shaft; that through these chinks the clumsy firelock of old thundered hot iron to the surrounding plain. But now it is difficult to trace the plan of the fortifications: a heap of severed walls, tottering corners, and thickly plastered bits of gateways, are all that remain. These, however, would be welcome pictures to the mind of any contemplative creatures, were they true ruins — did they lie here mouldering under the picturesque hand of Time, and marking fairly their centuries of existence in the long and various processes of their decay.

They are not the ruins of Time, however: but those of a town council. Turn to any one of them, and you will find the meddling, unseemly mortar of the corporation. You expect to tread here upon the mouldering dust of bygone greatness; but you are upon a fine grass-plot, primly decorated with flowers. The lichen, the scrambling mosses, and the sober dark ivy, are the vegetation in keeping with the place; not marigolds at a penny a root, and a pinch of ten-week stocks scattered by the porter's daughter. Some [illegible] or nine months back we ventured a few remarks on ruins with keys; but here we have ruins with copper keys as systematically laid out for exhibition as the Chamber of Horrors in Baker Street. These ruins are not in the possession of a heavily mortgaged county family: yet are they patched up and apparelled in holiday guise to catch the halfpence of passing Londoners. In truth, this habit of "showing" the historic relics of the country, threatens to destroy the many grand wrecks of the centuries that have rolled by; and to substitute the vulgar patchwork of old stones adapted "to meet the taste of the age." This threat is wofully apparent in Our Ruins. Stones of the fourteenth century have been piled up with the plaster and taste of the nineteenth; and the meddling fingers of living showmen have toyed with the handiwork of the old Norman. Hence we have here a pile we may strictly call *our* ruins. Little enough of the castle, as Time undisturbed would have dealt with it, remains; but the mind of the visitor may be here elevated, for twopence, to the level of the taste at the command of a modern town council. Our builder deserves more credit for our ruins as they stand, than the old Normans can fairly claim. There is yet a little here which reminds the visitor of old barbaric pomp; but more that calls to mind the trowel of Stokes of our High Street. With this experience before us, we are not certain that a Board charged by Government with the guardianship of the historic relics of the

country, would not be welcomed by a host of enlightened countrymen; and with these observations we resign the ruins of a Norman castle to the custody of a porter — to cultivate therein his marigolds, and to roll away the relics that disturb the order of his parterres.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A RAMBLE TO REHBURG.

REHBURG is a regular German watering place of the old school. The gambling tables have been wisely abolished since 1848, and, as far as I could judge, there may hardly be a quieter spot in Europe. It is situated, however, in the midst of remarkably pretty scenery, and the whole aspect of the place is pleasant and friendly. A more agreeable picture than this little village, as I rode in the rich light of the summer afternoon along the woody road which passes through it, never soothed the spirits of a traveller. The trees threw a checkered varying shadow over garden and cottage as they sported about with my friend the breeze. Under doorways and in summer-houses sat the wives of the patriarchs of the neighbourhood, making stockings against the winter, or a band of coffee-sisters (Kaffee-Schwestern) with their clean white cups before them, sat talking of their lovers, or singing gently some ballad of Schubert. The cows and the goats came lowing homewards along the road, a boy was bringing home his wearied team from the hay-field and cracking his noisy whip by the way, and two of those travelling workmen, who are to be found on every highway in Germany, were winding down a little hill which leads to the inn; with their long beards and picturesque hats, their staffs and their knapsacks, they looked but little like the journeymen watch-makers they were. I pulled up for awhile to enjoy the scene: to drink as it were my fill of that pure light air, and graven so pleasant a picture on my memory for ever, ere I went upon my way.

I dined simply but substantially at the village inn, and then, while my horse was resting, loitered to the little "Kurhaus" to see the company that assembled there twice a day to drink the "Molken," or goats' milk, which is said to work miracles. A band of eight rather unwashed-looking musicians were playing some not very lively airs as the people walked about, but my landlord said it was hardly to be expected they could be gayer upon a hundred thalers a year between them, and conscience obliged me to agree with him. The visitors to the bath were for the most part the usual collection of bewigged and washed-out oddities, who assemble in such places in search of a new lease of life — people, whose characters, perhaps, were originally stamped in fast colours enough, but whom time, and trouble, and small annuities seem

gradually to have fused all into the same pale faded tint. There was a German professor or two who had bewildered themselves with Greek roots and Chaldaic at Göttingen. There was a little lost old woman who fidgetted about, and seemed to know nobody, and to be on very distant terms even with herself, and not at all likely to put up with a liberty. There was a strayed dandy, who evidently ought to have been at Homburg, and the same eternal widow and her three daughters whom I have met everywhere these seven years, though why they do not stay at their uncle's rural deanery and marry the young solicitors and surgeons to whom they naturally belong, and whom they will marry at last, is a little mystery it might make one's heart ache to peep into too closely.

Going through the Kurhaus and a billiard-room, which I was glad to see deserted, I found myself among a low range of sheds, something like the booths at a fair, for not a single thing that they contained appeared to be of the slightest use to anybody. People living in small places, however, never like their friends to go anywhere without bringing them some little love gift or other. It is a bad thing to go against people's fancies in such cases, and in the commerce of life, if we expect to receive kindnesses and to win hearts, we must show a good-natured feeling for others, even in the simple deed and in the trifling word.

One may find "sermons in stones" if one looks for them, and we may certainly very often find an odd moral if we look for it. Here, in this little hospital, where every person, not a native of the place, either was or fancied himself ill — I had a great truth impressed on my mind quite as vividly as it has ever been before or since: "a lady never thinks herself too old to marry." I was rummaging about among trumpery of all kinds, and had finally bought a small China goose to give my friends as a forget-me-not, when an ominous little sharp sound upon the floor told me I had lost one of those bachelor's torments, a shirt button. "Madam," said I, deferentially, to the elderly lady, who had left a still more elderly gentleman to attend to me; "Madam, have you got any buttons to replace the one I have just lost." After a good deal of searching about — for, of course, she did not keep so useful an article as any part of her stock in trade — a new button was at length found, and as the elderly lady seemed a matronly sort of body, of some sixty-five winters, and had a good stiff beard on her chin, I, though a staid man enough, saw no harm in telling her that she would add to the favour which she had conferred upon me, if she would sew it on. Upon this she appeared to be taken with a strange kind of flutter, but as a new comer at the baths, who had already purchased to the magnificent extent of half-a-crown, was not to

be lightly lost as a probable customer in future, she at length produced the necessary needle, and sitting down in the chair which the elderly gentleman had just quitted, I prepared for the operation. Much was I astonished to hear her say, in a tone of coquettish anguish: "Ach Gott, the Lord Court Counsellor (Herr Hofrath) will tease me finely about sewing on a shirt button for a young man." The Lord Court Counsellor, who must have been at least seventy, was, I suppose, the elderly gentleman who was carrying on a sort of faded flirtation with her; but I need not add after this, that my button was very badly sewn on. Flirtations and good housewifery seldom agree.

I was just returning to my inn after this, when a little group of people coming down the "Kurhaus" steps attracted my attention. It was composed of two gentlemen, evidently belonging to the better classes, and somewhat in the decline of life — a lady, who seemed to be the wife of one of them — a young man of about twenty, who looked like a student — and an invalid girl of some eighteen summers, who was, in the sight of all men but perhaps those to whom she was dearest, wearing away to the "Land of the Leal!" They interested me so strongly, and almost in spite of myself, that I tried to learn their history. It was short, but touching enough. The young maiden's lover had been killed in the wars of Holstein. He had fallen in the front of battle, with his sword in his hand, and the star of the Hohenzollern knighthood newly won upon his breast. He had died while her faith was whole in him, in the promise and the hope of youth; in the full flush of its beautiful romance he had passed away; like a song unfinished, like an air but just begun, the chords had ceased to vibrate while their tone was sweetest. So the maid had looked upon her dead lover as a hero, as something greater, nobler, better than anything which could be again. So great, and even as it has always seemed to me, so humbling to our grosser natures, is the love of a true-hearted woman.

The news did not seem to affect her very violently at first; she went about her household duties as usual, smiling often when kind eyes were watching her; but she drooped gradually. From being a fine, healthy girl, and one of those happily-constituted natures not easily moved, she became subject to needless alarms and cried frequently. One day she fainted; her brother had casually mentioned the name of her lover, who had been his college friend and "Dutzbruder" (Thou brother); when she came to herself, and they asked what had ailed her, she said, at last, "I think I — I — am going to join Wilhelm."

Then they knew her secret, and the wealth of grief she had hoarded up in her heart so long. They took her to baths and watering places,

hither and thither. The skill of physicians was exhausted in vain upon her. They led her from place to place, and she was always cheerful when they were with her, and the smile lingered ever on her lip; but if left alone the dark shadow came back, and at night her dreams were troubled, and she sobbed in her sleep as if her heart was breaking.

Her mother had died when she was young, or, perhaps, she might have found a balm for that early heavy sorrow, though it was beyond the art of another. The father of her dead lover and his mother, however, attended her everywhere, and it was very touching to see with what heart-aching anxiety they watched over her. Her brother, too, looked upon an almost solemn care of her to be among the duties he owed to his dead friend as much as to his sister; for the young soldier who slept far away had been his college friend and Dutzbruder, and of all feelings this friendship is, perhaps, the strongest in a German heart: as strong even as foster-brotherhood among the highlands of Scotland. If love, then, and watching and tenderness, if the very heart's blood of all around her could have prolonged that gentle life an hour, it would have been poured out like water. Alas! there is little hope; in another short week or two a bell shall be heard in the little chapel upon the hill, and a crucifix be born aloft: he shall be laid in "The Court of Peace" (Fried-Hof), and flowers shall blossom sweetly over that early and sacred grave. War is a dreadful thing, indeed, when such are of its fruits!

I rode homeward, rather saddened by this little history, loitering gently through the sweet-smelling hay-fields and ripening corn, looking like fairy gold in the moonlight, and I thought that I had spent one of those happy peaceful days it does one good to remember. Golden bells, as the Hungarians say, were ringing in my heart: a gentle peal full of love and gratitude to the Giver of all things, and of overflowing tenderness and charity to all created things. My very breathings felt like spontaneous prayer, and thus journeying among hills and woodland, by cottages trelliced over with the honeysuckle, and fragrant with eglantine and sweetbriar, I saw the quaint old city, with its gloomy streets and fantastic air, with something almost like regret that so pleasant an episode in my life was ended.

Great things had happened, however, while I was away. A sixteenth cousin of mine (thrice removed), who enjoys the high hereditary office of "Vice Uncoverer of the Soup" to His Effulgent Thoroughgoingness the Markgraf of Schwarzwürst-Schinkens-Hausen, had chosen this day to give a *fête* (a hot troublesome dusty crowded assembly bewildered with noisy music), in commemoration of the occasion when the grand-uncle of His present Effulgency Rudolph, surnamed

"The Terror of the Burghers," recovered from the chicken-pox. These occasions are, however, of such frequent occurrence throughout Germany, that their punctual observance goes very far to stop the wheels both of business and pleasure, and I had for some time made a practice of forgetting them; although not without many stern remonstrances from my excellent uncle, or, I should rather say, from "His Excellency" my uncle: for, at this almost inaccessible height of German dignity was he placed, in virtue of his office.

I had great trouble to excuse my absence when I returned, and I fear my uncle, though in the main a kind old man, will be long before he forgets my defection. It never seemed to occur, either to him or to his guests, that it is not a very exhilarating species of entertainment — or rather, that it is upon the whole, and when you come to think of it — more than sufficiently wearisome to pass a fine summer's evening, standing about in doorways in tight clothes and varnished boots. Besides which, I am getting a little tired of hearing my uncle and his friends tell me, so often, how many quarterings a man must have upon his escutcheon, in order that he may be qualified to take off the boots of His Effulgency, and wear a little gold key on the tails of his coat in token thereof.

Since writing the above, I have been at some trouble to ascertain what may be the virtues of the Molken, and of the different waters drank at German watering places, to occasion the general emigration which sets in about July—but without success. Some say that a kind of furor or ungovernable desire for unpalatable beverages seizes upon the Teutonic races about this period; while others assert, that having carefully avoided all contact with water for ten months in the year, exasperated nature insists on their washing themselves during the other two. Of their medical virtues I have heard such wonders, as could only have been the effects of a miracle (all attested by the principal innkeepers of the place), and they seem to be equally efficacious in matters which appeared formerly, to darkened minds, to concern the surgeon. A Bremen merchant whom I consulted, a short, squat man, told me that he had gone to Rehburg, "because he had broken his arm." He did not tell me whether the Molken had set it, but added, with a sigh, that "money was of little value, and did a man no good without health." I answered, that I was thankful to say I knew very well that health was a good thing; but what might be the sensations of a man who had money, I did not know, and, therefore, should now become reconciled to what I had hitherto regarded as a grief, and advise my friends to do likewise, and to profit by his moral.

I question, however, should any of us break a [illegible]ether drinking goats' mil[illegible] right way to set it.

Household Words. XV.

THE CITY PARLIAMENT.

I READ much in dusty folios. I think much of old kings and their subjects, dead and gone. I like to picture in my chamber the domestic life of mummies as they used to be, when they could walk about, and eat and drink, and kiss. Sometimes I have blundered through Cheapside, jostled by the crowd, and while I might be staring at the window of a music-shop, with my eyes fastened about the Bloomer painted on a polka, my head has been with Hathôr, who was the Egyptian Venus, and my whole mind busy in the ruins of her temple, near the village of Bedrechein. Over London Bridge, perhaps, I have dreamed that I was walking in the date wood which now covers the ground where Memphis stood. Passing Bucklersbury — sacred grove of cooks — my fixed gaze on the placard appended to the breast of a hungry-looking man, may have induced that individual to suppose that I was counting to myself the cost of roast beef, potatoes, cabbage, and a pint of ale, preliminary to an acceptance of his public invitation to dine cheaply at Marrowfat's, while I was only conscious to myself of gazing at the statue of Sesostris, thirty-four and a half feet high, with its face flat on the ground, and wanting a great portion of its legs.

I do not look at names upon letters, I take no heed of turnings, yet, in the Roman Catacombs, I read every inscription. I have also copied writing from Etruscan tombs, and I have made rubbings in this country of a vast number of monumental brasses. I walked one day last winter in Cheapside — there was no "methought" about it — I had been walking through one half of huge London, through the very substance of the nut, until I reached the City, which lies like a maggot in the centre. I knew the City by the noise and dirt of its close thoroughfares, and by the thumbed look of its shops. I had been jostling my way for two hours through a huge population, with large heaps of wealth piled up on either side of the great human current. Unconsciously I became tossed by some eddy out of the full roar of the tide into the quietness of a small creek, which is named King Street, Cheapside. I know it, for it is become my Yarrow. I then visited it first, and I have since revisited the spot. Of a few impressions left upon my memory by these two visits, it is my desire now to present copies to the public generally, but particularly to my brother antiquarians.

At the time when I first drifted into King Street, I was reading an old book in modern Latin, Cardan's Confession of his Life. He was a man much hustled in the world three centuries ago, and I was so greatly interested in his narrative that I walked on without perceiving the direction I had taken (my desire was to go to

Hackney), until I had fairly walked into the hall of an old building, which stood in the way of any farther progress. The change from open air to roof, the presence of antiquity, the frowns of two sublime idols, who reared in a corner of the hall their lofty fronts, caused me to close my book, and look with reverence about me. A person, in reply to my inquiry, informed me that the temple in which I stood was called Guildhall, and that the colossal idols, gorgeously coloured, and far superior in breadth of feature to the effeminate productions of Canova, Thorwaldsen, or Baily, were named Gog and Magog. Steps, leading through a suite of smaller antechambers, led to the recesses of the temple, and with a bold step I set forward to explore its inmost mysteries.

A venerable man in scarlet clothing stood in the third chamber, and pointed to a door, by which I entered to ascend a little flight of steps and reach a gallery. A humming and a drumming filled the air: a humming as of men, a drumming as upon a table with a hammer, and a monotonous cry of order, like the cry of Imaum from the Mosque. From the gallery I looked out upon a full concourse of the initiated, who assemble in the recesses of the Temple of Gog. Since there were a few men near me in the gallery, who had apparently accomplished the same adventure which I had myself brought to so fortunate an issue, of one of them I asked: "What place is this, and what may be the meaning of this humming and this drumming?" "Sir," he replied, "this is the House of Common Councilmen — the City Parliament — and members are now forwarding a bill through its first and second stages."

This, then, was that great Corporation of the City of London, of which I had heard so much; that great civic Amphyctyony formed of deputies and members from the City wards, and with the objects of whose league was intimately bound up the protection, not indeed of the worship at Pytho, but of the market in Smithfield. The Amphyctyony was an honour to the age in which it was established, the Corporation of London is an honour to our own age. I am not one of its detractors. It is one of the few nooks into which the wisdom of our ancestors has, in the present day, been able to retreat and stand like a great boar at bay. If it be true, as Heyne suggested, that the Amphyctyony was a confederation against the Pelasgians, I know well that there is equal reason for a theory which would make the Corporation of London a confederation against the Pelasgians of our own day — the dull men who will think — as if the thinking had not all been done; and do not know that the world is five thousand eight hundred and fifty-six years old, and needs no teaching from the pert young fellows of thirty, forty, fifty, ay, or

seventy, who talk about improved lights and reform. The Corporation may be an anachronism in these evil days, just as it sometimes occurs to me that I myself might have felt more at home in better times. If I could only have lived in the days mentioned by Manetho, when Misphragmuthosis liberated Egypt from the Hycsos, I should have seen some patriotism then, and my chest would have expanded, as it never can expand in these dull days. The nearest approach to a sense of patriotism that I have ever known, was that which I felt in the recesses of Guildhall when I first looked forth upon the grand scene of the assemblage of the Common Council. There sat the great Lord Mayor upon his chair of state, the solemn dignity of whose appearance has suggested the fine parallel of a modern poet —

"Jove in his chair
Of the skies Lord Mayor,"

and over the head of this grand, living Jove, towered upon a pedestal the statue of King George the Third, under which was inscribed the single patriotic sentiment "Born and Bred a Briton" — please to observe the B's.

I looked about me to take more notice of the bees, by whom the buzz and humming was created. Light from the ceiling streamed into their hive, around the walls of which pictures were hung — pictures of royal personages, rs, admirals, and ents. There were I trembled and blushed when I observed, for the first time, that by the hyphen of a long table, which ran down the centre of the floor, I was in some manner connected with the Chief Magistrate of London. The benches of the House of Common Councilmen arose on each side of the central table in rows; row behind row; well-cushioned and padded. Those benches were well filled by members, each of whom held in his hand a printed paper, on which I understood to be inscribed petitions, notices of motion, and the other business of the day. The dry and legal voice of the clerk of the House, who, gowned and wigged, stood at a table, was filing its way through a wedge of formal documents. There was a great rustling of the members' papers, and a great hum from the peopled banks on each side of the table. Between the banks also on each side of the long table, I observed a constant current produced by the movement of two gentlemen in wigs and gowns, who now had somebody to speak with near the door under the gallery, and then returned to the town clerk under the Mayor, and so like ghosts upon the margin of the Styx continually flitted to and fro.

The town clerk sat at a cross table near the feet of his Gamaliel, the Mayor. The Mayor's platform was extended on either side of him, and was supplied with seats sufficiently capacious; from which aldermen, who are entitled there to sit and thence to speak, looked

down over a brass railing (like the greater gods of Olympus encompassing their Jove) upon the multitudes of lesser gods — Dii Minores of the corporation.

With what rapt attention I listened, on my first visit, to the proceedings in the recesses of the Hall of Gog that winter's day, I do not mean to tell. There was a fine debate. The stream of reading, after flowing long through the breezy murmur and the rustle on the benches, ceased at last, and a young man stood forward to address the House of Common Councilmen on business in which strong interest was taken. Noble passions were aroused. The gentleman upon his legs looked tranquil. He said that he had been put down very often, but to-day he was determined that his business should come on. Others were determined that it should not come on. He was told that he was in order, he was told that he was out of order; he was told to sit down, he was told to speak up; and a roar as of Smithfield on a market-day surrounded him. The clerk rose to explain the forms and ceremonies of the House: deciding that the honourable gentleman was perfectly in order. The clamour was resumed, and the clerk of the House was contradicted. Mr. Speaker, the Mayor, Jove himself, then rose to order, and endeavoured to appease all parties by the nectar of compromise. The honourable member, who had been declared in order, said, that being in order, he should wait for order, and would certainly not waive his claim to speak. At last an Alderman proposed over the brass railing that the question be adjourned to that day six months. Nobody seconded; and the opposition, having been aldermanized, fell asleep.

The question of the honourable member proved to be some question about gas, a thing in which I do not myself believe. It was so clearly intended that the night should be dark, that there lies against gas the same objection that I have always urged against the use of chloroform; that it is a flying in the face of Providence. If a bright light were wanted longer than we have it naturally, the sun would not leave us when it does. If we ought to have more than a glimmer after sunset, we should have more than glimmer from the moon and stars. I consider rushlights most in harmony with Nature, and much less uncongenial than gas is, to the habits and opinions of antiquity. I was not sorry, therefore, when I found that the gentleman who opened this debate was the advocate of a company for supplying London with cheap gas; I say I was not sorry to perceive that he was heard unwillingly. I need not detail the particulars of that debate, one of the hottest I have ever heard; I need say only that it was heated by gas: gas was the matter that inflamed all minds, upon that memorable afternoon.

The storm of opinion beat most

decidedly against the honourable gentleman who introduced the question, until the rising of an incautious opponent — although incautious, certainly not incorrect; for he assured the honourable House that "'e never in his life 'ad stated anything he couldn't prove." A second Euclid! I have made note of his name, and will supply it with much pleasure, should the University of Cambridge feel disposed to enter into treaty with him for the valuable service he could render. This civic Euclid, who appeared at the same time to be the civic Cicero, entreated honourable gentlemen frequently in the course of his address, "not to swaller an Act of Parliament," as it appeared they must needs do, if they voted for his honourable friend. The suggestion was, perhaps, not quite judicious. Perhaps the Corporation of London — being told that there was anything to swallow, and knowing, as it does know, that the stomach is an institution which began with Adam, and which for its antiquity deserves to be substantially supported — was prepared, if there was something to swallow, certainly to swallow it, even though it might be no more than a dry husk of an Act of Parliament. From that point the tide of eloquence appeared to have turned, and to be closing in upon the motion of the honourable member who first spoke. I was not quite sure how the debate would end; and, unfortunately, did not remain in the august assembly after three o'clock; that being the dinner hour at Hackney, I was then admonished to proceed upon my road.

Since the winter, I have run over to Thebes with a few friends, not without some annoyance at experiencing the indecent haste with which the solemn act of travelling is now slurred over. I was unable, therefore, for some months to revisit King Street. Thebes did me good. From among its ruins I looked back upon the puny pomps of London; which is called, forsooth, a large town in these degenerate days. Thebes, in the good old times, with its included gardens, was a town indeed. Thirty-six English miles in circumference! Its great temple might have the whole of Winchester set down upon the space it covered. Even near Rome, it is well known that the little town of Palestrina stands upon the area of an old temple of Fortune. Those were great times indeed.

Nevertheless, even while in Thebes, I remembered that there was an ancient fane in London wherein once I had been privileged to wonder. While the Corporation of London shall meet under the shadow of Gog and Magog, to resist the pressure of the present on the past, there remains for men like me, at least one straw at which to grasp in the great flood of innovation. When I came back to London recently, I said within myself, There yet remain

giants for reverence. I will seek out King Street, I will pass again under the shadow of the idols; and, in the penetralia of their temple, will behold again the solemn gathering of the *andrōn ērōōn theion genos*, which I translate for a perverse age that speaks no longer Greek, as meaning the divine race of heroes.

So I went. I heard again the rustling of the papers, and the humming of the members, and the drumming of the hammer. Bills were being read second and third times, money was being voted, and a screw press was biting constantly upon the ends of documents presented to it, and leaving the mark of its teeth upon them in the shape of the City seal.

Among other things, money was asked and granted to complete a purchase of some land in Copenhagen Fields for a new market; a home for the flocks and herds torn from their heritage in Smithfield, and about to be transferred to other regions. There appeared to exist out of doors some little unwillingness, in men living about those fields, to fraternise with the poor *anastatoi;* to a perverse age that has ceased to speak Greek, I explain that *anastatoi* was the name given technically, in the fine old times, to races carried, as the Jews were, out of their own proper country and set down in a new place — it might be in Babylon, or it might be in Copenhagen Fields. The money was voted, but inquiry was made of the honourable mover of the vote, whether it was intended to proceed at once with the erection of the new market, in spite of the opinion of authorities that the bill for removal could not be left in its existing state, and the feeling of the public that the choice of the new site was an aggravation of the old offence. The public! *Oioi nun brotoi eisin*, they are brutes, as Homer says. If one could only get them well under a drover's stick!

The honourable mover of the vote answered with the calmness of a hero who disdains the voices of the present; who knows no voice but the voices of his brothers in Guildhall. As for newspaper opinion, he neither heeds nor reads it. The latest news that interests him in the world might be found perhaps in the Prologues of Trogus. "The committee proposed," he said, "to abide within the bill, and to carry out the wishes of the Corporation. The Corporation wished the new market to be established speedily" —"In Copenhagen Fields?" cried one. "In Copenhagen Fields," replied the hero. "Then," said another, "I shall present presently an important memorial" — he said no more, for he was instantly put down, and the House proceeded to the next item of business.

Petitions were read from three gentlemen who had been elected to the office of Sheriff of the City of London without their own consent, and fined severally four or

six hundred pounds for being unable to serve. They prayed for inquiry into the duties, gains and losses of the sheriff's office, with a view to its amendment.

An honourable member rose to propound a motion, founded on the prayer of the petition. He began well, by saying that "he should advance back to the time of Julius Cæsar." Backward motion, a return towards the pattern of the past, is certainly the only way of getting forward safely in these days. I was glad, therefore, to hear Julius Cæsar's time dilated upon, and the office of sheriff in the ancient times, under Anglo-Saxons, William the Conqueror, and early English sovereigns, held up as an example to the present. It seemed that the office of sheriff has degenerated. The sheriffs formerly received all dues on account of package and carriage in the City; by way of commutation, it was agreed that they should receive as an equivalent in old times one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and yet those package dues were afterwards bought of the City for two hundred thousand pounds, which should, according to the ancient order of things, have come into the pockets of the sheriffs. In the same way the sheriffs had the tolls of Smithfield, which were commuted when they were worth

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tolls of Bishopsgate and Aldgate were also commuted to them for fifty pounds, in the good times when fifty pounds was a good deal of money, and water dues for sixty pounds, by the fair current of which they ought to have become sole recipients of the coal-tax. The sheriffs used to receive also a handsome income from the sale of offices in the City of London; there were fifty-six such offices on sale from that of a judge downwards, and sales were effected up to the beginning of the present century. In the year 1828, the City Lands Committee recommended the sale of a valuable office, and the opposition of an active member caused the system then to be finally abolished. It had held good a long time in the Corporation; but it was well, the honourable member said, that it should now be gone; and the virtue of the Court was testified by the prompt abolition of the practice. There were also small fines paid to the sheriffs, which it was now the custom to return, so that the revenues of their office do not amount to more than seven hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

But what are their expenses? In the first place, there is the Inauguration Dinner — not compulsory, indeed, but not to be omitted without letting a blot fall on the escutcheon of a civic functionary. That is for eating. Dinners are not so cheap now as
hey were one hundred and fifty
ears ago, when fifty persons could

be feasted at Salter's Hall for one pound, thirteen shillings, and twopence halfpenny. Then the sheriffs must maintain a table at the Sessions-house, for judges, barristers, and counsel, during twelve sessions, and that costs each of them about six hundred pounds. That is for eating. Then their contribution to the feast on Lord Mayor's Day costs them again about six hundred pounds a-piece. That is for eating. They have also to worship in pomp with the Lord Mayor at the City churches, and to bestow money after the sermons to the extent of fifty or eighty pounds a year. That is for charity. It appears, therefore, that the sheriff pays for riding in his gorgeous City coach a first-class fare of serious dimensions; and that his outlay is created by the necessity for food existing among fellow-citizens. His scarlet gown is not a robe of honour; and although a fine, according to his rank as alderman or commoner, of six or four hundred pounds is invented for the purpose of compelling any chosen man to serve and feed his fellow-citizens; yet so little is the office liked, that, in the twenty years beginning with the present century, no less a sum than sixty-two thousand four hundred pounds was gathered in the fines of men who had refused its honours. "Without a proper honorarium" said the speaker, "no man of fine feelings will accept an office." The honourable member, therefore, moved for a committee to inquire into all matters connected with the position of the sheriffs, and to consider the propriety of appending to the office such allowance as would suffice to meet the expenses it entailed.

Upon this motion a debate arose in the honourable Court, remarkable as being a converse to the ancient fable of "The Belly and the Members." The members of the Court, testifying the most laudable affection for the belly, showed how well they can keep pace, in their heroic spirits, with the temper of the Roman patriot and moralist. An honourable member in an admirably energetic speech, declared, with attitude and gestures of disgust, that "he despised the claptrap of grossness. It is not gross, I suppose," he said, "to dine at 'ome, but it is gross work dining with the Queen!" He would never be a party to the remuneration of the sheriffs. "If anything was to be got by the office," he said, with a stern moral sense, an instinct of honour which has still a strong-hold in Guildhall, "if anything was to be got, we should 'ave everybody after it. It would give rise to jobs."

It was stated frequently in the course of debate as one ground of complaint, that gentlemen received no notice of intention to propose them to the rank of sheriff, and that the election which ought to be made by the Livery of London, since the Livery did not attend, was made notoriously by men hired at two shillings or

half-a-crown a day, to hold up their hands according to directions. It was said, on behalf of one of the petitioners, that he had indeed been warned privately of the impending fate, and was promised that he should not be elected if he would consent to pay a certain sum, considerably smaller than his fine. He refused, considering this way of sheriff-making by a prætorian guard got up for the occasion, to be a practice of the most pernicious kind, which affected seriously the honour of the City. Another speaker read an address formerly delivered by the esteemed Judge Jeffries, in which he spoke of the practice of creating unwilling men one after another into sheriffs, for the sake of their fines, as a familiar habit well known to his hearers under the name of "going a birding for sheriffs." The main topic of declamation, however, and the pressure of opinion in the honourable Court at which I had the pleasure to be present, was against all reduction of dinners, or increase of allowance to sheriffs. They had prospered in the City, and owed a debt of dinner to the City; and any alteration in the existing practice on those heads would lead immediately to the grossest jobbery.

There were the under-sheriffs: lawyers, members of the Court, "kept a pretty sharp look-out upon their office." As a noble alderman said, in a facetious speech over the brass railing, there were connected with it "pretty pickings," and the office "didn't used to be despised." Such fine old Saxon expressions as are marked here in inverted commas, I should say, gave nerve and power to the whole discussion of the honourable Court. It is well known that a great deal of what is called vulgar in the language of the present day consists in a retention of some forms of speech used by our ancestors. Vulgarity of diction is, in fact, antiquity of diction; and I do not hesitate to declare my opinion, that it adds much to the distinctive antiquarian character of the debates in the City Parliament. Again, in the noblest language of the world, in Greek, there is no letter h: the honourable Court knows this; and, modelling its practice on its veneration for the past, honourable members commonly say, 'ouse for house, and 'at for hat, and so forth. This is extremely interesting, and the light — if it be an independent fact — the light it throws upon the comma used as aspirate in the Greek language, is important.

To the original motion there was an amendment proposed by the City Euclid, which was lost eventually, and a new amendment was proposed, to put a stop at once to all inquiry which might have for its object the better remuneration of the sheriffs. Said one, it is their privilege to provide dinners; said another, in a fervent speech, "Sheriffs are called the eyes of the community. If so, then treat them as becomes the

noblest feature in the human countenance." (Hear, hear.) If that means, put them in spectacles, the advice surely was needless. For they already ride in gorgeous coaches, and are made a leading feature in the Lord Mayor's Show.

This interesting discussion — in which the word dinner was to be found in all corners, floating (like Murat's white crest) conspicuous above the tide of war — this discussion occupied much time; the second amendment, declining to pay for dinners, which it was the privilege of sheriffs to provide, was carried with but few dissentients — base men, no doubt, who dine on legs of mutton in their parlours, and are content to get a slice of pudding after it direct from the hands of the manufacturer in a domestic way, and pay for it in the shape of housekeeping allowance. Brains below marrow pudding; hearts that never palpitated at the sight of turtle!

This matter being settled, a question arose whether the Court should at once proceed to an important election which had procured an unusual attendance of members, or whether members should be detained while they disposed of Corn, Commerce, and other questions that stood earlier upon the list, and some of which might occupy much time. For the convenience of members, it was resolved to release those who did not wish to be detained, by proceeding forthwith to the election of a City Smith. What may be the important functions of a City Smith, I did not know; but I perceived that there were seven or eight candidates in eager competition for the office. The great question was at last decided; and the great question, Who shall be City Smith? having been settled, members breathed freely, and took up their hats; and, as the afternoon was far advanced, two-thirds of the assembly thronged to the door and dispersed; probably in search of dinner.

The next piece of business was a mere petition from merchants, pointing out the heavy pressure of certain clumsy arrangements connected with City dues, which tend, they said, to drive trade out of the port of London; and comparing the bad position of a merchant in the port of London, with the better position of the merchants trading into Liverpool, and other ports. This petition being read, was despatched without discussion. Trade and commerce are dull topics. Other matters were despatched also; and a deputation of gentlemen then came to the bar in obedience to the wish of the Home Secretary, to support a petition that the honourable House would reconsider its assent to the establishment of Smithfield in Copenhagen Fields, an assent to which the Government was morally, but now unwillingly, pledged. A brief discussion arose upon this topic, from which it appeared that Copenhagen Fields is a place situated among villa residences

near a handsome square, and by no means out of London; that the Corporation very prudently abstained, therefore, from giving notice of its intention to remove the market thither, lest the price of land should be raised, and opposition be raised also before the authorities in Downing Street, whose assent to the whole scheme was made essential by an Act of Parliament.

An honourable member had the audacity to give a strange turn indeed to this astute conduct of the Court, by telling them that they had entrapped the Home Secretary into a consent. This they indignantly scouted, while they laughed very humorously at the notion of allowing him, now that he had heard the other side, to reconsider his opinion. "We kept Smithfield as long as we could," said an honourable Councilman, "so you may know we liked our market; and it 's no mark of ill-will, gentlemen, since we *must* move, to carry what we like so much to you." Indeed the ruin of the valuable property represented by the deputation, was treated as a capital joke; and a jocular tendency arose to put down the petition in a summary way, first by "a count out," and next by ordering it to lie upon the table; but his Lordship in the chair, having stated that he had received a letter from a noble marquis to the effect that he would have accompanied the petitioners if he could have been in town, the honourable Court, with the respect due at all times to rank, if not to reason, referred the document politely to a committee-room, with the understanding that it would there be immediately put upon the shelf. The question was, whether it should be rudely laid upon the table, or politely put upon the shelf. My heroes generously ordered the petition to be put upon the shelf.

Five hours had now elapsed since my first entrance upon the scene, in a few minutes it would be five o'clock, and by the despondency upon his countenance it became evident to me that the dinner hour of the Chief Magistrate was five. The silent opening and shutting of his mouth resembled (I speak with respect) that of a young bird which feels the want of food at an accustomed time. Reflection on his worship's dinner caused me at once to feel the want of mine. The important labours of the City Parliament closed, I believe, a few minutes afterwards; but I then left, and reading again in Cardan as I passed out of Guildhall, struck violently against a golden man in a cocked hat. Then I looked up, and saw the vision of a gorgeous coach — the Lord Mayor's coach — before a file of hansom cabs. So, methought, is the Corporation represented by his Lordship in advance of all the movements of the age.

TAPPING THE BUTTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that there are districts in England which represent every period of our history; that the Roses are still fighting in obscure villages in Suffolk; and in the heart of Warwickshire people are looking out for news from the Crusades. It was quite evident that three generations of such people as inhabited the Butts would take us up a great many hundred years; that their fathers were redolent of Queen Elizabeth; and their grandfathers very bitter against the usurpation of Henry the Fourth. An English traveller, in the year 1820, came upon a tribe of Cossacks in the north-east of Russia, who were celebrating with great triumph the news, that day arrived, of the battle of Waterloo. It is said that the bonfires for the restoration of Charles the Second, were the first intimation the inhabitants of Truro had of the great Civil War and the reign of Oliver Cromwell. How many Cossacks there are in these days of illumination scattered all over the country, who take years to learn the greatness of a victory that has been won on their behalf! How many wise men of Truro, who only learn, from the signs of safety around them, the troubles and dangers they have escaped by which that safety was gained!

I am generally reflective when I am hungry, and these thoughts came into my head while I was waiting for dinner. You might have supposed a couple of chickens and a cold ham, which I had discovered through the glass door of the larder, need not have taken long to be placed on the table. But the motions of the ostler — who was promoted to the rank of waiter, and bore evident proofs both to eye and nose of his former occupation — were as slow as everything else at the Butts. In no placid humour, I was watching the dilatory manner in which he pitchforked the bread upon the table, and currycombed the tablecloth, and rubbed down the plates before he laid them on the sideboard, when suddenly the door opened, and my travelling companion, the great Arabella, entered the room.

"You 'll think me very bold," she said; "but mamma insisted on my coming — for duty, she says, is above all things. I heard how delighted you were with the lecture — didn't you admire Biddy Budd? Isn't Mr. Slockum charming?"

"I don't think I made Miss Budd's acquaintance, and I thought Mr. Slockum very charming."

"And you 're going to Mr. Mudd's? I 'm so enchanted — the Miss Boltons are his nieces; amiable creatures — mamma and I superintended their education. Did you find them clever?"

"I have no doubt they are very clever — and with such an instructress —"

"Oh! excuse me. Mamma is very angry when I receive a gentleman's attentions without informing her whether I think his designs are honourable. May I say so of yours?"

"Decidedly honourable, I assure you; but here comes dinner."

"Then I must proceed to business at once. Was Charles at the lecture?"

"Who?"

"Charles Hammersmith. He was a pupil of Mr. Slockum, prodigiously clever, and had got into the second volume of Goldsmith's Greece when his education was finished."

"Is he a tall, handsome young man, auburn hair, dark eyes, about five feet eleven, fine teeth, a pleasant smile, and a shocking temper when he 's put out?"

"Ah! I see you know him. His smile is indeed very pleasant, and, do you know," she added in a mysterious whisper, "he once pulled Mr. Slockum's nose — his own tutor! Wasn't it dreadful? but I see you 're impatient, so I will proceed at once. Do you ever buy baby caps? Mamma and I make them, and dispose of them for charitable purposes. Do take a dozen."

"What is the charitable purpose? I would rather give a small donation at once. I am a bachelor, and never bought a baby cap in my life."

"These are prepared for the 'Decayed Dorcas Association.'"

"I never heard of it; who is Dorcas?"

"I 'm a Dorcas: so is mamma. We make worsted jackets and warm petticoats; so when we have given away all we have got, and are, in fact, decayed, we think it right there should be a fund for our maintenance. The caps are only four shillings a-piece. Do take a dozen; you may find them very useful to give away, for of course you are often asked to be godfather. Charles Hammersmith buys two or three every day. He takes an immense interest in the Dorcases for so young a man."

"Well," I said, "I know a little of Charles Hammersmith, and as I always follow a good example I will take a dozen caps."

"Oh, you 're so good! There 's one, the rest shall be sent. They are four shillings a-piece; two pound eight — thank you, thank you! Dear me, this is three sovereigns; we never give change on charitable occasions. Won't you come in and see us at work to-morrow? The Miss Boltons assist. Charles often comes."

"Oh, does he? Are the Miss Boltons Dorcases?"

"No, but they help. They belong to the Widow's Chicken Fund; and, bless me, what a nice chicken that is! Two, I do declare. Oh! if you knew how we require a chicken to make up a good dinner for the widows, I 'm sure you wouldn't grudge one. It 's such a charity. Waiter, bring a plate — this is the largest. You make the Widow's Chicken Fund sing for joy! Good bye, we meet at Mr. Mudd's, and you 'll join us

to-morrow at twelve. Mamma will be so pleased; she will see your designs are strictly honourable."

And so saying, before I could recover from my surprise, she walked off with my three sovereigns and a chicken. I recollected the character given of her and her mamma by the driver; they were skin-flints and spoon-sweaters without a doubt. But what could Charles Hammersmith want in this sequestered spot? He was the only son of old Harry Hammersmith, the original head of our house, who had retired to a good estate in Sussex, and had died of being a justice of the peace. I had known the boy from his cradle; and whenever he wanted a tip while he was at Harrow, he always said I was his godfather. I gave him a horse at Oxford, for he said he was known in College as the son of "Hammersmith and Co.," and if he made a shabby appearance it would be a disgrace to the Firm. I had never heard of his being a pupil of Slockum, and had dreadful suspicions about his charitable contribution to the baby cap establishment at the great Arabella's.

In the midst of these meditations, I discovered the absence of the ham on which I had relied as the principal security for my dinner. The waiter was profoundly ignorant of what had become of the ham, as of everything else in the world; and the landlord, at my request, made his appearance. He was not alone, however, but brought with him a man dressed exactly in the same style with himself, only the collar was still more rigidly straight, and the surtout still more surprisingly like a funeral cloak.

"What has become of the ham I ordered?" I began without attending to the bows of the visitors. "I saw it in the larder, and particularly desired it for dinner."

"It is all cut into sandwiches, Sir, for Mr. Mudd's entertainment; we generally furnish supper on occasions of the sort. Mr. Platterwipe knows our customs. This is Mr. Platterwipe."

I looked at the gentleman thus introduced, and thought I remembered his name as one of the great men of the parish commemorated by Arabella.

"I think, Sir, it's a very infamous custom, whoever practises it, to rob an unsuspicious stranger of his dinner by cutting up his ham into sandwiches. I declare my dinner is quite spoilt."

"Unfortunately," replied my visitor with a melancholy smile, "this is the martyrdom of Saint Hookey, or I should have been happy to share your repast. If you prolong your stay till to-morrow, I shall be delighted to dine with you, for it is the festival of Saint Dando. Meanwhile, I have called to give you an opportunity of compensating for a few sins by a slight exertion of charity. In this box are

received contributions for our niches; and in this — for the purchase of the door of the old gaol at Blisterton, our county town — we receive anything, from a crown upwards."

"You are immensely condescending, upon my word. What have I to do with your niches or a prison door?"

"The niches, my dear Sir, are for the reception of votive offerings, in commemoration of extraordinary events. We have already received eight bottles which contained the Daffy's Elixir to which Mrs. Tippleton attributes her baby's recovery from the jaundice. We have also received a broken beer-jug from an Irish convert who turned a teetotaller, but afterwards recanted, and was transported for sheep-stealing."

"Then, Sir," I said, "you are perfectly welcome to the shank of the ham bone."

"And the prison door," he went on, not paying any attention to my liberal offer, "we require for our *vestiarium*. It is most tastefully studded with nails, and is ornamented with two large keys across each other: a noble emblem, and redolent of the good old times. I was told by the amiable and most generous Miss Arabella Gawker, that you were ready with a handsome donation to both our objects. Allow me to lay both boxes before you."

"Now, Mr. Platterwipe," I began; "in the first place I think your objects very contemptible: if it were any purpose of real charity" —

"Exactly what I thought possible!" interrupted the landlord; "and I have therefore brought in from the hall our box for 'Parish Casualties,' and the box for the 'Poultice Association.'"

"I was in hopes, Sir, you were not a mere heathen," s Mr. Platterwipe, taking the cases indignantly under his ar "but I find I was mistaken. I expose your latitudinarian p ciples at Mr. Mudd's, this eveni and open the eyes of the M Boltons, who saw you at the lect to-day, to your true character."

I didn't want a quarrel to break out at Mr. Mudd's; I didn't want the Miss Boltons to think me either a heathen or a miser — so I laid a sovereign on the table, and said — "Gentlemen, here are five shillings a-piece to the boxes you have brought to my notice. I desire after this to have no applications of the kind, for I must tell you that the charity of a man who is robbed of his dishes and pillaged of his money, is very easily exhausted."

"I hesitate to accept a donation so grudgingly offered," said Mr. Platterwipe, "and will consider whether it would not be better to apply it to the secular uses of the parish, and spend the half-sovereign in the purchase of scraper for my front door. Meanwhile, I take my leave, and to-morrow, under more mirthful circumstances, shall be happy to offer you a bat in the cricket-field, and dine jollily with you here

after the game. I am very much addicted to feasts, and keep them to the utmost of my power."

"This abominable inn is better adapted for the other anniversaries," I said, "and I dare say the wine is as intolerable as the food. Bring me a bottle of Port, Mr. Smith, and don't let any more visitors in."

"Governor," said a voice at the door, when I had taken my first sip, and was making a hideous countenance, for the liquid was by no means Port wine, but a good deal of soot dissolved in a little gin — "Governor —"

"Hallo!" I turned round, and saw Charles Hammersmith holding on by the door-handle, as if afraid to come into the room.

"You 're angry, governor; I knew you would be."

"How can I help it? Hungry, thirsty, robbed!"

"And hopelessly in love. Hard case. I pity you."

"Who told you so?"

"The great Arabella. She says she has rejected you. Platterwipe says you look in despair."

"No wonder. What brought you here?"

"The same that brought you — love."

"For Arabella?"

"No. Didn't you see Mary Bolton at the lecture? She saw you. I knew you from her description. She drew you to the life — handsome features, brilliant eyes, intelligent glances, and portly figure. It was impossible to mistake you."

"A very charming girl; in fact, so is her sister. I observed them all the time of lecture. Tell me all about it."

"Oh, there isn't much to tell. After I left college I met her when she was on a visit to Brighton; followed her here; entered myself as pupil to Mr. Slockum; subscribed to all the charities; admired all the great people, and with your aid, my dear old godfather" —

"Oh, you want a tip, do you? How much?"

"Nothing. You forget I am four-and-twenty, and a squire in Sussex. All you have to do is to occupy the attention of the party at Mr. Mudd's, this evening; leave the rest to me. We are off to Gretna Green."

"Can't you wait for banns?"

"Impossible! Old Mudd is a regular donkey, and is her guardian, till she is twenty-one. She is now nineteen. He swears she has a vocation for celibacy: she doesn't think she has. Mudd wants to keep all her money — twenty-five thousand pounds — and to make Georgiana, the younger sister, marry Mr. Platterwipe. Now, will you help?"

"Won't I? Why does Smith keep such poisonous stuff as this? I should like to drink success to the scheme."

'Mudd has excellent wine, and generally fills his three-bottle decanter. There 's a dear, jolly, kind old governor! Mary was quite struck with your appearance. Don't say anything of our meeting.

The party begins at eight. We are strangers."

"Mum!" Oh, delightful! Here was an opportunity of revenging myself on these Ishmaelites of the Desert — whose hands were against every man's pocket — and a means of letting a little of the light of the present day into the very head-quarters of the dark ages. Gretna Green and the Butts seemed as entirely opposed to each other as Queen Anne and the Polka. A runaway match would be as wonderful an incident among the Slockums and Bangles and Budds, as a drum in a Quaker's meeting. So, full of mischief, and of nothing else — for it was the most inhospitable place I ever heard of — I found my way at eight o'clock to Oporto Hall, where I was kindly received by Mr. Mudd and his family. I was pleased to see various specimens of his inventive powers on the side table, and all filled with wine. The ingenuity of the thing was immense. By the excessive wideness at the bottom, a couple of bottles filled up, apparently, no space at all; and as to any visible diminution, it was impossible to observe it after any amount of bumpers. I wonder it isn't universally adopted in lodgings, where there are landladies of a prying disposition. I was led up to admire the shape of the decanters; I was invited to feel their weight; and lastly, to taste the contents. When I was in the act of filling out a glass, to which I regretted to perceive the same principle had not been applied, a sharp-eyed, sharp-nosed, sharp-voiced woman — Mrs. Mudd herself — pushed under my elbow another of the inevitable boxes, and squeaked in a very disagreeable manner, that it was always expected "that spectators of the decanters should subscribe to the Aboriginal Drawers;" there were two compartments, and over one was written "flannel," and over the other "cotton."

"Another invention of Mr. Mudd?" I inquired; "our ordinary chests ought certainly to be improved."

"Oh, no!" said the shrill woman again, "these are funds for the supply of under apparel to the natives. Cotton for the South Sea, flannel for the Esquimaux."

"Are there any for the English?" I asked.

"They are a highly civilised people," replied the lady, contemptuously, "and can supply themselves. Our minimum is half-a-crown; no limit on the other side."

I perceived that these people, though there was no sign over their door, kept a public-house like the rest of their neighbours, where the charges were by no means moderate or the attendance good. I calculated that I might perhaps drink to the amount of five shillings, and deposited half-a-crown in each of the compartments. I don't think the gift made any sensation. Mrs. Mudd had evidently expected a larger

contribution, and Mr. Mudd put the stopper into the decanter. I gloried in the punishment I was about to inflict on the ruffian; and half reconciled myself to my unsatiated thirst by dwelling on the luxury of my revenge. The Misses Bolton came in. Both very pretty: the elder, beautiful; and she, unobserved, gave me a look of intelligence which strengthened me in my good resolution. Then Arabella came in, supporting on her arm an old woman who was very lame, and was dressed like a Quaker.

"Oh, he is so full of impulse!" cried Arabella, leading her companion up to where I stood; "he will be enraptured to be introduced to Biddy Budd. This is Miss Wormer, the authoress of the charming works I told you of. She is the greatest writer of the present day, and I have brought all her books with me. They are in the hall, and you must positively read them."

"It will give me great pleasure, I am sure."

"And instruction, too. Oh, instruction is her forte! isn't it, Miss Wormer? Such pretty morals she draws, and so cheap. The whole series is sold for a pound; and the extra profits go to a charity, and that 's the reason we are sure of your support."

"My young friend is very enthusiastic," said Miss Budd, "and her warmth of friendship is embarrassing to the sensitive mind. But she is harmless in the midst of all her brilliancy. She is like one of those fire-flies which pursue their peaceful flight, illuminating whatever they touch upon, but never producing a conflagration."

"Beautiful, beautiful! Don't you feel how beautiful that is?" cried Miss Arabella, turning her eyes to the ceiling. "I feel really as I were a fly. Don't you think it's a charming description of easy motion; I never felt so satisfied with being a little thing before."

"Nay, are not we all flies, more or less?" pursued the authoress, "we buzz and bustle through our little busy day; perch upon lofty elevations and thread the fantastic mazes of our short existence; but, alas! we are but gad-flies and blue-bottles, after all!"

"That 's the moral," said Arabella. "Oh, she 's so great in finding morals; her books are full of them. You 'll buy them, won't you, for my sake? — I'm sure you will!" And so saying, she disappeared for a moment, and came back with a basket filled with small pamphlets, all stitched in blue wrappers and bearing on each in gold letters, "Biddy Budd's Basket of Nuts and Notions."

"They are all delightful, so you must really have them all; but the last is the dearest little story I ever read — there it is — 'Chrystal Cruets for Crocodile's Tears' — a charming name, so immensely pious and very severe."

"If you will allow me," I said, "to study them all at leisure. I hope to be greatly benefited".

"Price one pound" —

"Here it is."

She clutched the coin as if she had been in a den of thieves, and put it into her private purse without a single look towards the disappointed authoress. I buttoned up my pockets with a firm determination to be swindled no more, and turned with a discontented visage from Miss Arabella and her friend; and to my disgust heard Charles Hammersmith, who had meanwhile come into the room with all the parish, inviting Mr. Slockum to read them a few passages from his essay on "Possible things which did not happen, and their probable bearing on the history of the world."

Were we to have no supper — no wine? Where were the sandwiches? Was Arabella to be perpetually at my elbow, introducing me to multitudes of people as her friend? And finally, was I to be placed between Arabella and her mother — a wretched old woman, who had been wheeled up in one of Mr. Bangles's three-wheeled chairs — and to listen for some hours perhaps to the drivel of the miserable impostor Slockum? And how, in all this, was I assisting Charles and Mary Bolton? for there they sat, the two most attentive listeners to the drawling orator, who began by a disquisition on our probable condition if the world had never been created.

As I did not take much interest in what might have been my situation under the circumstances, I applied my thoughts to the best method of getting the young people off without being observed and pursued. I reviewed all the novels I had read, and plays I had seen; and though there was an elopement in most of them, it had not occurred exactly in the same circumstances as those in which we were placed. At last, I fixed on what struck me to be a novelty, and I resolved to run off with the girl myself, giving notice to Charles to join us at the railway station in time for the northern train. I took an opportunity of communicating my plan to Charles while Mr. Queeker was describing his visit to London — the only one he had ever ventured — at the time of George the Fourth's coronation, and requested him to have a carriage from the hotel at the door at ten o'clock, and to let Miss Bolton know the arrangement. Having made up my mind, I entered into the amusements which were going on. They were certainly not very lively, but, by a curious coincidence, they constantly ended in a contribution to the poor-box. If we played at "What is it like?" a failure to answer was punished by a fine of a sixpence to the Surplice-Embroidery Fund, and they had actually carried their system of levying contributions so far, that once or twice I found myself depositing pieces of coin in a case with a slit in it, which had been set a-going for the repair of the parish roads. The eyes of Miss Arabella were fixed on all my movements, and glowed with fiercer curiosity when she saw me say a few words to Charles Hammersmith.

She spoke to me in a sharp, inquisitive manner as if I had been in the witness-box of the Old Bailey. She spoke to the Miss Boltons as if they were on the rack. She hopped hither and thither, and could make nothing of it. She whispered to Biddy Budd, who answered her by a quotation from Cicero, I suppose, for Arabella evidently did not understand what she said. She then communicated with Mr. Slockum, who did not even try to comprehend her, for he knew it would have occupied his faculties a week to have picked up an idea; and finally committing me, with an intelligent wink to her mother, to the guardianship of that lynx-eyed old woman, she left the room. So much the better. We were now able to carry on our plans without the observation of a person who was evidently, by animal magnetism or otherwise, in a fair way of discovering what we were at. At last it was on the stroke of ten. The night was pitchy dark. I proposed a game which required the principal agent in it to go out of the room, while the rest devised a question for him to answer. Mary Bolton had a headache, and went up stairs to bed. She was to bring down her carpet-bag, and slip into the carriage at the gate. I was to go out to answer the question; Charles on my non-appearance was to come out to discover the cause of my delay. Everything was excellently planned and succeeded to a miracle. The game was to be a proverb. They fixed on "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." The first part of the proverb I was actively engaged in bringing to bear. Having slipped noiselessly through the hall, down the avenue, and into the carriage that was waiting as we had ordered, away we went in a hush of expectation and success; and it was only when we had gone about a mile, over the roughest roads, or in the most uneasy vehicle I ever encountered, that I ventured to say,

"Well, my dear, I never thought I should live to be the hero of a Gretna Green adventure."

There was no answer; but a sob which shook the poor girl's bosom made itself audible amidst the rumbling of the carriage. I felt I had been wrong in speaking so carelessly on such an agitating occasion, so I took hold of her hand, and bade her be of good cheer. The tyranny of her idiotic old guardian, and the insupportable dulness of the neighbours would be an ample excuse for the step she took. There was no danger of our being overtaken, though I confessed the suspicions of that frightful old maid, Miss Arabella, were strongly excited, and I feared she already suspected our design.

"Doesn't she?" cried my companion, banishing her sobs, and in the identical shrill and frightful tones of Miss Arabella herself. "Yes, you false, deceitful man, I do suspect your designs. You are going to desert me for some one else, and what am I to do? Ruined

in character and reputation, what will mamma say to me? I will hold you to your promise. You shall not get off after such marked attentions, and being invited to Mr. Mudd's as my accepted lover. Driver, stop!"

As if in obedience to her command, the ricketty machine in which we were nearly shaken to a jelly, after a convulsive sort of shudder, gave a stagger forward and fell heavily on its side. In a moment the feet of the active Miss Arabella were planted on my shoulder, and with a spring that would have done honour to Columbine in a pantomime, she got out of the window and left me to follow her if I could. I was in no hurry to do so. The wreck lay motionless on the road, and I resolved to wait patiently for assistance. The driver, who took matters so coolly that it was evident he was used to adventures of the sort, came at last to my aid.

"It 's all along of that 'ere Bangles' wheel which master he puts on his carriage. It always twists round under the pole, and upsets us as sure as winking."

"Mr. Bangles is — like the rest of the fools in the Butts — an atrocious impostor," I answered. "They are a set of thieves and extortioners, and I wish they were all sent to the treadmill as obtainers of money under false pretences."

These, and fifty other growls expressed my unbiassed sentiments as I was slowly drawn through the door, like a gigantic periwinkle out of its shell. While I was resting myself on the flat side of the carriage, wondering how I was to get off between the wheels, a light flashed upon us from the lamps of a carriage that came along at an immense pace. For an instant the light rested on me, and I saw the face of Charles Hammersmith radiant with joy, while farther in was pretty Mary Bolton blushing and smiling her best.

"Hallo!" I cried, "help me down, there 's a good fellow!" He pulled up in a moment, jumped out of the carriage, handed me to the ground, discovered my portmanteau, and in less time than it takes to write these lines, I was delivered from my lofty eminence, and snugly ensconced beside the bride. Twelve hours after that I gave her away at Gretna Hall, and in about a week afterwards when I was staying at the inn at Keswick, I read the first of a long succession of advertisements, which has enriched the Times ever since, requesting the gentleman who visited the Butts in June last to return to his disconsolate Arabella, or legal proceedings will be taken against him the moment his name and address can be discovered. The reader will therefore see the necessity of considering this communication strictly confidential; and if he has any regard for his pocket, any horror of stupidity, any disgust at vanity and presumption, he will take very good care never to tap the Butts, as I did.

CHIPS.

HEALTHY FIGURES.

THE people of Geneva are remarkable for their longevity; and as it so happens that in that town deaths have been registered since the year 1549, and marriages and baptisms since 1550, there exist ample materials for any gentleman who has a genius for statistics. Such a gentleman was M. Edouard Mallet, whose historical and statistical inquiries respecting the population of Geneva, from 1549 to 1833, have recently been transferred, in a condensed form from the *Annales d'Hygiène Publique* to the journal of our own Statistical Society. Since these inquiries yield some interesting and amusing facts of general significance, we shall endeavour to extract a little of their juice. Statistics, we know, are not usually juicy in their character, but are to be reckoned among the dry fruits which overhang the walks of knowledge; and where it so happens that they were originally mellow and refreshing in their character, it is unhappily the custom to present them to us cut and dried.

Our own faith in armies of Arabic numerals is not implicit; [illegible] hosts be not under the guidance of a vigilant, quick-witted general, if they be marshalled carelessly at the command of a man who trusts his cause to numbers simply, the Arabs only tread on one another's heels, and make unhappy figures of themselves. In M. Mallet we confess our faith to be circumscribed. He does, indeed, march at the head of a formidable array of columns, but his regiments are not united among themselves; and, when a point is gained by one troop now and then, another will come down upon it, and completely turn the tables. We shall not meddle, however, with dissensions. We would observe, also, that, curious as it might be to compare the figures of Geneva with the London figures, we abstain from doing so, because the shaping is contrived with skill so different, by different people, that we shall not get much by the comparison. For example, we are told, that in 1837 Geneva contained nearly twenty-two inhabitants to every house. Here we suspect some error, if we are correctly told that in London the average number of inmates to a house is between seven and eight. The average mortality of London is of course greatly altered, to the apparent advantage of the town, by the immigration of much youth and health, which finds its way to the metropolis in search of fortune; and by the emigration in large numbers — of the sick for health, of the unfortunate for a less crowded arena, and of the prosperous for enjoyment after their labour done. Innumerable considerations of a character like this ought to attend [illegible] but [illegible] rarely do attend drawn from facts i cal. Every fact i

its value as an element in truth, but there is scarcely one table in ten which contains much more than one step in ten towards the fact at which it helps one to arrive. Statistics are a finger-post to truth, but, sitting on the finger-post which points to it, is not the way to reach our destination.

The facts which we shall draw from M. Mallet's calculations will be only such as are of the simplest character: comparison in the same town of one time with another, not year by year, but half-century with half-century, plain countings of heads on sundry matters — from all which we shall avoid inferring anything that is not obvious and simple. For example: in the year 1700 there were about seventeen thousand people dwelling in Geneva; in 1834 there were twenty-seven thousand; so we may safely conclude that the population has increased. Going upon this very safe kind of ground, let us look now, first, for a few facts concerning marriages.

The majority of marriages of course are those which take place between bachelors and spinsters. Out of a hundred pairs who knot themselves together, eighty-one or eighty-two are bachelor and spinster; about four are bachelors who marry widows, so that caution is extremely prevalent; only two pairs are widowers and widows, but twelve or thirteen widowers take to themselves a second spinster. In fact, research proves that in Geneva, and perhaps everywhere, either Uncle Toby is right in his opinion of widows — but his caution to the world is needless, their allurements are avoided — or that gentleman had been misled by the exceptional nature of his own experience. Out of the whole number of marriages, the second marriages of men were one in seven, the second marriages of women only one in seventeen. With a ludicrous determination to be scientific, over which not a few learned men keep him in countenance, M. Mallet searches his Greek lexicon, and calls the desire to marry again, from Greek words signifying "again" and "marry," the Palingamic Force! The Palingamic Force, therefore, is weak in widows, strong in widowers; unless the Gamic force — the impulse to get married — spends itself on spinsters, and the widows' hands remain free through the paucity of applicants.

In contrast to the Palingamic, we must put a Misogamic force. When Geneva was subject to the laws of France, divorces were easily obtained, and that common consequence of marriage known to wives and husbands as repentance, was carried to the extreme point of divorce, as often as once in every seven or eight marriages. But since divorces ha
made less easy, only on
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divorced was twelve year
couple, as an extreme case, separated in three years, and another

couple parted after they had lived thirty-two years together.

The average age at which they marry in Geneva is, for men, twenty-nine; for women, twenty-seven: in such marriages the chances are as eleven to nineteen in favour of the wife's surviving. The consequent numerical preponderance of widows over widowers, renders still more remarkable their want of Palingamic Force. The average age of marriage being, however, as we have said, it is still a fact that in Geneva thirty spinsters in a hundred marry husbands younger than themselves. This is attributed to the thrifty habit which retains women in domestic service unmarried, until they have laid by money to assist their future household. Each household is blessed, on an average, with about three children; the average family used to be five in the old days of dirt, and sickness, and mortality. It is a curious fact in nature, that as health and strength increases, and early dying has become less common in a community, the number of births will decrease. The multitude of children born among the wretched, illustrate one of those mysterious and admirable laws of nature founded for the maintenance and preservation of our race, if it indeed be true, as most writers affirm, and the statistics of Geneva certainly assert, that where the drain of life is greater, new creatures are more rapidly supplied.

The old days of dirt and squalor, called the good old times, are illustrated charmingly by these Geneva tables. The registers of births, and deaths, and population, in Geneva, were established, as we said, so early as the sixteenth century. We enjoy, therefore, in this instance, the peculiar power of making strict and literal comparison between century and century in one and the same town. The averages now to be given are struck upon periods of fifty and a hundred years, and therefore may be trusted fairly. Now let us observe.

At Geneva, out of every hundred people born, there died, during the first year of infancy, in the sixteenth century, twenty-five; in the seventeenth, twenty-four; in the eighteenth, twenty; and there die now in our own century, fifteen. Within the second year of life, there died out of a hundred children, in the sixteenth century, nine; in the seventeenth, seven; in the eighteenth, five; and now in the nineteenth, there die four. Between the ages of three and fifteen, the gain of life by children in the nineteenth, as compared with the sixteenth century, is in the proportion of three to one. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, the odds against the good old times are two to one; from twenty-six to forty, they are three to one; from forty-one to fifty, two to one. Infancy excepted, the high rates of death in Geneva are now — as they ought to be — among people aged between fifty and eighty. These were the lusty

men, from whom we are said to be degenerated. The advantage gained over the nineteenth by the sixteenth century, was this: that if a man or woman scraped on through filth and epidemics and exposure to the age of seventy, he or she must have been very strong, and therefore was more likely to wear, and did wear, through another twenty years, more frequently than is done among the men of seventy in our day, who are men not peculiarly strong, not picked veterans. In the old days, it is even partly true that the men who lived were more robust than we are, because now delicate health is not sure death; but then few who were weak escaped an early death, as the high rate of mortality in youth and childhood, and the low rate of mortality after the age of forty, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, very well testify.

For the abrupt and sudden diminution of death among very young children, in the nineteenth century, we are indebted to Jenner's discovery of vaccination. Twenty-five in twenty-six deaths, by small-pox, occur during the first ten years. The gain in the nineteenth century, of children under ten years old, as compared with the century preceding, is (according to the Geneva tables), that where thirty-nine in a hundred used to be the number of such children dying, there die now but twenty-eight. A large proportion of this gain is, as we have said, due to a single medical discovery.

The average duration of life in Geneva, at the end of the sixteenth century, was twenty-one years and two months; in the seventeenth century, it was twenty-five years and eight months. In the first half of the eighteenth century, the average length of life had risen to thirty-two years and seven months; while, in the next half century, improvement still continuing, the average of life was thirty-four years and six months. Between 1801 and 1813, the average still rose, and had become thirty-eight years and six months. Between 1814 and 1833, the average length of life became nearly forty-one years. Here the tables stop; but there can be no doubt that the improvement has continued. Thus we see that by the amendment in house, food, and habits, made during the last three centuries, the average duration of life has become absolutely doubled. What shall we think now of the

> "ancient uncorrupted times,
> When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
> But free to follow Nature was the mode."

Is it not by following the teaching of our human nature, and by studying the ways of Nature as she works without us, that we have been led on, century by century, and still are working on to better, higher things? Free to follow Nature *is* the mode; and tied to stand fast by those ancient times would be the sorest shackle which a "tyrant custom" could impose on Man.

NEWS OF AN OLD PLACE.

If any friend of ours be sad and sorry, and desire to improve the occasion by solemn meditation on human life amidst vast rural solitudes, we advise him to take a journey by the Caledonian Railway, from Carlisle to Edinburgh. We have seen no tracts so unpeopled since we emerged from the deserts of Arabia. The banks of the Nile in Nubia, the valleys of the Lebanon, the plain of Damascus, are populous in comparison. There is something very striking in being carried, easily and rapidly, through that great district of green hills, almost bare of trees, and quite bare of houses for miles together. There is something striking in seeing wide tracts of oats, barley, and turnips spreading in the levels, without discovering who can have sown them, or who in the world is to reap them. Here and there the angle of a house-roof peeps out from behind the profile of a hill. Now and then, when there is a long vista into the mountains, a small dark island is to be seen, far away amidst the ocean of green — an oasis in this verdant desert, in which are collected the little kirk and manse, a farmstead, and half-a-dozen cottages, under the cover of as many trees. Where people are seen at work, awaiting the ripening of their barley and oats, it is a rather piteous kind of work. There is hay in nooks, and on any strip otherwise useless; and such hay! — over-ripe, long ago, yet never mellowed by true ripening — with sour water standing in among the clumps, and so many weeds, that the grass-part can hardly be seen. In some of these dank and dreary enclosures (one wonders why they were ever enclosed), three or four men are mowing (one wonders why in the world they mow) their bog hay, rushes, and ragwort, and all together, and tie up the crop in sheaves, and set up the sheaves in shocks — just as if they were the finest wheat grown in the Lincolnshire beds. On the top of the railway banks stand large cocks of this hay, which looks like damp straw. The stranger wonders what species of animal is to eat it. If he inquire, he is told that it is a welcome and needful resource for the sheep, in time of snow-drifts. One is glad that the sheep have something better to eat now. There they are, clean from a late shearing, scattered over the brown and purple fells, or thrusting themselves into any hand's breadth of shade that may be afforded by a broken sand-bank, or any little quarry on the hill-side. There are patches of vivid green among the purple heather, where ewes and lambs are browsing tranquilly to-day, without a thought of the snow-drifts which, six months hence, will doom them to emaciation on the coarse fodder which is in preparation for them below. Here and there, a few cattle are seen, and a young horse, in some distant field, may fling up his heels at the train. A group of

bare-headed and bare-footed children may be at play on some tiny bridge over a pretence of a burn or rivulet, and a hen and her chickens may scratch up the sand below in defiance of the intrusion of the strangers from the south, with their steam and their noise.But this is nearly all that is seen, between station and station, unless where the hills have been laid open for stone, slate, or ore.

The most obvious thought suggested by this scene — so strange in our busy islands — is, that it will not long be to be seen. If our capitalists and labourers are emigrating to new lands for the sake of more space, a district of this extent will not remain so scantily peopled. Along the railway, at least, there will be a fringe of producers and traffickers, who will essentially alter the character of the landscape. The next consideration which will occur to most people is, that they here see — what is not a very common thing to see — a large district which must be, in the main, very much like what it was hundreds or thousands of years ago. One of the railway stations is at Abington, a rather pretty hamlet, with one or two good houses near; and more wood, more cultivation, a more modern aspect than many of the stations before and after it. From this place, a valley runs up among the hills, away from the sound of the railway whistle, and of the din of human life altogether. In this valley the Romans certainly were, once upon a time. A military road of theirs passes near; and in, and near this valley, are the tokens of their encampment. Whether the valley was wooded then and cleared by them, we cannot undertake to say, but the probability seems to be, that it must have looked to the Roman eye, on entering, much as it now looks to the eye of any modern foreigner. Its hills, green and bare, with metallic indications, showing themselves in places, with heather on the higher slopes, and bog in the bottoms — these features appear to be about as primitive as any natural scenery can well be. That it was much like what it now is, midway between the Roman period and ours, is known.

At the time when Edward the Third of England was watching his son, the Black Prince, winning his spurs, or was trying to make his way safely out of some very difficult and dangerous valleys in France; — at the time when Scotland was mourning her David Bruce, a prisoner in the Tower; or, perhaps, rejoicing at the sight of him, returned on his parole; — at that time, when the nations were so busy with war as not to be able to look closely after what lay round about them at home — a foreigner was poking about in this valley to see what he could find. A German, named Bulmer, was looking for gold amidst these Scottish hills; and he came into this valley, and found something else besides gold. He found LEAD; and the fate of the valley has been

ruled by that discovery of his, ever since. The valley we speak of is that which contains the curious village of Leadhills, at its highest end; a settlement six miles from Abington, and as wild a place as can well be seen in our islands.

Having a fancy to see so odd a place, and having heard much, twenty years ago, of the intelligence and other good qualities of the inhabitants, we recently determined to go. At Abington, a carriage was to have met us; but there was a mistake about it, and no carriage was forthcoming. The morning was hot, and the hours were precious; so that we were glad to obtain any sort of vehicle that would save our strength and our time. The vehicle proposed was a cart — such as had probably conveyed in its day more pigs and calves than human beings. It was half filled with straw, on which was laid a bolster, and over the bolster was laid a clean plaid. Off we went, under the care of an intelligent labourer, whose Scotch dialect was of so moderate a character that conversation would have been easy, but for the slow trot of the horse, which made our words come out like puffs of steam from the engine which had just left us behind. By a gradual ascent, on a good road, we penetrated the recesses of the hills, seeing nobody but two men eating oat-cake and drinking milk at the mouth of their little quarry, and two women at the cottage beside the toll-bar where the carts of coke pay toll on their way up to the mines. During the journey of six miles we saw three trees; one in a field on the upland, looking rather sad, all by itself; and two more down in a field at the bottom, marking the spot where Bulmer found his gold five hundred years ago. A woman, down in the bog, had her arms full of what appeared to be rushes; and a solitary man, high up on the steep, was cutting heather — no doubt to mend his own or some neighbour's thatch. Grass, and groundsel, and hemlock grew to the height of a foot along the ridge, and down the sides of two or three of the first cottages we saw. We inquired why, as slate was quarried (under the name of Edge-metal, from the layers standing on edge) in this very valley, the cottages were so wretchedly roofed. The answer was, that there had never been any thought of using so good a material as even this very poor slate. Without this remark, we should have discovered that the people at Leadhills were very very poor.

From far below, we had seen smoke hanging about an opening before us. This was from the smelting-houses, the driver informed us; and the village lay a mile and a half further on. The road crossed the valley near the smelting-houses; and they lay below us on the right — the turbid little stream oozing away from the works, and men and boys, with hoes, spades, and scrapers, washing the soil, on stage below stage,

so that what escaped from one set of channels might run into the one below. It seemed a piece of unnecessary toil to place the square tower of the smelting-house—the tower whence the smoke belched forth—so high up the steep and stony breast of the hill. It afterwards appeared that nobody had occasion to go up there. The smoke was driven, by the blast of the furnace, through the interior of the hill, to issue forth from that top of its chimney which looks like a tower from below.

A succeeding ascent hid from us what we were now looking for with some anxiety, as our ride had occupied nearly an hour and three-quarters, and we had been churned enough for one day. The village, we were told, was "just behind there," and there it was—the strangest of British villages. The valley suddenly opens out into an area of undulating character, bounded by more distant hills. Rows of cottages stand on all available platforms, turned in all directions. Many—sadly too many—are dismantled and ruinous, roofless and grass-grown—the first evidence that meets the eye of the mischief wrought by the protracted litigation which has half ruined a place even so remote as this. Beside one of these ruins may be a roof just fresh thatched with heather; and, on the other hand, may be a roof bristling with weeds, and with grass that sways in the wind. Scattered about, amidst the wild vegetation of the moorland, up and down, turned this way and that, are little oblong patches of cabbages, turnips, or potatoes. Formerly, in the better days of the settlement, the miners were allowed to appropriate from the moorland as much as they could cultivate with the spade in overhours. This is no longer permitted; but the extent of ground thus under tillage is nearly four hundred acres.

Glancing over the neighbouring slopes, we saw a man mowing some most unpromising grass. Another was coming up from a boggy place with an enormous bundle of rushes on his head. High up on a ridge, a man's figure was seen, digging peat. Three sheep were within sight, and several cows. It was a comfort to see so good a supply of cows for the number of persons. The number of persons is perpetually diminishing, under the curse of the litigation before spoken of.

There are some old books on the shelves of the agent's office, which give the information that in the early half of the last century the population at Leadhills amounted to upwards of fourteen hundred. Twenty years ago, it was about eleven hundred; it is now between eight and nine hundred. Of these, one hundred and ten are able-bodied men. There are some old men able to do some work, or none. Such as these were formerly maintained by their sons; but, under the present rate of wages (which average nine shillings per week) the reluctance to

look to the parish for an ultimate support is fast diminishing. There is a baker in the place, of course, and there are no less than three tailors. Some few men are employed in blanket-weaving. Here and there we saw some old men sitting in the sun, smoking and chatting; and one or two were returning from their morning's task, who were still capable, at the age of seventy and upwards, of doing some hours' work in the day at washing the ore. But a man who can do this at such an age, may be safely supposed not to have worked under ground in his earlier days. There are no less than from eighty to ninety cows in this village — a very large proportion for the number of people. It is explained by the fact, that the customary diet of the population is that which we saw the two quarrymen enjoying by the roadside — oat-cake and milk. Meat is an almost unknown luxury, even in the form of bacon. We had not before — nor have we now — a high opinion of the wholesomeness of oatmeal diet; but it is certainly the fact, that the people of Leadhills, living on a poor soil, in the midst of metallic works, at a height of one thousand two hundred and eighty-six feet above the level of the sea, have a remarkably healthy appearance, notwithstanding the presence of the fumes of the smelting, and the absence of a meat diet. There is a tombstone in the cemetery, which is shown with pride to the stranger, recording as it does the death of a man, a miner, who had lived one hundred and thirty-seven years. He must have been a brave old fellow; for he used to go a fishing among the hills, all alone, when he was one hundred and twenty years old. What a strange meditation must his have been, in such a solitude — supposing him to have retained his faculties — which he seems to have done. As he walked slowly along playing his line, as men do in those mountain streams, was he tired of life, looking back on a succession of generations, with whom he ought, in natural course, to have gone to the grave? Did he fear in his heart, as an aged woman once did openly, that God had forgotten him? Or did it seem to him, as it does to some who have outlived all they once knew, a perfectly natural thing that they should have died, and that he should be there to tell the history of their deaths? Did he think of the armies that had come that way marching over the hills with music and shouts, every man of whom had become dust? What did he think of the greybeards of the village, getting past their work, when he remembered that he had dandled some of them as infants after he himself had reached threescore years and ten? The everlasting hills, with their inexhaustible streams, were the same as ever; and he probably thought himself the same as ever. But, what a mere procession he must have considered all the rest of human life; — a procession of companies —

now a set of proprietors of the mines, and a chaplain, and an Earl of Hopetoun, and a population of grandparents, working men and women, and children; and presently, another set of proprietors, another chaplain, another Earl of Hopetoun, another population of old, middle-aged, and young; and he, at first walking with them in the procession, but long ago standing by to see them pass, as naturally as if it was his business to observe them, and theirs to pass on towards their graves.

Perhaps it was all less striking to him than to us; the grass, and the rocks, and the sky, being what he had already known them, and the fish leaping to his bait as they had done in his youth. One day, when he was one hundred and twenty years old, the snows came upon him when he was up in the hills, and blocked up his way on every side. He gave himself up for lost. Perhaps he felt it hard to be thus cut off untimely, instead of dying in his bed. He stuck his fishing-rod upright in the snow, and made another struggle for life. He struggled through to a place where he was found. When he had recovered, he went back, plucked his rod out of the snow, and returned to begin his new lease of seventeen years of life. To us, all this seems very sad and fearful. We feel that we had rather die to-night, than run the risk of living so long; but, we may have found, in the course of our lives, that some things which we would rather have died than encounter, have turned out very endurable, after all; and so may this John Taylor, of the Leadhills, have found it with his burden of years. There must be some who remember John Taylor; for he died about seventy years ago. And he must have remembered something of the trouble in Scotland, when Charles the First afflicted the church, and went to war with his Scottish subjects. He must have heard of the fearful death of that king; and of the pious soldier who ruled in his place, without the name of king. Strange rumours of the Fire of London and of the great Plague must have floated up to the head of his valley when he was a well-grown young man. And what a succession of sovereigns — Stuarts, William of Orange, Anne of Denmark, and one, two, three Georges — George the Third having become a familiar king when the old man stuck his rod in the snow, and thought he was going to be cut off by an accident! It is almost bewildering, so we will see what younger people are about.

Old as he lived to be, John Taylor had been a miner — had worked under ground. In his day, as now, the gallows-like apparatus erected over the shafts of the mines stood up against the sky, on a ridge here, on the summit of a knoll there. Down the ladders he went, fathoms deep, to a resting place; and then, turning aside a little, down many more — ten times as many — to

where he had to work six hours a day, hewing away at the vein of ore, sending up the rubbish, sending up the ore, toiling in darkness, heat, damp, and often up to the knees in the turbid water of the mine.

The men work, as in Cornwall, on tribute — sharing the success or failure of their enterprises with the proprietors. They change the name of a mine, quaintly enough, according to their approbation or displeasure towards it. We saw one which had, till lately, been called the "Labour in Vain Vein." After a lucky turn which disclosed new riches (more lead with a little gold), it was called California, which is its present title — a title, by the way, which shows that some tidings from the world without reach this secluded spot. The residents say, that even fewer strangers come now than before the opening of the Caledonian Railway; but, on the other hand, we find reason to believe that there has been enough of intercourse with the navvies of that railway, to work anything but good to the habits of the miners, who must be very like children in their impressibleness, and in the precarious character of the innocence which has been maintained in the absence of temptation. One other kind of intercourse is provided by the annual arrival of Lord Hopetoun, or his sporting friends, in August and onwards. We saw an elegant moor-hen moving tamely on in the heather, not far from the smelting-houses; and this game so abounds on the hills, that the sportsmen come home to dinner at "the Ha'" with their thirty or forty brace each. Looking round on the very small cabbage patches of the miners, remembering their oatmeal diet, without even a smell of bacon to their bread, pondering also the average of nine shillings a week, which leaves so many with only six, we inquired whether poaching could, in such a wild scene, be kept within bounds. The answer was, that poaching is a thing never heard of; and the reason given was, that the poacher would forfeit everything, if detected. It is wonderful, and must be the result of strong compulsion of circumstance, that hungering men can see wild creatures fluttering in the herbage on far spreading moors, away from every human eye but their own, and can abstain from taking what can hardly appear like property, and can never be missed. If there is something fine — as there certainly is — in the obedience to law, there is something mournful, too, in the subservience, so customary as to have become a second nature, which secures the grouse and the sport to the aristocracy, and keeps the labourer, who has no sport, within the arbitrary limit of his oat bread and milk.

Perhaps we should not say that the labourer has no sport, for we heard of a novelty in that way having been lately introduced — an occasional game at quoits. There is a library, supported by seventy

miners, paying two shillings a year each. The works seemed to be chiefly Scotch divinity, with a very few voyages, and a volume of narrative, or fiction, here and there. What a blessing it would be to these people if some kind person would send them a good assortment, and a plentiful one, of works of fiction! What a new world it would open to them during the long snows of winter, and in the light evenings of summer, when the men are exhausted by their hot toil under ground, or at the furnaces; and the women and girls are stooping over their "hand-sewing," and wearing their eyes out, ay, even little children, with embroidering for twelve hours every day!

This embroidery is done for sale in Glasgow. The muslin, ready stamped for working, and the cotton are sent from Glasgow, and the women have it in hand wherever they go — the bit that they are at work upon being stretched in a little hoop of wood, to prevent its curling and puckering. You see a woman standing in her doorway, a child sitting with her back against the house-wall (the poor back, which, in a growing child, needs not this monotonous needlework for twelve hours a day to weaken it!) sewing away, at skilled work, for what? The dexterous woman could once, when such work was at the highest, earn a shilling a day. She earned that for a little while last year, when the Exhibition induced the Glasgow people to send a vast quantity of goods to London. Now she earns by the same labour, sixpence, or at most, sevenpence. Her little girl, aged nine, but so small as to look younger, earns, by her daily twelve hours' work, twopence halfpenny. On inquiring whether the little creature has the comfort of laying by twopence, or even a penny a week on her own behalf, we find that this has never been thought of; that there is no opportunity or inducement to do it, and thus to the child is her whole young life, with its repressed activities, devoted to toil, she does not know why, nor for what aim. She fulfils her destiny, as the French would say.

There is a school, and there are girls in it younger than this little needlewoman. Boys and girls looked thoroughly healthy; the room was airy, and the master intelligent-looking and kind, though his appearance did not lessen our impression of the melancholy poverty of the place. The members of the school have fallen off sadly, more than in proportion to the diminished population of the place. The average attendance is eighty in summer, and one hundred in winter. The scholars pay from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings and sixpence per quarter; and it is a proof of the value that the parents set upon education that, out of a population which falls short of nine hundred, earning, on an average, nine shillings per week, there should be one hundred

children paying for their schooling at this rate. Some of the oldest boys could show arithmetical exercises which justify their hopes of getting to be clerks in Glasgow warehouses, and two have learned a little Latin — that darling pride of the humble Scotch! They think, and talk of Allan Ramsay, who was a native of these hills; and somebody has painted outside the library something which is called a portrait of the poet. Whatever may be the taste of the painting, we like the taste of putting it there.

At the very top of the settlement, when we have passed all the cottages, and "the Ha'," and the potato patches, and the heaps of lead ore, we come to a place which takes all strangers by surprise: a charming house, embowered in trees, with honeysuckle hanging about its walls, flowers in its parterres, and a respectable kitchen-garden, where the boast is that currants can be induced to ripen, and that apples have been known to form, and grow to a certain size, though not to ripen. This is the agent's house, and here are the offices of the Mining Company. The plantation is really wonderful, at such an elevation above the sea; and it is a refreshing sight to the stranger arriving from below. There may be seen, growing in a perfect thicket, beech, ash, mountain ash, elm, plane, and larch, shading grass-plats, and enclosed walks, so fresh and green that, on a hot day, one might fancy one's self in a meadow-garden, near some ample river. In this abode there is a carriage, and a servant in livery; — a great sight, no doubt, to the people, who can hardly have seen any other, except when sportsmen come to "the Ha'," with all their apparatus of locomotion and of pleasure. In connexion with this abode is the office of the Company, where the books are preserved as far back as 1736. There may be seen specimens of the ores found in the valley; and, among other curiosities, a small phial of water, about half-filled with gold from the Californian vein before-mentioned. There it is, in rough morsels, just like the specimens from California and Australia, which may be seen everywhere now. The water in the phial is to make the gold look brighter; and, for the same purpose, the owner lays it upon some dark surface, — as the sleeve of a coat, — that strangers may see it to the best advantage. Here is only about ten pounds' worth; so there is no fear of the miners choosing the wrong casket, out of the three that Nature has placed before them.

Our cart had been dismissed long ago; and we were to return to Abington in the carriage, and driven by the servant in whom the worldly splendour of the place is concentrated. We were to stop by the way and see the smelting; and we saw it accordingly. Descending from the successive platforms where the bruised ore is washed, till it is almost pure

dust of lead, we put our heads into the noisy vault, where the great water-wheel was revolving and letting fall a drip which filled the place with the sound of mighty splashings. The blast of the furnaces roared under our feet, and all around about us, every light substance, such as coal dust and shreds of peat, was blown about like chaff. At the furnace were men, enduring the blaze of the red heat on this sultry day. They work for five or six hours; but only for five days in the week. They were piling up the glowing coals upon the bruised and washed ore in its receptacle in the furnace; and from under the front of the fire, we saw the molten lead running down its little channels into its own reservoir, leaving behind the less heavy dross, which was afterwards to be cast out in a heap in the yard. The mould for the pig stood close by, at a convenient height from the floor. We waited till there was lead enough in the reservoir to make a pig. One man ladled out the molten metal into the mould, while another skimmed off the ashes and scum with two pieces of wood. It was curious to see this substance, which looked exactly like quicksilver, treated like soup. It was curious to see the process of cooling begin from the edges, and the film spreading slowly towards the centre, till all was solid. It was curious to see the pigs set on end against the wall, looking light and moveable from their lustre, when just out of the mould, and to remember that one might as well try to lift up the opposite mountain as to move one of them unaided.

It was curious, too, in travelling down the valley again, to be more than ever struck with its deep solitude. The peat-cutter on the ridge, the mower on the slope, the two women at the toll-gate, and the two quarrymen, were again all whom we saw. The two trees below, and the one tree before us, seemed more forlorn than before, when we remembered what a cluster of people, and what a plantation of forest trees we had left up in the wilds. No visitor to the Leadhills can help speculating on what will become of that singular colony; whether its numbers will continue to diminish, and its poverty to increase, till the long-standing quarrel shall have caused complete ruin all round; or whether, by making up matters, the proprietors will invite prosperity to return. Whether the whole concern dies out, or the other issue is decided upon in time, and the ruined cottages are destined to be rebuilt, forsaken works resumed, and the people cheered with improved earnings; it seems that the settlement cannot long be any thing like the spectacle that it is now. In the one case, some wayfarer, exploring his course over the hills, may, in another century or two, come upon the grass-grown ruins of the abodes and labours of a thousand people; he may stumble over the weedy grave-stones,

and mark a household vegetable growing here and there among the rushes; and the yawning jaws of the mines may warn him to look well to his footing: and, at his next stage, he may inquire for some tradition of what this strange place may be. In the other and better case, the seclusion of the settlement cannot, one would think, be preserved. The railway whistle has told of the outer world to some ears there already. Improved production and traffic will bring people up and down the valley; and the time may come when the inhabitants of Leadhills will talk of the present as of the primitive days of their settlement, when manners were simple and rude; and, if that time should come, the commonest names of to-day will have taken a saintly sound to the ears of descendants, as ancestral names are apt to do; and it will be said, that those were privileged travellers who went out of their way to visit Leadhills, in the middle of the nineteenth century.

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOW OF THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Who is Gonzalves Zarco?

It is the beginning of June: the year 1419. Two small vessels are leaving the port of Lisbon. The Infant Dom Henry waves his hand from the quay, as the commander of the little expedition bows profoundly from the deck of the leading ship. That commander is Gonzalves Zarco. Let us pursue his shadow in companionship with that of Juan de Moralès, his pilot.

Where is Gonzalves sailing when he trusts his ships to the broad bosom of the Atlantic? Where, without the guides of modern navigation? Charts he has none. He has heard that Marco Polo brought from China to Europe the knowledge of an instrument that invariably pointed to the North — but he doubts. He will hug the land as long as he can. The meridian sun and the polar star must direct him in his need. His business is to find the Isles of the West, of which ancient tradition imperfectly whispers. In 1418, Gonzalves was engaged in exploring the coasts of Africa. He was shipwrecked on a little island, which he will now endeavour again to reach.

The seas are calm; the days are bright and long. If the nights are dark, Gonzalves anchors. He is pretty certain of the course. In due time he reaches the small island of Porto Santo, in which, last year, he left two or three of his crew.

What is this strange relation which soon meets the ear of Gonzalves — a relation which is to give new ardour to his sagacious courage, but which has terrors for his superstitious seamen? On the north-east of the isle, there appears, at a long distance, a thick darkness — a motionless

cloud — which hangs over the sea, and reaches to the sky. That region of darkness — is it not the abyss? There, is the boundary of this earth; and beyond, is the entrance to the Shades. Sometimes a distant murmur, as of troubled waters, comes across the sea. It is the rush of the mournful river of Acheron. Some say, that when the Christians fled from the oppression of the Moors and Saracens, they found an island of refuge in this ocean; and that from that time a mysterious cloud covered that island, so that no enemy could come near to harm them. Who shall dare to pierce that cloud, and solve these mysteries?

Gonzalves sits on the beach of Porto Santo, and looks again and again in the direction of that cloud. When the morning sun shines bright in the East, the cloud is there. When the moon climbs the sky, the cloudy distance is still visible. It never changes its place; its form is always the same. Gonzalves will take counsel of Juan de Moralès.

Juan is many years younger than Gonzalves; yet his forehead is wrinkled with cares that scarcely belong to the young. He has passed his boyhood in captivity in Morocco. He has done servile offices up to the period of manhood. He has been chained to the oar, and rowed his taskmasters through many a perilous surf. There is something for they say he is a Castilian, and an enemy to Portugal. He has the Castilian steadiness, with more than Castilian reserve. Misfortune has not abased him: he carries himself as loftily as the proudest of his countrymen; and yet he is of a fairer complexion than those countrymen, and he speaks their language with a singular mixture of other dialects, and even of other tongues. But that may come of his long captivity amongst Christian slaves of all lands. Juan is not popular: but Gonzalves has unbounded confidence in his pilot.

"Juan," says Gonzalves, "we will wait no longer. Hold you still your opinion?"

"My belief is ever the same. That dark mass, so defined and unchanging, is a mountainous land, seen through a constant mist."

"You have the confidence of knowledge, rather than of conjecture. Did you ever hear speak of such a mountainous land? In that quarter, leagues off, must lie the African deserts."

"I have no knowledge — except my dreams be knowledge. I dream of mountains, rising from the sea, covered with trees to the very summits; of ravines, where rivers come dashing down out of the mountain mists, and rush brightly to the ocean; of a narrow beach under the mountains, where the waves break wildly, and yet how beautifully!"

"Oh no! it is a dream — a dream of the poor ship-boy's loneliness."

"We will sail to-morrow, Juan."

"Good."

"Say nothing; but steer us right to the cloud."

The anchors are weighed in the dawn of a summer morning. A brisk breeze soon carries them away from Porto Santo. There is a man of importance on board, Francis Alcaforado, a squire of Dom Henry's chamber. He is keeping a diary of that voyage — a busy inquisitive man."

"Captain, where are you steering?"

"To look for the Isles of the West."

"But you are sailing towards the darkness!"

"I think they lie beyond the darkness."

"You are tempting Heaven. See, we are in the bosom of a mist. There is no sun in the sky. Change your course, Gonzalves."

"Sir, I must obey my commission."

"Look! there is something darker still in the distance."

"I have seen it before — it is land."

Juan is at the helm. He steers boldly through the mist. It *is* land. The sun is behind that mass of mountains. Juan must be cautious; there are rocks in that sea. Gonzalves orders out the boats. There is a loud murmuring of surf upon a shore not very distant. The sun is mounting out of the exhalation. The mist is rolling off. There are trees on the hills. The boats may near the shore. Glory to Saint Lawrence! That eastern cape first seen, and now doubled, shall be the Cape San Lourenço! All are joyful but Juan de Moralès. It is not the land of his dreams. The crew gather round the pilot — and greet him well. But he is silent.

There is a streamlet gushing down to the sea. Gonzalves commands the crew to disembark. A priest goes with them. The water is blessed. The shore is blessed. The commander of the expedition proclaims that the mysterious cloud-land is a veritable possession of the King of Portugal.

And now they coast carefully along in their boats. They peer into the dark ravines, covered with everlasting forests. Again and again they land. Are there any inhabitants? Not a trace of human dwelling, not a foot-print, not a token that man has ever abided here. Birds of bright plumage fly fearlessly about them. They come to a point where four rivers join in their course to the sea. They fill their flasks to carry that sparkling water to the banks of the yellow Tagus. They bring provisions on shore, and sit down in a green valley where gentle waterfalls are sparkling around. They penetrate a wood; the rough gales have torn up some trees. They elevate one tree, and form a cross; they kneel, and the priest gives his benediction. This point

is Santa Cruz. They coast on; a tongue of land stretches far out — a shady covert. Suddenly a flight of jays darkens the air. This shall be Punta dos Gralhos, the point of jays. Further on, another tongue of land is covered with cedars, and this, with the Punta dos Gralhos, forms a wooded bay. It shall be the bay of cedars. Another valley is reached, and here Gonzalves makes an attempt to ascend the high ground: he sees enough to satisfy him that what he has discovered is an island. Again Gonzalves leads the way in his boat, and reaches an open space, where the land is not encumbered with the dense growth of timber that has everywhere else met their view. The sea beach to the foot of the mountains is covered with fennel, the *funcho* of the Portuguese. This beach shall be called *Funchal.*

What has happened to Juan de Moralès? He stirs not—he speaks not. He looks upon the sea — he looks up the ravine. Then he rushes to gaze upon the islets which the rivers of that valley have formed in their perennial courses: he smiles, he weeps; he sees something very like the land of his dreams.

The ships have followed the course of the boats; but at a wide berth from the land. They now come into the bay of Funchal, and anchor in the river; here will the crew next day take in wood and water. They cannot have a pleasanter harbour. They will sleep in security. The sea is smooth; the air is balmy. The watch is set; and Juan, though his duty is ended, is amongst the watchers. The ripple of the river seems a familiar sound. He listens, as if he expected some human voice to mingle with that murmur of waters. The moon rises. The wooded ravine lies before him in deep shadow; but here and there is a breadth of silvery light. Is that the figure of a man moving on the bright greensward? The sea breeze stirs the topmost branches of the cedars, and their shadows. Juan, make up the semblance of humanity.

On the morrow the island is again explored. No sign of cultivation — no trace of man. In the heart of the mountains there are mighty chasms, into which the torrents rush, and form gentle rivers. Cedars and chestnut trees rise into the foggy summits of the highest peaks. Myrtles clothe the precipitous declivities. Deep caverns have been dug into the sides of the rocks by the untiring sea. Hush! there is a noise as of the tread of men. A multitude of seals rush out from that hollow, with a sudden cry, and plunge into the waves. That point shall be Camara dos Lobos, the cave of seals. The navigation becomes more difficult. The surf is more dangerous on that rocky coast. Gonzalves will return to his ships in the bay of Funchal. He is eager to be once more in the Tagus: he has brave tidings for Dom Henry.

One such discovery is enough for a summer. But what shall he call this noble island? He takes counsel of the squire Alcatorado, who has been busy with his tablets incessantly. He will write a narrative of this prosperous voyage, which shall be deposited in the archives of Portugal.* The island shall be called Madeiro — the island of Wood.

It is the summer of 1421, and Gonzalves Zarco is again embarking in the port of Lisbon.

The preparations for this voyage are very different from those of the expedition of 1419. One ship, of considerable tonnage, is now employed. Large stores of provisions are taken into the hold — raisins, and olives, and casks of wine from Xeres and Oporto. There are live animals too in considerable numbers — sheep and goats, and a few mules. Cuttings of the choicest vines, and small plants from the orange groves, are carefully stowed, and duly watered. There are implements of husbandry, and artificers' tools — spades and axes, anvils and hammers. Tents are there for shelter; spears and bows for defence. There are the nets of the fisherman and of the fowler. But, in greater abundance than all, packages of clothing. A colony is to be founded.

Gonzalves comes on board with his two sons. They carefully inspect a little cabin, that is fitted up with unusual luxury. They are satisfied — they go on shore. Presently a litter appears, borne by four of the crew, who tread briskly under their load. Gonzalves walks before them. The litter is set down on the deck, and a delicate girl is lifted out by the sons of Gonzalves, and carried to the decorated cabin. She scarcely speaks — she is ill and exhausted. The ship is under weigh. Juan de Moralès is again at the helm.

The heat of the day is over. The ship has dropped down the Tagus, and passed the bar. The distant vesper bell is sounding into the quiet evening. Anna Zarco is refreshed, and begs to be brought upon deck. A couch is made up at the stern. The sick girl speaks cheerfully to her father, as she watches the stars coming softly out of the blue sky. There is a light in the fort of St. Julian, which grows fainter and fainter as they sail on. Anna has fixed her lustrous eyes on that light. It is the last object that marks her native land. It is gone. It mingles with the stars. She looks in her father's face. A thought comes across him which forces a tear or two. Will Anna ever again see her birth-

* In 1671 was published, at Paris, "Relation Historique de la découverte de l'isle de Madère," which professes to be a translation from a Portuguese book, of which the manuscript then existed. An abstract of this French work, which is the narrative of Francis Alcaforado has been given in a new "Biographie Universelle," 1852. The French work is stated to be a book of the most extreme rarity, and no copy, it appears, is known to exist of the Portuguese original.

place? Will she reach her new home?

The ship's course is now direct to Madeiro. Every evening the feeble girl is brought upon the deck, and lies peacefully there, with her thin hand resting in the large rough palm of her father's. She listens with interest as the commander talks to his pilot. They talk of the beautiful island to which they are sailing, of its pleasant climate, its green woods, its sparkling streams. They will land at Funchal. They will run up their houses on that sheltered beach; their sheep and goats shall pasture in the green valley between the mountains. They will find clear sunny spots on the hill-sides to plant their vines; they will have an orange grove sheltered from the north, and will water their plants by channels from the river, whose streams will never fail. "Quintas" of olive and maize shall flourish in that genial soil. They will have everything for comfort soon around them. Gonzalves has the command of the island — he will be a kind viceroy over few but happy subjects.

We see the shadow of Gonzalves, after he has landed, without storm or pirate to harm him during his passage. He has dwelt with his sons and his daughter for a short while in tents; but a house strong enough to stand against the Atlantic gales is soon built; it has abundance of conveniences; other houses are growing up around them. Friends have come with Gonzalves to settle with him. An ecclesiastic is here to teach and to console. Before the equinox the good ship is to return to Lisbon with a diminished crew, — and a freight of native curiosities for Dom Henry, their patron.

Let us look at the shadow of Juan de Moralès in this interval of his sea-life. He comes on shore daily to assist his captain; he works at the buildings; he cuts timber; he dries the reeds and rushes of the water-courses for a ready thatch. Juan is handy; and seems to have an almost instinctive knowledge of the sweetest pastures for the sheep and the best soil for the corn and olives. But Juan has a gentler task to perform. Anna Zarco is grown strong enough to take exercise. Juan daily leads her mule up into the shady hills, or along the margin of the sea. Sometimes, when there is not a cloud in the sky, and there is a gentle ripple in the bay, Juan strews sweet rushes in his boat, on which Anna placidly lies, breathing the soft air with a sense of delight that is the herald of renovated health. Juan, then, tells her the seamens' stories of storm and wreck; of pirates who lie in wait for the defenceless merchantship — the enemies of all nations; of Moors, who, in their hatred of Christian people, fiercely attack every vessel that comes near their inhospitable coasts, and carry their crews to a life-long slavery. Juan tells her, too, of distant lands, for in his own captivity he has gathered much knowledge

from other captives — of England, especially, and its great King Edward, and his wars in France. Of England Juan delights to talk; and when Anna asks him of his own life, before he was in slavery at Fez, he has a confused story, with something English in his recollections, which makes her think that he is not a Castilian, as the sailors say he is. Gonzalves is happy that his daughter is gaining such health in this daily life, and willingly does he spare his pilot to be her guide and companion; for in a few weeks Juan will return to Lisbon, and then, when the house is finished, and the quinta planted, he will lead her mule himself, and himself will row her, in bright autumn days, under the shade of the mountains. There is a place about three miles off, where Anna's mule is often led by the pilot. He conducts her through a narrow defile, when suddenly they are in a valley — a mere chasm between the loftiest mountains — a solemn place, but one also of rare loveliness — for the basaltic rocks are clothed with evergreens, and the narrow, level plain has a smiling river running through its entire length. Juan delights to bring his tender charge to this secluded spot; but here he is ever more than usually silent.

One day, Anna looks in Juan's face, and sees that he has been weeping. There is one spot in that valley which he often stops at — a spot marked by a pile of stones. On this day Juan suddenly falls on his knees at this spot and prays for a minute. Anna is scarcely surprised, for Juan is a mysterious man — quite unlike other seamen. She questions him.

"Juan, my kind nurse, for you have been as a nurse to me in my feebleness, why did you kneel, and why have you been weeping?"

"Senora! forgive me. I must not tell you. The knowledge that makes me weep is now little more than a vain memory. It has nothing in common with my present fortune. I shall sail again to Lisbon — perhaps never to come back. Do not ask me."

"But, Juan! I look on you as a brother. I am getting well under your care. Will you not confide in your sister?"

"Nay, lady! Yet I must speak. You will keep my secret. I believe that I knelt at my mother's grave!"

"Your mother's grave? How, Juan, could your mother ever come to this island, where never ships touched before my father's ship?"

"It is a wild story, an almost improbable story. But you shall hear it. My earliest memories, I once thought, were of my task-masters in Morocco, of whom I have before told you. I became a slave when I was four or five years old, as near as I may guess. There was a companion in my fate, who was kind to me — an English sailor. He taught me his language: he said he would one day tell me my own history. All that I knew was, that the ship in which he and I were sailing was captured by a

corsair, and carried into Fez. I was in captivity twelve years; but I then escaped, and got to Spain. The infidels had made me a skilful seaman, and I had good knowledge of their coasts. After some time I went to Lisbon. I became your father's pilot. The Englishman and I had been soon separated; but he had told me something about an island in the west; and I gladly went with your father in quest of those western islands. When we came here two years ago, it seemed to me as if every thing were familiar; but yet confused. I was in a dream. In the spring of this year an English vessel came into the Tagus. I talked with some of the crew. I spoke of our discovery of Madeiro, and of the prize it might be to the Crown of Portugal. An old sailor said, that the Portuguese were not the first discoverers. I grew angry; but the Englishman was confident. I will repeat what he said: —

"'The discoverer of that island was Robert Machin, my countryman. Robert Machin, a bold adventurer, won the love of Anne Arfet, the daughter of a Bristol merchant. His suit was rejected by the father; but Robert married her, and carried her off in his ship. They were bound for the Mediterranean, but missed their course. Their vessel foundered in the Atlantic; Machin and his wife were saved. They reached the wooded island, which you Portuguese have named Madeiro. They abode there three or four months in utter solitude, but contented and happy. The wife, then, sickened and died. They had a little boy; but Robert could not endure that loneliness, and he dreaded now, that he might die, and that the boy should perish. He resolved to leave the island as he had come to it. He stowed his boat with chestnuts, and with fish dried in the sun — the food on which he and his wife had always subsisted. It was a calm season, and he made good way. Off the coast of Morocco an English ship picked him up. I was the mate of that ship. Poor fellow! his toil and his grief had been too much for him. He died in a few weeks — his boy was my charge. I was little use to him, for we were soon taken by a rover, and carried into Fez. I wish I could meet with that orphan boy. But that will never be!'"

Anna Zarco blushes and trembles: — "I know the rest. You were that little boy; and this island is your inheritance, and not my father's discovery."

"Keep my secret, Anna. I love your father, and would not rob him of an atom of his honour."

Anna Zarco does not keep the secret from her father, who is a just man, and not unmindful of his daughter's happiness.

Juan de Morales does not return to Lisbon.

In a few years there is a pretty cottage, and a vineyard in the "Corral," where, not far from the tomb of stones, dwell other Machins, John and Anne, whose shadows are pleasant to look on.

A GREAT IDEA.

"SHOULD this meet the eye of any gentlemen or ladies who are stouter or thinner, taller or shorter, stronger or weaker, hungrier or more abstemious than the generality of people, by addressing Podgy Dick, to the care of Mr. Backer, Flute and Fidgets, Liverpool, they may hear of something to their advantage."

I am Podgy Dick. My height is five foot four, and I have a decided tendency to corpulence. Not having prospered in the world up to the present time, — having, in fact, slipped down from a respectable condition owing to circumstances over which, it is needless to say, I had no control, — I am desirous of going into some business which requires no capital, and returns a certain income. With this view I have answered several advertisements in the Times, and been informed in reply that my fortune was to be made by taking lessons in handwriting, or learning how to make wax flowers. I 've my doubts. At any rate I declined to assure myself a fortune by such means, and after much reflection I decided that my safest way to wealth was greatness. England rewards with money her great men. I do not mean such shadowy great men as your lean scholars, your poets, and your naturalists, but real substantial greatness, of the Lambert sort.

Having a tendency, as I have said, to corpulence, it occurred to me to feed myself. I am convinced that a man may, if he has proper perseverance, fatten himself for a show, and being once so fortunate as to become a show, nothing, methought, would remain for me but to establish a pay box at my door, to sit at home and let the capital flow into my pocket of its own accord; some trifle being of course paid to a literary man for handbills. Food is unhappily expensive, and when I had eaten through my credit without much consequent increase of bulk, I saw no other hope for myself than to borrow five shillings for the publication of the advertisement above written in a country paper. Having paid for it once I opened an account, and caused the advertisement to be repeated four or five times. My design was to establish a community of fat men, living skeletons, giants, dwarfs, strong men, hungry men, fasters, cripples, and deformed men; and to establish with them, on participating terms, a Grand Combined Entertainment, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which is now, luckily for my design, to let. The numerous answers to my advertisement proceeded exclusively from hungry men who were desirous of hearing anything to their advantage.

I wish now, again to call the attention of all persons suffering from curious bodily affliction to my plan, to point out its advantages, and to define the sort of people that I want.

I hear it said, that owing to the

increase of civilisation and its humanising influence, the number of the vulgar who are to be depended upon for paying a shilling to stare at an affliction is very much decreased. I do not know. It may be so, but the little fellow humorously called General Tom Thumb, was a great favourite for his smallness, and grew — if growth may be named in reference to the poor atomy — quite proud of his bodily defect. It was not an affliction but a boast to him; and if it gratified the pride of people who have not much consciousness of mind, to compare bodies to their own advantage with a poor monster, why should they not? How can the monster be called poor who is paid for showing himself, whose mind is pampered by admiration, and trained up into a vain engrossment over the contemplation of his own bodily defect. It may be good, as the familiar quotation says,

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels" —

but who shall say that the lady, who lives at this moment behind a curtain and a barrel organ in one of the main thoroughfares of London, is not proud of the admiration excited by her whiskers, and flattered by the pains taken to convince men of her sex.

Besides, what does it matter whether we ought to treat with kindness and consideration men and women who are afflicted with some strangeness in their bodies, to lighten their own consciousness of defect, to remove all greedy stare from them in private life, and with a human readiness lighten for them the burden of their toil wherever it may press severely on an infirm frame, — what does it matter whether we ought to do all this? We do not do it. The fat boy or the small boy is exhibited by his friends, because it is well known that there are plenty who will pay for liberty to stare. Attendance at such exhibitions is not peculiar to the untrained rabble that has only pence to pay, there is a trained rabble ready with shillings and half-crowns. The classes that excel in social courtesy set little example to the rude; they do not discourage by their absence these displays which may or may not be unsocial and uncivilized; that question does not concern Podgy Dick. Whenever I get together my Grand Combined Entertainment, at the Theatre Royal, there will be quite as good attendance in the dress boxes as in the gallery.

I, therefore, invite all men who are uncommonly fat, uncommonly lean, uncommonly tall, uncommonly small, or uncommonly anything at all as to their persons, to come forward and establish an entertainment under my directions. I am prepared to become lessee of her Majesty's Theatre in addition to Drury Lane, and hold both houses, for I will fill them both, if curiously-bodied men and women will only be kind enough to come forward and accept en-

But I must have real wonders: no dwarf under fifty years of age and over two feet high; no stout man under fifty stone; no hungry man who has a smaller appetite than Domerz, the Pole. Perhaps, to make things clear and prevent unnecessary trouble, I had better describe by an example or two, the sort of men I want.

To begin with the person just mentioned, Charles Domerz the Pole. He was a prisoner of war confined at Liverpool in the year 1799, and the account of his appetite was sent to Dr. Gilbert Blane by Dr. J. Johnston, Commissioner, at that time, of sick and wounded seamen. At the age of thirteen, while hungering in a besieged town, Domerz began to feel the pangs of morbid appetite, and he crossed over to the enemy for the sake of food. His craving for food soon became wolfish; cooked meat of any kind his stomach rejected, but raw meat of all kinds he omitted no opportunity of seizing. In one year it was said that he had seized and picked the bones, after no other preparation than a rapid skinning, of one hundred and seventy-four cats, and dogs, and rats, as he could find them, in addition to his rations. He was allowed double rations in the army, and fed beyond that, to him very insufficient allowance, by the contributions of his comrades. When his craving could not otherwise be stilled, he would eat grass, but for all vegetable food he had but little liking. During the action in which he was taken prisoner, a man's leg was amputated or shot off on board his ship; he was found gnawing it, and torn from it like a hyæna from his prey. In the prison hospital the miserable man's craving extended to the taking of doses of medicines for patients who desired to cheat the doctor.

In the prison an experiment was tried upon the power of his appetite. After breakfasting at four in the morning — his stomach would not let him rest at night without a meal — after breakfasting upon four pounds of raw udder, he was supplied with food during the day, under the inspection of Dr. Johnston, Admiral Child and his son, Mr. Forster, agent for prisons, and other gentlemen. He ate ten pounds of raw beef and two pounds of candles, drinking five bottles of porter. The candles — twelve to the pound — were taken with the meat, and used to lubricate his throat when it became dry, the tallow of each being taken in three mouthfuls, and the wick sent after, rolled up as a pill. This man had eaten the prison cat and about twenty rats, that he found in his cell.

Now, it is my opinion, that a man like this, dining in public on the stage of Drury Lane, would draw much better than a mere tragedian, who chews unsubstantial words instead of wholesome beef. Domerz was not particularly stout, though a tall man of six feet three.

For the stout man, who should represent the heavy father of my company, I would have somebody like Daniel Lambert. Lambert's name is known better than his history, and the lives of great men should not be forgotten. He was born at Leicester in 1770. His immediate ancestors in the paternal line had been a huntsman and a cockfighter. His father became a prison-keeper, and retiring from office, was succeeded by the son. Daniel was then a strong young man, given to game sports, who since the age of nineteen, had promised to be heavy. A year after his appointment as a keeper in the prison the great increase in his size commenced, but he remained still active, was a good swimmer, and through the buoyancy of his fat could carry two men on his back across the river. In 1805, by new arrangements of the magistrates, Daniel's occupation in the prison went, and Daniel, though a young man, received a compensating pension of fifty pounds a year for life. He retired upon his other occupations in the breeding of game-cocks, terriers, and such matters as suited his hereditary taste; his bulk, however, had increased so much that he decided in 1806 to remove to London, where he took rooms in Piccadilly, and made a show of his body at the small charge of one shilling from each visitor. His rooms were well filled, many coming more than once to stare; a banker in the city boasted that he had indulged himself in a pound's worth of the edifying spectacle. When it was not the London season, Lambert made provincial tours, or rested at home among game-chickens and dogs, studying his one volume of literature, the Racing Calendar. He kept at one time thirty terriers, and his setters and pointers fetched prices at Tattersall's varying from twelve to forty-one guineas. Nine of his dogs were sold for two hundred and eighteen guineas.

Lambert was a cheerful and temperate man, a strict water-drinker. He was an exhibition only for three years. In 1809 he was found dead in his room one morning at Stamford, at which town he had arrived in apparent health the day before. On his arrival he had sent for the printer, and entrusted to him a handbill announcing his appearance the next day before an enlightened public. He was buried in St. Martin's burial-ground, and his virtues were carefully mustered on a monumental tablet in the following inscription: —

"In remembrance of that prodigy in nature Daniel Lambert, a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured three feet one inch round the leg, nine feet four inches round the body and weighed fifty-two stone eleven pounds (fourteen pounds to the stone). He departed this life on the 21st of June 1809, aged thirty-nine years. As a

testimony of respect this stone was erected by his friends in Leicester."

Daniel Lambert was not a monster in tallness — five feet eleven only; but I will say nothing of giants and dwarfs. Only a well-known friend of Lambert's may be mentioned, Count Borulawski, who, it is said, expressed no grief at his wife's death, because when they had a domestic difference she used to put him on the mantelpiece. I mention this circumstance, because it may suggest a little comic business for my projected entertainment.

For the real low comedy business, however, I should like to find such a man to depend upon as Old Boots, who was a celebrated character at Ripon in the middle of the last century. He died, aged 70, in 1762. He was boots at an inn, and when he brought gentlemen their slippers they were in the habit of paying him with shillings on condition that he held them between his nose and his chin; those features both projected greatly, and their tips very nearly touched one another. A man with such a nose and chin would be the cause of great mirth to the public.

In the beginning of the last century — he was born in 1710 — there was a strong man named Thomas Topham, who attained great popularity. He was bred as a carpenter, but his taste led him to turn publican, and he became host of the Red Lion, near the ring in Moorfields, a situation chosen for the sake of the gymnastic exercises of which the ring in Moorfields was the theatre. Topham failed in his public-house business, but succeeded as a sporting character, attended races, and exhibited his strength in towns. He heaved his horse over a turnpike gate; he stretched his arm out and squeezed a pewter quart pot in his fingers as though it had been made of egg-shell. Being annoyed by the ostler at an inn in Derby, he seized the kitchen spit and wrapped it round his neck after the fashion of a comforter. Still in Derby, he took up a watchman asleep in his box, and put him, box and all, over the wall into Tindall's burying ground. On board a West Indiaman he alarmed a sailor by crumpling a cocoa-nut at his ear, breaking the shell with his fingers as he was in the habit of breaking pewter pots. At a race in the Hackney Road, being annoyed by a man in a cart, he went behind and dragged the cart backwards out of the crowd, in spite of the struggles of the horse to drag it on. Topham limped, for he once laid a wager that if his legs were clasped about a tree, three horses could not drag him from it. The experiment was tried, and the horses being whipped, swerved suddenly aside, so that Tom's leg was broken. But what a fine fellow he was. He was the man to draw. I am quite sure that three such men could draw a house if I could get them into Drury Lane. The

success of the whole combined entertainment would be something altogether monstrous.

I need not say, that if my plan should prosper I shall be happy to offer good terms to the whiskered lady now in London, though I suspect that the manufacturers of hair balms, oils, and greases will outbid me. Instead of bears — if I am clairvoyant — we shall have whiskered ladies kept by hair-dressers in testimony to the value of their grease. Another great idea!

SHAWLS.

In that part of Asia where some of our brave countrymen have penetrated only to die — in that country where Charles Stoddart and his friend Conolly, whose faces will never be forgotten by some of us, and whose voices still sound in our ears, consoled each other through a loathsome imprisonment, and went out together to lose their heads in the market-place of the capital; in that distant and impracticable country of Bokhara, which we are ready to say we will never have any connexion with — there are people always employed in our service. We are not now thinking of the Bokhara clover, which is such a treat to our cows and horses. We owe that and lucerne, and others of
…n crops, to the interior
but we are thinking of
…g more elaborate. In
, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the belly is growing: this fine hair is cut off so carefully that not a fibre is lost; it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn, unequalled for softness; and then it is dyed all manner of bright colours, and woven in strips eight inches wide of shawl patterns such as — with all our pains and cost, with all our Schools of Design and study of nature and art — we are not yet able to rival. These strips are then sewn together so cunningly that no European can discover the joins. The precious merchandise is delivered to traders who receive it on credit. On their return from market they pay the price of the shawls at the Bokhara value, with 30 per cent. interest: or, if they cannot do this in consequence of having been robbed, or of any other misfortune, they stay away and are never seen again in their native land.

Where is this market? So far away from home that the traders wear out their clothes during their journey; and their fair skins become as brown as mulattoes. On, on, on they go, day after day, month after month, on their pacing camels, or beside them, over table-lands, mounting one above another; over grass, among rocks, over sand, through snows; now chilled to the marrow by icy winds; now scorched by sunshine, from which there is no shelter but the flat cotton caps, with which they thatch their bare crowns: on, on, for fifteen thousand miles, to the borders of Russia, to sell the

shawls which are to hang on ladies' shoulders in Hyde Park, and where beauties most do congregate in Paris and Vienna.

The passion for shawls among all women everywhere is remarkable. In one country, the shawl may flow from the head, like a veil; in another, it hangs from the shoulders; in another, it is knotted round the loins as a sash; in yet another, it is swathed round the body as a petticoat. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. From a time remote beyond computation, the sheep of Cashmere have been cherished on their hills, and the goats of Thibet on their plains, and the camels of Tartary on their steppes, to furnish material for the choicest shawls. From time immemorial, the patterns which we know so well have been handed down as a half-sacred tradition through a Hindoo ancestry, which puts even Welsh pedigrees to shame. For thousands of years have the bright dyes, which are the despair of our science and art, been glittering in Indian looms, in those primitive pits under the palm-tree where the whimsical patterns grow, like the wild flower springing from the soil. For thousands of years have Eastern potentates made presents of shawls to distinguished strangers, together with diamonds and pearls.

At this day, when an Eastern prince sends gifts to European sovereigns, there are shawls, to the value of thousands of pounds, together with jewels, perfumes, and wild beasts, and valuable horses; just as was done in the days of the Pharaohs, as the paintings on Egyptian tombs show us at this day. And the subjects of sovereigns have as much liking for shawls as any queen. At the Russian Court, the ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In France, the bridegroom wins favour by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette, and the London dressmaker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin-drinker covers her rags with the remnants of the shawl of better days. The farmer's daughter buys a white cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until, having wrapped all her babies in turn, it is finally dyed black to signalise her widowhood. The maiden-aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the granny would no more think of going without it at any season than without her cap. When son or grandson comes home from travel, far or near, his present is a new shawl, which she puts on with deep consideration; parting with the old one with a sigh. The

Manchester or Birmingham factory girl buys a gay shawl on credit, wears it on Sunday, puts it in pawn on Monday morning, and takes it out again on Saturday night, for another Sunday's wear, and so on, until she has wasted money that would have bought her a good wardrobe. Thus, from China round the world to Oregon, and from the queen down to the pauper, is the shawl the symbol of woman's taste and condition. Whence come all these shawls? For it is clear that the supply which arrives from Asia over bleak continents and wide oceans, can be only for the rich and great. Some of the shawls from Bokhara sell, in the market on the Russian frontier, for two thousand four hundred pounds each. Whence come the hundred thousand shawls that the women of Great Britain purchase every year?

Some of the richest that our ladies wear are from Lyons; and the French taste is so highly esteemed that our principal manufacturers go to Lyons once or twice a year, for specimens and patterns. Some of our greatest ladies of all, even the Queen and certain duchesses and countesses, offer to our chief manufacturers a sight of their treasures from India, their Cashmeres, and other shawls, from a patriotic desire for the improvement of our English patterns. From these, the manufacturers of Norwich and Paisley devise such beautiful things that, [illegible]r the unaccountable and led superiority of the Orientals in the production of this particular article, we should be all satisfaction and admiration. The common cotton shawls, continually lessening in number, worn by women of the working classes, are made at Manchester, and wherever the cotton manufacture is instituted. In order to study the production of British shawls in perfection, one should visit the Norwich or Paisley manufactories.

If any article of dress could be immutable, it would be the shawl; designed for eternity in the unchanging East; copied from patterns which are the heirloom of a caste, and woven by fatalists, to be worn by adorers of the ancient garment, who resent the idea of the smallest change. Yet has the day arrived which exhibits the manufacture of three distinct kinds of shawls in Paisley. There is the genuine woven shawl, with its Asiatic patterns; and there is that which is called a shawl for convenience, but which has nothing Asiatic about it: the tartan — which name is given not only to the checks of divers colours which signify so much to the Scottish eye, but to any kind of mixed or mottled colours and fabric — woven in squares or lengths to cover the shoulders. The third kind is quite modern; the showy, slight and elegant printed shawl, derived from Lyons, and now daily rising in favour. The woven kind is the oldest in Paisley. The tartan kind was introduced from Stirlingshire

— without injury to Stirlingshire — which makes as many as ever, but to the great benefit of Paisley. The printed kind has been made about six years; and it is by far the greatest and most expanding manufacture. The most devoted worshippers of the genuine shawl can hardly wonder at this, considering the love of change that is inherent in ladies who dress well, and the difference of cost. A genuine shawl lasts a quarter of a lifetime. Ordinary purchasers give from one pound to ten pounds for one, and can give more if they desire a very superior shawl: a process which it is not convenient to repeat every two or three years. The handsomest printed shawls, meantime, can be had for two pounds, and they will last two years; by the end of which time, probably, the wearer has a mind for something new. The time required for the production answers pretty accurately to these circumstances. It takes a week to weave a shawl of the genuine sort; in the same time ten or twelve of the tartan or plaid, and twenty or thirty of the printed can be produced.

The processes employed for these three kinds of shawls are wholly different; and we will therefore look at them separately, though we saw them, in fact, under the same roof. As for the tartan shawls, there is no need to enlarge upon them, as their production is much like that of any other kind of variegated cloth. We need mention only one fact in regard to them, which is, however, very noticeable; the recent invention of a machine by which vast time and labour are saved. As we all know, the fringes of cloth shawls are twisted — some threads being twisted together in one direction, and then two of these twists being twisted in the opposite direction. Till a month ago this work was done by girls, in not the pleasantest way, either to themselves or the purchaser, by their wetting their hands from their own mouths, and twisting the threads between their palms. The machine does, in a second of time, the work of fourteen pairs of hands: that is, as two girls attend it, there is a saving of twelve pairs of hands and some portion of time, and the work is done with thorough certainty and perfection: whereas, under the old method, for one girl who could do the work well, there might be several who did it indifferently or ill. The machine, invented by Mr. Hutchison, must be seen to be understood: for there is no giving an idea, by description, of the nicety with which the brass tongues rise to lift up the threads and to twist them; then throw them together, and rub them against the leather-covered shafts; which, instead of human palms, twist them in the opposite direction. In seeing this machine the old amazement recurs at the size, complication, and dignity of an instrument contrived for so simple a purpose. The dignity, however, resides not in the magnitude of the office,

but in the saving of time and human labour.

Of the other two kinds of shawls, which shall we look at first? Let it be the true and venerable woven shawl.

The wool is Australian or German — chiefly Australian. It comes, in the form of yarn, from Bradford, in hanks which are anything but white, so that they have first to be washed. Of the washing, dyeing, and warping we need not speak, as they are much the same to the observer's and therefore to the reader's, eye as the preparation of yarns for carpets in Kendal, and of silk for ribbons in Coventry. While the washing and drying, and the dyeing and drying again are proceeding, the higher labour of preparing the pattern is advancing.

But how much of the lower kind of work can be done during the slow elaboration of the higher! It really requires some patience and fortitude even to witness the mighty task of composing and preparing the pattern of an elaborate shawl. Let the reader study any three square inches of a good shawl border; let the threads be counted, and the colours, and the twists and turnings of the pattern; and then let it be remembered that the general form has to be invented, and the subdivisions, and the details within each form, and the filling up of the spaces between, and the colours — as a whole, and in each particular; and that, before the material can be arranged for the weaving, every separate stitch (so to speak) must be painted down on paper in its right place. Is it not bewildering to think of? Much more bewildering and imposing is it to see. As for the first sketch of the design, that is all very pretty; and, the strain on the faculties not being cognisable by the stranger, is easy enough. There goes the artist-pencil — tracing waving lines and elegant forms, giving no more notion of the operations within than the hands of a clock do of the complication of the works. Formerly, the employers put two or three good foreign patterns into the artists' hands, and said, "Make a new pattern out of these." Now that we have Schools of Design, and more accessible specimens of art, the direction is given without the aids. "Make a new pattern;" and the artist sits down with nothing before him but pencil and paper — unless, indeed, he finds aids for himself in wild flowers, and other such instructors in beauty of form and colour. By degrees, the different parts of the pattern shape themselves out, and combine — the centre groups with the ends, and the ends grow out into the sides with a natural and graceful transition. Then the portions, properly outlined, are delivered to the colourers; who cover the drawing with oiled paper, and begin to paint. It would not do to colour the outlined drawing, because there are no outlines in the woven fabric. It is dazzling only to look upon. Much less

minute is the transferring to the diced paper which is the real working pattern. The separate portions of the finished pattern of a single shawl, when laid on the floor, would cover the carpet of a large drawing-room. The taking down such a pattern upon paper occupies four months.

The weaving is done either by "lashing," or from Jacquard cards. The Jacquard loom answers for the eternal patterns, and the "lashing" method suffices for those which are not likely to be repeated. The man seated at the "piano-machine," playing on a sort of keys, from the coloured pattern stuck up before his eyes, is punching the Jacquard cards, which are then transferred, in their order, to the lacing-machine, where they are strung together by boys into that series which is to operate upon the warp in the weaving, lifting up the right threads for the shuttle to pass under to form the pattern, as in other more familiar manufactures. The "lashing" is read off from the pattern, too, in the same way as with carpet patterns at Kendal; so many threads being taken up and interlaced with twine for a red stitch, and then so many more for a green, and so on. Boys then fasten each symbol of a hue to a netting of whipcord, by that tail of the netting which, by its knots, signifies that particular hue: so that, when the weaving comes to be done, the boy, pulling the symbolic cord, raises the threads of the warp,—green, blue, or other,—which are required for that throw of the shuttle. Thus the work is really all done beforehand, except the mere putting together of the threads; done, moreover, by anybody but the weaver, who is, to say the truth, a mere shuttle-throwing machine. The poor man does not even see and know what he is doing. The wrong side of the shawl is uppermost; and not even such a wrong side as we see, which gives some notion of the pattern on the other. Previous to cutting, the wrong side of a shawl is a loose surface of floating threads of all colours; of the threads, in fact, which are thrown out of the pattern, and destined to be cut away and given to the paper-makers to make coarse grey paper. One pities the weaver, who sits all day long throwing the shuttle, while the boy at the end of his loom pulls the cords which make the pattern, and throw up nothing but refuse to the eye. He has not even the relief of stopping to roll up what he has done; for a little machine is now attached to his loom, which saves the necessity of stopping for any such purpose. It is called "the up-taking motion." By it a few little cog-wheels are set to turn one another, and, finally, the roller, on which the woven fabric is wound as finished.

The bundles of weaving-strings and netting which regulate the pattern, are called "flowers." From the quantity of labour and skill wrought up in their arrangement, they are very valuable. A pile of them, on a small table, were, as we

were assured, worth one thousand pounds. We may regard each as the soul or spirit of the shawl, — not creating its material, but animating it with character, personality, and beauty. We have said that it takes a man a week to weave a shawl: but this means a "long" shawl, and not a "square." The square remain our favourites; but the female world does not seem to be of our mind. It is true the symmetry of the pattern is spoiled when the white centre hangs over one shoulder. It is true, the "longs" are heavy and very warm, from being twice doubled. But they have one advantage which ladies hold to compensate for those difficulties; they can be folded to any size, and therefore to suit any figure, — tall or short, stout or thin. We are assured that, for one square shawl that is sold, there are a hundred "longs."

A capital machine now intervenes, with its labour-saving power; this time, of French invention. Formerly, it took two girls a whole day to cut off the refuse threads from the back of a shawl. But this machine, superintended by a man, does it in a minute and a half. A horizontal blade is traversed by spiral blades fixed on a cylinder, the revolving of which gives to the blades the action of a pair of scissors. The man's office is to put in the shawl, set the machine going, and to beat down the refuse as fast

ut off.

upper surface of the shawl somewhat rough — rough to become soon a rather dirty article of dress, from the dust which it would catch up and retain. It is therefore smoothed by singing. This very offensive process is performed by a man who must have gone through a severe discipline before he could endure his business. He heats his iron (which is like a very large, heavy knife, turned up at the end) red hot, spreads the shawl on a table rather larger than itself, and passes the red-hot iron over the surface, with an even and not very rapid movement. What would that Egyptian dragoman have said, who, being asked to iron out an English clergyman's white ducks, burned off the right leg with the first touch of his box-iron? That box-iron was not red hot, nor anything like it; yet there is no such destruction here. There is only the brown dust fizzing. Pah! that's enough! let us go somewhere else.

In a light, upper room, women and girls are at work, sitting on low stools, each with a shawl stretched tightly over her knees. Some of these are darning, with the utmost nicety, any cracks, thin places, or "faults" in the fabric; darning each in its exact colour. Some are putting silk fringes upon the printed shawls, tacking them in with a needle, measuring each length by eye and touch, and then knotting, or, as it is called, "netting" the lengths by cross-ties. One diminutive girl of nearly ten, is doing this with wonderful quickness, as she sits by her mother's knee. The girls do not come to work before this age; nor the boys

before twelve. In other rooms, women are seated at tables, or leaning over them, twisting the fringes of plaid shawls, or picking out knots and blemishes with pincers, and brushing all clean, and then folding them, with sheets of stiff pasteboard between, ready for the final pressure in the hydraulic press, which makes them fit for the shop.

The fabric for the printed shawls is light and thin, in comparison with the woven. The thinness is various; from the barège to the lightest gossamer that will bear the pressure of the block. The whole importance of the production consists in the printing; for the fabric is simple and common enough. A man can weave ten yards per day of the barège; and the silk gauze, striped or plain, requires no particular remark.

The designing is done with the same pains and care as for the genuine shawl, but the range of subjects is larger. While something of the Oriental character of the shawl patterns must be preserved, much of the beauty of French figured silks and brocades and embroidery may be admitted. Thus the designing and colouring-rooms contain much that pleases the eye, though one does not see there the means and appliances which fill some apartment or another of Birmingham factories the casts from the antique, the volumes of plates, the flower in water, and so on. The preparation of the blocks for printing, and yet more the application of them, reminded us of the paper-staining, which we had certainly never thought of before in connexion with shawls. The wood used is limewood. Some of the blocks are chiselled and picked out, like those of the paper-stainer. The cast-blocks are more curious. A punch is used, the point or needle of which is kept hot by a flame, from which the workman's head is defended by a shield of metal. He burns holes by puncturing with this hot needle along all the outlines of the block he holds in his hands, much as a little child pricks outlines on paper on a horse-hair chair-bottom. There is a groove along the face of each block, to allow the metal to run in. The burned blocks are screwed tight in a press, their joined tops forming a saucer, into which the molten metal (composed of tin, bismuth and lead) is poured. In it goes, and down the grooves, penetrating into all the burnt holes; and, of course, when cool, furnishing a cast of the patterns desired, in the form of upright thorns or spikes on a metallic ground or plate. These plates are filed smooth at the back, and fixed on wood, and you have the blocks ready to print from; one representing one colour, another another, and so on, till the plates for a single shawl of many colours may mount up in value to a very large sum.

Before printing, the fabric has been well washed; the barège being passed, by machinery, over cylinders which apply and squeeze

out a wash of soap, soda and glue. All roughnesses had previously been removed by a "cropping" machine. After drying, it comes to the printing-table, where it is treated much like a paper-hanging. This is all very well; but what is to be done in case of a shower of rain? a not improbable incident in the life of a shawl. A paper hanging would not stand a driving rain. Are ladies imposed upon in this matter, when they are offered a gay-printed shawl as wearable out of doors? By no means. Nobody knows how it is, but the fact is certain, that a good steaming, at a tremendous heat, fixes the colours by some chemical action, without in the least hurting their lustre: so the shawls go into the steaming-box, and come out of it able to bear as many washings as you please, without any change of colour. After drying, in a heat of one hundred and ten degrees, they go upstairs to be surveyed, fringed, folded and pressed.

It seems a pity that the fat, easy, lazy Bokharian, and the slim, lithe, patient Hindoo, should not come to Paisley, and see how shawls are made there. To the one, shaving his camel on the plain, and the other, throwing his antique shuttle under the palm, how strange would be the noise, and the stench, and the speed, and the numbers employed, and the amount of production! To the one, it may be the work of years to furnish to the travelling merchant strips of eight inches wide, enough to make a shawl; and to the other, the production of such an article is an event in life; while here, at Paisley, if the pattern requires months, the weaving of the most genuine and venerable kind occupies only a week. We do not believe that the simple and patient Oriental will be driven out of the market by us, because there is no promise, at present, of our overtaking their excellence. We hope there will be room in the world of fashion for them and us for ever — (the "for ever" of that world). We shall not go back to their methods, and it is not very likely that they should come up to ours; so we shall probably each go on in our own way, which is what everybody likes best.

THE GARDEN OF FLOWERS.

The Coffee Estate on which I resided as manager, was situated in one of the wildest and most beautiful districts of the island of Ceylon, elevated far above the burning lowlands, where fragrant spices and waving palms told of rich soils and balmy winds. The plantation was on a broad table-land, fully three thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level, forty miles removed from the only European town in the interior, and at least ten miles from any other white man's dwelling. Within a short walk of the lower boundary of my property was a small Kandyan village, containing within itself the very pith and marrow of Singalese society — a true type of

the entire community of the island. As I mixed so unreservedly and frequently with the people, and saw so much of their every-day-life, it may be interesting to some to see a faint outline drawn of this place.

Malwattie, which was its name, signifies literally, "a garden of flowers," and such in truth it was, when I first visited it. The reader must not suppose it a place bearing the most remote resemblance to any collection of houses in this country. There is not such a thing as a row of houses or huts to be seen: shops are unknown in that primitive place, and until later years, no such incubus as a tavern-keeper or arrack-renter was known there. Every little hut or cottage was carefully shaded from the view of its neighbour; fairly established on its own account — so much so, as though the inmates had written up in barbarous Cingalese characters, "No connexion with the house next door." I never could learn that there was any superstition among Cingalese hut-builders as to the variation in the aspects of their domiciles, but certain it was that no two dwellings faced precisely the same points of the compass. One would be north-east, and the nearest to it would be north-east and by east: you might fancy you had found another facing a similar point, but on a careful observation you would see that you could not make it any better than north-east and by east-half-east. I tried the experiment for a long time, but was compelled at length to give it up. I had regularly "boxed the compass" round the entire village.

Partly from long established custom, and partly from a desire of shading their dwellings from the heat of the sun, the Kandyans bury their isolated huts beneath a dense mass of the rankest vegetation. At a short distance not a sign of human habitation could be traced were it not for the thickly growing topes of bananas, areka palms, and bread-fruit-trees, which are ever found around and above their quiet abodes.

Malwattie formed no exception to the general rule in this respect; it was as snugly hedged and fenced, and grown over, as was Robinson Crusoe's dwelling after the visits of the savages. Every tiny hut appeared to possess a maze of its own for the express purpose of perplexing all new-comers, especially white men. The entire village did not cover more than a quarter of a square mile, yet it would have puzzled any living thing but a bird to have visited all the cottages in less time than half a day, and very giddy, tiring work it would have been.

Small as was this primitive community, it had its superiors. The leading men were the priest of the little Buddhist Vihara, or shrine; and the Korale or headman. I will not distress the reader by putting the names of these men in print, as they would be perfectly unpronounceable, and, moreover, as lengthy as the approaches to their own dwellings. The entire names

of one Cingalese community would fill a moderately-sized volume. I will therefore only speak of these men as the Priest and the Korale.

The latter was a rather respectable man, as things go in Ceylon; he was negatively irreproachable in character. He had certainly never committed murder or theft on the Queen's highway. Perjury had not been charged against him, and as for the faithful discharge of his few official duties, no one had ever called that in question, though there were some rather curious tales afloat on the subject of the last assessment on rice-lands. At the office of the Government agent of the district he was believed to be as active and honest as nine-tenths of the native headmen, though to be sure, that was not saying very much for him. The villagers looked up to him with the utmost veneration and respect, and no wonder, for on his fiat depended the amount of rice-tax their lands were to pay. He was a venerable-looking old gentleman, with a flowing white beard, a keen quiet eye, and an easy-going habit that might have been called dignity or laziness. It was his duty to render to the Government officers a just account of the industry, if such a term can be applied to anything Cingalese, of his village; to furnish returns of the increase or decrease of the population; to give notice of all crimes and offences committed, and in short, to represent the local government in minor details. For all this, no salary was paid him. He was satisfied with the honour of the office; and yet, strange to tell, this Korale had so far increased his property by gaining nothing, that he was a man of some substance when I left the place, owning some hundreds of cattle, and rich in pasture lands. Education was unknown to him; he could scratch a little Cingalese on the dried leaves used in place of paper, and I believe could count as far as ten. His most complicated accounts were all on a decimal system, and by the aid of numerous symbols known but to himself, and the erudition of the friendly priest, he contrived to transact a multitude of statistical business with the authorities.

The abode of this old patriarch would have furnished a study for a lover of the antique. Everything seemed in keeping with his long white beard. The doors and windows, the couches and three-legged table, all were hoary with years. Even the atmosphere had a musty smell about it, as though it had been keeping him company ever since he was a little boy.

In the midst of thick foliage, as bright and green as the cottage was dark and cankery, it seemed at a distance like a huge wart on the rich vegetation. The coffee, the banana, the cotton, the jambo, the paw-paw, besides an infinity of other useful things, grew in wild profusion. Of what we should call garden he had none, nor did he need any, for the friendly villagers kept his daily wants amply supplied from their

own little scanty patches. At early dawn, the little narrow pathway leading circuitously to his door, might be seen tracked by men, women, and children, laden with fruits, vegetables, and eggs, for the Korale's larder; he might well grow stout and glossy, and contented with his lot. There was such a supply of vegetable diet introduced through his crazy old doorway each morning, as might have fully satisfied the vegetarians of Great Britain, with something to spare for the pigs. But the old gentleman disposed of it all; for he had a little colony of feudal dependents hanging about his heels, living, or rather existing, in low cattle-sheds behind his own barn of a place. These serfs tracked him wherever he went; one held a paper umbrella or a talipot leaf over him, in his walks: another carried his stick of office; one beat off the musquitoes; another fanned him to sleep with a *punkah*. In short they did everything for him, save eat and sleep; and these functions he performed for himself to perfection.

The old Korale was generally pleased with my visits, for they added to his importance in the eyes of the little community. He lived quite alone; his wife had been dead some years, and he had lost his only child by fever. His days were mostly passed in sleeping, smoking, and eating, varied occasionally with a stroll round his rice-fields, or those of his neighbours. It was seldom that he visited Kandy, the ancient capital: as for Colombo, or any part of the sea-coast, the wildest freaks of his imagination would never induce him to contemplate a journey so far from the spot of his birth.

It was a curious sight to behold this ancient being leading such a hedge-hog existence: rolling himself up in indolence after every meal of rice and curry, in his little, darkened, cavern-like verandah; and there, if no guest arrived, falling asleep, until the next meal aroused him from his torpor. I have found him thus, clad in semi-barbaric pomp, reeking with dirt and swelled with importance, in a balloon-shaped Kandyan hat, a flowing robe and loose jacket, with shoulder-of-mutton sleeves fastened by silver bangles; an enormous mass of white muslin, wrapped, fold upon fold, around his waist. A pretty little mountain stream fell trickling and bubbling past the door, over stones and sticks, and flowers and herbs, until it was lost in the rice-fields below, playing and gambolling as though each tiny wave had been some frolicsome wood-nymph. Little could be seen from that shady portal, and not much more heard, beyond the hum of myriad insects and the distant cry of birds of the jungle.

Often have I sat with the Korale chatting on local and other matters, for he was a man of gossip, though of limited ideas. I tried in vain to make him understand the position and importance of other

by hiring out his cattle to the moormen, who convey rice and salt from the sea-coast on pack-bullocks to the interior. Of this prosperity his dwelling gave abundant proof, for he had not only English crockery and cutlery, but a decanter mysteriously covered up with a floor mat, in which it was whispered wine was once seen. Two pictures in frames, in glaring colours, graced the walls; while on a kind of shelf was placed, by way of ornament, a chemist's white ointment jar with a faded gilt label.

Not far removed from the constable in locality and dignity of office, was the village peon and post-holder, as graceless and lazy as any within the central province of the island, and that is saying a good deal. It would have been a difficult thing to have shown that Puncheyralle, the post-holder, did anything to entitle him to the name beyond bestowing an occasional kick on the letter-carriers or runners as they passed through the village; yet the man grumbled at receiving no more than five rix-dollars, or seven shillings and sixpence a month, for the discharge of these onerous duties. Puncheyralle had a rather bustling little wife, who did all the heavy work for him, except the kicking; the pigs, the garden, the fowls, all were in her charge, and while she and the very small children cooked the meals, and kept the house in order, their lord and master lay on his back, or beat the tom-tom or native drum, or perhaps gambled with a neighbour for a few copper challies.

The remainder of the village was made up of families generally poor enough, who derived their sole support from the produce of their patrimonial lands. In several instances the domestic arrangements of these people, with a view of keeping their little property from dwindling away by frequent subdivisions, were singular enough to an English mind. There were two or three households in which several brothers had but one wife amongst them, and, more singular still, they appeared to dwell together most harmoniously.

A picture of one of these groups is a portrait of them all. Poor to abject misery in all but rice and a few fine grains, these people are invariably landholders, some of them on an infinitesimally small scale. At times the family will be large, swelled by the addition of an aged grandfather or grandmother, or some such relation, and with, generally, a numerous progeny of all ages. Beyond the culture of their rice, of primary importance, the space that produces their few additional necessaries, such as chillies, tobacco, and fine grain, is little enough. A few of them possessed one or two buffaloes; most of them had a caricature of a pig and a few scarecrows of fowls; but there was only one milch cow in the entire range of Malwattie.

It was truly astonishing to see how early the young children were put to tasks of strength. The boys

were made to look after the buffaloes and the rice-fields, while the girls were set to weave mats, pound the rice from the husk, fetch water, and such work. Often have I seen a little delicate child, six or seven years of age, staggering up a tolerably steep path, with an infant placed astride across its little hip, and a huge earthen chattie of water on its head. Such early toil as this, equally early marriage, and generally poor and scanty diet, lead to one inevitable result — premature old age, and hastened death.

There was but one exception to the sameness of the population of Malwattie; it consisted of a small household, not far from the foot of the hill near the Vihara, and closely adjoining the bullock-track or bridle-path leading past my estate from the high-road. Here, beneath a pretty tope of neverfading trees, where blossom, and fruit, and sweetest perfumes played their part all through the year, dwelt a blind old man and his pretty grand-daughter. Of their history I had gleaned but little, just sufficient to make me feel an interest in their welfare. The tiny hut they dwelt in was not more diminutive than neat: so clean, and white, and fresh within; without, all was beauty and order. Had a whole legion of mountain sylphs and wood nymphs been busily employed about the place all night long and every night, it could not have been kept in more perfect and picturesque neatness. The little fence around the cottage was so nicely trimmed; the garden in front so well swept and watered; the orange and lemon trees so carefully tended, and always so delighted to bear plenty of fruit for dear little Dochie to gather, that they didn't bend and droop with the heavy clusters of golden wealth as some trees would have done, but actually danced and leaped about in the morning and evening breezes, as though their burden were no burden, but a capital joke.

Pretty little Dochie, gentle little Dochie, was not more than ten years of age when I first made her acquaintance, one hot morning in the dry season. I caught her gathering some oleander blossoms and roses, and country jessamine, and thought I had never seen anything half so lovely, barring her colour. I reined in my pony and asked her for a draught of water; instead of looking alarmed, as most of her class do when thus accosted, she smiled good-naturedly, and tripped into the little cottage. I was off my nag and in the pretty flower-garden when she came out with a cocoa-nut shell of — not water but, bless the dear child — foaming rich white goats' milk. I am not quite sure, but I rather think I must have kissed her as I returned her the homely flagon; at any rate, we became the best of friends, and it ended in Dochie taking me to see her old blind grandfather, who was busily working at a net of same sort, and then to inspect one of the

neatest little farm-yards I had ever seen out of old England. The whole place was a perfect miracle of industry and neatness, and I could not help asking how she managed to keep it so. It appeared that their neighbours assisted, at certain seasons, in working the garden and bringing it into good order, and that the old man helped her to carry the water from the little bamboo spout, which the villagers had fixed for them to convey a supply from the hill stream at some distance, to the extremity of their property.

They appeared to be in want of nothing that could make them comfortable; as to money, they had little enough, their sole earnings being from the sale of her goats' milk, flowers, and fruit, to wayside travellers. She assured me, that when the pilgrims passed on their way to the sacred foot-print on Adam's Peak, she sold as many flowers and as much fruit as the garden could produce, and enabled them to be quite extravagant in white cloths and handkerchiefs.

From that time forward, I never passed through Malwattie without a draught of fresh milk, and a little bouquet gathered by Dochie's own tiny hand. At length, it came to my dismounting regularly, and, in course of time, amongst other things we talked of, were books and knowledge. Her dark, bright eyes sparkled as I told her what wonders she might learn if she could but read English books. This strange art was now her sole thought, and one day she found courage to ask me how she could learn it. I hesitated, for I did not quite see how to help her; but when I offered to send her a book with the English alphabet, and moreover to teach her to read the letters, her joy was unbounded. In a few months my pupil had not only mastered the alphabet, but could spell small words, and knew several short sentences. Not content with this, I talked to her of religion, and explained the nature and history of Christianity, as well as my ability allowed me. I was not quite so successful here, but I was content to pave the way for future labourers, and rejoiced to find her always anxious for truth.

It was, I think, quite a year after my first acquaintance with Dochie, that one morning I alighted as usual, and was surprised to find my pupil absent, and in her place a young Cingalese man, evidently of the low country. My surprise was equalled by his own. In a minute after, Dochie came bounding in with eggs and milk, and some little light cakes just prepared for the stranger, who, I then perceived, had his arm bandaged, and altogether looked fatigued and ill. I did not remain long that day; and learned, on retiring to mount my pony, that the stranger had sought refuge there very early that morning, having in vain begged through the village for a resting-place; he had been robbed and beaten during the previous

night on some lonely track, and Dochie hesitated not one moment in welcoming him within their little dwelling; and, in her own singleness and purity of heart, acting the good Samaritan. I could but admire her kindness; and yet, mixed with admiration, was a feeling akin to jealousy. I wished that it had been my fate to have been robbed and beaten, if only for the pleasure of being tended by the gentle Dochie.

Again months rolled on, and the low-country stranger, and the robbers, were all forgotten. Changes had been, meanwhile, creeping over the face of the hitherto changeless Malwattie, and those not for the better. The worst of all innovations was the establishment of an arrack tavern in the very heart of the village. The Government, in its anxiety to add to its revenue, and increase its means of developing the resources of the country (I think that was what they termed it), had granted permission to the renter of the arrack licenses for the Kandyan country to establish a few score additional taverns, one of which novelties was located in Malwattie; and soon, where before had been quiet contentment, was nothing but brawling riot. It is true the executive presented an antidote with the poison, by establishing a free school opposite the noisy tavern; but education stood small chance in competition with arrack, and for every new pupil at the desk, there was a brace of fresh drunkards. This led to an increase in the duties of the police, and soon after to a salary to the head-constable; crime was on the increase; lawsuits were instituted; families at peace for several generations became deadly enemies; and, ere a year had elapsed since the introduction of the tavern, the whole social fabric of Malwattie was rent and disrupted into ugly masses.

I continued to visit my friends, the Korale and the priest, both of whom, especially the latter, spoke bitterly of the arrack nuisance, and looked upon the establishment of the school as a direct attack upon Buddhism. I saw plainly, however, that there was another and deeper feeling, antagonistic to the educational scheme, in the bosoms of these leading men of the place. They felt that by diffusing enlightenment amongst the poorest of the villagers, the British Government would in time raise the masses of the people above the level of the head men, in which case their influence would at once disappear. Their unflinching opposition was but little needed, for the native peasants could not be made to appreciate that knowledge which their immediate superiors did not possess. Too prone to take as their models those above them, the villagers were content to remain as they knew their fathers had been, and as they saw their Korales and Dessaves were. Unfortunately those in charge of Government schools have yet to

learn that they have been toiling with the broad end of the educational wedge foremost; that in Eastern countries enlightenment can only flow downwards, never upwards: that to elevate the Indian serfs, you must first improve the intellectual capacities of those whom they ever have, and ever will regard as their patterns.

My progress with the flower-girl's schooling was satisfactory, and I had, besides, the pleasure of finding her inclined to cast aside the superstitions of Buddha. In these tasks I was at this time aided by the teacher of the Government school, a Portuguese burgher, who seconded my efforts most zealously. The months flew rapidly past, and twice a week found me and Dochie seated beneath the shady foliage of a young orange-tree deep in our duties.

It was quite the end of the hot season, that I was compelled to leave my plantation and journey across the country to the opposite coast of the Indian peninsula, in search of Malabar labourers to secure the coming crop. I was absent nearly four months, and found myself, one cool pleasant day in September, riding homewards across the broad open prairie-lands adjoining Malwattie. The rich foliage of the jungle and the gardens shone as brightly as ever in the afternoon sun. The hill-streams rippled as pleasantly down their stony courses. Yet the village was no longer the spot I once knew it; brawling and angry words were easily met with; its old patriarchal peace and simplicity had departed from it. I rode on musingly, and at length pulled up in front of Dochie's little garden; I started in my saddle at observing that it also was changed, and so sadly changed. The friendly orange-tree, with its yellow fruit and its pleasant shade, was not there. The oleanders were drooping to the ground; some of the fence was torn down, and a vile black bullock, that I could have massacred on the spot, was cruelly browsing over the flower-beds. The door was closed; the shutters were fastened. I imagined all sorts of calamities to have happened, everything, in short, but what was actually the case. I made one brief inspection of the now neglected place; then mounted my pony, and rode homewards, fearing lest some villager should break to me the tale of sorrow.

It was nearly evening when I rode up the winding path leading to my bungalow, oppressed with a feeling of I know not what. The old building stood, as it ever had done, quietly and humbly in the midst of the coffee-fields, but I saw at once there were some changes. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I saw, in the centre of the little grass-plot, facing my front verandah, some small flowering shrubs, and an orange tree, so like the one I had missed from Dochie's garden, that I began

to fancy I was still down in the village, and that the little flower-girl was peeping at me from behind some of the coffee-bushes.

As I stood looking at the orange-tree, my servant placed in my hand a letter, traced in true native style on a dry leaf in Cingalese characters. It was from my pupil herself, and told me in a few simple sentences all that had occurred. I breathed more freely to find her alive. She was married, she said, to a young and rich Cingalese trader, a Christian and inhabitant of Colombo. She hoped shortly to be admitted a member of our church, and thanked me deeply for what I had done for her. The old blind man, her grandfather, was with them, and they were all happy. They trusted I should always be so. In my garden, she said, she had caused to be planted the orange-tree I had so often admired and sat under, with a few flowers from her garden. She prayed that, for many years to come, the tree would yield me plentiful crops of cool, refreshing fruit.

The reader will perhaps smile when I say that, after reading this note, I shed many tears, tears of real sorrow and pain. Heaven knows I wished the poor girl well and happy; but though I never could have looked on her other than as a gentle, innocent acquaintance, loveable for her simple purity, I felt her departure keenly. To the many dwellers in the thronged cities of the west, the loss of such a companion of my wild, lonely, jungle-life, may appear trivial enough; yet to me it was an event.

My servant told me what the little note had omitted. Dochie had been wooed and won with true Cingalese brevity, by the same young low-countryman who had been so kindly sheltered and tended by her, when robbed and beaten, as I have before told. He had been successful in trade, and had now a large store in Colombo.

It was long before I ventured again near Malwattie. To me it was no more a "garden of flowers," and least of all did I care to pass by the green fence and gate, where Dochie's pretty, smiling face had so often welcomed me. At last I persuaded the old Korale to set some of the villagers to work, and open a new path for me nearer his own bungalow, by which means I ever after avoided a spot, the sight of which served but to fill me with vain regrets. The place and the people were so changed that I soon became a stranger in the land.

THE PATH OF FAITH.

PERCHANCE thou deemest it is hard
To have no foresight of thy life,
Unwarned, thy doubtful feet to guard
From wandering in the paths of strife;
But though thou hast no prescient sense
Thou hast a watching Providence.

With trustful labour weave the web
Of high emprise and noble deed;
Heedless if life should flow or ebb,
Let bravely doing be thy creed;
That Faith will make thee happier far
Than if thou read'st each glistening star.

Should stormy fortune lurk behind
Thy curtain'd Fate, and darkly loom —
Thank God thou canst not feel the wind,
Nor hear the distant thunder boom;
The tempest, with soft breezes blent,
May, ere it reaches thee, be spent.

Should brilliant sunshine bursting there
Upon thee, sudden and sublime,
Instant reflection of its glare
Might haply blind thee for the time,
By pouring on thy dazzled sight
Rays of intolerable light;

But Faith will nerve thee for the fight
Against misfortune's darkening power;
And flood thy road with tempered light,
Until thou reach, in Heaven, that hour
When Prescience shall be thine at will —
Prescience of good unmixed with ill.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

"RACINE" writes lively Madame de Sevigné to Madame de Grignan — as lively, perchance, though less known — "*passera comme le café.*" It is somewhat difficult to find a satisfactory equivalent for this verb *passer*, albeit its literal translation into English is easy. Things in England go in and out of fashion; dogs have their day, and actors strut and fret their hour here; but it is the especial privilege of things French — costumes, governments, literary and artistic celebrities — to *pass*, to pass clean away, out of sight, out of mind; to sink down below the very lowest Nathaniel, to stick in the mud at the bottom of Lethe till they are devoured by fishes of forgetfulness. So phesied the sparkling [illegible] of the *Grand Siècle* asly, with all her spa[illegible] r wit, the lively Madame de Sevigné has been, and is in greater danger of passing than either coffee or Racine. The Cid, the Andromaque, of the meek and tender dramatist yet keep high state on the time-honoured boards of the Comédie Française; and although there is a little too much powder and whalebone, and Louis Quatorze pomp and vanity about them, it will be long, I hope, ere we cease to weep at and to applaud the genius of Racine. As for coffee, the revenue returns, the bills, advertisements, and pictorial vans of that enterprising tradesman, who has somehow mixed up St. Paul's Cathedral with the coffee question, and the extraordinary number of establishments to which I am indebted for the title of this paper, show that coffee, at any rate, is in no danger of passing away. It is strong, lusty, and well to do just now, a little put upon and maligned by chicory and roasted corn, but still thriving and full of promise.

It is puzzling to know how people could have managed in the days when there was neither tea nor coffee. How could they breakfast? How could clerks and workmen come home to their tea, when there was no tea for them to come to? What did the old maids and the dowagers talk scandal over? But, as the discussion of this question would lead us into all sorts of by-roads [illegible] speculation respecting what [illegible]ple eat when there were no [illegible]potatoes, what they smoked before the discovery of Virginia, how

gentlemen could have existed fifty years ago without soda-water, express trains, and Bell's Life in London, and ladies without eau de cologne, Berlin wool, or crenoline, I must be content to assume that mankind, not yet acquainted with the blessings of coffee or coffee-shops, were contented to do what the inhabitants of the Isle of Man are proverbially rted to do now, not as they d, but as they could.

oes any one know for a cer- ....ty who first discovered coffee, or first found out the means of converting it into the beverage we drink? The question has always been a vexed one; and whole libraries of abusive erudition have been written on it. Cæsar, with all the *summâ diligentiâ* with which he entered Gaul, did not bring coffee with him; nor did it come over to England with the Conqueror, with whom so many nice little agents of civilisation, including primogeniture, mortmain, the game-laws, and law French came over. The origin of coffee as a beverage is enveloped in a fog of amazing thickness. Some ages have declared that the *...penthes*, of which Homer speaks the Iliad and which Helen ...ed to Telemachus, was coffee. Nor quite so unreasonable is the supposition that the *kali*, mentioned in Scripture, of which Abigail offered five measures to the warriors who accompanied King David, was identical with the *kawa*, *kapu*, or *cavé*, afterwards known to the Orientals and familiar to us as coffee. The rabbis, however, declare the kali o have been burnt barley, which ssertion would seem at first to be fatal to the pretensions of coffee; but, considering how much of the coffee of the present day is burnt beans, the rabbis may not have been so far wrong after all. According to the Mahometan traditions, coffee was revealed to Mahomet by the angel Gabriel: but, if we are to believe Ahmet Effendi, whose antecedents do not give me any reason to think him so prodigious a liar as Mahomet, it was not till the thirteenth century, and by a dervish of the order of Schazilys, (whatever that may be,) that the coffee-tree was discovered or its properties made known. Brillat Savarin attributes the discovery of the coffee-berry to an Arabian farmer, in the seventh century, who remarked that his cattle were always more lively and excited after they had been browsing on a certain shrub; and his solution of the question has been the generally received one in our modern cyclopædias, treasuries of information, and "guides to knowledge." With all due respect, however, for the undoubted authority of the author of the Physiologie du Goût, I cannot accord to his coffee theory any greater degree of credence than to Charles Lamb's account of the Origin of Roast Pig. Be it as it may, coffee must have been discovered, and the decoction therefrom invented, at some time and by some one. It is not

impossible that the Chinese will one day claim the honour of the discovery, together with that of gunpowder and the printing press: meanwhile, we will continue to drink coffee and be thankful.

Of the history of coffee and coffee-shops I am enabled to speak with somewhat more certainty. The Mufti Djemel-Eddin, surnamed Dhabani, brought it from Persia to Aden in the straits of Babelmandel, and not far from Mocha. He performed that curious chronological operation known as "flourishing" towards the latter part of the fifteenth century; and in 1517 coffee had found its way from Arabia to Egypt, and from thence, after the conquest of that country by Sultan Selim, to Constantinople. At the end of the sixteenth century one Doctor Rauwolf, a German botanist, mentioned coffee as a plant he had met with in his travels in Asia; and in 1592, Prosper Alpini, a Venetian physician, in a treatise "De plantis Egypti," gives a description of the coffee-tree, known in Egypt under the names of *boum*, *boun*, or *ban*.

Coffee entered Europe by Italy (probably by Venice) in 1645, and in 1652 the first coffee-house was established in London by a Greek, and in the neighbourhood of Cornhill. Mr. Peter Cunningham would doubtless be able to tell [illegible]ful minuteness the [illegible] and histories of the [illegible]e-house keepers; but, [illegible]y limited as I am as regards space, I can but briefly glance at these fathers of the trade. It was long ere the beverage they sold was brought within the means of the humble or even of the middle classes of the population. Coffee was for very many years essentially a luxury, just as tea is now in France. This latter beverage, so common with us as to be almost a necessary of life, is yet looked upon as something curiously and wonderfully fashioned by our neighbours *d'outremanche*. They serve tea with great solemnity, and disguise it with rum and cognac, after the manner of luxurious washerwomen; and to show how little tea, as received by us, is understood by the masses abroad, I need but refer to the famous history of the tea-party given by Madame Gibou to Madame Pochet, where tea was made in a saucepan, was seasoned with salt, vinegar, and spice, and finally, with a *petit bout de chandelle* or candle end!

I don't think that the sour Puritans who ruled the roast in England when coffee-houses were first established, could have been great admirers or partakers of the fragrant berry. I do not find it on record that either Praise God Barebones or Nahum Poundtext eschewed the black-jack and brown ale, or, at need, a sly flask of strong waters. I fancy that the buff-coated Puritans and Independents must have found coffee at best but a weak and unsatisfactory beverage. Among the commonalty, moreover, there was an inveterate

prejudice in favour of "jolly good ale and old" for breakfast; and I do not wonder that coffee was slow in progressing in popular favour. It was of foreign origin, certainly, and had consequently some undeniable claims to the patronage of English gentility, but it was not French (coffee was not introduced in Paris till 1669), which was a fatal draw-back, and caused it to be branded as "outlandish." Some stout old true blue Protestants held it to be papistical.

So coffee-shops vegetated modestly in out-of-the-way city alleys, till in 1660 King Charles the Second, that most worthless of good fellows, came back from his travels with a swarm of good fellows as worthless as himself behind him, to enjoy his own (and a little of other people's) again. Coffee became fashionable. Charles had become acquainted with its merits in Holland, for the Dutch were already great coffee-drinkers; the courtiers were glad to do as the king did, and the middle classes too happy to imitate their dear patrons and debtors, the courtiers. Coffee-houses multiplied. In the old City alleys and narrow lanes, and notably in the purlieus of the Exchange; round about Whitehall, Charing Cross, and Covent Garden, scores of coffee-houses arose. Merchants began to discuss their affairs, ship captains to settle freight and passage, literary men to abuse each other, and spangled cavaliers to criticise the ancles of *la belle Stuart* and the last lampoon of my Lord Rochester, over coffee. But it was yet an exotic, a luxury, foreign, fashionable, and slightly outlandish. Taverns began to call themselves coffee-houses for the look of the thing; but the customers consumed far more beer, wine, and strong waters, than coffee. Such merry bloods as Sir Charles Sedley, as the accomplished Chevalier de Grammont, as the exemplary Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, required rather stronger stimulants than pure Mocha or full-flavoured Ceylon, after a night spent at basset or tric-trac; and, though there were coffee-houses in Alsatia, the gentlemen adventurers who resorted to them were greater patrons of Geneva and *aqua vitæ*, than of the infusion of which I am writing. With coffee alone they would have been ill fortified to sally forth to remove goods, or slit obnoxious gentlemen's noses in town or country, to beat the City watch, or batoon impertinent poets. Little coffee, though within a coffee-shop's walls, could Doctor Oates, or Captain Dangerfield, or Master Bedloe, have imbibed, when they sat down to concoct those gigantic lies which have come down to posterity in the pages of history, and on the stones of the Monument. Stronger stuff than coffee must those bold Jesuits have swallowed; who, in darkling coffee-houses met, or are said to have met, to settle how Charles Stuart should be despatched with

a silver bullet, and how "James" (the Duke of York) "must go to pot, too." When "Citt and Bumpkin" met — as I find circumstantially recounted in a pamphlet of the period, in a coffee-house — it was over a "pott of ale," and not over coffee, that they had that notable discourse "on matters of religion and government," in which the king was clearly shown by "Citt" to be the prime mover in the plot against his own life, and Sir Edmondbury Godfrey was declared by "Bumpkin" to have murdered himself for the greater glory of the Protestant establishment. And, king of coffee-house frequenters as was glorious John Dryden, pillar as he was of City and of West End coffee-rooms, some little stronger tipple he took, I trow, than coffee, when putting all those brave though slightly bombastic words into the mouths of his heroes and heroines, when panegyrising Milton, or demolishing Elkanah Settle. Natheless, did coffee and coffee-shops flourish in King Charles's wicked days. In fair little cups of tender, golden-edged biscuit porcelain, it disputed with its obese, oleaginous rival chocolate the privilege of moistening the ruby lips of all the naughty beautiful dames who yet smile from Lely's canvasses in the bed-chamber in Hampton Court. I warrant that the Duchess of Cleveland was sipping coffee, when she rated Clarendon; aye, and that she broke her coffee-cup, too, when to all her abuse, the grim Chancellor answered but these words, "Woman, you will one day become old." Pepys, I am of opinion, was no great coffee-drinker. He drank wine, and thought wine. "Jolly good ale," too, (in moderation) was more in stout Andrew Marvell's way, than coffee; but Evelyn — who cannot fancy that pearl of English gentlemen quietly, complacently sipping his coffee, and inhaling its fragrant aroma amid the green leaves and old armour of Says Court, amid good books and placid thoughts, and the proof-sheets of the "Sylva Sylvarum?" And who of those whose privilege it is to live in the memories of the past, and, like the Russian peasant, look upon their every-day existence, where they are hungry and thirsty, and naked, and oppressed, but as an evil dream; who of these cannot fancy the coffee-cup soothing the momentary gloominess and acerbity of the blind old man who had Homer's majesty and Virgil's elegance; who cannot place a modest brew of coffee in an antique silver flagon beside the rules and compasses and tracing-papers of Christopher Wren; or, in a humbler vessel, beside the flowers and foliage before which Grinling Gibbons is studying new combinations for his marvellous carvings?

Some writers have ascribed the introduction of coffee into France to Madame, the ill-fated daughter of Henrietta Maria, and wife of the Duke of Orleans. She is stated

to have made the decoction fashionable on her return from a visit paid to her brother Charles in England. Poor young Princess! She had better have drunk coffee, than that fatal glass of chicory water, from the effects of which she died two days afterwards. The first public mention I find made of coffee in France is in the Gazette of 1669, in which, under the date of November sixteenth, I read that the Marquis de Lyonne, Minister of Foreign Affairs, having given an entertainment to Soliman Aga at Suresne, partook of *cavé*. The price of coffee was then forty *écus*, or nearly two pounds ten sterling, the pound. It burst into vogue immediately, as things foreign and inordinately expensive do in most countries; but in France extravagance and profusion have handmaids called Art, and Taste, and Elegance; and, close on the heels of coffee followed palaces for its consumption, called *cafés*, and coffee services from the porcelain manufactories at Sèvres.

Up to this time, *café à l'eau* — plain coffee infused in boiling water — was the only preparation of the berry known. I have listened in vain for the sound of that trumpet which should declare the fame of the sage who devised lump sugar or sugar-candy for coffee. The discoverer of *café au lait* — of milk-diluted coffee — was M. de Nieukhof, Dutch Ambassador in China. Envious men denied him, however, the entire merit of the lacteal invention, and insinuated that he was but a translator, and that milk-coffee must have been previously known to the Celestials at Canton, or to the Portuguese at Macao. Honour, however, to M. de Nieukhof. The Dutch had ever been ardent admirers and zealous cultivators of coffee. In 1710 they transferred it from Mocha to Java, where coffee plantations multiplied exceedingly and with great success. They had previously essayed coffee planting at Amsterdam, where I need scarcely say the experiment was an egregious failure.

The astuteness and fastidiousness of subsequent generations added cognac and other liqueurs as zests to coffee; and some slight little public memorial — such as a statue, a fountain, or a pump — is certainly due to that philosopher who discovered the compound of burnt coffee and alcohol, known as "gloria." It has been reserved for this age, however, in an almost depravity of improvement to give us cakes, and even ices flavoured with coffee. What will people do with it next? Will they make prayer-books and pocket-handkerchiefs of it as they have done of gutta percha; or Napier's bones and portable a b c's as they do now, in Paris, of chocolate?

Hie we back to England. In the days of William the Dutchman, of the good Queen Anne, of George the lover of bad oysters and worse characters, coffee and coffee-houses reached their apogee, to undergo, however,

in the two subsequent reigns, a temporary decadence. From 1690 to 1730, the age was essentially a coffee drinking and coffee-house frequenting one. We cannot open the pleasant pages of Swift's Journal to Stella; we cannot skim through the brilliantly bitter lines of Pope; or peep cursorily (*very* cursorily) at the lucubrations of Mr. Ned Ward; or plod through the London Gazette or Daily Courant; or even yawn through the columns of eccentric morality of wrongheaded old Jeremy Collier, without finding scores of references to coffee and coffee-houses. Vanbrugh, Congreve, Farquhar, and Mrs. Centlivre, abound with allusions to coffee-house life. In the scenes of that great human comedy of which William Hogarth was the worthy exponent, the coffee-pot and coffee-cup hold no insignificant place. Nought but coffee could fill that delicate little vase which the inimitable black boy hands to the fine lady in the second scene of the Marriage à la mode; and nought but coffee titillates the delicate nerves of that as inimitable beau, with his hair in papers, who, in the same picture, holds his cup with an air of mincing, finicking affectation infinitely truthful. There is coffee on the alderman's table as well as ale; coffee, as well as the hot kettle, and another black boy, in the second tableau of the Harlot's Progress; and, believe me, it was for the purpose of diluting his coffee, and not his tea, that the distressed poet contracted that enormous score for milk for which he is so ruthlessly dunned by the Welshwoman in his poor garret, where his pretty wife sits patiently mending her husband's clothes. How I love that picture of the Distressed Poet, and how my heart warms towards the honest Englishman who painted it. There is a whole life-history of patient love and truth and untiring constancy; of the smile always ready to meet the frown of disappointment and vexation; of the hand always stretched out to smooth the care-wrinkled brow; of sure, cheerful, household virtues in that one figure of the plain young woman darning the poet's netherlings. I am sure Fielding had the picture in his eye when he wrote Amelia; I am equally certain Mr. Elmore had a kindly remembrance of it when he painted the Invention of the Stocking-loom.

The coffee-houses of the Annian and Georgian eras are household works with us. Will's and Button's, and Betty's and Don Salteros and Tom Kings are familiar spirits, calling up recollections as familiar. They call up John Dryden—enthroned in the memorable arm-chair from which no man dared to dream of ousting him—talking criticism *ex cathedrâ*, and electrifying young gentlemen from the country. They call up old, garrulous, coarse Tom Durfey, wondering whether he is fifty years in advance of the world, or the world fifty years in advance of him. They call up Mr. Dennis

hanging up a birch-rod by the side of the fire-place, with which he threatens to whip Mr. Pope; Steele writing charming billets to his wife between his coffee and his wine; Addison, silent and bashful at first, like his own Spectator; but, warming when he has had, alas! a little more wine than is good for him, becoming voluble with discourse good for others. What though a little more wine may have been consumed in those old time coffee-houses than the legitimate infusion of Mocha, they were true coffee-houses, and we shall never see their like again.

From the commencement of the reign of George the Second till very nearly the termination of that of George the Third, coffee-houses were coffee-houses only in name. The roystering dens where Richard Savage swindled waiters, and opened subscriptions for his own relief, and pinked his friends: where, with inked ruffles, and flushed face, and disordered wig, Harry Fielding sat down to pen articles for the Covent Garden Journal — were taverns, unadulterated taverns. Lieutenant Lismahago may have occasionally dropped in to take a "bowl" of coffee; Ferdinand Count Fathom might rarely have cooled his fevered blood with a cup of the aromatic article; Squire Western may, from time to time, have left his snuff-box in a coffee-house, and sent his chaplain to fetch it, as it is on history that he did at the Hercules' Pillars; but strong liquor was the staple commodity vended. They were as much coffee-houses — those so called *cafés* of a hundred or eighty years ago — as the coffee-rooms of our present public-houses are really rooms for the consumption of coffee.

Although not banished, but fallen into desuetude in houses of public entertainment in England, coffee found refuge and comfort in France. The *cafés* of the Palais Royal had, before the fall of the French monarchy, achieved an European reputation. It was to the Café de Cantal that Piron and Crebillon the younger resorted, to crack questionable jokes and to concoct libellous epigrams. In a corner of the Café Procope, met that hardy band of encyclopedists (who knew almost everything and believed in nothing) to sneer away religion, and to crush belief—with conundrums.

Were I to discuss, to describe, or even cursorily to touch on the social characteristics of any one of the numerous classes of Continental coffee-houses, I should require a book, rather than half-a-dozen columns. The subject is one so cosmopolitan, so intimately bound up with the progress of civilisation; that, while ostensibly penning a paper on coffee-shops, I should be in reality writing a history of the manners, customs and social peculiarities of the peoples who were coffee-drinkers. So, seductive as are the temptations of Continental coffee-shops, I will not venture to touch upon them now. I will reserve for a

more convenient opportunity the brilliant Parisian *cafés*, and the consideration of the influence they have had upon the progress of the decorative arts in France; I will reserve the coffee-houses of Germany where pipes and dominoes are the rule, and clean coffee-cups and clean waiters the exception; the *cafés* of Venice and Milan; the *cafés* and *cafejis* of Stamboul and Smyrna; the coffee-houses where there are concerts; where there are dramatic performances; where there are orchestras recruited by blind men; where there are dances and orgies, and feasts of cucumbers and hard eggs, as on the Port at Antwerp; where circulate massive white tureens of coffee considerably modified, or aggravated by schnaps, as at the great pilots coffee-house, the "Kœning Leopold" at Ostend.

Of the present state and position of coffee-shops in one country, I feel myself called upon, however, briefly to treat. The coffee-houses of London have, within the last thirty years, done, to my mind, so much good; have worked such important results, and offer so many curious questions for solution both social and commercial, that I should be unjust were I to pass them over. I mean the genuine, orthodox, London coffee-houses — coffee-shops, if you will; where coffee is dispensed to the million at varying rates of one penny, three-halfpence, and twopence per cup; where eggs, bread and butter, bacon, and similar refreshments, are provided at moderate rates; but where no ardent spirits or fermented liquors of any kind are either demanded by the customers, or conceded by the proprietors; where — in lieu of the glasses that were wont to circle round the board, and the good company that was wont to fall underneath it in the old-fashioned coffee-houses — there is provided for the serious, well-conducted frequenters, a feast of newspapers and a flow of cheap periodicals. You and I can remember when such coffee-houses were not. If, in the old time, we wanted a cup, a dish or a bowl of coffee, we were compelled to go to the coffee-room of an hotel for it; provided always that we did not care to consume it at home. And coffee at home, even, was, in those days, not by any means a faultless compound. Our aunts and mothers and sisters were blindly attached to certain prejudices and superstitions respecting the fining or clearing of coffee. Noxious compositions, such as dried fish-skins, egg-shells, what ought to have been isinglass (but was fish-bones boiled to a jelly), together with red hot coals, were thrown into the unresisting coffee-pot to facilitate the fining operation. Certain strange and fetish rites were also performed with the same view, by knocking the coffee-pot a cabalistic number of times on the hob, and chucking it up in mid air till the hot liquid within became a confused mass of grouts and conflicting flavours. Coffee-houses have effected a great reform in this re-

spect, and have driven away many baneful though time-honoured superstitions.

There is scarcely a street in London — certainly it would be difficult to find three together, unprovided with a coffee-shop. The types do not vary much. Where men go simply for amusement or dissipation, they will naturally congregate in classes: the beggar will go to the beggar's public-house, and the thief to the thieves' theatre. But a coffee-house is neutral ground. There are in every coffee-shop whig, and tory, and radical publications, and whigs, tories, and radicals assembled harmoniously to read them; for the readers are as mute as the papers.

Something like uniformity, almost amounting to monotony, prevails in the majority of London coffee-shops. The ornamental is generally sacrificed to the useful. A plain room, divided into plain stalls by varnished partitions, and fitted with plain Pembroke tables, papers, periodicals, and magazines, not quite guiltless of coffee stains and bread-and-butter spots, a neat waitress, economical of speech, and who is for ever ringing the changes between two refrains of "coffee and slice," and "tea and a hegg," — are common to all coffee-houses. There is more deal in some, more mahogany in others; there are aristocratic coffee-houses; where they serve you silver salt castors with your muffins, and silver creamjugs with your coffee; there are low — very low — coffee-shops, where there is sand on the floor, and an ill odour pervading the place "generally all over." Yet, in all these coffee-houses, high or low, aristocratic or humble, clean or dirty, deal or mahogany furnished, night or day, I can sit for hours and wonder. I ponder on the evidence of Mr. Pamphilon before the coffee committee of the House of Commons, not twenty years ago; and, reading that, and reading the excise returns, how I wonder! I wonder when I see these strong bands of honest working-men; of swart artizans; of burly coalheavers and grimy ballast porters; who are content to come straight from the factory, the anvil, or the wharf to the coffee-shop; who can bid the shining river of beer flow on unheeded, and content themselves with the moderate evening's amusement to be found in cheap periodicals. And, forced as I am sometimes to admit the presence in my coffee-cup of some other ingredients besides coffee, such as chicory, burnt beans, pounded bones, calcined clover, or such trifling little strangers — I wonder still at the immense good the penny cup of coffee (as it should be), but still the cup, coffee or pot coffee, has worked in this huge London. Whatever it be, they drink it, and it does not make them drunk; and drinking, they read; and reading, they learn to think, and to wash, and to teach their little children to read, and to think, and to wash, too. I doubt if a

murder were ever planned in a coffee-shop.

CHIPS.

TRANSPORTATION FOR LIFE.

It appears that since the return of the subject of "Transported for Life" (see pages 351 and 394 of Vol. XIV), some modifications have taken place in the rules applicable to persons banished to the British penal colonies. We are informed that now, no prisoner is sent to Norfolk Island unless he has proved utterly incorrigible during his detention in a less penal settlement. Neither is the sentence of transportation from this country so immediately carried out as formerly. The following are the official regulations in this respect:

"A prisoner under sentence for life, who had passed twelve months in separate confinement, would, by exemplary conduct for five years on public works, become eligible for embarkation.

"Minimum period of detention on public works applicable to prisoners whose conduct is exemplary:

"A prisoner sentenced to 7 years, for a period of 1 year.
A prisoner sentenced to 10 years, for a period of 1¾ year.
A prisoner sentenced to 20 years, for a period of 4 years.
A prisoner sentenced to Life years, for a period of 5 years.

after which they are sent out as holders of tickets of leave."

When a prisoner has conducted himself well during his probation [illegible] shed with a ticket of [illegible]e colony to which he may be sent, is allowed to hire himself for wages, to live in a dwelling of his own, — and to such an extent are his privileges carried — that Government even partially defrays the expense of sending out to him his wife and family. The only conditions annexed to his ticket of leave are that he shall be well-conducted, and report himself periodically to the Police Office of the district in which he may reside.

AMONG THE MOORS.

THE LEGEND OF THE CASTLE.

Notwithstanding its proximity to Gibraltar, and the constant intercourse and commerce kept up with Europeans, Tangier preserves its primitive appearance and bears the stamp of a thoroughly Moorish town. Like most Moslem cities it is surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the ride of a few miles will reward the tourist with some very pretty scenery. There is work, too, for the antiquary round about Tangier. Ruins of cities, remains of a Roman aqueduct, traces of the Portuguese dominion, strange tombs of warrior saints who fell in battle, are to be visited. To the north, also, near the sea, there stand the ruins of an old castle, famous as having once been the retreat of a bold chieftain who rebelled against the Sultan. This ruin, with portions of its massive outer wall yet standing, covers a large extent of

ground, and used frequently to be the destination of my morning rides. Day after day, when riding listlessly through the neighbouring lanes, between hedges of the aloe and prickly pear, my horse paused at the old castle, and I went in to raise a panic among bats and owls that were disturbed by my wandering among its gloomy passages and desolate old halls.

A very matter-of-fact soldier had, for a long time, been the attendant on our rides — for it is unsafe to trespass far beyond the town without a guard; this gentleman had not a word wherewith to satisfy my curiosity, or gratify my feminine desire to provide every ruin with its legend. A change of guide, however, brought me at last under the shadow of a charming fellow, a battered, taletelling old hunter, named Shebah, or the Lion, no doubt from his courage. His conversation was stocked largely with magicians, genii, and enchanted castles, which he built up with much gorgeousness of detail, yet speaking always with a certain dignified simplicity and a peculiarity of idiom that gave a piquant relish to the richness of the diet upon which my ears were put.

One bright September morning, as a small party of us rested on a grassy spot on what perhaps had been the tilt-yard of the castle before-mentioned, enjoying a cool pic-nic breakfast, the old hunter sat cross-legged in our neighbourhood, with his long gun beside him and a knife glittering in his belt, looking with grave wistfulness at the sparkle of our wine, and wrestling mentally, perhaps, with the hard veto of his prophet. To console himself, he lifted up his voice and told us all he knew about surrounding objects, sliding eventually into what he called the Legend of the Castle. I really cannot repeat it after him in his own gorgeous words, that sounded very well upon his lips under the Moorish castle walls, but would trip less successfully from mine in England. I will tell the story as I can, beginning properly with Once upon a Time.

Once upon a time when this castle, now decayed, was a strong fortress, there dwelt in it a certain Arab chief named Muley ben Abel, *alias* Al Zagal, or the Valiant. Al Zagal's valour was not tempered with mercy, and he was by no means universally esteemed by all who knew him. The two half-brothers of Al Zagal were, however, known as the Good Lords, and the public preference of these two brothers caused their sudden disappearance. They were followed out of the world by their father, Ibn Amir, when he was a man still in the prime of life. Al Zagal had, after this time, many fingers pointed at him, and became so greatly dreaded by the people that he was not unwilling to give them other cause for dread. He began accordingly to prey upon the country people, and the Sultan, being busy in a war with mountain tribes, had neither time nor inclination to put any check on his

in a moody way, invoking on her case the blessing of the Prophet.

One day he was awakened from such a reverie by the sound of distant tom-toms and cymbals, and looking up he saw the royal banner coming down the road from Fez. Bright arms of warriors glittered about it, and a dark crowd of country people, that had joined with the great army of the Sultan, was shouting his name: they were his debtors from the surrounding country, now resolved to take this advantageous opportunity of paying him the little things they owed. When the multitude had halted near the castle walls, a single horseman spurred out of the main body — a herald he was — summoning Muley ben Abel, *alias* Al Zagal, to surrender his castle and give up the prisoners therein, particularly Lindora and her father, otherwise the Lord Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, Caliph of the Sultan, was prepared in the Sultan's name to lay siege to its walls. A valorous discussion followed, which was closed by a follower of Al Zagal, who with a stone from a sling struck the herald on the forehead and unhorsed him. Then the siege commenced.

The siege was tedious, for the castle walls were thick, but as the black band was not accustomed to live peaceably on short provisions, it turned very blue when the wine failed, and became finally seditious. Nevertheless the siege was tedious, and Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar began to fear the approach of the rainy season and the departure of his peasant allies, when one day he saw, in strong relief against the morning sky, Lindora and her father led out chained upon the battlements of the Black Castle. Al Zagal had an offer of accommodation to suggest. If the siege were raised he would give up his captives for a ransom of a thousand mets-kal. If not, he would cut off their heads next morning, and throw them down into the camp.

This threw Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar into great perplexity, for his honour as a soldier and his desire as a lover, were played off unpleasantly against each other. While he still pondered in his tent, the tent curtain was drawn aside and the dark envoy entered. Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar knew the dark envoy well, although he did not know him as the first cause of Lindora's misery: he knew him only as a doughty fighting man throughout the siege. What did the dark envoy want? "Son of Amar," he said, "grant but a free pass to myself and a few companions, and the castle shall be delivered up to-night into your hands. Al Zagal has wronged me, and the sons of Allah are not able to forgive." "Can I believe this?" "Fear not, Cedi; I will remain in this tent till my word has been fulfilled. To-night Al Zagal, having lulled and deceived thee by this morning's offer, will make a sally with his whole band, and attempt to cut a way to safety for himself and for his captives through your unsuspicious ranks.

He hopes to get beyond the mountains into Rif. His men will be divided into two bands, one headed by myself, the other by my brother, who will join against him at a given signal."

"Fight thine own battles with Al Zagal," said Cedi Mahommed Ibn Amar; "I will have no traitor for ally." The youth, nevertheless, profited by the dark envoy's useful information, and disseminated it industriously throughout his camp. In the night, the castle gates having been thrown open, a band of horsemen passed the drawbridge stealthily with muffled hoofs, formed into rank, and placed their captives in the centre, intending to burst in their old way with a sudden cry upon the sleeping enemy. "By the beard of my father," said Al Zagal, "we will yet teach the shepherds what it is to have a lion at bay." He had not long spoken before the lances of the shepherds came upon him, and lances of his own troops also were turned against him. Seeing that he was betrayed, he closed with those men who were faithful to him round the captives, and endeavoured to regain the castle; but the enemy possessed the path. There was a terrible fight, and Cedi Mohammed riding high among the torches, friends fought against friends, Emirs, splendidly caparisoned on Arab steeds, engaged with half-clad members of the black band, on wiry mountain ponies. Al Zagal, through the tumult and the torch-light fighting desperately, succeeded with a few followers in forcing a way with Lindora back into the castle, of which a large part was already in the hands of the besiegers. He secured Lindora in a secret room, and then descending through dark vaults and passages to a magazine that had long been prepared for any such occasion, added arson to his other crimes. The savage horror of the scene was at its highest as the flames leaped their highest up into the night. The red blaze was a pleasant beacon-fire to men who, waking up by chance in distant places, said it must be the Black Castle that was then on fire, and so there would be peace again upon their tents now that the Black Castle was destroyed.

But among the blazing ruins the strife still went on. The band of Al Zagal had their lives to sell, and valued their lives dearly. "There is one chance more," said Al Zagal to a gigantic black who had been unhorsed in the struggle; "let us mount the first horses we can get, and we may yet escape beyond the mountains into Rif." Al Zagal had soon forced an Emir from his charger, and was darting from the castle when the dark envoy confronted him. "Know me!" the chief said; "I am Al Zagal." But the dark envoy struck him, bidding him die like a dog; and after a great struggle he did die, like a brave dog, fighting gallantly. But the dark envoy had fought for Lindora, and had made Lindora his war-cry in the act of treason. Down there came therefore, in

wrath, upon the head of the dark envoy the sword of Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar. There was another desperate encounter, and I suppose no shrewdness could discover which of the two combatants was killed.

Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar rushed, at great peril of his life, among the chambers of the burning castle seeking his Lindora. In the uppermost apartment of the western tower, still spared from the flames, he found her stretched upon a low divan, pale and dishevelled, almost senseless. Her lover carried her among the ruins to a resting-place upon the trampled, blood-stained grass, and there under the fresh breeze of early morning she revived: "I am indeed saved by thy hand; O my beloved, Allah hath heard my prayers, and great is my reward. To-morrow I sleep with my fathers and see thee no more." The light of the dawn was on her face. "Lindora!" the youth cried, with a sudden fear, "Lindora! speak to me again!" He looked at the opal in his dagger, which for an instant shot forth rays, and then its light departed: it became a dull, dead stone. The soul of Lindora, light of the dawn, had left that couch of trampled grass and blood, and floated forth into the morning sky.

"And what became of her lover?" I inquired of the old hunter, who appeared disposed to make an end at this part of the tale, whereas I desire always to know distinctly ecomes of every one. We were told in reply, that some said he died at the storming of the castle, some said that he went to Granada and fought in a reckless way, became a great man, and never smiled and never married; but the old hunter himself inclined to think that he abandoned war, and being a caliph married largely, and escaped the observation of the world by being overmuch secluded in his harem.

We requested the old huntsman not to kill Lindora when he told the story next. He listened gravely, and replied, with more reproof in his looks than in his voice, that Lindora had become possessed — that is to say, mentally deranged — and in that state, according to his faith, she was regarded as a saint, and sacred to every good Moslem. It was therefore good that she should in that state be compensated for her troubles by a certain passage into heaven.

LONDON BRIDGE IN THE AFTERNOON.

THE City of London in these hot afternoons seems to collect together the heat of the day, as it does so much of the gold of it, and bank it for itself in its streets and bye-ways. The only pleasant coolness exists in the shade of great Saint Paul's, as you creep along under the shelter of its spiritual presence. But when you have passed it, and enter the long crowded Cheapside, the thorough-

fare glows again in heat and sunshine, and the black figures of distant men gleam like flies upon a whitewashed wall. The perched up clock of Bow attracts the light to its expressive face; and the figures burn so brightly with fire, that you can fancy them moving and alive, and conscious that they are telling of summer hours.

Potent summer heat, whether it be on sea, in country, or town — is the most favourable to the romantic perception of things. We are hot when we sleep, which is the time of dreams. There is scarcely a face that, with a strong summer light upon it, assumes not a look more or less interesting and ideal. Lean, in a warm summer afternoon near to a place of industry and hard work — such as a work-shop or a dock — and the people and the scene will gradually seem more poetical than usual. This feeling is the proper imaginative state; and no wonder that we trace the most glowing imagery to the burning and dreamy lands of Asia.

The heart of the City of London, is not, however, the best place in the world to excite the imagination. Nevertheless, let London have its fair share of all the beauty that heat brings with it, and not be left only the dust, the water-carts, and the street-orderlies. Let us, sauntering on a sunny afternoon in its streets, yield to the influence of the time, and see things as well as we can under their picturesque aspect.

Specially does the mystic or romantic element stir in the comfortable blood of the inhabitant of the City. It is part of the strange revival of life that is going on all round us. Insects have come — goodness knows whence — and are buzzing round us before we think that it is about their time. The dweller in the suburbs finds, when he returns home in the evenings, that Nature has "credited" him with a scarcely expected increase to his stock. The fuchsia drops out; the roses jet out on the walls; the honeysuckle tumbles out like ointment from a magician's pot. Hence it is that the heart of London is uneasy; London, the great common-place giant, stirs himself, and sniffs the country air afar off. Even London cannot eat all the hay of the empire, but will have a tumble in some of it, at all events. Hence a visible commotion in the City, and hence that bustle specially at London Bridge, which I saw yesterday in the flesh, and you, the reader, may see, by my aid, in the spirit.

Going out of town is a custom, like every other decent custom, of immense antiquity. The weather is not favourable to cyclopædic writing, but the imagination may dwell with pleasure on the close of the Roman season! Fancy the bustle among the household slaves at the villa of the master. The great generals and lords went off to pleasant Baiæ, or to dwellings among ancestral hills and priceless beautiful olive-trees. The *amphora* emerged from its cool

retreat at Misenum; and the dazzling red mullet came fresh from the waters to Brundusium. The Appian and Flaminian ways were gay with chariots; the fat and prosperous *parvenu* sweltered as he was carried along in his *lectica*. Good-natured, portly Cicero (with Tiro in charge of the MSS.) passed into the portals of his country place, sacred to peace, cool air, philosophy, and wise and pleasant talk. The dandies looked out their coolest summer rings; and the great Cæsar found it too hot to wear a laurel, and in the shade of trees happier than laurel trees, drank cooled wine and water, and wrote epigrams!

Such visions may or may not be present or pleasant; but, meanwhile, we are drawing near to London Bridge. The Thames has a double life. It is a river on a river. 'Tis a river with an almost commensurate bulk of human life on the top of it; standing on London Bridge you are in the very throat of that river life. Here the life of the genius of the stream (a creation still with a force for us, as coming from the heart) attains decorous middle age. Father Thames is, hereabouts, remote pretty equally from the purity and gaiety of his youth, away among the inland hills, and the grand and somewhat solemn maturity to which he attains when he merges into the sea. Here he is most prosperous; and the world, too, has told on him, and you must take what he gives you — through a filter!

The wooden pier butts out into the river, and everybody is hurrying river-wards, as steamers of half-a-dozen different sizes swarm round the London Bridge arches. Through one of these you catch glimpses of funnels ringed with streaks of red or white — for it is Saturday afternoon, and the Herne comes sailing along — ready to embark its passengers for Herne Bay and Margate. The river boats for Chelsea and all the intermediate piers, meanwhile, buzz like bees alighting round the landing-place, where the painted figure of a polite gentleman motions you to go. Who painted the polite gentleman? Why is he attired in scarlet? And why has he such a very fine head of hair? These are questions which I, for one, cannot answer.

Let us stand here and observe. Or, if we preferred it, we could go *sub umbras*, into the "Shades," that is, where the red-faced company are sitting at the boxes and imbibing something cool. Everybody feels the heat a personal grievance, which afflicts him in particular; and testy, hasty people, you may observe, seem to blame their neighbours for it. As usual, three or four passengers come running down to the pier just in time before the gangway contrivance is hauled off. These are the fellows who are always just in time, and are aware that there must be a minute or two's grace, at all events. But the panting little fat man, who called out so sharply "Now then!" when we

happened to be in the way of him and his bundles, is distinctly too late. No sympathy whatever is felt for that fat man, so he must see the boat sway rolling off with its passengers on board, including the man with the basketful of black, bloated cherries, and the eternal vendor of papers who has a comic sheet to sell, which he loudly proclaims as by the "most popular writers." I mark that fat man as a specimen of the Englishman, who is peculiarly martyred in hot weather:—a thick-set man, tightly dressed, and in black, too — impervious to cool breezes, much as he longs for them, and oozing at the forehead, like an unduly ripe gooseberry. So; let him take his hat off, and pulling out the red handkerchief inside it (poor fellow!) rub his brow at leisure. There is a proper natural connexion between heat and colour. All the Oriental nations wear bright, light colours, and black in the sunshine tints it with gloom.

Lotos-eating is a pleasant occupation, and in its way, a commendable one (unless you make somebody else pay for the lotoses). So we may lounge about here, motionless in the midst of motion, and watch with speculative eyes, in the hazy sunshine, the figures bustling about us. It is pleasant to float easily about on the surface of life these hot afternoons — a bright cool knob of ice in the cup of human existence. Muddy as one knows the Thames to be, one can't help fancying it cool and refreshing to be in, as it ripples away in the light there. But even if one madly went off in a boat with the intention of availing one's self of the big, seedy-looking barge which offers itself as a private bathing establishment, what would one find there? The Thames water, curiously contrived so as to exhibit its repulsiveness in a small space with the best effect, I apprehend. Who lives there? Who looks after that melancholy row of flower-pots garnishing the outside of it? The imagination pauses for awhile for a reply, and then is diverted by the sharp, clear hiss of the steam from the Bluster. What an intensely concentrated fierce white vapour, and how quickly it thins away and melts into general nature, — that angry individuality — like a fierce man's life!

The skippers of the river-boats have a very nautical appearance, and are indeed open to "chaff" (by the way is that word derived from chafing, *i. e.* irritating — a word commoner in our older literature than now?) on that point. But, somehow, all public men — from Premiers downwards — in England, are ready to take care of themselves, by forms (more or less refined) of that weapon. The skipper will defend his paddle-box from intrusion, if needful, by the use of it. So the youth who seats himself there has to come down, and looks very red and guilty at the observation which the skipper's request is accompanied with. He, too, like the

fat man above-mentioned, meets no sympathy. Englishmen for short distances are very uncommunicative and unsympathising. They are ignorant of each other's presence in appearance, and perhaps bored by it in reality. It may be — that external decoration going but for little in these times — nobody feels quite sure of his neighbour's standing, and hovers between the fear of being pushing, or the fear of too much condescension! Most of all, does the unhappy youth of pleasure of the inferior rank of voluptuary — the boy of the Betting Office — the dandy of cheap gardens — display an almost angry scorn at the neighbour who pushes near him. Poor boy!

The river-boats crowd to the pier, but I cannot call them ill-conducted to-day. The Bee rubs her wooden wings against the Ant — but nobody loses temper — though the dull dead heat that radiates from round the boiler might irritate an angel. I see a vision of the engineer, as he puts up his head for an instant above that engine-room ladder with the dirty steps. A long-suffering, grimy, oily man — canvas-aproned, paper-capped, perspiring, the victim of two distinct heats — the fire-heat and the sun-heat — man's heat and heaven's heat. Why will people run all at once to the gangway that only passes one? It is the struggle of life in *petto*. How contentedly everybody resigns himself or herself to the skipper — though who knows what is the pressure per pound on the square inch this instant? Bah! the chances are all against it, you say; I come this way every day; — so the practical man goes forward and takes up a snug position by the bow. Is it not, think you, that the feeling of security springs from the common-place look things have to every-day eyes? Can anything horrible happen when we have that most business-like knot of prim bagmen chatting near us? Can terror have a place in the thoughts near the fat, dew-lapped chin of that heavy-breathing old woman? Ah! that old face — looking madly for help from the water — would be as poetical as a face of Francia's!

But, indeed, I call our view from London Bridge a highly romantic one. The Bee, there, has just passed under the arch of Blackfriars, and — though she only charges fourpence for taking you ever so far — she carries hundreds of stories of human interest inside of her. A novel might be made of the life of the last passenger who went on board her — the brown-looking man who has been in the Chilian service — who carried away in his schooner the negro gentleman who had been hospitable to him, and sold him in the West Indies to pay his expenses home. If little Rasper could only get hold of one of his particular batch of cigars!

Two boats, larger than our wooden-winged friends the Bee and Ant, are lying on the other

side of the bridge, where the brigantine is discharging the cargo in white sacks, each sack most particularly ticked off by the Custom House men as it passes. One is going to Yarmouth; the other I have alluded to before as the Herne. The Herne is just off to the more homely watering-places — "Cockney" watering-places you may say; but our friend THE SEA being still there, not uninteresting to a hot man with eyes in his head, and a heart about him. Charles Lamb complains that you can never see the sea — the great sea of your thought and reading — but only an insignificant fraction of it from the deck of a Margate hoy. Thoughtful, humorous, ever-pleasant Charles! How he saw into things by means of having a heart to feel them — carrying his intellectual light (as a policeman does his bull's eye) just over that region! Yet, that said fraction may be seen as well from the Margate hoy as from a king's state barge, and we will not be simious and "snigger" at the passengers for Margate and 'Erne Bay, whom the proper official is bawling for.

The official may possibly think me in the way, for I lean against the bar and look at everybody, and don't add a farthing to the company's revenue. But I have a duty to perform. As Emerson

"Blame me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand,
Comes back loaded with a thought," —

I continue to observe the passengers.

There is a youth, whose sole luggage is a brown paper parcel, containing, I suppose, his necessary toilette for to-morrow, and perhaps an Elzevir, though I am afraid not. And now come whizzing past me two ringletty girls, following a most important-looking old gentleman, who is preceded by a nursery maid, who is preceded by a man with a truck, full of luggage. The eldest carries a book for light reading (which, by the way, is not my novel, as I see at a glance, but a book by a gentleman, whom I well know to be an "over-rated man,"), and both look very happy. But why does the next passenger carry crape on a *white* hat? Odious custom! It looks as if he wished to advertise that he is "consoled." Already the cabins are filled, and faces are peering through the windows of them. Peer away cheerfully while you can, for I fear you will do everything but bless that throbbing engine with its dull, dead, monotonous sound, and the odour of grease, before the voyage be done!

I respect the man who carries the huge pineapple, with the end just peeping from a paper bag, I respect him further for carrying some ice in a mysterious straw-worked bag, also. Pineapple and ice will be welcome to the lady who is pacing on the sands this afternoon, away on the south coast. The West Indies and the lakes of Canada are ransacked for

luxury (you will observe that I had been looking covetously at the pine), and the whole world is turned into a cheap "ordinary."

The 'Erne goes at last, and still fresh boats keep buzzing round the arches of the bridge. Seaward, the river is thick with masts, and the white sails flap, and seem shaking the heat out of them. The bridge, and the houses, and the ships lie like a bright lighted picture round about me; as, turning away from the pier, I enter a narrow street of lofty houses, and merge into the many.

A HANDFUL OF FOREIGN MONEY.

"WHAT have you had, *M's'r?*" "*Demi tasse*, *p'tit verre*, *flûte*." "*Six et trois*, *douze*, *dix-neuf*." The civil *garçon* (who has a chin-tuft a guardsman might envy, and a white neckcloth more like that of a Cabinet Minister than the flaccid unwholesome wisp of limp calico that our English waiters twist round their throats,) goes through a rapid act of calculation of the extent of my *consommation* at the *café;* where I have read seventeen newspapers, and have imbibed two little cups of coffee (with a suspicion of cognac in the last); where I have been served off marble, silver, and porcelain, and have enjoyed, besides, the supplementary privilege of sitting, for as long a period as I liked, in a noble saloon adorned with a sea of mirrors, whose decorations *à la Renaissance* remind the spectator, not unpleasantly, of the Salon d'Apollon at the Louvre, — all for the consideration of ninepence-halfpenny sterling. Quite enough, too, you will say; remembering the three-half-penny cup of coffee, the penny "slice," and chicory-stamped periodicals of the London *café;* but I must inform you likewise that I have had the gratification of contemplating a shining mahogany counter, with a gorgeous service of plate thereon, and an equally gorgeous "*dame de comptoir*" behind it (the noblest study of mankind, begging the poet's pardon, is — *woman*), and that I might have played half-a-dozen games at dominoes, and have popped what remained of my saucer full of lump-sugar into my pocket, had I felt so disposed. But, enough: I will take a walk in the Elysian fields. I give the *garçon* a ten-franc piece, and he returns me a handful of change. He is thankful for the odd halfpenny of which I beg his acceptance, not however pocketing it, but dropping it into a species of electoral urn, common to his brother waiters, and which is the repository, I opine, of their *honoraria*, though whether the proceeds are devoted to the rehabilitation of their white neckcloths, the purchase of ball tickets for the Salle Valentino, or the support of a widow and orphan's fund, I am unable to say. Then the *garçon* gives me my hat, and, executing mesmeric passes with his napkin, bows me out like

a lord. Truly, civility costs but little, but it will purchase a good many things in this world.

I cross the Place de la Concorde, always in my eyes a *chef d'œuvre* of architectural magnificence, but in which, each time I visit Paris, I still find workmen employed, making it more magnificent still. The Grand Avenue of the Champs Élysées is crowded with fashionable equipages, checquered here and there by omnibuses, waggons, and washer-womens' carts. Fleet Street commingles here with Rotten Row. I sit down on one of the benches t on one of the chairs, in good th, for harpies hover there ut them, fierce and implacable their demands for retributory s), and eye the aristocratic n-outs complacently. There some anomalous vehicles cer- nly, some queer liveries, and a few samples of harness, heraldry, and horses that would not pass muster in Long Acre; but on the whole I am pleased. Next to the pleasure of having a carriage and horses of your own comes that of admiring and criticising those of your neighbours. Provided always that you have dined, and have an unimpaired digestion.

I am a little late, though, for this amusement. Towards seven o'clock the grand carriages bear their occupants home, or to ministerial banquets. The chief of the State drives by in a pony phaeton, handling the ribbons himself prettily, and takes the road into the Faubourg St. Honoré, where his palace is. A long string of carriages and prancing cavaliers, sitting their horses more or less abominably to English eyes, follow him; and the carts and waggons bound towards Neuilly or Boulogne begin to be in the majority. Meanwhile, I have been jingling my handful of change in my dexter palm; glancing at the smirking little soldiers in red trousers, and at the *bonnes* and little children in go-carts and leading strings; listening lazily to the tattoo of the drums and the fanfare of the trumpets calling home the warriors of France to their barracks; luxuriously inhaling the calm summer evening air, and wondering where the smoke can be; in short, abandoning myself to the delights of doing nothing with that intensity which only those who are compelled to work hard at intervals can appreciate.

Man being a thinking animal — at least he ought to be one — I think a little while I cool my heels in the evening breeze. The Elysian fields are a capital place for thought. A fair, with roundabouts, conjurors, and dancing booths, goes on continually in one part; reviews and inspection of troops take place frequently in another; while the roadway and its intersecting avenues are always more or less thronged with vehicles. Yet there are shady walks, and sequestered nooks and benches, far from the turmoil of the world, and where the contem-

plative man may take his recreation — where you may write sonnets to the stars, to Lesbia, or to Pyrrha, get a maiden speech by heart, or concoct the rough draft of a love letter — and be all the while as free from annoyance, or interruption, as though you were in the rat-cage at the top of the Monument on a rainy day, or Saint Simon Stylites a-top of his column all the year round. I could think, now, on the decadence of empires, the mutabilities of fortune, the state of Europe, or the Maynooth grant; but I find a subject of reflection sufficiently ample in the handful of change, which I have held till the coins are warm. Let me glance thoughtfully at them, ere I consign them to my waistcoat pocket.

Here is a brave piece of money — a two-franc coin, bearing the effigy of Louis Philippe, *Roi des Français*, 1835. This looks prosperous, rosy, clean-shaven, well-to-do in the world. The edges are neatly milled, the letters and numerals cleanly and brightly stamped. The monarch's whiskers are symmetrically curled; I can almost discern a wink in the royal eye, a mythical finger laid against the royal nose, and that seem to say: "Lyons is muzzled. Jacques Lafitte has eaten his heart. I no longer fear the newspapers, for Thiers is minister, and Guizot shall be, and Armand Carrel sleeps in Père la Chaise, shot to death. *Rentes* are on the *hausse;* all my sons are brave, and all my daughters virtuous; not a whalebone is loose in the umbrella of Orleans." The two-franc piece is a business-like coin, a favourite with the shopkeepers, who call it affectionately "the piece of forty." Next to the noble, the glorious, the bourgeoisie-beloved dollar, *la belle et bonne pièce de cent sous*, or "cartwheel," as the commons more irreverently term it, which from 1830 to 1848 was the fountain and main-spring, the be all and end all of French honour, virtue, mercy, courage, and patriotism — next to this deified shekel of Gaul, the two-franc piece is the favourite guest at counter and bureau. Louis Philippe coined the pieces of forty by myriads; so, on a smaller scale, are they patronised by his equally business-like son-in-law, Leopold of Belgium. They are not popular, however, with the obese, broadcloth-clad, faro-drinking Belgians, who being large and fat-faced, resent as an impertinence the advent of a coinage which is large and fat-faced too. They even turn up their noses at the crisp, classic thaler of Prussia; *their* delight is in "fiddler's money," — battered, pockmarked Dutch guilders, Austrian zwanzigers all holes and corners, like weevilly biscuits; they have even a sneaking kindness for the abominable silver-groschen of the Rhine provinces.

Next in my handful of change is a franc — somewhat battered, somewhat worn, slovenly in wh[illegible] I may call the tire of the wh[illegible] but stern and austere-looking,

and of an ashen hue, very different from the smug garishness of the Philippine coins, and the flashy, Britannia metal-like glitter of the second republic. The effigy it bears is more that of an "ancient Roman than a Dane" or of a Frenchman. Were this piece bronzed, decently notched, and passably spotted with verdigris, I should (did I know anything of numismatics, which I don't,) imagine it to be some old medal, stamped with the head of Trajan or of Constantine. But the lofty forehead, the eagle eye, the Grecian nose, the exquisitely chiselled mouth, with its inexorable lips and rounded chin, the sparse locks of hair, and the laurel wreath binding the temples, all belong to a modern emperor. The legend is yet clear enough for me to read "*Napoléon Empereur*," and on the obverse, "*République Française*, 1806." This was, I think, after a certain ceremony had taken place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at which the Pope of Rome assisted, and there must have been a good deal of the "*République Française*" left in 1806.

A half-franc comes next. It bears the same head — the features more filled out, perhaps, and the expression a trifle more thoughtful. Let me look at the inscription. Ah! the poor "*République*" is nowhere by this time, for here I read, "*Napoléon: Empereur et Roi;*" on the obverse, "*Empire Français*, 1812." I read, and lo! like an army the thoughts come rushing on me, conjured into life by this worn and tarnished fragment of silver. There is the Arc de l'Étoile, behind which the sun is bleeding to death in his crimson shroud, while my lady moon looks on with a cold uncing eye, forgetting that he will rise again, and chase her from the skies to-morrow. There is the triumphal arch, commenced by him, completed by the king who proscribed his family, sculptured over with the list of his victories — lying wonders, many of them — but of which others have filled the world with awe. There, in the Place de la Concorde, where the golden pillars and fountains glisten; there, far beyond where the austere pavilion of the Tuileries, grown grey in the experiences of slaughter and pillages, bodes among the cypress-like trees, and jealously shrouds the bloody Carrousel behind, of whose courtyard there is not a stone uncemented with gore; there, to the right and to the left, by the marble Madeleine, by the bridge leading to the palace of the legislature; there, down the long line of quays, where the boy soldiers are staring greedily at the lithographed presentments of his victories; there, by the dome of the Invalides, where his maimed veterans dose on the benches; there, on the shining river crossed by his bridges; and there, in the blue distance, where the dismal turrets of the Conciergerie point to the Palais de Justice, where his judges sit to this day and expound his code; there, on every side, the sign and

mark of this man are for a wonder and an astonishment.

But I have not come to the end of my handful of change yet. I have a few more silver pieces, and many coppers. I finger again another franc — a dull, tasteless, leaden-looking piece of metal enough, bearing thereon a very ordinary, commonplace-looking ledger-and-day-book sort of head. *A Dieu ne plaise*, though, that I should be wanting in respect to the possessor of Claremont and thirty thousand a year — to a sovereign, moreover, who, if he had no other claim to respect and affection, has this at least from English hearts, that he was the husband of the Princess Charlotte. But King Leopold does not shine advantageously on his silver coinage. The laurel wreath sits uneasily on his brow, and his entire position seems anomalous and uncomfortable, as perchance his corporeal one may be, in that hybrid land which has been a bone of European contention since Cæsar's time, in that fat, fertile country of corn-fields, battle-fields, and coal-mines, of Reubens's pictures and Jacques Cœur's carvings, of bread-and-butter sandwiches and hard eggs (so excellently boiled, however, that I am privately of opinion that the hens *lay* hard eggs in the Low Countries), and whose inhabitants have been so accustomed to be politically bullied from time immemorial — from Julius Cæsar to Philip van Artevelde — from the Duke of Alva to Napoleon — that they don't seem to know what to make of liberty now they have got it. I never knew a Belgian, even one of the most constitutional, but who had a savoury relish for the pitiably greasy monks who infest the streets and railway trains. With all their liberty, "*les braves Belges*" are notoriously priest-ridden; and with all their gratitude for the battle of Waterloo and the downfall of Napoleon, eleven out of twelve Belgians maintain that the English were signally beaten on that occasion, only they were too stupid to become aware of the fact. They, the Belgians, found out their defeat in what is familiarly termed "no time," and showed their superior discrimination by running away as fast as their legs could carry them. When I visited the field of Waterloo, the guide — who of course had been in the battle, though I verily believe that he must have been in petticoats in 1815 — took care to inform me, while pointing out the notabilities of the landscape, of the invincible prowess displayed by the "*braves Belges*" during the battle, and of the hideous and crapulous cowardice of the Dutch. He avowed, while we were on the field and in the presence of a stout old Indian Colonel, who looked liberal but fierce as well, that it was a "*grand victoire*," a glorious day for Britain; but, subsequently discussing a chopine of sour beer with me, he informed me confidentially that if it had not been for the "*infame trahison*" of somebody somewhere, the Eng-

lish would have been *écr-r-rasés* by the great Emperor.

Hallo! I thought my handful of change was confined to France and Belgium. But I am in error. Slides from between two francs a little shabby greasy disc of silver stating itself to be worth "*cinque soldi*," and current, I suppose, in France as a five-sous piece. Whose is the head? Charles Albert, bland and kingly-looking, and bearing the orthodox laurel wreath. The legend states him to be "*Dei gratiâ Sardiniæ Rex*," and to the best of my knowledge his style and title was rightly that of King of Sardinia. But what is this in addition? "*Cypri, Hierosolymæ Rex*" — King of Cyprus and Jerusalem? How about the King of Naples? How about his highness Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey, without whose permissory firman a single Christian could not go up to the holy city. Why should the King of Sardinia call himself King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, when he is about as much so as he is King of Brentford or King of Oude? Why should a king tell so gross a fib in public? Why should he send forth to the ends of Europe so palpable a what's-its-name upon this twopence-half-penny coin, to pass himself off as King of Jerusalem to the industrials who black shoes and shave poodles on the Pont Neuf. But soft: empty boasts and lying titles are nothing to Charles Albert now; and before I fling a stone, I should remember that we have glass-houses in Great Britain. I should call to mind, that not very many years have passed since our matter-of-fact George the Third publicly styled himself King of France — at the very time, too, that he was dispensing with a lavish hand the blood and treasure of his kingdom, to help the King of France to his own again.

More coins! but the coppers begin to have it their own way, like the carts and waggons over the carriages anon. Here are three kings all of a row. Louis the Eighteenth, King of France and Navarre; very fat, very placid, pomatum and hair-powder visible even on the tarnished franc stamped with his royal portrait. Charles the Tenth, also King of France and Navarre, and passing current now for fivepence sterling; he has a wan, dissatisfied, mortified expression of countenance, but the thin bloodless lips and quenched eye have all the impassible obstinacy of the fated Bourbon race, who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing in years of exile and woe. And, to complete the category of kings in silver, is five-penn'orth of the *ancien régime* — five-penn'orth of Versailles, hoops, hair-powder and Madame de Pompadour — a *demi-livre* — a ten-sous piece, bearing the *vera effigies* of Louis the Fifteenth, the well-beloved. Ah! Louis the well-beloved; if you could only ponder over my handful of change, and see how the seeds of love you sowed, fructified into a harvest of blood and tears, when the gross copper *sous* of your grandson

Louis the Sixtenth came into circulation! The obverse sides of these three kingly coins bear also the arms of France and Navarre: the crown, the shield argent, and three fleurs de lis. These *were* the arms of France, but shall be never, never more, I think.

Come we to the coppers. Here we progress towards something like an uniformity of coinage. The monetary chaos on the silver side is relieved by the sober aspect of these pieces of one and two sous. But what sobriety? The sobriety of Louis the Sixteenth, by the grace of God, in 1779, trembling on his throne, pricked by encyclopedical pens sharpened with regicide penknives — of the same Louis, no longer King of France but "*Roi des Français*," in the "third year of liberty," 1792 — of the same Louis, backed with the republican fasces and the legend "*la foi, la loi, le roi*," in 1793 — and finally, the sobriety of these sprawling rugged two-sous pieces — *les gros sous* of the republic one and indivisible, cast from church bells, monumental brasses, bronze candlesticks and palace gates, and stamped with the head of a brazen woman with dishevelled hair and a red nightcap. Stay! One little silver piece yet remains: so thin, so fragile is it, that it has lain perdue between two of these corpulent democratic pence. But for all it is of silver, and bright, and neatly milled, and worth full twenty centimes, it is also democratic, and claims kindred with Madame Republique in the nightcap. This little coin is dated 1848, and bears the head of a female in a semi-Grecian costume, a sort of medley of Madame Tallien, Laïs, Aspasia, and Mademoiselle Mars. It bears for legend the redoubtable words, "*liberté, égalité, fraternité*" (similar inscriptions on the walls and public edifices were unfortunately grazed therefrom by stray cannon-balls last December). Liberty, equality, fraternity! Oh, liberty! — oh, Madame Roland, what right have I to take your words out of your mouth?

The sun has sunk to rest; the twilight has commenced and ended, while I have been pondering; and when I raise my eyes from my handful of change, I am dazzled by the gaslight festoons from the "*Château des Fleurs*" close by, and light suddenly upon an animated tableau of Paris by night. Students and grisettes are hurrying to the joys of the polka, and the *valse à deux temps*. Open air concerts have commenced, which those who choose to invest capital in the purchase of cooling beverages are privileged to witness in garden chairs before little marble tables, where they listen as luxuriously to the strains of Donizetti and Bellini as though they were amateurs in their well-cushioned stalls at the opera. So much for the aristocracy, but, the vile multitude, as M. Thiers politely termed them — in the shape of good-humoured soldiers and bearded connoisseurs in blouses, are kept from the penetralia of the *café* concert by a ring fence,

and pass criticisms on the ravishing strains which greet their ears through the leaves of the trees, and the fumes of the very strong tobacco emitted by their and their companions' pipes. The highway resounds now with broughams and coupés with brilliant lamps, hastening to ball or *soirée*. Franconi's Cirque Olympique is surrounded by playbill sellers and loungers between the entertainments, while, from the open skylights, pour enlivening gushes of equestrian music. The man with the dancing dogs has led his dramatic company home to their kennel; the proprietor of the *rouge et noir* table, with whom the young and simple play for macaroons and lose, has also retired — to try his infallible martingale, I suppose, in the privacy of domestic life. But, the magicians yet remain in full force; the vendors of elixirs, unctions, and lotions, expatiate with the full force of their lungs on the unrivalled efficacy of their nostrums; the professors of electricity and galvanism paralyse whole strings of little boys. Swords are swallowed, flames vomited, duets and trios chanted, merry-go-rounds revolve; we have all the fun of the fair without any of the fighting.

Not towards these, do my thoughts incline this summer evening. Still, do I fumble my handful of change; still, do I meditate on these dull and mute pieces of metal. Ah! could some power endue them with tongues, though but for a moment, what eloquent tongues theirs would be! what lessons of history would be poured into my ears! Of all memoirs, what could be more interesting, more enthralling, more wofully instructive, than those of these silver and copper tokens? Who is to write the history of money, and when shall it be written? Who shall trace the history of the widow's mite, of Cæsar's tribute, of the forty pieces of silver with which the potter's field was bought?

Of these pieces of money I hold, thou, O Palace of Tuileries, lowering in the night, with one solitary illumined window like a glowworm in the midst, hast seen the birth and the career! Could the walls speak; could the windows be mirrors; could these inanimate heads start from their silver or copper frames; what tales would they tell! They are but emblems and symbols; and the men of whom they are shallow counterfeits, are dust.

As I muse, a gentleman who has stopped to observe me, taking me perhaps for a despondent lover, or a dramatic author meditating a complicated denouement, accidentally lets fall a five-franc piece close to me. As he stoops to pick it up, I observe that it is new and bright; and the light from a gas jet falling on it, I can discern a head as yet unknown to me, on gold, or silver, or on copper, but which is soon to be, they say, on all: — an aquiline nose, a pendant jaw, a thick moustache and imperial, and Louis

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, 1852. So runs the world. There was a Member of Parliament, I have heard, who once seriously contemplated bringing in a bill for the abolition of Hansard, exposing, as that publication did, such inconvenient discrepancies between the opinions of honourable members from session to session. I wonder whether we shall ever have a ruler, who, remembering that comparisons are odious, will call in or deface all the monies of his predecessors. As it is, a handful of small French change is a course of lectures, in miniature, on the history of France.

THE ENEMY.

BUCKINGHAM Palace is beset, and every house in London is surrounded, by the force of the invader. Throughout the whole country every house is in a state of siege; nay, every coach and every omnibus has to force its passage through a hostile force that struggles to get entrance at the doors or windows. We are not only invaded, but we are subdued; the enemy retains possession of the country, we resist, indeed, manfully, but we resist in vain: the enemy sways over us and holds our very lives dependent on his breath. This is a reflection mournful to the sons of liberty.

What can we do against an enemy impalpable as the most tricksy of the fairies: that whistles at us through our keyholes; flaps our bedroom windows, in jest, at us when we desire to go to sleep; gets under doors or through chinks, and slips (horrible to relate!) down our very throats into our lungs while we are sleeping? We do, indeed, fight for our liberty, but how unequal must the combat be when flesh and blood make war against the powers of the air.

I wish to animate my countrymen against the common enemy. The winter campaign, always the severest, is approaching, and it is time that we should begin now to concert our plan of operation. There is, however, always so much harm done to the good cause in a contest by any tendency to under-rate the power of the enemy, that I think it worth while in the first place distinctly to point out with whom we have to deal. Even in the approaching equinox the powers of the air, with martial blast, will storm our towns and penetrate into the sacred recesses of our inmost homes. But, in their stillest moods, now while they are idling under the warm August sun, they never cease to shoot at us their arrows barbed with the poison of rheum, crick, lumbago, and the other ills which cause the flesh to ache, through chinks and open windows, keyholes, even chimnies that have not been guarded by the ægis of a chimney-board. Completely to defeat the monster Air may be impossible in this world; but we may oppose to his

severe custody "untamed reluctance," and be

> "Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
> May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
> In doing what we most in suffering feel."

This is my counsel, and I trust I speak not only to those of my countrymen who defy the enemy in woollen mail, with silken shields, when

> "War appears
> Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
> To battle in the clouds,"

while they receive the same foe, open-mouthed, when he comes down more quietly upon us.

Whenever the air moves, it means mischief, and the air is always moving. When we suspect some lurking ill design, we commonly say, "What 's in the wind now?" and the proverb points t our conviction of the very certai fact, that there has been no good brought by the wind on any former occasion, and that now, therefore, none is expected. There is a proverb, saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," which has been sometimes read with a forced intonation out of its true sense. Its true sense, of course, is the plain and direct one, that the wind is an ill thing which blows good to nobody. Proverbs betray the feeling of the people, and that the feeling of the people is against all the movements of the air our proverbs happily testify. Is there anything of foul report affecting us, we hope that it will soon "blow over;" that is to say, the wind which has a sympathy for evil things will, we hope, take it up when it comes by, and put it in its bosom. When we express how an evil deed becomes intolerable to surrounding people, we figure the wind as having come to it, and say sometimes that it is "blown upon." When a lady is disagreeable to the slight extent possible in members of the fair sex, the fact is expressed by saying that "she gives herself airs." A kind of praise that we despise is called "a puff." A quarrel in a household is by its younger members called "a breeze." Passion is said to come "in gusts;" and many more expressions that have made for themselves nests upon the English tongue, will be found by any reader who will carefully take stock of the phrases with which his own mouth is fitted up. The only good idea in the suggestion of which wind takes part is perhaps "windfall," unexpected good fortune, as unexpected and most happy any events must be that associate the idea of something fallen with our braggart enemy.

How great and powerful an enemy the air is to the sons of earth was very well known to the ancients with whom wisdom dwelt. Anaximenes, an ancient philosopher whom St. Augustine, an ancient father, terms an Atheist for his pains, regarded the air as a sort of god, the cause of every-

thing. Air, taught Christian Thomasius, is a spirit: and he defined its sex; it is a female spirit — light is its mate, the male. If light be not the male, and air the female spirit, what is air? — and here I will repeat Christian Thomasius his argument for the convincing of all doubtful minds. If air be not a spirit, then of course it is a body: now, says Thomasius, it is not a light body because its nature is without light; it is not a dark body because it casts no shadow, and can be seen into. It is not transparent, for we see not to the end of it or through it, as in the case of water and glass. It is not a body; therefore, according to the showing of Thomasius, the air is a spirit, and its forces are impalpable, unearthly.

To increase our notion of the power of the enemy with whom it is our duty to contend, let us look at him from another point of view. Air never was subdued by any human prince; and because nobody can subdue it, the law by a fiction allows any one to master it who can. It is made common in law, or, as the old jurists phrase it, it is put among the *res communes quoad usum juridicum*. Gryphiander did indeed consider air to be a part of the regalia, or rights and possessions of the king, because it was not allowed in his country and time for any man to erect windmills without royal licence; the same was the case with water mills; and so there were said to be vested in royalty the rights of wind and water. Mascard (*de probat. Concl.*) differed from this argument, but yet conceded to kings the *dominium aeris*, the power over air, because, in exercise of his right, he suspends thieves in mid air upon gibbets; also, by the string put about their throats, and pressing on their wind-pipes, he deprives them of the use of air, which he could not do if air were not his to give or to withhold. Nevertheless, the wind blows as it listeth; and, in spite of the arguments of a few scholiasts and bookmen, air is declared common in law, and to build castles in it is not accounted trespass. It is also open to a man, when he builds on a piece of ground, to build into the whole column of air that is above it; and as the height of the atmosphere is about forty-five miles, it will be seen that this privilege is of considerable extent. Nevertheless, no man has succeeded in securing the possession of such rights. The rooms we build into the air above our patch of soil are entered by the air, and held by it in occupation even more constant than our own. We go out for walks or upon business, leaving the house empty; our enemy never quits its occupation of a single room. If we encroach so far as to raise a structure very many feet above the soil from which we start, it will inevitably happen that our enemy some day, venting his anger thereupon, will tumble it about our heads. The air, therefore, is untamed, and rides superior to the strongest of the princes of the earth — how

much more must it ride superior to us poor work-a-day resisters of its tyranny!

The Jews were happy, if it be true, as I have seen stated in print, that there is no word for air in the Hebrew language. The notion of air, it is said, though the word appears now and then in our version by a mistranslation, nowhere occurs in the Old Testament. If the Jews looked on the air as nothing, they were happy fellows. Are there Hebrew words for draughts, for colds, for rheumatism, for lumbago? I suppose not. Is there a Hebrew root meaning chimney-board or flannel jacket? If the patriarchs were not involved in contest with the enemy who now besieges us relentlessly in doors and out of doors, and if this fact be clearly understood, there is an end for ever of all marvel at the great age attained by Methusaleh and his compatriots.

As for the other elements — of course I recognise no more than four — they are all subject to our tyrant. Fire depends on air for its existence; water must take to itself air if it would preserve life in its subject community of fishes. The fallow earth depends on air for its fertility. As for animals, they all have open gates established in the outside walls of their bodies — ɛs or by what other e — through which ir lives, they are bound to allow constant entrance and egress to the despot air. We cannot, therefore, altogether hrow the tyrant off, but we can wage a petty war against him, and we will.

Why, for instance, is it sometimes hot and sometimes cold? Why are we persecuted by east winds? Why don't the air leave us in peace to enjoy a pleasant even temperature? Who is to believe the doctors who assert that fluctuations of temperature go far to promote the bodily and mental health and vigour of a man? I take it that the human body is a warm mass, commonly warmer than the air; and I wish to know why this mass, which ought to be warm and is meant to be warm, should be blown upon and cooled, like porridge, by any north wind that the air may please to send to treat us roughly, or made unduly hot by any summer south wind that the same air may delegate to come up and hold over us oppressive sway? Our warm bodies do indeed resist the winds, and do preserve in all seasons the same average of heat; but I am scandalised at being told that even these our bodies, like the outer air, play daily at seesaw; and, that the rule which subjects miserable men to shifting temperature, penetrates even through the substance of their flesh.

Now, when a man's body is so delicately organised, that its temperature all day long is shifting to and fro in this tremulous way, I do say that it is a very terrible thing to consider how the external air blows hot or cold, establishes simooms, typhoons, whirlwinds,

draughts, hurricanes, and smoky chimneys, and passes in all states through the portal of our noses, in and out without any reference to the wishes of us men or women, delicately organised as aforesaid. The air itself is in confusion: it is warm below and cold above, the earth acting as a warming-pan in the midst of it. Its temperature diminishes one degree for about every three hundred and fifty-two feet of distance from this warming-pan. And yet the upper currents are perpetually plunging down into the lower, and the lower soaring up into the upper, and we are born to stand all this! The seasons alter and the wind shifts, and we are expected to live through it all. There is this air all about, as an elastic fluid some eight hundred times lighter than water, full of streams and currents and of different degrees of heat, perpetually on the dance about our ears, and it is expected that we are to walk about in it, and never mind. We do mind. A wind is a draught on a large scale, and we do mind it. If it were true that winds come from a cave of Æolus, and we could find the cave, I for one would subscribe for a great soot-bag, chimney-board, or bran cushion to thrust over the mouth of it, and stop the horrid draught.

That being impossible, we must do what we can. We can fight with little streams of air, though we are no match for the big ones. We can put list round our doors, cover the joints of our windows, stop our chimneys up when there is no fire under them, put our heads at night under bed-clothes, and box ourselves up in a square hole among bed-clothes and bed-curtains, to keep out the enemy. We will frown at the wretch who lets a window down in any coach or omnibus; we will wrap comforters over our mouths, when the air is too cold, to comfort us; we will build theatres, churches, and public rooms, with the smallest possible recognition of our dependence upon the enemy for life and health; since Britons must be slaves in some degree to this all-powerful invader of their hearths and homes, they will not be slaves more than they can help. Let chimney-boards defend the hearth, shut windows all day long, close bed-rooms, with listed sitting-rooms protect the home. He is no true John Bull who throws his doors and windows open to the foe.

True though it be that we cannot prevent our enemy, the air, from being to a certain extent, though unwelcome as a bailiff, in possession of our premises, there remains to us one easy revenge. It can be poisoned. Let no nice conscience start off with a shudder. It is a thing that is done every day. We are all poisoners, though not deliberately so; for it is a remarkable fact, and a distinct proof of the natural antipathy that must have been intended to exist between man and his enemy the air, that our mere presence acts as poison on the air in our vicinity.

The tenderest of ladies who assembles friends in a large party, and fills her drawing-rooms, is an accomplice with me in the crime which I commit, and would have all men to commit as they have opportunity — poison the air. Fellow combatants against the enemy, never count the square feet in your rooms, before you count the noses that shall come into them; when you have air well shut into your bed-rooms, poison it, and feed upon its corpse. You shoot a deer before you eat its venison; and if you must feed upon air, you are entitled to do by it as you do by deer, sheep, oxen, everything but oysters; that is, to destroy its life in the first instance. It lies with our opponents to show why air should be eaten like an oyster; and if so, if it is to be taken into our bodies in a living state, why it should be taken without vinegar and pepper.

Poison the air! Cut its throat you cannot; kill it with a sledge-hammer you cannot; poison it you can. You might plant in vain a guillotine upon your first or second floor, but a great deal may be done against the enemy, when he has got into your house, by undermining him with some good drains leading to a sink or rat-hole. Whenever you smell drains, you may be sure that the power of our common enemy is, for the time being, efficiently antagonised. The broad winds blow about the world, and the air rides high above the worst of our assaults, but nevertheless we can do much to emancipate ourselves, if we persist constantly in catching small detachments of the enemy, hedging them in corners and confined spaces, and there holding them and sticking close to them until they are destroyed.

Against an enemy mightier than any human despot, I would be a Tell or Hofer, if I could. Let us not be slaves to our senses. It is said, to our shame, that

> "The eye — it cannot choose but see;
> We cannot bid the ear be still;
> Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
> Against or with our will."

But we can shut our eyes against the light, and very often do; we can stop our ears; and as for the feeling in our bodies, we can conquer that with chloroform. Shall it be said, then, that we are compelled to be dependent on the air for life? The time is not yet indeed come when we may with safety plug our mouths and noses, as we close our eyes or plug our ears; but we can do the next best thing to that — we can plug up the next surrounding shell. We can plug up the house, the room, the carriage in which mouths and noses are; we can decree that all shall be made air-tight within a circle of so many feet around the said mouths or noses, and that the air within that circle shall be further poisoned; and any candid man will own that the next step would be, if we could but take it, the wearing of an impervious muffler over mouth and nose. At present there exists the objection that such mufflers would cause very

speedy and uncomfortable death; whereas, in our present warfare, they who fall, die comfortably in their beds, and yet merit the fame of having been slain like heroes in a war of independence, after a long struggle against the besieger of their hearths and homes.

TOM'S SALAD DAYS.

If you had known anything of Tom Racketts, of Loggerhead College, Bullferry, you would have thought him a dangerous acquaintance, and an unlikely man to go into the Church. Tom could do everything that a young man should not do, in order to get on at the University, or in the world at large. He never did any wilful harm, and was so good-natured, that he never spent so much as the double of his income; which, in a Loggerhead man, showed a consideration for tradesmen not often displayed. It is a pity that Tom drove so well, and had friendships with fighting men; for, he could not be a coachman by profession, and was no real admirer of brutality. But, he liked to be thought a fast man, though he was industrious enough to make himself a tolerable scholar.

Some years ago, quitting the pleasures of the University, I left Tom reading for the Church, to betake myself to geometrical instruments, Vitruvius, and working drawings. Studying as an architect I went to Italy. Justified in having about the wonders of the Sistine Chapel — armed with leaning towers, chess-boards in Sienna marble and lapis lazuli, and pewter saints — in due time I returned to England.

Of course it was some time before I had bored the whole of my friends who had not seen Italy, and, although the design for the Tipplebarton charity schools was yet incomplete, I one day, in search of a new listener, set out by rail for the little village of Coddleton, wherein my friend Tom now resides as curate.

Tom, in a white tie, seemed to me a notion as incongruous as Queen Elizabeth in a Bloomer dress. Perhaps he in his turn would feel equally bewildered by the moustachios I had brought from Italy. Certainly, I determined, I would go and see.

I was dropped with a carpet-bag at the pretty little gothic Vastbourne station, and, as no train was to come up for some time, I pressed a porter into the service and walked along the line, which was a nearer way than going by the road under the hill, which shaded Coddleton from view.

Through five or six hundred yards of chalk excavation, I at length reached an opening, and had a prospect at command. The day was sunny, half-autumnal, and the distant hills — piled up with foliage, but now and then disclosing an odd patch of chalk, or houses peeping from unlikely hiding-places — formed a gay frame to the picture. A water-mill was mixing for itself an effervescing

draught on a grand scale, and a snug batch of farm-houses in the foreground gave a wholesome work-a-day effect to the whole scene.

On we went, with the hills looking down upon us on both sides, as we performed our matter-of-fact journey along rails and sleepers. At length, a long pole marked the point of our arrival at the little road which led from the great trunk direct to my friend's village; so I relieved the porter of my carpet-bag, and left the great trunk to pursue its journey to Carlisle or whither else it pleased.

Tom was from home, and, as the parish comprehended a loose range of some four miles in extent, it was of little use for me to start out on voyage of discovery. I found that the said Tom kept capital porter — a remnant of Oxford partialities; and that he even still preferred a tankard to a tumbler. As I did not feel tired, I took some slight refreshment, and went out to look at my friend's parish and parishioners.

Tom's house was in a lane looking upon the railway, and if you looked at its gabled exterior, and the grotesque crossings of brown beams upon the dun yellow plaster — above all, if you looked at the pretty porch covered with roses, at the little flower-garden in front, and the more extensive array of vegetables and fruit trees covering the slope behind and at the side of it, you would have gone home dreaming of wedding rings and evening walks. Within, the well-filled book-cases, the slips of paper strewed about on tables, chairs, and floor, betrayed an unhusbandly devotion to books. Tom had evidently taken to reading.

I walked up the lane, and, passing a row of houses similar to the one tenanted by Tom, met with a few of his parishioners. Healthy children, clean or dirty, as the case might be, were playing about with a perfect freedom from the fear of being run over, which children in towns ought to feel, but never do. One party was diverting itself with a jackdaw. The bird did not seem to fear the children. He ran along the road, ran under their feet, suffered himself to be taken up by one wing, or by both, by the neck, the legs, or bodily, and seemed perfectly satisfied with the behaviour of his friends. Only he was not a carriage bird; he would not suffer himself to be drawn triumphantly in a half bottomless frying-pan, and persisted in slipping out of this extemporaneous vehicle.

Passing a barn decorated with the remains of owls, kites, and other offenders who had paid the extreme penalty of the law, and wondering whether such a spectacle could have as great an effect upon ornithological, as public executions have upon human morality, I came to a spot of singular beauty. One side of the road formed an abrupt foot-path, shaded densely by tall ashes, winding round the hill, while the other, taking an almost equally abrupt declivity, disclosed a cluster of rough stone

cottages, set thick in a mosaic bordering of hollyhocks and sunflowers. This was the pith of Coddleton — Coddleton proper.

Walking about and chatting with men, women, and children, I soon found that Tom's goodnature had succeeded in winning some friends quite as warm as those with whom he used to drive and drink at Loggerhead. He seemed to be very well known, and unquestionably popular. My heart yearned towards the old fellow, and I retraced the way towards his cottage.

Tom met me at the gate, and we said as little, and said that little as heartily, as two people do sometimes when they have not met since the state of both has undergone great change. We were soon lounging on the American armchairs, talking about everybody whom each had or might have seen during the interval since our last meeting.

Tom's household consisted of an old woman and her daughter, a middle-aged woman. He rented the best part of their house, to wit, a sitting-room and bed-chamber, and they cooked and "did for" him. There was not much society about the place; but, the vicar, he said, was rich, and gave good "feeds," at which his curate was of course always present. The vicar was likewise indolent, with strong non-resident tendencies, and Tom was not sorry to be left much to himself. Sir Basil Pump, the wealthy merchant out of Aldgate, was his next door neighbour, and helped heartily when money was desired for a good purpose. Tom got also the use of Sir Basil's horses, and a quiet "trap" now and then; so that he still indulged his old tastes in a moderate way.

Tom had recently lost his father, and his honest face was often overcast with a look of sad remembrance. His mother and sisters paid him a brief visit but a few days since; and I thought, as he took up one or two of the books which I recollected having seen at Trafford vicarage, there was a little quiver on his lip. But it was pleasing to see the bustle that his room betokened. The reports of schools and baths and wash-houses, piles of little books for distribution, prospectuses of various schemes for social benefit, clerical almanacs, files of magazines, and even a copy of the University Commission, showed that Tom's mind was upon the things around him, as well as upon the revival of his college studies.

We strolled down to see the school, which had been recently done up. It was clean, compact, and well conducted, but sadly inadequate to the requirements of the place. Sir Basil, however, to whom the surrounding neighbourhood owed much of its prosperity and comfort, was supposed to have good intentions. Tom intimated his purpose of introducing me to the worthy knight that evening.

The church was in capital con-

dition; and I mentally resolved to run up again with a Saturday return ticket, and hear Tom hold forth from his pulpit. The vicar appeared to be a nonentity: moderately liberal, but without any care to see a just use made of the money he bestowed — hospitable to the surrounding gentry, without caring to extend his influence for good. He seldom spent more than six weeks in the parish at a time. However, the living was a small one, and he paid Tom a sufficient stipend.

We sat down to a plump fowl and a few slices of ham, and I soon found that Sir Basil's stock of the good things of this world was very much at Tom's disposal. Moreover, I remarked anti-macassars and a kettle-holder, all new, and remarkably elaborate. Of course, I did not hazard any remarks that looked like curiosity. When dinner was over, Tom, donning a straw hat and an old dressing-gown, produced a cigar-box. He saw no harm therein, neither did I.

But all my friend's mischievous propensities were gone. To be sure, his eye kindled once or twice as some college prank was called to mind, and he pointed to a couple of whips hanging behind the door, as well as to a cornopean, that at one period had been the evil genius of the Loggerhead reading men. He even confessed to having lost a trifle by not hedging on Mary Blane, but he seemed half ashamed of this last lurking peccadillo. For my own part, I felt almost glad to see some traces left of Tom's old nature. I have weak faith in violent reforms. All the fine parts of Tom's character had ripened; his generosity had become chastened by judgment; his ready good-nature made his lessons of religion and good conduct interesting and convincing to his flock; and the interest he took as a pupil in agricultural matters and the every-day pursuits of those around him, inspired a confidence which, in turn, secured attention to his doctrine when it was his turn to teach.

After a few hours' chat, Tom paid a visit to a sick old woman, while I busied myself with his books. When he returned, we set out for his knightly neighbour's mansion. It was a beautiful place, owned by a widower, who seemed to be so much devoted to his pretty daughter, Fanny, that you would have thought he had no time for the remembrance of his wife. But it was quite the reverse: he had experienced deep sorrows as well as unbounded prosperity; but he softened his reflections of the one by making good use of the other.

I do not know whether the old knight or his daughter seemed most glad to see Tom, nor by what arrangement I and Sir Basil fell into conversation so closely, while neither Tom nor Fanny appeared to have the least interest in our discourse. But, I could not help observing Tom's initials to some very, I might say, affec-

tionate, birthday lines in an album that I chanced to open. I observed that, when we strolled out on the lawn, Fanny did not seem to object to my friend's tying the ribbons of her straw hat, and I am not quite certain whether Sir Basil did not give a quiet chuckle over the operation thus performed.

Sir Basil talked to me about a design for the school-house, and hinted at a change in his family that would involve some considerable alterations in his dwelling, and how glad he was to have fallen in with an architectural friend of Tom's. I thought his conversation profitable.

We left early. Tom always read prayers, night and morning, to his housekeeper and her daughter; and even Fanny, had she wished it, could not have caused him to forget so simple and conscientious a duty. I was to be up early to go with Sir Basil to a meeting of landlords at some distance, and we went, therefore, quietly to bed.

I could not detail the delightful manner in which I spent the next four or five days, any more than I could describe my satisfaction at the agreeable nature of Tom's prospects. But, I thought of the influence which good circumstances would bring; of the further development of his high feeling and good-heartedness; and of the chastened soberness of disposition, which the farewell to a bachelor's life would bring with it.

When I thought of Tom's ambition, "in his salad days, when he was green in judgment," to be seen in stables at all hours of the day; of his uncouth dress and careless conversation — when I reflected upon our breakfasts of beer and cigars, our extravagant luncheons and suppers, our dinners anywhere but in "hall" — when I summed up the mass of bills that used to be displayed in the chinks of the looking-glass frame, before they were jerked into the fire — I could not help saying, as I shook hands with him on the railway platform: "A great change for the better, Tom, a great change for the better!"

CHIPS.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

One of the early Italian novelists has left us an anecdote of a pleasant old Florentine gentleman, Scolaio Franchi by name, which, if the proverb had not been as old as the Greeks, or probably as philosophy itself, might be supposed to have originated the famous admonition about "the cup and the lip." There is nothing very wonderful in the story. Similar surprises have happened at many dinner-tables. I believe the manner in which it was told was what made it impress me; and to this I shall probably not do justice, for I repeat it from memory, and some particulars have escaped me. But the spirit of it ran as follows: —

Signor Scolaio was entertaining some friends at a tavern; and the wine had been flowing for some time and the company very merry, when the old gentleman, who had the spirits of a young one, and who was gifted with a corresponding flow of words, wound up a panegyric which he had been making on the juice of the grape, with the following peroration:

"So much, gentlemen, for the glories of wine in general: and now for a sample of them in particular, and that too in connexion with my own glory, and in the shape of this particular glass of wine which I hold in my hand, and which I am about to have the honour and felicity of drinking.

"Gentlemen, it is a very remarkable circumstance, and worthy, if you reflect on it, of your deepest consideration, that this particular glass of wine — look at it if you please, and observe it well, as a thing contemplated in the decrees of fate — was destined from all eternity to be drank by me, simple as I stand here, Scolaio Franchi. Moot as you will the point; bolt the matter to the bran; sift, with all the enquirers on such subjects, from Aristotle to Saint Austin, every particle of evidence left in the respective sieves of your subtleties out of the whole grinding and trituration of the great questions of fate, free-will, foreknowledge, liberty, necessity and unavoidability; and you will find nothing in the whole rounds of certainty more certain, than the drinking and imbibition of this particular glass of wine by me, Scolaio Franchi. All the folios that could be written on the other side — all the armies that could be brought against me to hinder me, though they were bigger than Charlemagne's or than Agrican's — all the eclipses, comets, and earthquakes gathered together (if that were possible) from all time — or whatsoever else might turn, terrify, and annihilate a man from his purpose, if it were not absolutely decreed as in this instance, could turn, terrify, or in the least degree interfere with, or obstruct, the passage of this particular preordinated glass of wine into the throat and stomach of Scolaio Franchi."

The orator had no sooner uttered these words than the friend who sat on his right, and who had been nicely calculating the mode of doing it, snatched the glass out of his hand, and swallowed it himself.

CORNISH CHOUGHS FOUND AT LAST.

We have been favoured with the following communication: —

"I am a constant reader of Household Words, and having been struck with an account of a tour through the western part of my native county (Cornwall) in an apparently fruitless search after Cornish Choughs, it has occurred to me, that you might really wish to obtain a living spe-

cimen of that bird. If such is the case, I can inform you where they are procurable.

"I was residing for some years at a small cove, named Portloe, and subsequently at another port, Holland, when serving in the Coast Guard, and on half-pay. The Choughs build and breed in great numbers in the cliffs contiguous to both these coves. About this season of the year the boys take the young from the nests, when they are fledged, which they dispose of for trifling sums, varying from one penny to sixpence; and numbers are to be seen all round the neighbourhood, in the cottages and gardens, perfectly tame. I have frequently had them myself. The people hold them in a sort of reverence (the why I don't know), and they are never shot or destroyed in any other manner; some of the Cornish folk say that they can be taught to speak, but that I very much doubt. I have been all round the coast of Cornwall repeatedly in revenue cruisers, and into almost every creek and cove on it, and I never saw the Choughs, or knew them to breed, but in two places more besides those I have named: namely, a cove called Porthallow (pronounced Praala), and another, Porthowstock (pronounced Proustock). These coves are just inside the Manacle Rocks, in the parish of St. Keverne, twelve miles from Helston and nine from [illegible]outh; the first-named coves [illegible]hree miles from Tregoney and eight from Truro. I never saw the Chough to the westward of the Lizard.

"I felt interested in reading your brief notice of the upsetting the Logan Rock. I happened to be there, although not immediately connected with that act of Vandalism. I was then chief mate of the Nimble, revenue cruiser, which vessel was commanded by Lieutenant Hugh Goldsmith, who, with eight of the crew, performed the exploit. I was in the plain immediately under it when it was capsized out of its socket on its side, jamming itself in a sort of natural fork in the granite: a large piece of which, nearly a ton weight, it knocked off into the sea as it fell over. The weight of the Logan Rock itself, as near as could be ascertained, is seventy to seventy-five tons; at least, that was the opinion of an eminent engineer, who was there when it was replaced. I could have furnished you with a full, true, and particular account of all the proceedings in connexion with it, if I could have imagined it would have been acceptable, and that I should not have been considered as taking a liberty.

A WHOLESOME POLICY.

We are certainly a camel-[illegible]ing people. Otherwise it would seem to us an odd thing that a Lif[illegible] Assurance Company, befo[illegible] granting a policy and becomi[illegible] liable for the payment of money

after death, should carefully inquire concerning small-pox, fits, gout, asthma, and such other liabilities to sickness, in the applicant himself, and never ask a syllable about the surrounding outward circumstances in which he may be living. Whoever has insured his life may live over a cesspool. He who has taken out a policy is not called upon to give notice of his intention, though he may propose removing to some quarter of the town in which his house may be ill-ventilated, his neighbourhood confined, his drainage in a state of horrible neglect. But the Office must be warned if he proposes to peril his existence by the risks of foreign travel. There was a case in point that attracted public notice some little time ago. A gentleman, aged thirty-one, in excellent health, assured his life for a thousand pounds. Having paid only three annual premiums, he removed to a sickly spot in the Bethnal Green Road, and died of typhus fever after a few days illness. The number who die quietly, who cut off a paring from the ripe years of their lives for every day spent under unwholesome influences, who work incessantly on their own coffins, and spend thirty years of manhood in annihilating thirty years of age, is far from small. In one district of London, an inhabitant dies yearly out of every fifty-eight; and in another, one out of every nineteen. Yet our Assurance Companies do not consider it material to ask, as a question that affects their policy, in which of these two districts a proposed life may reside.

In the healthiest of our counties one person dies yearly out of every fifty-seven inhabitants; in the whole of London, one in forty-one; and, in the whole of Liverpool, one in thirty. One in thirty corresponds with the loss suffered by our armies on the field of Waterloo. Nevertheless, it is no question affecting Life Assurance whether a man be residing on the top of the wholesomest country hill in England, or in the recesses of Saint Olave, Southwark. Typhus fever destroys more lives than gout, rupture, small-pox, asthma, palsy, and intemperance together; but, while inquiries are made carefully concerning tendencies to such disease, in the granting of a life policy no note is taken of those outward circumstances by which fevers are produced. A man's policy is void should he drink poison; but no Assurance Company appears to care how much he breathes in the familiar way of drain-gas or malaria.

It cannot be said that sanitary considerations of this kind affect only the lives of poor people, who are not customers to the Assurance Companies. They are, indeed, the greatest sufferers, but not the only ones. Their wretchedness clings to the skirts of grandeur. One of the worst courts about London lies under the shade of the Queen's palace walls. Questions

of fresh air, drainage, and such matters as belong to public health, affect greatly a consideration of the probability of life among the gentry. The average age at which gentlemen and ladies die, is, in London forty-four; in Liverpool, only thirty-five. The gentry of Saint George's, Hanover Square, of St. James's, and Marylebone, die at an average age, by which the probability of life is reduced, in their case, fifteen years below the healthy standard.

These facts were urged three or four years ago upon the notice of Assurance Offices, in a pamphlet by the secretary of the then existent Health of Towns' Association, Mr. Henry Austin. Since the interest of Life Assurance Companies lies clearly in a recognition of the facts disclosed in sanitary tables, we have little doubt that wholesomeness will, before long, find stout advocates among the gentlemen who have invested an aggregate of about fifty millions in speculation on the probabilities of life. It is quite true that the tables upon which Assurance Companies now work, have been formed upon a general average of probabilities safe in the gross; but it is not fair to the public, and certainly not wise, in a commercial sense, to continue to work on a gross average.

It has been shown that the probability of life differs constantly and strikingly, according to the nature of certain well-known external conditions. Just as, in Fire Offices, pay for their assurance in proportion to their chance of being burnt; so, in Life Assurance, policies should be made out on scales fairly proportioned in each case to the hazard. When it is notorious that of two children born in different parts of England, the chance of life in one is double or treble the chance of life in the other, it ceases to be fair that each should pay to an Assurance Office the same premium. Healthy men living under healthy circumstances, pay too much, individually, to Assurance Companies; their neighbours, in unwholesome districts, pay too little. The recognition of the difference that should be made between them in the charge for a life policy, would operate, we think, with a most wholesome effect upon the public. It would induce, also, a very much increased amount of Life Assurance among the healthiest and safest men; and by diminishing only the quantity of business done with men whose lives are hazardous, would certainly increase the profits of the Companies.

Again, if the Directors of Assurance Companies could only travel like the Devil on Two Sticks, and peep under the roofs of the assured from whom they get their yearly aggregate of premiums; if they could with their own eyes see how here a drain, there an ill-ventilated bed-chamber, elsewhere some other cause of bodily decay easily removable, rots away lives, and bites daily and

nightly like a rust into the Company's gold; they would acquire so great an itch for speaking words in season here and there — would be so eager to provide the stitch in time that saves nine years perhaps of premium in one case and another — that, as if possessed, they would all rush together to plunge headlong into the stream of sanitary progress. The health of assured lives is the cash of the Assurance Company, and, as cash, it is worth increasing. The body of an assured person is one of the Company's cash-boxes, and, like a cash-box, should be kept as strong as possible.

But how, it will be said, can this be done by an Assurance Company without impertinent intrusion on its customers? Assurance Companies will never be allowed to institute domiciliary visits, and inquire into the private arrangements of a Briton? Perhaps not. The Briton is a little testy on the subject of his trueness, his blueness, and his independence. A man who has assured his life cannot, it is true, say that his life is his own, and that he may waste it if he pleases. He is morally as culpable in any wilful following of an unwholesome practice as he would be in any other breach of contract which defrauds his neighbour. Knowing at the same time how the Briton likes to keep house well and economically, we think that, so far from objecting, he might be extremely glad occasionally to welcome to his castle a professional man, competent to tell him of anything, in drainage or elsewhere, about it dangerous to the health of himself and of his family, and to advise him upon sanitary matters without any charge. Be that as it may, we are quite sure that the public would rejoice to witness the establishment of officers upon the staff of all Assurance Companies, whose duty it should be to certify to the directors the good or bad sanitary conditions under which proposed assurers may be living. Holders of policies might be required to give notice of any change of residence, in order that, where it might seem necessary, the new dwelling might be inspected, and any source of sickness in it be detected and removed. If it should be found incurably defective and past remedy — more dangerous than the preceding abode — a suitable addition to the premium should be charged on its account. Beyond these necessary limits, the medical officer appointed by the Company could be empowered to transgress at his own discretion, in coming to the aid of the assured with so much sanitary knowledge and experience as might be exercised without offence on their behalf.

A few medical officers of this kind, paid with such salaries as would secure to the Assurance Companies their whole time, and ensure that it should be spent in service of the highest class, would mediate in the most valuable way between assurers and assured. At the same time the whole plan

would indirectly do great service to the nobility, gentry, and public in general, by bringing the main facts that concern public health into direct, practical relation with the business of life. When men who will not take care of their health find themselves lowered in commercial value by the inhalation of foul air, a neglected drain under a house may come to be thought as unbusiness-like as a blotted ledger, and a man who takes recklessly to the breathing of foul air in any shape, may be thought as surely to be going to the dogs as one who takes to drinking.

KILSPINDIE.

KING James to royal Stirling town
Was riding from the chace,
When he was aware of a banished man
Return'd without his grace.

The man stood forward from the crowd
In act to make appeal:
Said James, but in no pleasant tone,
"Yonder is my Gray-steel."

He knew him not by his attire,
Which was but poor in plight;
He knew him not by his brown curls,
For they were turn'd to white;

He knew him not by followers,
For want had made them strange;
He knew him by his honest look,
With time could never change.

Kilspindie was a Douglas bold,
Who, when the king was young,
Had pleased him like the grim Gray-steel,
Of whom sweet verse is sung:

Had pleas'd him by his sword that cropp'd
The knights of their renown,
And by a foot so fleet and firm,
No horse could tire it down.

But James hath sworn an angry oath,
That as he was king crown'd,
No Douglas ever more should set
His foot on Scotish ground.

Too bold had been the Douglas race,
Too haughty and too strong;
Only Kilspindie of them all
Had never done him wrong.

"A boon! a boon!" Kilspindie cried;
"Pardon that here am I:
In France I have grown old and sad,
In Scotland I would die."

Kilspindie knelt, Kilspindie bent,
His Douglas pride was gone;
The king he neither spoke nor look'd,
But sternly rode straight on.

Kilspindie rose, and pace for pace
Held on beside the train,
His cap in hand, his looks in hope,
His heart in doubt and pain.

Before them lay proud Stirling hill,
The way grew steep and strong,
The king shook bridle suddenly,
And up swept all the throng.

Kilspindie said within himself:
"He thinks of Auld Lang Syne,
And wishes pleasantly to see
What strength may still be mine."

On rode the court, Kilspindie ran,
His smile grew half distress'd;
There wasn't a man in that company,
Save one, but wished him rest.

Still on they rode, and still ran he,
His breath he scarce could get;
There wasn't a man in that company,
Save one, with eyes unwet.

The king has entered Stirling town,
Nor ever graced him first;
Kilspindie sat him down, and ask'd
Some water for his thirst.

But they had mark'd the monarch's face
And how he kept his pride;
And old Kilspindie in his need
Is water's self denied.

Ten weeks thereafter, sever'd still
From Scotland's dear embrace,
Kilspindie died of broken heart,
Sped by that cruel race.

Ten years thereafter, his last breath
King James as sadly drew;
And though he died of many thoughts,
Kilspindie cross'd him too.

UNDERWRITING.

"WHO is Lloyd?"

In common with thousands of others I have often asked this question, while reading in the newspapers of terrible disasters at sea, of loss of noble, richly-freighted ships and richer human lives, of damage done to cargoes, of wrecks found floating on the waste of waters far at sea, of solitary spars, or empty casks picked up on foreign shores: I had read, too, with gladdened heart — and who has not? — of ships arrived in far-off colonies or Indian ports, with some dear friends on board, and all reported well.

He must be a most wonderful man, this Lloyd, whose Shipping Lists supply all this intelligence. Is he some active and wealthy ship-broker, a native of Wales, wearing a Welsh wig, and busily occupied with long lists of ships in some little dark dusty office, somewhere down by Custom House Quay? Nobody could tell me, so I resolved to make Mr. Lloyd's acquaintance, and to learn from his own lips how he contrived to gather together such a mass of intelligence as he does gather within the space of twenty-four hours.

My inquiries led me to the Royal Exchange, where I was told I should find Lloyd's, and where, at the end of half-an-hour of questioning, I actually discovered two gigantic doors, with the sought-for word blazoned over them in burnished brass. The doors were flung wide open, as though one or two ships were going to be launched through them very shortly. Before me, as I entered, rose a noble flight of stairs, as wide almost as a frigate's deck, and up and down these Titan stones rushed past me scores of people in half abstracted mood. I could have imagined that the men I met rushing out had just heard of some fearful shipwreck, involving the loss of all their worldly possessions, were it not that those who entered seemed to be quite as alarmed and hurried. At the top of this splendid stone staircase is a lofty room, somewhat circular in shape, and containing numerous doors, which were guarded by two formidable-looking men in red cloaks: of one of these I inquired for the proprietor, and was thereupon referred to the Secretary's office, a suite of quiet elegant rooms.

The information I gathered in these offices may be classed under three heads: the objects and history of Lloyd's; the external agencies by which it is brought into action; the internal arrangements, by means of which its varied intelligence is received, digested, arranged, and, finally, disseminated.

The Society of Underwriters or Marine Insurers, now known by the designation of Lloyd's, appears to be one of the oldest associations extant. The system of insuring shippers of goods as well as owners of ships against losses at sea, may be traced as long back

as the reign of Edward the Sixth—probably still farther; although that is the date of the oldest record of such a practice to be found amongst the State Papers. In the preamble to statute 43rd of Elizabeth, marine insurance is mentioned as "an usage time out of mind." At these periods, the merchants and others who insured or underwrote policies, assembled at the "exchange-house" in Lombard Street long before the old Royal Exchange was built. After the Great Fire of London, the Society of Underwriters assembled for the purpose of business at a coffee-house in Lombard Street, and afterwards in Pope's Head Alley, kept by a person named Lloyd — hence the present designation of the body; and they appear to have remained guests of Mr. Lloyd until the year 1774, when they once more took up their quarters in the Royal Exchange, to be again burnt out in 1838.

At present the institution numbers two hundred and seventeen underwriters, one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight members and substitutes, and five hundred and three subscribers to the merchants' room, who pay yearly subscriptions varying from ten guineas to two guineas; these, with entrance fees, make up about nine thousand six hundred pounds yearly. Besides this source of income, Lloyd's receives two hundred pounds a year from each of the five principal Assurance Companies, besides various yearly sums from Dock Companies and sale-rooms, as well as from the editors of such daily papers as have the privilege of early copies of shipping intelligence, making up a total annual income of about twelve thousand pounds. The wealth and liberality of this body may be estimated by the fact, that at the period when this country was threatened with an invasion from Napoleon, a sum amounting to twenty thousand pounds, and afterwards made thirty-five thousand pounds, was devoted by Lloyd's towards the formation of what has since been termed the Patriotic Fund, for the relief of sufferers in the war and their families. Besides this noble gift, the committee has at various times presented nineteen thousand pounds to charitable and patriotic funds.

Let us now see by what machinery this institution is enabled at nearly all times to command the very earliest and best information relative to shipping and cargoes at every part of the civilised world. This is effected by agents, who are located at each port of note in the four quarters of the globe: no maritime town of any consequence is without a Lloyd's agent; and, although no salary attaches to these offices — certain casual fees alone forming their remuneration — so anxiously are they coveted as bestowing a certain degree of respectability, that it is a frequent occurrence for as many as fifty applications to be made on the occasion of a vacancy. It is the duty of these

agents to report by every mail or post the arrivals and departures of ships; all accidents or disasters relative to shipping or cargoes; the appearance of enemies' cruisers in time of war; to render assistance to masters of vessels in any cases of difficulty or danger; to furnish certificates of damage to goods or vessels, and generally to furnish every kind of information likely to prove of service to the underwriters of Lloyd's.

The number of Lloyd's agents in foreign and colonial ports is two hundred and ninety-six: these are chiefly mercantile men; and, not unfrequently, the British Consul at a foreign port is selected to perform de duty of agent.

In the United Kingdom — from the fact of the very dangerous character of most of the sea-coast, and the multitudinous arrivals and departures — the agents amount to not less than one hundred and forty-seven, or one half as many as throughout the rest of the world. To facilitate and simplify the duties of these home agents, the entire coasts of Great Britain and Ireland have been divided into certain portions, from point to point, within which each agent has his functions as accurately defined as have our county magistrates in matters of police. It must be at once apparent that in such serious matters as shipwrecks or other accidents of the sea, it could not be permitted for the least shadow of doubt to exist in the mind of an agent as to any such disaster happening in his or his neighbour's district.

In this way England, Wales, and Scotland are divided into one hundred and twenty-three agencies. No. 1 of this list extends from the eastern limits of the parish of Gravesend to the west entrance of Faversham Creek: No. 2 extends from the east entrance of Faversham Creek to Reculver Church. The districts are carried thus quite round the kingdom, taking in the Channel Islands and those to the north of Scotland, and returning back to the other bank of the Thames as far as Southend Pier, which is the last agency. In Ireland the same division is observed — the duties however are there discharged by twenty-four agents.

It becomes the duty of all these four hundred and forty-three agents, at home and abroad, to ascertain the particulars of every casualty of any kind occurring within their respective agencies to ships or cargoes, and to report the same with the least possible delay to the secretary of Lloyd's. The necessity which exists for such early and authentic intelligence will be apparent, when it is remembered that both ships and goods are frequently insured long after their departure from the country, and in the event of a vessel not having been heard of at the expected period, insurances effected upon her are often increased, of course at a much higher rate in propo

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The home establishment consists of a suite of rooms set apart for the use of the Committee and officers; and another range of apartments appropriated to the various subscribers to Lloyd's, in the Royal Exchange. There are, of course, a secretary's room, clerks', and waiting rooms, committee and record rooms, as well as an admirably arranged lavatory. The public apartments consist of five rooms. The largest of them is the underwriting room, where the underwriters and brokers transact the multifarious business connected with marine insurances. It is a busy scene towards the afternoon, when persons willing to take risks of insurance deal, through the medium of brokers, with those who have ships or cargoes to insure. It is quite impossible to form any accurate estimate of the value of property, of all kinds, insured through the year by means of underwriting at Lloyd's: it may be sufficient to observe, however, that by far the greater portion of British shipping and goods imported into and exported from this country, as well as into and from many foreign countries, are here insured. The insurances of America, France, Germany, Spain, and indeed of all other trading nations, are principally effected through the instrumentality of this one body. No other country possesses such an institution. There is, indeed, the "Austrian
" but much less important
e and extent than ours.

It may be readily imagined that with agencies spread over the four quarters of the globe, with mails constantly arriving from beyond sea, the amount of correspondence involved in the getting together the shipping news of the world, which Lloyd's List really is, must be very considerable, and oftentimes exceedingly heavy. In the winter and spring months the advices of casualties multiply; and, on the arrival of an Indian or American mail, the work is necessarily much increased. By special arrangements made with the Post-Office, all letters and packets addressed to Lloyd's are promptly delivered to their messengers. Railways and steamboats are not rapid enough for the news which has to be transmitted from various parts of the coast, relative to shipping. The electric telegraph is in daily use during stormy weather; and a few hastily deciphered words received at the telegraph branch, at one end of the merchants' room, frequently chronicles the loss of thousands of pounds to the busy men around.

At half-past eight in the morning, the opening of the first receipt of letters commences. By a well digested method the clerk who opens them assorts them as to locality, and others immediately begin the work of copyir the various names, dates, and incidents. So rapidly and systematically is this done, that by ten o'clock — when men of business are usually at their offices — a

perfect list of arrivals, &c., is made up and posted in one of the public rooms. Simultaneously with this registering, the list is put into type at Lloyd's printing-office below, and rough copies printed on slips of paper, which are marked with the hour and minute when issued; and these, which form the foundation of the daily list published in the afternoon', are dispatched to the several Assurance Companies, as well as posted in the reading-room at Lloyd's, so that any error in names, or otherwise, may be seen and rectified before the perfect and final list be published. Inasmuch as mails arrive in London during all hours of the day, a succession of these slips are printed and issued until late in the afternoon.

Lloyd's Books, which are in fact transcripts of these slips, are kept closely written up as intelligence comes to hand. They are placed in conspicuous parts of the underwriting room, and are of necessity highly interesting to all persons connected with the shipping interest. In former days every item of intelligence was posted in these huge volumes in the order in which they were received, the accidents and disasters being distinguished by having the words written in large characters, or double lines, as they were technically called. Now, however, that the business of this establishment has so largely increased, it has been found expedient to adopt something of classification, in order to facilitate the researches of underwriters and others through such a mass of intelligence. The lists, which also contain the sailings and speakings at sea, are therefore transcribed into the two distinct volumes: the one, containing arrivals in all parts of the world, is called the Arrivals' Book; the other, recording losses and casualties, is termed the Loss Book.

Towards the afternoon the various printed slips, with any corrections that may be needed, together with all electric despatches received, are thrown together, and thus form the daily publication known as Lloyd's List. Occasionally shipping news is received by other parties, and communicated to Lloyd's, in which case such advice is embodied in their list. So well known are the facilities of this society for collecting first-rate intelligence, that the Admiralty and the East India Company frequently receive the earliest intelligence through the medium of Lloyd's.

With this daily distribution of intelligence, the labours of the secretary and his staff, however, are by no means completed. The geographical arrangement of shipping news in a series of carefully digested books is found most useful to parties making inquiries respecting vessels, the names of which may be in question, but whose ports of destination are known: they are

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the shipping transactions of the several ports of the world. One of the most laborious, however, of the daily tasks at Lloyd's, is that of writing up the enormous Indexes to the shipping lists. These are contained in four thick folio volumes, embracing the names of all ships known at Lloyd's from A to Z. The object of these Indexes is to enable persons to trace out the several voyages of any known vessel, or the particular date of the departure or arrival of any ship from or at any particular port in years past. Such date is needed more frequently than might be supposed. For instance, we will suppose a shipper wishes to forward goods to Calcutta by a fast-sailing vessel; several are named to him as taking in cargo, but he cannot ascertain which of them is likely to make the best run out. To satisfy himself on this point he turns to Lloyd's Indexes, and there he finds against the name of each ship long lines of abbreviations and figures in black and red inks. These abbreviations notify the port, the date, and the particular column of a particular issue of Lloyd's List, in which these several movements may be found recorded; and, to simplify this data still more completely, the notices of arrivals are in black ink: those of departures or casualties are in red. In this way may be found recorded the passages of every vessel known, to com- om the date of its maiden ntil it be at last entered (in red) as having foundered. It may be mentioned that these Indexes contain the names of forty thousand sea-going ships, our coasters not being included amongst them. So greatly has the shipping of the world increased of late years — especially that of Great Britain — that the task of writing up these Indexes, which a dozen years since occupied one person for about six hours, is now the work of two index-keepers from morning until the close of the office.

In addition to the supervision of this mass of daily labour, the secretary has not only to keep up the ordinary correspondence with agents in all parts of the world, but to satisfy persons making inquiries respecting the fate of some ship, or of some friend — a passenger or sailor by a vessel not heard of for a long period. To reply to these is certainly no portion of the duties of Lloyd's secretary; yet the arrangements made enable him to attend to these letters, and to afford valuable and interesting information. It must be obvious that from the very nature and extent of the details of these operations, each day must necessarily see its own work brought to a termination; a single day's arrears would fling the establishment into irretrievable confusion, and seriously impair its usefulness; and this is so well understood that, let the amount of labour be what it may, all remain at their posts until the last stroke of the pen has been made.

The progress of an institution such as this, marching onwards and expanding with the pressure of the times, may well serve to indicate the growth of commerce, not only in our own land, but throughout the civilised world. Now, the oldest published Lloyd's List in existence bears date 1745, and is in possession of the Committee of Lloyd's, being somewhat more than a century old; we are thus enabled to draw a tolerably accurate comparison between the shipping operations of the middle of the last century, and the middle of the present century.

The old Lloyd's List appears to have been the last that was published once in the week; it is printed on a narrow slip of paper about a foot in length; and, besides containing the price of bullion and the stocks, gives the rates of exchange on foreign countries; these are on one side. On the reverse is what was then termed "the Marine List;" which gives a list of twenty-three arrivals and twelve departures at English ports, with thirty-four ships at anchor in the Downs. There are also notices of four arrivals in Irish and foreign ports, with advice of three British ships taken by the enemy's privateers. Turning from this document, which gives a week's news, to one of the year 1800, published daily, we find it contains on an average notices of seventy-five ships. This was in time of war: and, comparing numbers, we find the ships noticed as ten to one against the previous date. Following up the comparison, we turn to a Lloyd's List for 1850; one of the fullest of these covered fifteen pages in the Arrivals and Loss books for one day, giving the names of about four hundred and sixty vessels, being six times the number of those in 1800, and as numerous as the lists of one entire year in the previous century.

A just idea of the importance attaching to shipping advices by underwriters and others, may be formed from the number of casualties of all kinds occurring on the seas in all parts. The documents existing at Lloyd's show these were, in the year 1847, not less than about two thousand two hundred; of which as many as eight hundred were instances of ships abandoned at sea, or wrecked. In 1850, the total casualties of all descriptions were still heavier, having been about three thousand six hundred. These figures do not include steam-vessels, the casualties relating to which were seventy-one in 1847, and one hundred and eight in 1850.

Amongst the casualties, there were in the year 1847, not less than forty-nine ships reported as having put to sea, of which no further tidings were heard; these must, of course, have gone down with all hands. To estimate the value of property thus totally lost in each year would be a matter of considerable difficulty; yet we

may arrive at an approximation. If we value each of the eight hundred total losses in 1847, with their cargoes, at an average of only three thousand pounds each, we shall find the loss to amount to about two millions and a half sterling! Continuing this estimate to 1850, we might, by a similar mode of calculation, make the total of losses sustained by the underwriters at Lloyd's and elsewhere, on the three thousand six hundred casualties in that year, amount to between four and five millions sterling!

Vast, however, as is the amount of property in constant jeopardy, and heavy as are the yearly losses on the high seas, the Committee of Lloyd's give not all their care to these things: human life claims their frequent sympathy, and these gentlemen find the time and the will, amidst their many duties, to bestow kindly aid to sufferers of many classes. Not only do they contribute to hospitals for the relief of seamen, and to the maintenance of life-boats along our dangerous coasts, but they extend rewards to such as, at risk to themselves, save, or attempt to save, life from shipwrecks. In some cases money is given, but where that would be unnecessary, or when some more lasting memorial of courageous humanity would be more highly esteemed, a medal is awarded. This is cast in bronze and silver, and given according to the station in life or degree of merit of each particular case. first award of these medals in 1837, forty of them have been thus bestowed.

From the sketch attempted to be given, it may be seen of what importance and value is this body of underwriters. How it has grown with the growing wants of the age, and anticipated every new or larger demand upon its energies. How governments and chartered bodies look to it for faithful, early news. How none concerned in commerce can live or thrive without its aid.

Like the human body with its many veins and nerves, it feels the least disturbance in the distant corners of the earth. Not a storm can rage in the wide oceans of the South, without a record at Lloyd's. No hurricane can rush through eastern seas, without a chronicle at Lloyd's. Every gale, every squall, let it be where it may, is felt at Lloyd's. The smallest craft that tempts the mighty seas leaves those at home who track it on its way with anxious, throbbing hearts; and when in some fierce storm it founders far from land, and its lost sailor sinks with bubbling groan, it is not soon forgotten: there are those who, hoping against hope, look long, though vainly, in each coming mail for tidings which will never come; and, when long months have passed, the name is scored from off the books at Lloyd's.

THE PRESENT HOLLOW TIME.

THE golden age, whensoever it may have had existence on the face of the earth, was an age of solid gold, there is no kind of doubt. It has been observed by innumerable philosophers and moralists — sometimes a little disappointed or misplaced, may be, but sound sages and impartial judges none the less — that every succeeding age, in its turn, has been hollow. The last has always been the hollowest. We must admit of the present time that it is a very hollow time indeed, though not a worse time than another, perhaps, in the sage and moral sense aforesaid.

It is an undoubted and an instructive fact that hollowness now plays an important part in engineers' and mechanical constructions; and that it is one mode of carrying out a vast economy of materials. A sheet of iron and a few rivets now perform the duty of ponderous castings or huge erections of brick, or stone, or timber. A beam of timber or a mass of iron may be treacherous within-side, owing to some inequality of structure which escapes the eye of the workman; and in such case the interior portion is not merely useless: it is a positive burden and incumbrance, a delusion and a snare, an income-tax of a very annoying kind, a bottomless pit in which the paymaster loses his money and the engineer loses his temper; it renders no service itself, and prevents the sounder portions from rendering their service. It is, on the contrary, one of the characteristics of the plate-and-rivet system (if we may coin a phrase to designate it), that there is no waste material, no neglected material, no material so far beneath the surface as to escape its due share of preparation and annealing. None of the iron particles — like individuals in an Exeter Hall chorus of seven hundred — can hide their defects by being buried among a mass of others; they are all brought near the front row, and must bear a fair amount of scrutiny.

If we watch the making of these plates or these rivets, we shall soon see that the iron passes through an ordeal which must greatly toughen and strengthen it. The molten iron, liberated from its stony companions by the heat of the blast furnace, flows in a golden stream from an aperture in the lower part of the furnace, and fills up a series of channels in the sandy floor of the foundry — a big channel being the sow, and sundry little channels the pigs. These pigs, when cold, form oblong masses of crude, brittle, and very imperfect iron, quite unfitted in this state for any engineering or mechanical purposes; they are refined in one furnace and puddled in another, to effect certain changes in the iron; the iron, in masses of sixty or seventy pounds, receives a few mighty thumps from a shingling hammer weighing five or six tons; then it is pressed be-

tween enormous rollers, then heated again, and then rolled again to its proper thickness as sheet-iron. Like as dough becomes toughened by good kneading, does the iron become toughened by these repeated meltings and beatings, and rollings and pressings. And the rivets, too, share this quality with the sheets, for they are formed of bar-iron or rod-iron, which has undergone a similar course of treatment.

The well-kneaded sheets and rivets, as we have said, take part, in a remarkable degree, in modern engineering. Steam-engine boilers and steam-vessel funnels are examples familiar to every one. The sheets are cut to the proper sizes by shears of most irresistible persuasion, which sever the material as effectually and as quietly as the clasp-knife of the coalheaver severs his bread and cheese into coalheaver's mouthfulls; another machine punches rivet holes around the margin of each sheet, quickly and cleanly; and a third machine cuts off pieces from a rod of iron to form tough and sturdy little rivets. Then, in order that the flat sheets may acquire a curvature similar to that of a boiler or a funnel, they are hammered on an anvil, a gauge or pattern being used to prevent the iron from overleaping the bounds of propriety, and acquiring too great a convexity. And now comes the riveting. The riveter has a boy at his elbow, which boy is commander-in-chief over a small portable forge; the edges of two sheets are lapped one over another, a rivet is made hot, it is put through the coinciding holes in the two plates, and two men batter away at the two ends of the rivet with huge hammers, until the spreading ends of the rivet bind with intense pressure the two plates together. Thus does the iron cool, and thus do the rivets succeed each other, and thus is a boiler or a funnel built up. It is hollow, but it is nevertheless strong.

As a rule, keep at least half a mile away from a boiler factory; for, of all the wild and bewildering noises presented by industrial art, nothing approaches in intensity that which results from thousands of rivets being hammered by dozens of lusty arms, day after day. And yet (as extremes meet) we would really suggest a visit to a boiler factory, to see what our Fairbairns and our Garforths of the busy north have done towards the silencing ot this hullabaloo. Many may recollect the two riveting machines which found a place in the Great Exhibition, but which, unfortunately, could not be shown action; the rivets are not hammered, but the two ends are treated with such a loving embrace as effectually to bind the rivet and the two plates together. There is a lesson also in the philosophy of "strikes" afforded by these machines. Mr. Fairbairn, in the Official Illustrated Catalogue, gives us this bit of information: "The invention of the riveting machine originated in a 'turnout' of the boiler-makers in the employ

of the exhibitor about fifteen years ago. On that occasion the attempt was made to rivet two plates together by compressing the redhot rivets in the ordinary punching press. The success of this experiment immediately led to the construction of the original machine." Improvements suggested themselves from time to time, until, about eight years ago, the present riveting-machine was brought to a state of great efficiency. "The machine effects by almost instantaneous pressure what is performed in the ordinary mode by a long series of impacts. The machine fixes in the firmest manner eight three-quarter-inch rivets in a minute." And what is more, the process is a sober, quiet one, and the riveting is said to be better effected than by the hammer.

It is to the humble plate-and-rivet that we owe the magnificent Britannia tubular bridge — beautiful in an engineering, though not in an æsthetic sense. The difficulties which pressed upon Robert Stephenson in his attempt to carry the Chester and Holyhead Railway over the Menai Straits, have become notorious. He was required to make a bridge flat at the bottom, and rigid enough to support railway trains with very little flexure. At the point chosen, the length of the whole bridge is one thousand three hundred and fifty feet, or thereabouts; but the fortunate existence of the Britannia rock in the middle of the stream, causes the entire width of the water there, nine hundred feet and upwards, to be divided into two spans of about four hundred and fifty feet each. These distances were required to be kept open throughout their whole length, so that vessels of large size might pass everywhere under the bridge, the bottom part of which was to be one hundred feet, at least, above high-water mark. These rigorous conditions were a sore puzzle to the engineer; and after all other kinds of bridge were considered and abandoned, the plate-and-rivet principle was thought of. Then occurred the remarkable experiments of Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hodgkinson, and the wonderful proofs of strength which such construction afforded — sixty-nine thousand six hundred and sixty four pounds of pulling force required to separate plates kept together by a half-inch rivet! Then came the cutting up of nearly six thousand tons of iron into plates, and seven hundred tons of bars into rivets, and the fitting of eighty miles of angle-iron, and the punching of seven million holes for rivets and bolts, and the gradual building up of these enormous tubes. Let it be regarded as a wonderful evidence of economy of materials, of strength produced by judicious arrangement, that this bridge, with its half-inch walls (the plates are seven-sixteenths to three-quarters of an inch in thickness), requires no chains to hold it up, and scarcely yields either to railway trains or to hurricanes of wind. The present is, indeed, a

very hollow time; but what a triumph is this hollowness when considered (as it ought to be) in connexion with strength and efficiency.

This tubular bridge, this Menai marvel, has produced mighty results in the few short years which it has yet lived. Engineers and machinists are becoming quite tubularly inclined; cast-iron is at a discount, and plate-and-rivet is above par. Iron is used in bridges in various ways. In the simple cast-iron arch there are often difficulties as to the height of the water-way beneath; in the simple cast-iron girder, the difficulty of casting and the weight in handling, give a limit of something like fifty or sixty feet to the length attainable; in the built-up girder, formed of separate castings fitted closely at the joints and bolted together, bridges of a hundred and twenty feet long have been obtained; in the trussed girder there are separate castings strengthened by tension rods, but the union of cast-iron with wrought-iron is seldom a happy one. They cannot agree, and disastrous family jars often result. They cannot expand and contract equally, and thus (as is supposed) originated the disastrous fall of the Dee bridge a few years ago. In the bow-string girder, with a roadway suspended from an iron arch, there has been found an efficient principle for many recently-built bridges. But the tubular bridge differs from all these in the simplicity of its construction, and the profitable way in which every ounce of iron renders its due service. Mr. Fairbairn's experiments led to his being invited to make two tubular bridges for the Bolton and Blackburn railway, of about seventy feet span; and the excellence and cheapness of these bridges have had their wonted effect. A cockney may see how ugly these girder bridges may be made, in the exemples furnished by the railway which rejoices in the ample name of "The London and Birmingham and East and West India Dock Junction;" but as there is no good reason why that which is statically beautiful should be æsthetically ugly, we may yet hope to see graceful forms here married to structural efficiency.

The route across North Wales has afforded us the first example of this tubular plate-and-rivet system of bridge-building; but let us not forget that the route to South Wales has just furnished another, comprising a double application of this singular principle. When the South Wales Railway was about to be carried over the Wye, the tremendous tide of that river at Chepstow (sixty feet difference of level between high and low water!) puzzled the engineer exceedingly, and led him to adopt a strange form of bridge, in which one-half is supported and the other half suspended. The bridge itself belongs to the plate-and-rivet genus; and the suspended portion hangs from enormous tubes,

which are themselves plate-and-rivet. Each tube is above three hundred feet long by nine feet in diameter; it is circular in section, and was built up on shore of plates and rivets. The hoisting of the first of these tubes, in April 1852, was a great work. The traveller over this unique bridge has rivets above him, rivets around him, rivets beneath him: he would be riveted to the spot, if he were not whizzed away by the train.

The plate-and-rivet bears its honours proudly in our noble iron steamers, and in nothing does the system display itself more remarkably. Is it not noteworthy, for instance, that the Great Britain, which bore its rude fate so bravely on the Irish coast, and which is now going to show its iron sides among the Australians, should be built up of sheet-iron, much in the same way as a boiler or a funnel? An iron keel, six inches deep by three in width, will suffice for a ship of a thousand tons burden; the ribs, analogous to the futtocks of a timber ship, are often smaller and less heavy per yard than ordinary rails for railways; and the sheets of iron are cut and punched and bent and riveted with an ease which shows that the thickness is to be measured, not by inches, but by eighths of an inch.

The hollowness of the present time is well illustrated by certain lighthouses; built to bear the bluff attacks of wind and rain. A few years ago, Mr. Gordon constructed an iron lighthouse on a lagoon in Jamaica; where, owing to local difficulties, it was computed that a tower of masonry could not have been constructed for less than twenty thousand pounds, or in a less period than six years, with the almost inevitable loss of many lives. Mr. Gordon designed an iron tower, formed on the model of the round towers of Ireland; in eight months after the plan was determined on, the iron skeleton was ready for shipment from England; and in nine months after that, the lighthouse was erected and ready for lighting. This lighthouse is formed of nine tiers of cast-iron plates, each about ten feet by five, each curved to the required degree of convexity, and each fastened to its neighbours by bolts and screws, and nuts and rivets. So well did this iron novelty do its duty, that another such lighthouse was built a few years afterwards at Bermuda; it is a hundred and five feet in height, and is formed by about a hundred and fifty curved iron plates, connected in the way before noticed. These lighthouses are not strictly examples of riveted wrought-iron, but of bolted cast-iron; nevertheless, the two methods are first cousins, and serve to illustrate the economy of material to which our modern industry is tending.

Surely, if solidity be looked for anywhere, it might be expected in gates and barriers against which water is pressing. But in this hollow time we have altered all

that; our friend plate-and-rivet has wedged in his hollow principles even here. Let us look at the Keyham steam-dock, now in process of formation at Devonport. Here is a basin, the water of which is confined by a gate eighty-two feet long, thirteen feet wide, and forty-two feet deep; and although the flood occasionally presses on one side of this gate, or caisson, with a force of fourteen hundred tons, uncompensated by any pressure on the other side, yet is this barrier as hollow and honey-combed as the tubular girders and bridges. Mr. Fairbairn (the presiding genius of this species of hollowness) has so managed matters that this caisson will rise and sink, and permit or obstruct the flow of water with singular ease. Plate-and-rivet is the magic agency, not only to the economy of material, but to the great furtherance of the purposes for which the basin is intended. And that which is good at Devonport cannot be far otherwise at Hartlepool, where tubular dock-gates have just been applied. The mightily busy coal people of Hartlepool require enlarged docks for their increasing trade; and they have consequently opened recently a new dock fourteen acres in extent. The dock is connected with the harbour or basin at one end, and with the old dock at the other; and, at these points of junction, there are lock-gates fifty or sixty

oss, formed almost wholly

ht-iron plates riveted together. Hollow as they are, they swing on their hinges, and resist the watery pressure more bravely than gates formed of ponderous timbers.

The gallant spirit of plate-and-rivet yields neither to pulling nor pushing, to hanging nor pressing, to water-impulse nor dry-impulse. A crane, the well-known instrument for lifting heavy weights, might reasonably be expected to present a thorough solidity in every part; yet Mr. Fairbairn, as if to show that he can beat every one hollow by everything hollow, now makes his cranes hollow, and of the very self-same kind of plates and rivets as he makes his bridges and girders, and caissons and gates. Sir David Brewster, at the meeting of the British Association in 1851, took occasion to speak of these remarkable cranes in the following terms: —

"These structures indicate some additional examples of the extension of the tubular system, and the many advantages which may yet be derived from a judicious combination of wrought-iron plates, and a careful distribution of the material in all those constructions which require security, rigidity, and strength. The projection or radius of the jib of these cranes is thirty-two feet from the centre of the stem, and its height thirty feet above the ground. It is entirely composed of wrought-iron plates, firmly riveted together on the principle of the upper side being

calculated to resist tension, and the under or concave side—which embodies the cellular construction—to resist compression. The form is correctly that of the prolonged vertebræ of the bird from which this machine for raising weights takes its name; it is truly the neck of the crane."

One of the cranes, thus built up of mere sheet-iron, has had as great a weight as twenty tons (nearly forty-five thousand pounds) suspended from it without any fracture or injury.

Wherever we turn, east, west, north, or south, in the old world and in the new, we find a determination existing to make a hollow time of it everywhere. Bending sheet-iron into flutes or hollows is the new way of constructing portable houses — for California, if you choose to go there. California? What! the tubular principle, the Fairbairn hollowness, the plate-and-rivet, going to California? Even so. It is now almost as easy to go to the diggings with an iron house to your back, as to go to Alabama with a banjo on your knee. The Eagle Foundry at Manchester will tell us all about this corrugated iron. In 1849, iron houses for California began to be made at those works. One such house was twenty feet long by ten wide; it comprised a sitting-room and a bed-room, one outer and one inner door, and a window to each room. The walls and roof were formed of sheet-iron, only one-eighth of an inch in thickness, in sheets sixty inches by thirty. The upright supports were of hollow rolled iron filled up with wood; the doors had frames of bar-iron, with panels of sheet-iron, and the window shutters were similarly constructed. Every sheet, and every bit of angle-iron and T-iron and bolt and rivet, were numbered, so that three or four men could put up the house in three or four days; and thus was a fifty-pound house built in a Manchester factory in a week, and neatly packed off ship-wise to the far west. Another iron house for California was of loftier pretensions, — and if it ever come to the hammer of a Californian auctioneer, he will doubtless describe it in his advertisements as "a spacious detached residence, capable of accommodating a family of distinction" — it was twenty-seven feet long by twenty-two wide; was two stories high, and had eight rooms; but still its walls and roofs were mere sheet-iron. The Prince Consort admired, it is said, a little model iron house at the Great Exhibition, and forthwith ordered a corrugated ball-room for Balmoral; that is, a convenient sheet-iron detached building; which, without provision as a living room, might be serviceable for balls and occasional purposes. This iron pavilion is about sixty feet long, twenty feet wide, and seventeen high to the ridge of the roof; it has cast-iron pilasters (hollow, of course,) and base plates, two plate-iron doors, eight French windows, and corrugated

sheet-iron walls and roof. Perhaps this is the first ball-room, except one of canvas, which has walls only one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness; yet the wind is always busy; and, sometimes, outrageously powerful in that part of the country.

And thus — with tubular bridges, tubular girders, tubular caissons, tubular lock-gates, tubular cranes, sheet-iron ships, and sheet-iron houses — with the hollowness of all sorts of materials producing economy and strength, the present is indeed the hollowest of hollow times.

DOWN IN A SILVER MINE.

THE sojourner in Leipsic, while strolling through its quaint old streets and spacious market-place, will be attracted, among other peculiarities of national costume, by one which, while startling and showy, is still attractive and picturesque. The wearer is most probably a young man of small figure and of pallid appearance. He is dressed in a short jacket, which is black, and is enriched with black velvet. The nether garments are also black. His head is covered with a black brimless hat, and a small semi-circular apron of dark cloth is tied, not before, but behind. This is one of the Bergleute, mountain people; he comes from the Freiberg silver district, and is attired in the full dress of a miner.

Doubtless, these somewhat theatrically attired mountaineers hold a superior position to the diggers and blasters of the earth. The dress is, perhaps, more properly that worn in the mountains, than that of the miners themselves. Still, even their habiliments, as I afterwards learned, are but a working-day copy of this more costly model; and the semi-circular apron tied on behind, is more especially an indispensable portion of the working dress of the labouring miner.

From Leipsic, the mines are distant about seventy English miles. We — who are a happy party of foot-wanderers bound for Vienna — spend three careless days upon the road. Look at this glorious old castle of Altenburg, gravely nodding from its towering rock upon the quaint town below. It is the first station we come to, and is the capital of the ancient dukedom of Saxon-Altenburg. Look at the people about us! Does it not strike you as original, that what is here called modest attire, would elsewhere be condemned as immoral and ridiculous? Each of the males, indeed, presents a true old German portrait, with short plaited and wadded jacket, trunk breeches, shoes and buckles, and the low, steeple-crowned hat, with a broad and rolled brim. But the women! With petticoats no deeper than a Highlandman's kilt, their legs guiltless of shoes or stockings; while the bust and neck are hideously covered by a wooden

breast-plate; which, springing from the waist, rises at an angle of forty-five degrees as high as the chin; on the edge of which is fastened a handkerchief, tied tightly round the neck. A greater disfigurement of the female form could scarcely have been devised. Yet, to these good people, it is doubtless beauty and propriety itself; for it is old, and national.

Through pretty woods and cultivated lands; beside rugged, road-side dells, we trudge along. We halt in quiet villages, snug and neat even in their poverty; or wend our way, in the midst of sunshine, through endless vistas of fruit-laden woods, the public road being one rich orchard of red-dotted cherry-trees: purchaseable for a mere fraction, but not to be feloniously abstracted. Through Altenburg, Zwickau, Oederan, and Chemnitz; up steep hill paths, and by the side of unpronounceable villages, until, on the morning of the fourth day, we straggle into Freiberg.

Freiberg is the walled capital of the Saxon ore mountains, the Erzgebirge; the centre of the Saxon mining administration. One of its most spacious buildings is the Mining Academy, which dates from 1767. Here are rich collections of the wonderful produce of these mountains; models of mining machines, of philosophical and chemical apparatus; class and lecture rooms, and books out of number. Here Werner, the father of geology, and Humboldt, the systematiser of physical geography, were pupils. The former has bequeathed an extensive museum of mineralogy to the Academy, which has been gratefully named after its founder, the Wernerian Museum.

Freiberg holds up its head very high. The Mining Academy stands one thousand two hundred and thirty-one feet above the sea, although this is by no means the greatest altitude in the long range of mountains; which form a huge boundary line between the kingdoms of Saxony and Bohemia. The general name for the whole district is the Erzgebirg-Kreis — the circle of ore mountains — and truly they form one vast store of silver, tin, lead, iron, coal, copper, and cobalt ores; besides a host of chemical compounds and other riches. The indefatigable Saxons have worked and burrowed in them for more than seven hundred years.

We proceed to the Royal Saxon Mining Office, and request permission to descend into the "bowels of the land." This is accorded us without difficulty, and we receive a beautiful specimen of German text, in the shape of a lithographed Fahrschein, or permission to descend into Abraham's Shaft and Himmelfahrt, and to inspect all the works and appliances thereunto belonging. This Fahrschein especially informs us, that no person, unless of the Minerstand (fraternity of miners), can be permitted to descend into the Zechen or pits, who is not eighteen years old;

nor can more than two persons be entrusted to the care of one guide. We cheerfully pay on demand the sum of ten silver groschens each (about one shilling), for the purpose — as we are informed in a note at the bottom of the Fahrschein — of meeting the exigencies of the Miners' Pension and Relief Fund.

The mine we are about to inspect, which bears the general title of Himmelsfürst — Prince of Heaven — is situated near to the village of Brand. How fond these old miners were of Biblical designations! and what an earnest spirit of religion glowed within them! There is another mine in the vicinity, at Voigtsberg, called the Old Hope of God; but we must recollect that Freiberg was one of the strongholds of early Protestantism, and that the first and sternest of the reformers clustered about its mountains. They have a cold, desolate look; and we think of the gardens we have left at their bases, and of the forests of fir-trees which wave upon some of the loftier pinnacles of these same Erzgebirge. Nor are the few men we meet of more promising appearance: not dwarfed nor stunted, but naturally diminutive, with sallow skins and oppressed demeanour. How different are the firm, lithe, sun-tanned mountaineers, who breathe the free air on the summits of their hills!

We are near the entrance of ine; and, entering the neat, en office of the Schachtmeister, or mine-controller, we produce our credentials. Having signed our names in a huge book, (in which we decipher more than one English name,) we are passed to the care of an intelligent-looking guide; who, although still in early manhood, is of the same small and delicate growth observable in the miners generally.

Our guide, providing himself with small lanterns and an omitnous-looking bundle, leads the way out of the Schachtmeister's office to another portion of the same building. Here are heaps of dark grey macadamised stones; — silver and lead ores just raised from the pit; over whose very mouth we are unknowingly standing. The windlass is in the centre of the chasm; and it is by means of this windlass that the metalliferous substance is raised to the surface in square wooden boxes. Here the dressing of the ores commences; boys cluster in all directions, under the wooden shed, and in other sheds beyond that. Here the ores are picked and sorted, washed and sieved, and, we believe, crushed or pulverised, according to the amount of metal contained in them, till they are in a fit state for the smelting furnace. We are not admitted to a minute inspection of these processes; but, under the direction of our guide, turn towards the mouth of the pit which we are to descend. Ere we leave the shed, we pick out a small block of ore as a memorial of the visit, and are astonished at

its weight; bright yellow, and dull lead-coloured crystals gleam over its surface; and a portion of the gneiss, from which it has been broken, still adheres to it.

We follow our guide across a dusty space towards a wooden building with a conical roof; and, as we approach it, we become conscious of rather than hear, the sweet, melancholy sound of a bell, which, at minute intervals, tones dreamily through the air. Whence comes that sad sound? In the centre of the shed is a square box, open at the top; and immediately above hangs the small bell: thence comes the silvery voice.

"For what purpose is this bell?" we inquire of our guide.

"It is the bell of safety."

"Does it sound a warning?"

"No, the reverse; its silence gives the warning. The bell is acted upon by a large water-wheel, immediately below the surface. By means of this wheel, and others at greater depths, the whole drainage of this mine is effected. If, by any means, these water-wheels should cease to act, the bell would cease to sound, and the miners would hasten to the day, for no man could tell how soon his working might be flooded."

"And can it be heard throughout mine?"

"Through this portion of it. Probably the water acts as a conductor of the sound; but the miners listen earnestly for its minute tolling."

Toll on, thou messenger of comfort! May thy voice ever tell of safety to the haggard toiler, deep in the earth!

Our guide now directs us to attire ourselves in the garments disgorged from the portentous-looking bundle. They consist of a pair of black calico trousers, a dark, lapelled coat, a leathern semi-circular apron, buckled on behind — the strap of which serves to hook a small lantern on in front — and a terrible brimless felt hat, which we feel to be a curse the moment we put it on, and which we never cease to anathematise, up to the instant when we take it off. These habiliments, being drawn over our ordinary clothing, do not facilitate our motions, or help to keep us in so cool a state as might be desirable.

Over the edge of the square box, and down a stone staircase cut through the solid granite, we follow our guide. We pause on the first few steps, and are just able to distinguish the huge, broad water-wheel, slowly revolving in its stony chamber: its spokes, like giant arms, sweep through the wet darkness with scarcely a sound, but a low dripping and gurgling of water. That terrible staircase! dark and steep and slimy! Water drips from its roof and oozes from its walls. It is so low, that instead of bending forward as the body naturally does when in the act of descent, we are compelled to throw our heads back at the risk of dislocating our necks, in order that the

detestable hat may not be driven over our eyes by coming in contact with the roof. Down, down the slippery steps; feeling our way along slimy walls; through the dense gloom, and heavy, moist air! The way seems to wave and bend we scarcely know how; sometimes we traverse level galleries, but they only lead us again to the steep, clammy steps, cut through the tough rock, always at the same acute angle. Down, down, six hundred feet! and our guide whispers to us to be careful how we go, for we are in a dangerous place: he has brought us to this portion of the mine to show us how the water accumulates when undisturbed.

The vein of ore has, in this part, ceased to yield a profit for the necessary labour, and the works have been abandoned. We creep breathlessly down until our guide bids us halt; and, holding out his lantern at arm's length, but half reveals, in the pitchy darkness, a low-roofed cavern, floored by an inky lake of still dead water; in which we see the light of the lantern reflected as in a mirror. It is fearful to look on — so black and motionless: a sluggish pool, thick and treacherous, which seemingly would engulf us without so much as a wave or a bubble; and we are within a foot of its surface! We draw involuntarily back, and creep up the steep stair to the first level above us.

Along a narrow gallery we proceed for a short space, and then down again; still down the interminable steps, till our knees crack with the ever uniform motion, and the hot perspiration streams from every pore. The air is so thick and heavy, that we occasionally draw breath with a half gasp; and still we descend, till we hear the muffled ring of steel, tink, tink, tink, immediately near us, and are suddenly arrested in our downward course by the level ground.

We are in a narrow gallery, considerably loftier than any we have yet seen; for we can walk about in it without stooping. At the further end are two miners, just distinguishable by the tiny glow of their lanterns. From these proceed the ring of steel — the muffled tinkling in the thick air we had heard — and we see that they are preparing for a "blast." With a long, steel rod, or chisel, they are driving a way into the hard rock (geologists say there is little else in the Erzgebirge than the primitive gneiss and granite), and thus prepare a deep, narrow chamber, within which a charge of gunpowder is placed and exploded. The hard material is rent into a thousand pieces, bringing with it the ore so indefatigably sought.

With every limb strained and distorted, the miners pursue their cramping labours, grovelling on the earth. The drilling or boring they are engaged in is a slow process, and the choice of a spot, so that the explosion may loosen as much of the lode and as little of the rock as possible, is of considerable importance. They cease

their labours as we enter, and turn to look at us. The curse of wealth-digging is upon them. They, in their stained and disordered costume, seated on the ground on their semi-circular leathern aprons (for that is the obvious use of this portion of the dress, in these moist regions); we, in our borrowed garments and brimless beavers, with flushed features and dripping hair. The miners do not wear the abominable hats, at least "beneath the day," that is, in the mines.

"Is this the bottom of the mine?" we inquire anxiously.

The guide smiles grimly as he answers, "We are little more than half-way to the bottom; but we can descend no deeper in this direction."

Heaven knows we have no desire!

"This is the first working," he continues. "The rest of the mine is much the same as you have already seen. We have no other means of reaching the workings than by the stone staircases you have partly descended."

"What are the miners' hours of work?"

"Eight hours a day for five days in the week at this depth," is the answer. "In the deeper workings the hours are fewer."

"What is the extent of the mine?" we demand.

"I cannot tell. There is no miner living who has traversed them all. The greater portion is out of work, and spreads for miles underground."

"And the depth?"

"About two hundred fathoms — twelve hundred feet — the sea level. The 'Old Hope of God' is sixty feet below the level of the sea."

"Are there many mines like this?"

"There are about two hundred mines in all, with five hundred and forty pits: in all the mines together there are some four thousand eight hundred hands, men and boys. This mine occupies nine hundred of them."

"And your pay?"

"One dollar a week is a good wage with us."

One dollar is about three shillings of English money! This seems small pay, even in cheap Saxony.

"But," we pursue our inquiries, "you have no short time, and are pensioned? — at least, so says our Fahrschein."

"We are paid our wages during sickness, and are never out of work. When we can no longer use the pick, nor climb these staircases, we can retire upon our pension of eight silver groschens a week."

Tenpence! Magnificent independence! This is digging for silver with a vengeance.

But we are faint with fatigue; and, bidding adieu to the two miners, we gladly agree to our guide's suggestion of ascending to the happy daylight. Our way is still the same; although we mount by another shaft, most appropriately named Himmel-

fahrt — the path of heaven; but we clamber up the same steep steps; feel our way along the same slimy walls, and occasionally drive our hats over our eyes against the same low, dripping roof. With scarcely a dry thread about us; our hair matted and dripping; beads of perspiration streaming down our faces, we reach the top at last; and thank heaven, that after two hours' absence deep down among those terrible "diggings," we are permitted once more to feel the bracing air, and to look upon the glorious light of day.

Our labours, however, are not over. Distant rather more than an English mile from Himmelsfürst, are the extensive amalgamation works, the smelting furnaces, and refining ovens. Painfully fatigued as we are, we cannot resist the temptation of paying them a brief visit. The road is dusty and desolate; nor are the works themselves either striking or attractive. An irregular mass of sheds, brick buildings, and tall chimneys, present themselves. As we approach them we come upon a "sludge hole;"—the bed of a stream running from the dredging and jigging works; where, by the agency of water, the ore is relieved of its earthy and other waste matter, and the stream of water — allowed to run off in separate channels — deposits, as it flows, the smaller particles washed away in the process. These are all carefully collected, eriest atom of silver or lead extracted. It is only the coarser ores that undergo this process; the richer deposits being pulverised and smelted with white or charred wood and fluxes, without the application of water, and refined by amalgamation with quicksilver. The two metals are afterwards separated by distilling off the latter.

Here, are heaps of scoria — stacks of piglead, wood, coke, limestone, and waste earth, everything indeed but silver; although we are emphatically in a silver mining district, silver is by no means the material which presents itself in the greatest bulk. Having placed ourselves under the direction of one of the workmen, we are led into some newly built brick buildings, where force-pumps and other water appliances erected at great cost by the Saxon government are gratefully pointed out to us. These water-works are equally applicable to the extinction of fire, as to the preparation of ores.

Into what an incomprehensible maze of words should we be betrayed, were we to attempt a description of the multifarious operations for the extraction and refining of metals! Every description of ore, or metalliferous deposit, requires a different treatment: each suggested and verified by laborious experience, and vigilant attention. In some cases the pure silver is separated by mechanical means; in others the ore is roasted, in order to throw off the sulphur, arsenic,

and other volatile matters, which are separately collected and form no inconsiderable portion of the valuable produce of the mine. These roastings again are smelted with a variety of fluxes, and in different states of purification; until they are ready for refining.

Here are roasting furnaces, dull and black; huge brick tubes with swollen ends; others built in, and ready for ignition. Everywhere, we see pigs of lead, sometimes lying about in reckless confusion, at others, neatly packed in square stacks. Now, they bring us to a huge circular oven, with at least half-a-dozen firmly closed iron doors, and as many glowing caves; and a swarthy man, armed with an iron rake, swinging open one of the iron doors with a ring and a clatter, we look in upon a small lake of molten silver, fuming, and steaming, and bubbling. The iron rake is thrust in, and scrapes off the crumbling crust — the oxide of lead, which has formed upon its surface. The silver fumes and flashes, and a white vapour swims in the air. The swarthy man swings the iron door to with a clang, takes us by the arm, and bids us look through into a dark cavity, and watch the white drops which fall at intervals like tiny stars from above. This is the quicksilver evaporated from the heated silver in the furnace, which passes through the chimney into a kind of still, and is restored to its original condition.

And what is the result of all this skill and labour? We find that the average produce of the Saxon mines is from three to four ounces of silver to the hundred pounds' weight of ore; and that the mines about Freiberg yield annually nearly four hundred and fifty thousand ounces of silver. We find further that the total mines of the Erzgebirg-Kreis — "circle of ore mountains" — of which those of Freiberg form a portion, produce a total of seven hundred and twenty thousand ounces of silver every year; besides from four hundred to five hundred tons of lead, one hundred and forty tons of tin, about thirty tons of copper, from three thousand five hundred to four thousand tons of iron, and six hundred tons of cobalt. They are rich also in arsenic, brimstone, and vitriol, and contain, in no inconsiderable quantities, quicksilver, antimony, calamites, bismuth, and manganese. Even precious stones are not wanting; garnets, topazes, tourmalines, amethysts, beryls, jaspers, and chalcedonies having been found.

A shrewd old workman tells us with a proud satisfaction, that when Napoleon's power was crushed, and Saxony had to pay the penalty of her adhesion to the French conqueror, in the shape of various parings and loppings of her already narrow territories — that Prussia gloated with greedy eyes, and half stretched out an eager hand to grasp the Erzgebirge, and their mineral riches. "*Aber*," exclaims he, with a chuckle, "*die sind noch*

Sächsische, Gott sey Dank!" "But they are still Saxon, thanks be to God!"

All things considered (the Australian diggings included), we came to the conclusion, from our small experience of Saxon mines, that there are more profitable, and even more agreeable occupations in the world than mining — pleasanter ways, in short, of getting a living than digging for silver in Saxony, or even for gold in Australia.

BOYS TO MEND.

UMBRELLAS to mend, and chairs to mend, and clocks to mend, are called in our streets daily. Who shall count up the numbers of thousands of children to mend, in and about those same streets, whose voice of ignorance cries aloud as the voice of wisdom once did, and is as little regarded; who go to pieces for the want of mending, and die unrepaired!

People are naturally glad to catch at any plea, in mitigation of a great national wickedness. Many good persons will urge, now-a-days, as to this neglected business of boy-mending, "O! but there are the Ragged Schools!" Admitting the full merit of the ragged schools; rendering the highest praise to those disinterested and devoted teachers, of both sexes, who labour in them; urging the consideration of their claims on all who pass through the streets of great towns with eyes in their heads, and awakened hearts in their breasts; we still must not disguise the plain fact that they are, at best, a slight and ineffectual palliative of an enormous evil. They want system, power, means, authority, experienced and thoroughly trained teachers. If the instruction of ordinary children be an art requiring such a peculiar combination of qualities and such sound discretion, that but few skilled persons arrive at perfection in it, how much more difficult is the instruction of those who, even if they be children in years, have more to unlearn than they have to learn; whose ignorance has been coupled with constant evil education; and among whose intellects there is no such thing as virgin soil to be found! Good intentions alone, will never be a sufficient qualification for such a labour, while this world lasts. We have seen something of ragged schools from their first establishment, and have rarely seen one, free from very injudicious and mistaken teaching. And what they *can* do, is so little, relatively to the gigantic proportions of the monster with which they have to grapple, that if their existence were to be accepted as a sufficient excuse for leaving ill alone, we should hold it far better that they had never been.

Where, in England, is the public institution for the prevention of crime among that neglected class of youth to whom it is not second but first Nature; who are born to

nothing else, and bred to nothing else? Where, for these, are the bolts and bars, *outside* the prison-door, which is so heavily fastened within? Nowhere, to our knowledge. The next best thing — though there is a broad, deep gulf between the two — is an institution for the reformation of such young offenders. And to that, we made a visit on one of these last hot summer days.

A dull mist of heat had taken possession of the streets. Through the warm mist we roll in a warm omnibus. Over the parapet of London Bridge we see London in a heavy lump with the hot mist about it, and almost expect that St. Paul's presently will throw out a spark, and the whole town, like a firework, begin to fizz and crackle. There is nothing that we might not be permitted to expect as a result of heat, upon the hottest morning of the hottest dog-days within the memory of the oldest dog.

People who sit with us in the carriages of the Brighton train, wonder (and really not without occasion, as we ignorantly think) why a terminus must be built with a cover in the shape of an oven, and why it must bake batches of passengers in railway trains like cakes in tins. Now we are off, and it is cooler. We pass over the red, underdone surface of London, upon which the blacks are falling cruelly; if London be now frying, it will make a dirty dish, we fancy. Here are market gardens, fields, hills, stations, woods, villages, and wayside inns. Here is Red Hill, where the train stops, and we get out.

There is a cluster of inns outside the station, and certain freeholders of East Surrey, warm with sun and politics, seek coolness in beer outside the inns. They are a little noisy; but, passing between hedges we begin to toil up hill. The distant song of the freeholders is drowned by the nearer song of the thrush; and the dog roses that make a roadside garden of each hedge, put our hearts in good humour with the dog-days. Every hedge is a garden. Where did we ever see more wild flowers clustered together? There is a very California of honeysuckle. There are clumps of mallow, blossoming on hillocks beside every gate that leads into the corn fields; there are yellow stars of the ranunculus, and crimson poppy blossoms, and the delicate peaked fairy hats of which Bindweed is ostensibly the maker. There are helmets, by Foxglove, for the same community. There are also the well known little yellow "shoes and stockings." There is veronica, there are the pink blossoms of the wild geranium and the red lychnis blossoms; there is lucerne, and there is an odd orchis here and there. There is agrimony; there are ambitious daisies lengthening their stalks that they may show their heads above the grass; there are the tiny blue clusters of mouse ear; there is fern in abundance; and there are the elegant grass

blossoms that would wave were there a breath of wind. They are as still as painted grass blossoms, because there is *no* breath of wind; the sun shines steadily out of a deep blue sky, between the high banks and the hedges, down into the dusty lane.

Obedient to sign-post, which directs us to the right if we desire to find the Philanthropic Farm School, at Red Hill, we take the appointed turning; thinking as we go, How beautiful the blessed earth and sky, and Is this really the world so ugly to us last night with its courts and alleys, and its vice and misery, and its ragged scholars, in whose minds the wild flowers have been trampled down, and nothing left but baleful weeds and poisons?

It is more than seventy years since there was established in this country a society whose object was to divert children from the paths of crime. We all know that the young criminal is bred under the most pitiable circumstances. Of eighty-two received in one year at Red Hill, for example, twenty-seven were orphans, either by the death or transportation of their parents, or by being born like brutes, and bred in ignorance of any home. Nineteen were fatherless, and of these almost all had step-fathers; twelve were motherless, and most of these were furnished with step-mothers, ignorant, brutal, and jealous. Only twenty-four had both parents living; and of these, who shall say how many had received parental care?

Even the most anxious of poor parents must be absent for some ten hours at their daily work, while the child's school-time — when he has been sent to school — can occupy but six hours in the day. The streets are the child's play-ground. If there be so much danger to the best among the children of the very poor, how is it with those bred in squalor, ignorance, and vice? How is it with the wretched untaught orphans, forced to calculate for themselves the chances of existence, and to beg, or steal, or die? O honourable friend, member for Verbosity, your boy of fourteen — who brought home his prize from school this Midsummer, and told you with some glee of his boyish escapades — is a fine fellow; in spite of his juvenile offences he will grow up one of these days, to be a noble, honest man. But, had he been deprived of your assistance, O honourable friend, of your good thought on his behalf and your wife's tender solicitude; had your birthplace been a filthy fever-breeding alley; had no voice of teacher ever sounded in your ears; had you been made a callous man by rubbing constantly against the hardest side of society; had your wife died of the gin with which she sought to drown the despondent sense of a most wretched existence; had you gone to your daily work, leaving your boy in the pestiferous alley; what would

he, what could he, have been! He might be the object of parental care to the whole nation represented by the State; since (to take the very lowest ground), it is expensive to allow swarms of young children to grow up yearly into a mass of wild brutes, preying on society. The State might teach and tend neglected children, and compel those parents who are able, to pay pence on their behalf. It might make a parent answerable in some wholesome measure for the crimes of a neglected child. It might send its lifeboats out, to provide for all an opportunity of rescue from the waves of ignorance and vice before those waves had overwhelmed the shipwrecked. These things might be, but they are not. Your child, had you been so much less respectable than you are, would have been ragged, and would have been pronounced by sitting magistrates, a hardened little fellow; and the times he had been before the sitting magistrates would have been elaborately counted up; and he would have been whipped so many times, to the great comfort and profit of society, and not at all to the mockery of reason, justice, and humanity. He would have learned to swear, and steal, and lie; he would have felt no sense of obligation to society since society displayed no sense of obligation towards him. The British nation would have arrayed itself to fight him, to whip him, imprison him, transport him, and perhaps hang him. He, war being declared, would feel at liberty to strike the British nation where and when he could — and he would most certainly do it.

Seventy years ago, a body of gentlemen under the name of the Philanthropic Society organised a method of receiving and assisting criminal children, on a plan that very much resembled the more recent methods practised at Mettray.

"The mode of living," says the old report, for the children received into the Philanthropic in 1788—9, "is in distinct houses, as separate families. A manufacturer has a house for himself and his wife, if married, and a certain number of wards, whom they are to regard as their own children. In these respects the design is to approach as nearly as possible to common life." The institution indeed began with a single child, who was put out to nurse. It widened, and became eventually incorporated, in the year 1806, by Act of Parliament, and comprised within the walls of a single building in St. George's Fields under the name of the Philanthropic Society.

Somewhat recently, it was resolved to remove the institution out of town; to enlarge and improve its character; and, by training the boys on a farm school in the country, to qualify them for emigration, or for home employment distant from their old evil companions. The Farm School at Red Hill was therefore opened in April 1849, and by degrees the

entire substance of the town establishment was carried off into East Surrey.

To the Philanthropic Farm School, following the information written on the sign-post, we direct our steps, recalling thus the history of the place. Our way is down hill now, and between the luxuriant hedges crowning the high banks of red sandstone. Distant peeps are caught of a broad richly wooded plain that lies below. It is but a peep of country many miles away that can be seen over the trees that shade our down-hill path.

A dog has bidden us good morning in a distant way, and walks before us, pausing when we pause, returning half-way when we linger, yet decidedly repulsing all familiarities. A small bird, newly fledged, is fluttering among the fern by the way side, and dies in the dog's mouth despite our intervention. Such a dog might contain the spirit of a Mephistopheles; we quarrel with him instantly, but still he goes before, and duly takes the final turning that will bring us to the Philanthropic Farm School.

A pleasant, rustic house by the hill-side, with roses shining, in the hot sun, around its windows! Through a flower-garden we come to the door; and, keeping out the dog, obtain admittance to the dwelling of the chaplain. While we wait in the drawing-room, the dog, who has coursed round the house, plunging among roses, makes a triumphant entry through the open window, and looks at us for applause.

Aided by the resident chaplain upon whom devolve all duties of superintendence, and who is in fact the local manager of the whole scheme, we proceed to walk about the Red Hill farm and watch the labours of its youthful population. We receive it as an encouraging sign, that the good chaplain does not deem it needful to put on his religion in the outward and visible form of a grievous waistcoat; or to make it known to all men by wearing a clear-starched dog-collar round his throat.

The number of boys now at Red Hill is a little over a hundred; and the number of acres on the farm is about a hundred and thirty. The boys vary in age from ten or eleven to eighteen, and they vary also in the terms on which they have been admitted. Some of the youngest are children who have been sentenced to transportation, and recommended by the directors of Government prisons as more fit to be kindly taught than harshly punished. These are compelled to stay.

Others, are boys who, having suffered punishment by law, are sent by their parents to receive corrective training — the parents paying a part of the expense incurred on their behalf. These may be removed at the discretion of their parents.

Others, are boys who come as volunteers, on the expiration of their punishment, from various

Houses of Correction; being assisted in their own desire to become honest men. These may remove themselves at their own discretion.

Others, are boys who, by a recent law, have received conditional pardons, and have been excused some of the last months of a term of imprisonment, on condition that they be transferred to some place where they will receive for a longer term educational discipline. These may be compelled by law to stay; but, after the term of their first sentence has expired, it becomes necessary to regard them very much as volunteers.

It is obvious that boys differing so greatly in age, and working upon the farm under so many differing circumstances, cannot be managed by one rigid system. Military discipline does not suit children; the drill-sergeant is an excellent man in his way, but, they are not to be drilled into honesty and virtue. We have twice visited Parkhurst, and have taken pains to get what information we could upon the subject of that Government Reformatory, and we are convinced that its failure — there can be no doubt that it fails utterly — is the natural result of a blind reliance upon discipline, too many unbending rules and regulations, too little comprehension of the wants and humours of a child, too much letter and too little spirit. We are glad, therefore, to find at Red Hill that the rules are few, the punishments still fewer. Boys are trained to think for themselves; each is judged on his own merits, and guided as far as possible with a strict view to the development of his own character. Good people are multiform as blossoms in the summer hedge. A military man, turned gardener, might drill everything he found in a garden, into rows of plants, properly arranged according to their heights and sizes; and might then proceed to prune them all, water them all, smoke them all, precisely in the same way. In a year or two his process would be as clear a failure as the human gardening in Parkhurst.

The boys at Red Hill are taught, if possible, to think and act on honest, kindly principles. Responsibilities are placed upon their shoulders; they are even trusted out of sight, and are, as it were, prisoners on parole, living where there are no bars to break, no walls to climb. Dispersed about the grounds, are houses containing dormitories, washing-rooms, and other chambers, a forge, a carpenter's shop, a cottage for the farm-bailiff, a dairy, cowsheds, piggeries, and other buildings. In one part, a new house is being built to contain dormitories; and, to increase the accommodation for boys on the farm, and elsewhere, a new blacksmith's shop is being built. All such opportunities are used for giving to those boys to whom the knowledge will be valuable — boys who will soon be emigrants

— some practical experience in bricks and mortar. Adjoining the dining-hall and school-room (one large-windowed rural hall serves both uses) is a neat and ample chapel in which the resident chaplain, the Reverend Sydney Turner, reads morning prayers, and officiates on Sunday before a congregation of remarkably attentive boys. The boys at Red Hill have faith in their chaplain. They live under his eye, and experience the kind *spirit* of religion which dictates his daily care on their behalf. They feel the genuineness of his admonitions, and are, therefore, notably attentive in the chapel.

There are corn fields, and fields containing vegetables in so immature a state, that our experience in agriculture declines to pronounce what they may be. In such fields, boys are hoeing. That is the work least agreeable to the young labourers. Here is a hayfield. We have got over stiles, through hedges now and then, and over ditches. There is no sign of prison. It is all a simple farm scene; and the farm, being upon a hill, has, spread about it — under the eyes of the poor boys who have too often been bred to vice over the gutter of a miserable court — a wide rich woodland prospect.

Here are the boys under the burning sun extremely busy with their long forks tossing up the his the hottest day, cut I suppose, be dried in ır; but I will not ven-

ture an opinion, lest I be laughed at, even by this very little boy of ten years old. He is a new comer, from prison in Liverpool. He never made hay before.

"What did you make?"

"Nothin."

"What had you been doing?"

"Walking about the streets."

"Nothing else?"

"I went to school."

That is the old story, the school and the street; the street getting the better of the school; a great deal learned in the street; a very little in the school.

The professor of haymaking has some conversation with us, apart from his class, concerning neighbour Bunter, whose hay had been spoiling for want of hands, and who had got it in by the help of half-a-dozen Red Hill boys. He had wished he might have twenty such to help him. Two other farmers in the like perplexity had asked for hands. The boys on such occasions feel proud of the trust put in their good behaviour. "You must be warned," some of the boys are told, "how you behave at Farmer Mallow's; he is a kind-hearted man, but he looks rough outside. Take care you don't answer if he scolds, and mind you are very obedient!" One or two faces are lighted up with that shrewd look of comprehension, which small boys get when they are cast upon the world to prey upon the weaknesses of human character.

It must not be supposed that every depraved boy who has been

in jail and thence transferred to Red Hill, is transformed at the same time into a pattern of obedience and virtue. The truth is very different. In the first place, the authorities at Red Hill have not the advantage of applying their efforts to a single class of offenders. It wants the aid of other institutions with which it might divide the work that must be done. One institution might then take the class of offenders whose stay at the Reformatory is upon compulsion; another, might take those sent by their friends, as to a school; another, those who come of their own free will. One might take children, and another might take youths.

In the first instance it was attempted at Red Hill to part the boys into families; — to adopt the home system of discipline that has been so successful at Mettray. That plan failed for want of Englishmen competent — at any rate on the temptation of small salary — to administer it. The several heads of houses fell together by the ears. It was necessary to return to the old system of official and sub-official, and even then to make many changes. It is very easy to imagine that, if the experiment at Red Hill had been directed by anything less genuine than the sense, earnestness, and devotion of its present director, it would have been, at its beginning, a complete failure.

But, it has not failed. Four boys out of five are rescued by it. The fifth very often takes advantage of the unwalled grounds, and unbarred windows, to escape. They who escape, are almost invariably retaken. They elude detection while they roam the country; but, they come to London in the end, and there they come into the glare of the bull's eye. One boy who had escaped, was lost sight of, about the country, for a year. Then he thought he might venture upon London; in London he was seized immediately. The recovered boys are treated as their characters require. The Society never dwells upon the topic of its outraged dignity; the object is to save as many boys as possible, and if a boy can be saved he is forgiven and restored to trust. In other cases, it is requisite to use the power of carrying him before the offended majesty of law. The one in five who cannot be reformed at Red Hill, certainly would not be improved for the purposes of free life by prison discipline. He might make a good prisoner, but be good for nothing else. He is a lost man to society. The other four, who would all be lost under the common system of neglect, are usually sent out to the colonies, where they obtain situations as farm servants or in other capacities; and — with the exception of a few who prove to belong, after all, to the unredeemed fifth part, — do well and live as honest men.

There has been some tree clearing, and there is a long ditch and fence made by the boys. Making

a fence, though hard work, is a favourite employment. There is something to show, there, for one's labour. A boy who has run away several times, is planting a gate-post in the ground (assisted by a smaller boy), and working with great energy. It is remarkable of most of the boys that they work, decidedly with a will, and "go at it" in a manner cheering to behold. In another field, passing the pond at which the boys have fixed hours for bathing, we come to a field of grass, in which some elder boys are mowing. To become a mower, is to graduate with honours in the Farm School.

It is now full noon, and at half-past twelve the boys will dine; so, we cross fields, and stiles, and brooks, again, to find the dining-room. Meanwhile, the boys who are leaving work, run on before us, and gambol about, and roll over one another on the grass, with a confidence in meeting with no check while they do no wrong, which strongly inclines us then and there to embrace the chaplain. In a conversation relating to "Irish boys," and the more errant of the sons and daughters of Erin in general, we learn, "O yes, by the by, we certainly have one steady careful Irish boy here." On our expressing a desire to be introduced to this phenomenon, he is called up, but scarcely justifies his reputation; having, that ing, "lost" his boots, and ded himself with such an ishing pair of dilapidated canoes from some dung-hill, that he drags a train of rotten leather, a foot or so in length, at each of his heels.

The boys all dress like rustic labourers, in thick field shoes and corduroy trousers, which they learn to mend for themselves, in shoemaking and tailoring shops erected on the farm. They rise at the same time as the labourers in the surrounding country, and live on labourer's fare; eating meat only twice a week. They are vigorous and healthy, thanks to sufficient, though coarse, food, exercise, and country air. About three cases of slight sickness in a twelvemonth are all the ills of flesh they know.

Though moral discipline and kindness—a true spirit of religion—are relied upon for the main work of reformation, corporal punishment is not entirely taken from the code. It is administered only as a last resource; sometimes not once during six months, and only by the chaplain himself a week after the commission of the offence. The ordinary punishments consist in the subtraction of reward. For all the labour done by them, the boys are paid a trifling price, at a fixed scale, according to the nature of the work; so that each earns from a penny to eight-pence every week. Out of his earnings he pays fines proportioned to the week's offences. The balance in his favour is put down as cash to his account; but, if the balance be against him, he is put, according

to the amount of deficit, in a fourth or a fifth class, and pays by eating bread instead of pudding, and by other changes in the character of his provisions. One week's losses are not carried or against the next week's gains Each week is independent of al others. The money earned in this way is not, of course, given to the boy, but is spent in accordance with his wishes. He will buy with it, perhaps, treacle to improve his pudding, or the prerogative of setting up his knife, which is the schoolboy's substitute for setting up a carriage. Sometimes he will ask leave to spend it on a visit to some relative, or will save it up for months to pay his mother's cost in coming down to see him at Red Hill.

When offences pass beyond the fine and the fifth class, there is an alternative of solitary confinement for a short time, accompanied with gentle admonition. Except in cases that demand immediate care, the record of the week's misdeeds is kept, and the misdeeds remain to be accounted for, till Saturday in every week; when, after dinner, the awards are made.

While waiting for the dinner-time, we visit the boys who are locked up in light separate cells, for a few hours of reflection. One of them is an Irish lad of sixteen or older, who, after a quarrel on the previous night, decamped from the establishment, and was recovered with a coat in his possession that did not belong to him. The coat he declared obstinately that he had picked up, and no kind of reasoning would make him tell another tale. We shared, for some minutes, his confinement; and though he was one of the most hopeless boys on the establishment, he spoke kindly — in his absence — of the chaplain, and recognised the good feeling at Red Hill. He would like it, he said, if there were not about three dozen boys, who teazed him because he was Irish. That was *his* view of the case. He was an orphan, who had been thirteen or fourteen years away from Ireland. His relatives were an uncle and aunt in Liverpool, about whose occupations he seemed unwilling to be communicative.

There is another boy, confined for general idleness, and lying all along (and very like an idle boy indeed) asleep on the cool floor, with his head at the door, like a mat. He is young — about ten — and small for his age. We have seen that head, in prisons, many a time. A sullen, lowering, overhanging, beetle-browed, heavy head, with confused eyes in it that will look anywhere rather than at other eyes. As the chaplain turns it up towards him by the chin, and says a word or two of gentle remonstrance, there is no hope in it — very little accountability — no more power of straight thinking than there is of straight-walking in a twisted foot. Touching the difficulty into which his head has got itself and socie-

ty, we would rather advise with our good friend Dr. Conolly, than with the quarter sessions.

There is another boy, for a graver offence. Being at work in the carpenter's shop, he pocketed a knife, and so from good repute is brought to cellular disgrace. The carpenter to whom we spoke about it just now, as he stood on a ladder up among the green leaves working at the roof of the new smith's shop, thinks it was a sudden temptation that was too much for the boy; the boy had done very well indeed before; he had no reason to complain of the boy at all; thought very well of him. We had a bright idea that it might be a knife with a handle full of extraordinary temptations — corkscrews, boot-hooks, picks, gimlets, punches, and so forth; but the carpenter said (unwillingly, as a good-natured man who perceived our drift) No, it was just a common knife! This is a good-looking culprit, considered likely to reform. Seems to have a manly sort of repentance breaking out in him, which promises well.

Dinner-time now; the boys are at their tables; and it is suet-pudding day. One boy says grace, and all the boys eat pudding, except those of the fourth and fifth classes, who eat respectively, bread and cheese, and bread. The allowance of pudding is suited to an agricultural appetite. Puddings are baked like pies in tins; so that there is a crust all round, and the juvenile taste runs upon scooping out the pudding first, and then eating its shell. Some rejoice in their privilege of treacle. Class the Fifth is not happy in a taste for bread. One little fellow has spilt water on the table and has deposited his bread in it, in order to complain that it is wet. His neighbour complains that the schoolmaster who teaches him, like his companions, for two hours daily, has a "spite again him." We inspect the register of offences. The column headed disorder, is the one that is most filled. Order is necessary, although we are not thunderstruck at finding that the boys in this hot weather are found in the pond at unseasonable hours; and that, becoming restless at night, they *will* get out of bed and walk about, to the distress of their companions.

Remembering that every one of these boys has been walled in a prison, for which he qualified through scenes of filth and vice, it is a fact most honourable to the chaplain and demonstrative of his real influence over them, that the offence of profanity and bad language occurs, throughout the whole community of more than a hundred boys, only about three or four times in a week. The trust reposed by the boys in their chief guide, is manifest in the frank looks with which he has been met throughout the morning, and the free and frequent communication which the children have evidently claimed, whenever

they have had anything to ask or tell.

Dinner is soon over and all stand up. After a pause, during which perfect silence is established, grace is said. The schoolmaster then strikes his tuning-fork and leads in the doxology. There is a little organ in the well-appointed chapel, and every opportunity is taken of introducing music into the routine of the school. For our especial pleasure, the tuning-fork is again put in requisition, and the juvenile offenders against law, with reverent (though, of course, here and there unpromising) faces, and with good voices, sing a hymn in praise of faith and kindness one towards another.

The singing of the boys remained as melody upon our minds after we had left the Farm, and wandered out again into the sunny ways. Returning by new paths, we dived into the coolness of a narrow sheltered lane, through which a brook was flowing. A hen with her young brood fluttered before us. The chickens in dismay, the hen in wrath and fear, covering the retreat of her children, labouring to find for them a safe path out of the way of evil — for as evil we were obviously regarded — sped down the narrow lane the faster as we made haste to get by, and relieve them of the cause of terror. At last the mother lodged her whole brood in a hole by the way-side, and stood forward menacing death to all the powers that would do them harm. We thought that if Britannia had a little of the hen in her, and took but half as much care of her brood of unprotected young, there would not be so many crushed boys to restore to wholeness — so many fallen girls to raise.

Our honourable friend! The system must be devised, the administrators must be reared, the preventible young criminals must be prevented, the State must put its Industrial and Farm Schools first, and its prisons last — and to this complexion you must come. You may put the time off a little, and destroy (not irresponsibly) a few odd thousands of immortal souls in the meantime; but, the change must come. It were better for you, and the whole constituent body of Verbosity, to come to it with a good grace; for the thing itself is as sure as Death, our honourable friend.

THE MERRY MEN OF CAIRO.

THERE are two incontrovertible truths, that "Allah (whose name be exalted) is Allah," and that "Cairo is the Queen of Cities." Franks say that Marsiglia, and Londra, and Parigi, are larger and finer; but by one argument we confound them. How comes it that they undertake a journey of many months to see our city, if it be inferior in anything to the places they come from? May such liars be condemned to eternal

fire; and may Cairo never cease to assert its supremacy, and continue to be what its name imports, *Al Kahirá*, the Conqueror.

Cairo contains the largest and the oldest mosques, the most elegant fountains, the richest bazaars, the most spacious wakalahs, the most pious men, and the most lovely women, in the world. Its excellences are indeed ten thousand — five thousand physical, and five thousand moral; and it has been calculated that to describe each excellence with due detail, would require three thousand words of the choicest that our language contains. The learned Abd-es-Sarf has written a large book on the donkeys of Cairo alone, and the things appertaining; but, as he has forgotten to laud the perfection of the saddles and the bridles, much remains to be done.

Among the chief excellences of Cairo are its wags or merry men. Like unto them are to be found in no country on the face of the earth. They are not drunkards, like the merry men of Stamboul; nor licentious, like those of Damascus; nor dishonest, like those of Aleppo; nor riotous, like those of Bassora. They mingle a pleasant proportion of gravity with their mirth; and their chief art is to pass their life in jollity, without doing any harm to their fellow creatures — or rather, without doing more than is required to keep themselves in pleasant humour, for it is impossible to laugh without seeing others suffer slightly.

One of the most celebrated of these merry men is Hassan, who passes his time in piercing the skins of the water-carriers, and in enjoying the rage and tears of the unfortunate man who, on arriving at his destination, finds that he has nothing but empty bags of leather on his camels. He always follows his victim at a distance, and when he has sufficiently laughed, he comes forward, saying, "Poor man, what is the matter? Here is the price of thy water." Then the carrier replies, "May Allah shower blessings upon thee, and curses on the man who pierced my skins!"

Another, named Chirza, chiefly delights in putting dead dogs or cats into the water-jars of the women; and it is related that he once saw a woman set down a jar at a door and go into the house to gossip. He had a cat under his cloak, and slipped it in without being seen. In the evening, he related his joke to several friends who dined with him, and all laughed. Suddenly, the servant came in and said that the jar, from which the water they had drank had been taken, contained a dead cat; and it was discovered that Chirza had played off his trick on his own maid by mistake.

But all the wags of the present day are inferior to the one surnamed Abu Munchar, or the Father of the Nose, who flourished under the reign of King Ali Mustapha. His real name was Ab-

dallah; but, as his nose was about the size and shape of a full-grown cucumber, first the children, then the women, and, by degrees, everybody nicknamed him Abu Munchar. He was the son of a merchant, who bequeathed to him considerable property, charging him to increase it; but, as he loved ease better than labour, and saw that he had sufficient to keep him in comfort all his life, he determined to abandon trade and to adopt the profession of a merry man. More than fifty of his exploits have been handed down by tradition; but it is generally admitted that the one we are about to relate was the most amusing.

He lived in a fine mansion near the Zeyneb gate, and his neighbours talked of scarcely anything but the comical things he said and did. In order to be more at liberty, however, he bought a small house at the other extremity of the city, and used often to go there dressed in mean garments, and concoct and carry out plans of amusements. His mysterious way of living created great curiosity in the neighbourhood; and as secrecy always irritates the inquisitive, many began to spread the report that he was no other than Manrow, the celebrated robber, disguised by a nose that Allah had not given him. These reports at length induced the head of the police to pay a visit to the house. Abu Munchar was a little alarmed at first; but, as he had heard of the reports that had been spread, he received the official with a gay countenance, and without giving him time to speak, said: "O my master, this is a most fortunate occasion. I wished to see you; for, on going along the street this morning, I found a purse containing a hundred pieces of gold, and as it is not probable that I shall discover the owner so easily as you will, it is best to place it in your hands." So saying, he drew forth a purse and handed it to the head of the police, who understood the whole affair, and who, after making some mild inquiries as to Abdallah's way of life, went away. The merry man accompanied him into the street, where his visitor embraced him with great demonstrations of affection, and continued his round, answering all curious inquirers by saying, "A man who laughs is never dangerous!"

When the neighbours saw with what distinction Abu Munchar was treated by the dreaded Zabib, they changed their opinion of him and eagerly sought his acquaintance. Among those who had most vilified him previously, was a poor devil of a barber, who used to shave in a bath visited only by water-carriers, fish-men, donkey-boys, and beggars; and who could scarcely contrive to exist on the produce of his razor. It is true, that more than half his earnings were expended in coffee and hasheesh (to which he was inveterately addicted), and that many would not trust their heads in his hands, because he had once,

when very drunk, sliced off the ear of a patient.

This barber, named Ali, said to himself one day: "The man with the nose is evidently a jolly fellow, and yet he seems as poor as myself. Perhaps he has the secret of happiness; and, if I could make his acquaintance he might discover it to me. I am a pleasant wise fellow, full of learned sayings, and strange stories, and witty conceits, and ready answers, and experience of the world, and elegance of manner and taste, and knowledge of exceeding good stories and of song-craft — in short, there is no more agreeable companion in the world than I am; and, if I can show my talents to this man, it is impossible that he should not conceive a great affection for me."

Now it happened, that whilst he was thus speaking to himself, Abu Munchar was looking at him from his window, and saying: "This is one of the idiots who brought upon me the visit of the head of the police. He has a villanous face, with but one eye, and is evidently a conceited person. It would be a pleasant thing to play some good trick upon him, that he might learn not to meddle with things that concern him not, and to have a less opinion of his own merit."

A little while afterwards, having matured his plan, he went to the shop of the barber, and expressed his wish to be shaved. At the same time, a messenger came from the bath requesting his services. "Tell the Maalli..., quoth the poor fellow, "that I am shaving the head of an emir, and cannot come." So the messenger went away, another barber was called, and Ali lost his connexion with the bath.

Abu Munchar took off his turban, and placed himself on the bench with exceeding gravity, that he might be shaved. Ali began at once to sharpen his razor, to prepare the lather, and to talk, as barbers ever do; for Allah has given them a tongue a span in length. He vaunted both his own cleverness and the respect he entertained for his customer, endeavouring to insinuate himself into his good graces. Unfortunate man! his advances were only too well received; and ere the last polish was given to that round head, Abu Munchar had confessed that he felt wonderfully inclined to do good to the barber. Ali was delighted, and said that if that were the case, he would speak out. So he related his surmises on the subject of his patient's way of life, and begged to be told whether or not he possessed the secret of happiness.

"Thy penetration is marvellous, thy capacity is unexampled, O Ali!" was the reply. "The source of my felicity is indeed not ordinary. I was born poor, and lived, until of late, poor, as thou hast surmised; but I chanced to obtain admission into the Company of the Wise and Happy; so that now my lot is to be envied."

"And what is that company?" inquired the barber.

"It consists of a variety of individuals of all ranks and conditions, who have the power of obtaining whatsoever they may wish, when united in the ordained place of meeting. We meet together at stated intervals. One wishes for a purse of gold, another for a beautiful maiden, another for a handsome garment; and no one ever fails to obtain what he may desire."

"O Allah! Allah! why may I not become a member of this worshipful company?"

"That is impossible," replied the wag, in a grave voice. "I have gratified thy curiosity; but, do not let thy hopes go astray in quest of what is forbidden."

The barber was afraid for the time to press the matter further, although he did not despair of ultimately succeeding in his wishes. When the shave was over, he refused to accept payment for his trouble; declaring with many oaths that he esteemed it an honour to handle the head of his respected neighbour. Abu Munchar did not much insist, but went away and related to his intimates how he had got a barber at his service for nothing.

Some time afterwards, it was agreed between the merry man and one of his friends, named Maza, that the joke should be carried out to its extremity. Every preparation having been made, Maza went, dressed as a poor man; and, feigning sickness, fell down upon the threshold of the barber's shop. The luckless rogue, who, since he had lost his connexion with the bath, had gained scarcely sufficient to buy him a loaf for dinner, was sitting sharpening his razor for the hundredth time that day. On hearing a noise, he started as if from slumber, cried "*hader*" (ready), and began to make a lather, without looking at his customer. On turning round at length, however, he saw as it were a corpse in the doorway, and felt terribly alarmed; but he recovered soon, and, humanity prompting him, drew Maza into the shop, tweaked his nose, slapped his hands, and succeeded in making him open his eyes and pretend to recover.

"Where am I?" said he, in a faint voice.

"In the shop of Ali, the cleverest and the poorest barber in Cairo. A miserable wretch, who has scarcely a glass of water to offer thee; but who is ready to shave thy head for the honour of the Prophet."

"I demand not to be shaved, but to be taken to the house of Abu Munchar, if he be known in this quarter."

"Known!" exclaimed Ali. "Why, he is my most intimate friend, and scarcely ever passes a day without stepping in to hear me discourse wisely of all things; for he has seen that I am a man of sagacity, who knows sentences, and can expound history and doctrine. He has seen that I am capable of enlightening the imbe-

cility of his mind, and enlarging the bounds of his knowledge, and showing him the right path, and giving him rules of conduct, and directions in the search of wealth, and means to avoid the rod of government, and advice and assistance of all valuable kinds; besides . . . ."

"This is enough," replied Maza, "to persuade me that thou knowest the man. Show me his dwelling, and thou shalt be rewarded — by my thanks."

"Nay," quoth Ali, "it seemeth to me that thou art sick and unable to walk. Remain in my shop, and I will call upon my neighbour, and mention thy name and describe thy qualities, and bring him to thee."

"Be it so," said Maza; and Ali, who was delighted at the opportunity of entering his neighbour's house, crossed the street, and pushing the door, that was ajar, went into the passage, and cried, "*Beit!*"

"Who is there?" was the reply.

"May the stones, and the walls, and the roof of this dwelling be blessed!" exclaimed the loquacious barber. "I demand permission to enter. I bring a message."

"Come up," said Abu Munchar, leaning from the gallery.

So Ali went upstairs; and, having kissed the hands of his false friend, told him, with a thousand circumlocutions, of what had taken place.

"Is it possible," cried Abu Munchar, "that the Emir Maza Dorkân is in the condition which thou hast described? He is the chief and president of our company, but has been absent a whole year on a wonderful adventure. Let me hasten to receive him."

So the wag went down and embraced Maza, and took him away; leaving the poor barber in a state of amazement and delight that he should have had an opportunity of giving hospitality to an emir.

Next day, Abu Munchar came to Ali's shop, and entered invoking blessings on the owner.

"O fortunate barber!" he cried, "thou art about to attain the accomplishment of thy wishes. The Emir of Dorkân hath consented to receive thee into our company; being amazed with thy learning, and charmed by thy wit, and fascinated by thy elegant demeanour. There remain but some few trifling formalities to undergo, which of course will not stand in the way."

Ali was profuse in his expressions of delight, and promised to comply with whatever was demanded of him.

"In the first place," said Abu Munchar, "thou must exercise thy razor upon thy face, and shave it until not one hair remaineth to look at another. Then thou must undress, keeping nothing on but thy shirt and thy under-clothing. Afterwards thou must take a kurbeh (water-skin) and fill it with foul water, and go about the streets offering to the thirsty. Many things may befall thee; but, depend upon it, ere

long, thou wilt belong to the company of the wise and happy. Remember, however, should any one ask an explanation of thy conduct, say that thou wert commanded by Maza, the Emir of Dorkân."

Ali consented to do all this, although in his heart he feared the consequences. Accordingly, next day, having thrown away his beard, clotted with soap, he went forth in his shirt and drawers, bearing on his back a kurbeh filled from the Kalish. The weather was very hot, and before he had taken ten paces a crowd of boys and girls followed him laughing and crying, "O mad Sakka, give us to drink;" and he gave them from a brass cup, and they spluttered, and cursed him, and pelted him with stones, so that he was forced to take refuge in a crowded bazaar. Here the people made way for him, crying, "This is a man performing a penance." Some asked to be refreshed; and many were deceived into tasting what he gave. Whereupon they kicked and buffetted him from one end of the bazaar to the other, and said, "This is one of the wags. Let us make him have cause to weep instead of to laugh."

In this way he passed from one quarter to another, without ever failing to be beaten in any one, until he felt his brain whirl.

"Woe be unto me!" exclaimed the unfortunate shaver at length. "This matter is not agreeable. It will be well if I reach my destination soon, otherwise I shall not have strength to taste the felicity that is prepared for me."

As he uttered these words a Bey, riding upon a horse, passed with his attendants; and seeing the Sakka (water-carrier), who was now covered with dirt and in rags, asked for a drink, intending to present him afterwards with a piece of gold. But, when he tasted the foul drink he was enraged, and ordered his people to seize the offender, and to beat him, and to drag him to prison. He was accordingly dragged to prison, and thrown in amidst thieves and bad servants, and passed the rest of that day and the whole night in misery, bemoaning himself, and wishing that he had never undertaken this adventure. In the morning they brought him before the head of the police, who questioned him as to the motives of his conduct. Remembering what had been told him, Ali avowed that he had obeyed the instructions of the Emir of Dorkân.

"Dorkân!" cried the Zabib, "I know no Dorkân; therefore there can be no such place as Dorkân. Who ever heard of Dorkân? This man is guilty of impiety. He hath added a place to Allah's earth. Let him be beaten for speaking of Dorkân!"

According to this wise decision, poor Ali was beaten until he was incapable of standing. Pain and suffering deprived him of his wits; and, when they cast him forth into the street, he mowed and gibbered at all who passed.

Some compassionate folks now took him on their shoulders, and carried him to the Moristân or madhouse, where they chained him to a ring and beat him, that he might return to his senses. But they at length grew weary of their benevolent exertions, and left him as foolish as ever.

When they ceased to torment him he imagined strange things; as that he was a prince of a vast country, and was surrounded with wealth and bright scenes and beautiful damsels. So he danced and rattled his chains and shouted "Blessings on Abu Munchar and the Emir of Dorkân." Then, the keepers came and fell upon him with sticks, crying, "What an obstinate maniac is this! he has been beaten enough to make three wise men; and lo! he will not leave howling."

Ali remained in this miserable condition several days; after which Abu Munchar, hearing of his fate and repenting of what he had done, went and procured his release, and took him to his palace near the Zeynab gate. Here, — strange to say, but the ways of Allah are inscrutable — quiet, and good feeding, and clean clothing, restored him to his wits. The wag appointed him as one of his servants, and he remained a long time in tranquillity without alluding to what had taken place.

At length, however, one day, Ali the barber, being merry, said to his master:

merry man, where is that where the wise and happy congregate, and where it is possible to call up by the mere will all that is beautiful and magnificent in the world, and to enjoy without trouble the fruits of power and wealth?"

"Thou hast already been there," replied Abu Munchar.

"I remember not. What manner of place is it?"

"The Moristân!"

THE LIFE OF A SALMON.

No creature can well have a quieter birth-place than the trout which is spawned in the Bann. The Bann is not, on the whole, a quiet river, for it has a prodigious deal of work to do, and it does its work in a prodigious bustle at times; though occasionally it relaxes somewhat, and seems to remember the great truth, that nothing is worth the loss of composure. The work that the Bann has to do is to carry away into the sea all the water that other rivers pour into the largest lake of our three kingdoms — Lough Neagh. This lake measures eighty miles round; and several rivers pour their waters into it, while there is only this one river Bann to carry them away. So it must move quickly to get its work done; and it does push on, and drive between its banks, and fume and splash at a grand rate, where rocks are obstinate in refusing to get out of its way. In other spots, whence the rocks got rolled away ages ago, and where thick woods

overhang the stream, its current becomes not less rapid but more still. Clear, deep, and dark, it there flows on swiftly and silently. There it is that the salmon, if they are wise, look about them for some little cove — some recess in the banks — which is seldom violently flooded, but which receives a gentle ripple as the stream sweeps by. In such a little cove, with a floor of pure sand, the eggs of the salmon may lie unharmed by any disturbance till they are hatched. Some of the fish deposit their spawn where the waters lash the sand, or where animals like to drink, and there the eggs come to nothing and are lost. This is now so well understood, that in some places (in one place in France particularly) fishermen are making fortunes by looking in good time to the eggs and milt, and seeing that they are deposited in favourable places. Hundreds of thousands, aye, countless millions of fish may be provided for human food by this simple precaution, for want of which some of our Scotch and English rivers are supplying less and less salmon every year.

In such a quiet pool, with its clean sandy bottom, does the fish pass its earliest days. From its first wriggle as a minute insect (as we should call it if we could see it at that stage of its life) to its first use of its fins and tail, that little pool is its world. Its world is quite big enough for it, and altogether beyond its comprehension. Even there it is not wholly beyond the reach of the tides — not shut out from the influences of the moon, and the laws which keep a universe full of firmaments in their due place and order: but the little fish is very like us in being frightened, and fancying that everything is out of order when any commotion happens that it did not foresee. If it suppose that the universe was made for the sake of infant trout, it may well be alarmed when a strong ripple spreads over its pool, and the water makes a bubble or two against the bank; — just as men used to take for granted that the world was coming to an end when there was an eclipse; or when an unusual aurora borealis turned the calm, cool night sky into a blood-red dome. Mankind has grown wiser with experience, and is learning that all goes on in the noblest and most regular and stedfast way under laws which never change; so that the wise man fears nothing: and even the infant trout grows bolder and happier as it learns more of its own world of waters. It wields its fins, it practises with its tail; it finds it can rise to the surface, and drop down to the sand, and get into the shade at noon under the roots of some water-loving tree, or make new glancing lights in the shallows by playing off its scales in the sunshine. By degrees, it goes out further into the current, and delights in being swept along by it, even though it is whirled away from its own native cove. It may not be for ever.

In a year or two it may come up the stream again — as so many do every season.

Meantime, down it goes; not all at once, but as may suit its growing strength and size, and the provision of food it finds. Towards the end of winter the waters grow cold. The melting snows make them chilly. The salt water will be warmer; and the young creature is strong enough now to bear a salt-water life. So down it goes, faster and faster. It does not know why, but it is carried on faster and faster, under banks where the hazels are hanging out their catkins, and the willow-palm its velvet tufts. Here and there a well-sheltered primrose puts forth a pale bud, in some hollow of the bank, and the wild ducks are making a splutter among the ripening reeds. But now the river rushes so fast that the sun-gleams are like lightning, and there is a rumbling roar like thunder, and a splash like a deluge. On shoots the little creature, setting its rudder — that is, its tail — steady, like the older fish that go before, and in a trice it is over the Falls of the Bann, and beginning to feel what the salt water is like. Still the old fish promise that it shall see its native cove again. It must be done by leaping this barrier of rocks; but thousands of salmon do that every year. What fish has done, fish may do.

And now, a shroud of mystery closes the life of the salmon. During the first year its age is known by the state of its scales; and its generation is then called grilse, or grailse, or grawls. After that, its mode of living is so completely lost sight of that there is not a naturalist, nor a fisherman, along the whole north coast of Ireland who can tell when or how the trout passes into the salmon, (if indeed it be the trout which certainly becomes the salmon,) or how old the salmon may live to be; or at what age its savoury flakes make the best eating; or, in short, anything whatever beyond this: — that the same fish return every season to the same river; the salmon of the Bann being short and thick, and those of the Bush river long and slim in comparison; and so on. So we must treat salmon as we do ladies — neglect all considerations of age — make no inquiries on that obscure point, and sympathise in their activities and pleasures without asking whether they had a beginning, or will ever come to an end.

It is the fashion to talk of every body's "sphere." What a sphere is that of the salmon of the Bann! What a coast has it to range, whether, when carried out to sea with the rush of waters, it turns to the right hand or to the left! That it does range along the coast is certain, as the watcher on many a promontory can avouch. Let the observer stand on the precipice of Fairhead — the salient point of the Antrim coast. At first, he will be curious about the little lake which discharges its

waters by a fissure in the rock, making a waterfall down that steep — more than six hundred feet above the busy surge. Already, on the face of this rock, are there traces of that strange architecture of Nature which comes out to more perfection further to the west. If the observer looks out to sea, his eye will be fixed by the outlines of the Scotch islands, as they lie calmly anchored in the deep blue sea, or the Mull of Cantire closing in the eastern horizon. He sees more than their outlines. In clear weather he sees the bright eminences and dark ravines on the mountain sides. Now let him look below—sheer down into the transparent waters. Are there not silvery flickerings, bright glancings, which show that the salmon are there at play? There they are; and near a great danger. A rock stands out, an islet separated by sixty feet of roaring tide from the shore, directly in the path that the salmon take off the coast. Not knowing that enemies may come there and waylay them, the fish do not make a good sweep out to sea, but just swim unsuspiciously round Carrick-a-rede. For a good part of the year, they may do this safely; during the months when salmon are not allowed to be taken; but, when the doom day comes, the bold fishermen do a great feat. They sling two ropes from the shore to the islet, at a height of ninety feet above the tossing waves; and, by laying short planks across, they make a bridge, — a suspension bridge with a vengeance — with no guard but a single rope for a hand-rail. The stranger usually declines being swung in mid air on such a bridge as this: but the fisherman — who lives, during the salmon season, in a cottage on the islet— runs backwards and forwards as tranquilly as if he were passing London Bridge; and so do his comrades. If the salmon did but know their own case, they would glance up from amidst the waters, and, warned by that great inverted arch in their sky, would strike off, — well out to the north, and not approach the coast again for miles. But all that the salmon know of their own case is that they want to go up the rivers, to deposit their spawn and milt; so they hug the shore, in search of the rivers' mouths.

Soon they come to that strange place, where, as we are informed, the great giant, Fin McCoul, had a mind to make a path for himself and his wife to pass over to Scotland, without getting their feet wet. Were any salmon present to see that causeway begun? and did they fear that it would bar them out from the Bush and the Bann? There are the wonderful paving-stones at this day — cut so neatly to fit into one another, like the cells in a bee-hive, and built in so firmly that the winter surge, in all these thousands of years, has never washed them asunder. Were there any salmon to see the accident by which those stones were spilled, which are now seen

lying, all in a heap, toppled all manner of ways. Giantesses who act as masons' labourers to their husbands, should see, before they go out to work, that they have strong strings to their aprons. Fin McCoul's wife forgot this. She brought him plenty of stones in her apron, and he paved them in; jammed them firm into the bottom of the sea with a stamp of his heel. But, one day, her apron-string broke, and her load of stones fell out — where they now lie. Whether her husband was put out of humour by so small an accident as this, as does happen to husbands sometimes, or whether his attention was called off by some pressure of business elsewhere, we cannot say; but the causeway certainly never was finished. A beginning was made at the opposite end — at Staffa — that Scotch islet where the giant had a cave where he liked to be cool at noonday (and a green, cool cave it is); but the path never stretched very far out, at either end; and the salmon get round, quite easily, at this day.

Some salmon seem to have no eye for cork floats. They swim in among them, without a thought of a trap. But they find themselves in one; and, after floundering among ropes and cords, perhaps from Monday to Saturday, they find themselves drawn to shore, and whether they will or no, and seized by the hot, cruel hands of man. If our trout of the Bann kept outside, or were alert enough to spring over at the last moment, it is on its way to its own river, rejoicing. The Bush river comes first, and there the Bush salmon take leave of all the rest for a season, and part off to their country seats for the autumn and Christmas. When the mouth of the Bann is reached, so do the Bann fish, whisking up stream, under Coleraine bridge, and onwards another mile, to where the salt water meets the fresh.

Here is a point of such danger, that we pause to take breath. There are some few chances of escape; but the perils are awful. All that the poor fish has any doubt about is as to whether it can leap up those rocks, over which the fresh waters are pouring like a cataract. It can make the leap, no doubt. Every salmon does. And it will no doubt keep at the top when it has got there — which is the most wonderful part of the business to the human observer. How it is that the rush of the stream over the natural weir does not carry back the fish in a moment is a mystery to us; but the salmon would probably despise us if we asked any questions, even as old women despise kings who inquire how the apple gets into the dumpling. So we will merely say that the young salmon obeys instructions as it did in going down; sets its rudder straight, stiffens its body, and shoots forward with all its might, against the rush of waters.

And is it safe, after all? There are so many perils that it knows not of! There are buildings in

the bed of the river, every stone and every brick of which was laid in malice prepense against the salmon of the Bann. There are half-a-dozen stout stone walls or piers, built backwards from the rocky weir, enclosing spaces which are (all but the middle one) as many traps for the fish. At the upper end, there are iron gratings to each trap — doors which open and shut: and at the lower end there are also iron gratings which are nearly closed, but not quite. A space of a few inches is left between the gratings, which incline backwards so as to direct, as it were, the approaching fish to the little gap. When they have once leaped in, they can never more get out. For a few moments, amidst the dash and roar of the descending waters, they are unconscious of their fate. They are whirled back; they shoot across the pool; and at length they dash themselves madly against the upper gratings: but it is all in vain. If they could pass this one grating, they would be safe for this year; for there is no net — no salmon fishing above the weir. The Irish Society, to whom the fishery belongs, take care of that: and if, as at present, they let the fishery to an individual, he is no less careful. One of the two neat red-brick cottages which are built on the outermost piers, is for the watchman who looks to the poachers. The other has the great scales for weighing the fish, and other apparatus. It is somewhat piteous to see the silvery scales of many a fish sticking to the balance, while the seething traps below are tempting more to their fate. As for the other cottage, it contains a little bed, where the watchman takes his sleep in the daytime, amidst such a din of waters as would make a fierce lullaby to most of us. By night, while his solitary candle burns within, throwing a feeble gleam from the lattice upon the surrounding foam, he is stealing about along the piers, and across the shaking planks, which make bridges from one to another. He peeps and pries and peers about, to see if any improper nets be in the water. Perhaps while he is doing so, the poachers may be watching his dim form from under the shadow of the solemn woods which come down to the river banks. Perhaps they may be actually in the river — up to their waists in water, under the shadow of the piers. If caught, their punishment is a fine of about six pounds for each offence; in default of payment, six months imprisonment.

The flapping and frightened fish remain in their trap till the next Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday morning, when the men fish them out with landing-nets. Last Thursday morning there were seventy-three salmon: this morning, there were sixty-one. The youngest and smallest weigh four pounds: the greater number rise from twelve pounds to twenty pounds; and even twenty-five pounds is not an uncommon weight. The price of salmon in the towns

along the coast is about sixpence per pound — unless where hotel-keepers impose on inexperienced travellers. But, the fish from these traps are packed in boxes, and forwarded by cart to Port Rush for export. When the railway to Londonderry is finished, they will, no doubt, be sent there too, on their way to many new places. The ice in which they are packed is supplied, in hard winters, from Irish lakes and ponds: but the last two winters have been too mild to supply the requisite quantity; so that the fish from the green depths of this solemn coast have been preserved in ice from the still, unfathomable lakes, freezing below the black pine forests of Norway.

Our subject has grown sombre and somewhat too pathetic. Let us take a brighter view.

Our young salmon was certainly not caught on this, its first ascent; for it is known to have revisited the haunts of its infancy. We have said that there was one space (it is the centre one) between the piers which is not a trap. It is called the Queen's Gap; and any fish which are lucky or discreet enough to go straight up mid-stream, pass here without impediment. It is wide open at both ends. The same may be said of all on Sundays, except that any fish that have entered between the drawing on Saturday morning and the opening of the traps that night, are turned into a special little dungeon, railed off on one side, there to pass their Sunday. For all others, the way is completely clear from Saturday night to six o'clock on Monday morning. Whether our young fish went up by the Queen's Gap, or on the Sunday, it got through, and without knowing anything of the perils it had escaped. How sweet the lapse of the fresh waters was, after the incessant roll and crash of the surge on the iron-bound coast of the Atlantic; how the autumnal woods contrasted with the black basaltic precipices above the main; how the wild-flowers on the banks appeared after so many miles of tangled and floating seaweeds; which looked best, the little column of blue peat-smoke from the peasant's cabin under the woods, or the brown smoke-clouds from the kelp-fires in the stony amphitheatres of the coast? — which was the most loveable, the swallow skimming the meadows, and brushing the blue waters with the tip of its wing, or the red-legged crow throwing the drops about in the little salt-pools in the rock, poking its red bill into salt crevices; or, again, the cormorant perched on its solitary basaltic pillar amidst the translucent green waters: now rearing its head to survey the whole land and sea, and then intent once more on its fishing? Which of these varieties may be most charming to a salmon, we will not undertake to decide. We only assert that the salmon has the opportunity of judging, at it lives and moves among them all.

Having found the tranquil cove it hoped for, and deposited its spawn where itself first began to move in the universe; having done that great duty of the year, and somewhat replenished its strength with alternate repose under the banks, and pleasure excursions among the windings and inlets of the great river, the salmon set about its descent. There was no fear of molestation now. The descending salmon are too poor in flesh and condition to be a desirable prize. So, once more, in the midst of spring, it found itself again with its comrades in the deep. Perhaps it is because the eastern coast is somewhat too sombre, that our fish now turns its head westward. Ah! there are perils there, too. Wherever there is a cluster of black rocks near the shore, and therefore in the path of the salmon, there may the white cottage of the fisherman be seen, niched into some recess. There may one great net be drying on poles or gibbet on the rocks, while the buoy out yonder, and the line of corks, show where the other is. Everywhere in the path of salmon, may the drawing of the net on Saturdays be seen, from May Day till the 20th of August. But it is certainly only by experience, if even so, that our young salmon, or any young salmon, can learn how dangerous the path of life is, through its whole course. So, on it went, merrily, in its first cruise along that cheerful shore; past the arches of limestone through which the railway is to run; past that wondrous verdant slope, from the white beach up and up for 1000 feet to the crest of rocks which crown the Coleraine heights; that slope where frost and snow and blight and tempest never come; where fairies resorted to their very latest day, as everybody remembers; where miles of trailing roses, and blue bells and periwinkles and heaths, with sweet berries enough to feed the whole fairy race, might tempt them back to their flowery tents, if the myriads of rabbits were not too formidable, and if, alas! the fairies were not dead, cold, and gone; where the few dwellings peep out from thickets of blossoms, and gardens are so many little wildernesses of sweets; where turfy paths girdle the steeps, that watchers may sit on a heather cushion, and look out for the silvery spangling of the sea where the salmon are at play; — by this cheerful shore went our young fish; and it swept by the turning of the great plain which spreads from those heights to Lough Foyle; and into Lough Foyle it went, and up and down in it — up to where old Derry stands on its hill; and where on a high pillar stands her hero-pastor, Walker, with the Bible in one hand, while the other points to the Lough where the ships are passing the boom, and bringing food to the starving citizens to whose fortitude Queen Victoria owes her crown. Up to the woods near the town, and down and away

among the labyrinth of stake-nets, roves our young salmon; but not to stay, for it is a salmon of the Bann, and therefore without any intention of becoming an immigrant of Lough Foyle. As a salmon of the Bann, it will live and die.

And when and how did the dying happen? As to the when, there is no saying. How should there be, while salmon are so resolute against telling their ages? Whether our fish made many voyages or few, whether years or generations passed, whether watchers, poachers, and lessees remained the same, or were superannuated and buried away, while our salmon's eye was still clear, and its flesh firm and flaky, and its scales brilliant and flexible, — its day of doom came at last. The victim came up the Bann — not on a Sunday; and it entered the wrong gap. Neither was it on a Saturday that it came; for it certainly did not pine and waste in a state of panic during a long Sabbath day. It was spared that. Its pain was short. One wild attempt to leap — one frantic rush round the place — and it was fished out, and presently flapped its last in the scale where its value was sure to be duly estimated. For its shroud, it had ample folds of the purest powdered ice, gathered in far lands, by foreign hands, for the purpose. Its burial service was the grace said by chaplain of a great London ...ny; and its tomb was one ...was not devoid of outward ornament of some richness — since over it was hung a massive civic chain, a token of honours to be domestically remembered through an illimitable future.

This is, as far as we know, all that can be told, with veracity and honour, of the LIFE OF A SALMON.

CHIPS.

THE WORLD'S FAIREST ROSE.

... queen, in whose garden grew the choicest flowers of every season of the year, the fairest of every clime. But, she loved the roses most of all, and of them she had the greatest variety, from the wild thorn with green, apple-scented leaves to the most beautiful rose of Provence. They grew up the palace walls, twined around the columns and over the windows, in along the passages and up to the ceiling in every hall; and the roses mingled together in odour, form, and colour.

But, care and sorrow dwelt within; the queen lay on a bed of sickness, and the physicians announced that she must die.

"She may yet be saved!" said the wisest among them. "Bring to her the fairest rose of the world, that one which is the expression of the highest and purest love. Let it come before her eyes ere they close, and she will not die."

And young and old came from all around, bringing roses — the fairest that bloomed in every

garden; but the rose was not among them. From the bower of Love they might bring flowers; but what rose *there*, was the expression of the highest, the purest love?

And the poets sang of the world's fairest rose — each one naming his own; and there went a message far over the land, to every heart that beat in love — a message to every rank and to every age.

"No one has yet named the flower," said the sage. "No one has pointed out the place on which it grew up in all its glory. It is not the rose from Romeo and Juliet's tomb, nor from Valborg's grave, though these roses will ever breathe fragrance through legend and song. It is not the rose which bloomed from Winkelried's bloody lances: from the hallowed blood which wells out from the breast of the hero dying for his fatherland; although no death is more sweet, and no rose redder than is the blood which then flows forth. Nor is it that wonderful flower for whose sake man gives up years and days and long sleepless nights, in the solitary closet, aye, sacrifices his fresh life to cultivate — the magic rose of science."

"I know where it blooms," said a happy mother who came with her tender infant to the queen's bedside. "I know where the world's fairest rose is found! — the rose which is the expression of the highest and the purest love. It blooms on the glowing cheeks of my sweet child, when, refreshed with sleep, it opens its eyes and laughs toward me in the fulness of its love."

"Fair is that rose," said the sage, "but there is one still more beautiful."

"Yes, far more beautiful!" said one of the women. "I have seen it; a purer, holier rose blooms not on earth. But it was pale, as the leaves of the tea-rose. On the cheeks of the queen I saw it. She had laid her royal crown aside, and went herself with her sick child, watching with it through the long sad night. She wept over it, kissed it, and prayed to God for it, as a mother prays in the hour of affliction."

"Holy and wonderful in its power is sorrow's white rose, but still that is not the one."

"No! the world's fairest rose I saw before the altar of the Lord," said the pious old bishop. "I saw it shining as though the face of an angel appeared. The young maidens went up to the Lord's table, to renew their baptismal covenant; and the roses glowed, and the roses paled upon their fresh cheeks. A young girl stood there; in the fulness of her soul's purity and love she looked up to her God. That was the expression of the purest and the highest love!"

"Blessed was she," said the sage; "but no one has yet named the world's fairest rose."

A child came into the room — the Queen's little son. Tears stood in his eyes and on his cheeks.

He carried a large open book, with velvet binding and large silver clasps. "Mother!" said the little one, "oh, just listen to what I have read here!" And the child seated itself by the bed, and read from the Book of Him who gave himself up to death on the cross, that all men might be saved, even generations yet unborn. "There is no greater love than this!"

A rosy gleam passed over the queen's cheeks; her eyes became bright and clear; for she saw unfolding itself from the pages of the Book the "World's Fairest Rose."

"I see it!" said she. "He will never die who looks upon that Rose, the fairest flower of earth!"

WALKING-STICKS.

WHETHER it was a cripple or a dandy, an old gentleman or a young gentleman, who first invented walking-sticks, cannot now be determined. That the pilgrim of the Middle Ages used a staff we know well from song and story; — a stout, strong serviceable staff, shod with iron, which stood no nonsense; for it was intended not merely to support the pilgrim when weary, and to aid the ascent and descent of hills and mountains; but to quell the familiarities of rough wayfarers. There was a protuberance a short distance below the top, to afford a firm grasp; and the upper part formed a hollow tube, in which the pilgrim carried relics of saints, small crucifixes, or other humble but cherished treasures. There are records of other articles stored away in these staff receptacles; the first head of saffron is said to have been brought to England from Greece in a pilgrim's staff at a time when it was death to take the living plant out of the country; the silk-worm first found its way into Europe by a similar piece of cunning; and pilgrims sometimes contrived to lay aside a store of gold coin in this hiding-place.

The staff, or *alpenstock*, of the Swiss and Tyrolese is an unquestionable walking-stick, of a formidable and invaluable kind. Exceeding in length the height of the user, and tipped with iron, it renders important assistance to all Alpine pedestrians. With its chamois-horn as a surmounting crook, it makes some pretension to ornament. All who have read narratives, or seen pictures, or heard lectures, concerning the ascent of Mont Blanc, will readily call to mind the claim which these alpenstocks have to be called life-preservers.

One of the earliest kinds of walking-stick adopted as a support by elderly persons, was the *ferula*, or staff of fennel-wood. Being long, tough, and light, it is well fitted for this purpose, and it seems to have given name to a certain castigatory weapon but too well known to school-boys. In Oriental countries, the hollow or pithy-stalked palms and bamboos naturally became the ma-

terial for walking-sticks, and it is to such countries that we owe the designation of cane, so much given to these pedestrian accompaniments. Ancient Egyptian walking-sticks have been discovered, made of cherry-wood, and having carved knobs. Henry the Eighth had "a cane garnyshed with sylver and gilte, with Astronomie upon it;" and "a cane garnyshed with golde, having a perfume in the toppe."

Of the Clouded Cane, of whose nice conduct Pope's Sir Plume was justly vain; of Jambees at ten guineas per joint, and plain Dragons described in the Tatler; of the strong cane and the amber-tipped cane, sung by Gay; of the long and elegant sticks used by elderly ladies in the second half of the last century, and by footmen of the present day; of the stout knotted sticks and the slender bamboos in fashion half a century ago; of the enormous grotesque heads carved upon sticks to suit certain abnormal tastes; of comic canes with Tim Bobbins and Punch and Merry Andrews and Toby Fillpots grinning from their heads; of rough sticks and smooth sticks; of straight sticks and crooked sticks; of all sorts of sticks, from rattans to bludgeons, it is not our present purpose to indite: — the reader will find an amusing account of most of them in the Report of the Exhibition Jury on Miscellaneous Articles— a jury which worked most indefatigably in their miscellaneous duties. We pass all this to say a little respecting the commerce in walking-sticks; which is much more extensive than most persons would imagine.

It appears that there is scarcely a grass or a tree which has not been made available for this purpose. The varieties most usually selected, among the growths of Europe, are blackthorn, crab, maple, ash, oak, beech, orange-tree, cherry-tree, furze-bush, and Spanish reed; from the West Indies there come vine-stems, cabbage-stalks, orange-stalks, lemon-stalks, coffee-stalks, briar-stalks; while from other countries in the warm regions are brought rattans, calamus-stems, bamboos, Malaccas, and Manilla canes. Whatever is the kind employed, the wood is usually cut towards the end of autumn, especially if it be wished to preserve the bark.

A walking-stick of moderate pretensions, made of ordinary wood, and to be sold at a moderate price, passes through almost as many processes as a needle, and is, to all intents and purposes, a manufactured article. Let us look on, while such a stick is being made.

First, then, shall it have the bark on or not? Most of the better kinds have lost their bark, and ours shall accordingly. Only one halfpenny is paid for stripping the bark from a branch of the warted-crab, which is a favourite wood for sticks; but has a bark obstinately clinging to the protuberances on the side of the branch. The peelers boil the branch for a couple of hours, and

the bark then readily yields to any simple instrument. In straighter and smoother branches, the difficulty is less; and, consequently, the rate of pay is lower.

Then comes the straightening of the stick, and the fashioning of the crook, which so often forms its upper termination. The upper end is immersed in hot, damp sand; it becomes soft and non-elastic, and readily assumes and maintains any curvature which may be given to it. For every kind of wood, there is a temperature and a dampness best fitted for this process; and thus the stick-maker has to store his memory with a body of practical rules on the subject. Then, for the straightening, the stick is immersed in hot, dry sand, which gives it a kind of pliability different from that requisite for the crooking; and by bending and humouring it in a groove in a board, the stick becomes straight and symmetrical. But if our walking-stick contemns this Quaker-like straightness, and has a yearning for the knobby and crooked, it comes under the operation of the rasp and the file — unless, indeed, the knobs are such as Nature gave.

The external adornment is even more varied than the original form. Many walking-sticks appear in such masquerade costumes, that their brother-branches would not know them again; they are sand-papered, or emeried, or rotten-stoned, and are further smoothed with fish-fin or fish-skin; then they are stained by liquid dyes, the chemical composition of which the stick-maker probably numbers among his secrets; and lastly, they are varnished. Sometimes the surface is charred, and the charred portion scraped off here and there, so as to impart a mottled appearance to the stick. Sometimes, but more frequently on the Continent than in England, lithographic transfers decorate the surface of the stick.

These every-day, steady-looking, thorough-going, middle-class serviceable walking-sticks form the mainstay and support of the manufacture, like as willow-pattern plates and twopenny cups and saucers are commercially more important to the Staffordshire potteries than Parian statuettes or dessert services. But still the more ornate and aristocratic sticks and canes give employment to a large number of work-people: whalebone, tortoise-shell, ram's horn, rhinoceros' horn, gutta percha, shark-spine, narwhal-horn, ivory — these are some only among many substances employed for sticks. The mode of working each kind does not differ materially from that of manufacturing other articles from the same materials; but there is a curious exception in relation to tortoiseshell: the raspings and parings of this substance are susceptible of being conglomerated by heat and pressure, and formed into elongated rods for sticks — a capital mode of picking up crumbs, and making them useful.

As to the ferules, crooks, handles, and decorative appendages, who shall number them? Gold, silver, sham-gold, sham-silver, ivory, ebony, tortoise-shell, mother o' pearl, agate, cornelian, jasper, jade, leather, hair, silk, skin — all are employed. What offence crooks have given, that they should be out of favour, does not appear; but certain it is that the rectangular handle is now in the ascendant: it juts out in stern precision from the vertical stem, and ignores Hogarth's theory of the beauty of curved lines. It sometimes aspires to stags' heads, and at others descends to stags' feet; and not unfrequently it makes a Jenny Lind-ish attempt at portraiture.

So large has this manufacture now become, that the principal London maker is said to sell annually about one hundred and fifty thousand walking-sticks made of English wood, and three hundred and sixty thousand rattans and canes for making the more expensive varieties. The polished ash sticks are mostly made at Birmingham; where they are sawn and turned by machine-lathes, previous to the polishing. The importation of walking-sticks from abroad is not very considerable, as the English makers strive to meet all the demand that may arise: this relates to the finished sticks, and not to the raw material.

There is a nationality even in walking-sticks. Germany makes better whalebone sticks than England, and is also expert in making elastic and tough sticks from the almost impenetrable hide of the rhinoceros. Austria excels in the sticks with carved ivory handles; but England bears the palm for those ornamented with silver wire, or gold and silver chasing. Paris is said to have had, in 1847, no less than one hundred and sixty-five manufacturers, and nine hundred and sixty-two workpeople employed in making walking-sticks and whips; but, as we cannot tell how many have been added to these numbers from other and similar trades, so are we likewise without data to settle the numerical claims of the walking-sticks. There were, however, four thousand five hundred and fifty-six cwts. of rattans, bamboos, and other canes imported into France in 1850, and this seems to tell significantly of a large walking-cane manufacture in that country. The little Grand Ducal (if anything so little can be grand) State of Hesse excels all other countries in the manufacture of pictorial walking-sticks. In neatly transferring lithographic patterns to sticks Hesse is unrivalled. They are sold largely to England and America, and some of them are exceedingly elegant; the patterns are transferred from paper while the ink from the printing, whether coloured or black, is wet, and the stick is afterwards varnished.

But Hamburg seems to be the walking-stick metropolis. Herr Meyer, of that city, is the king of

stick-makers. His star of walking-sticks, radiating in all its splendour in the Zollverein department of the Great Exhibition, attracted many an admiring gaze. Very little less than five hundred varieties there made their appearance; from the ornate and costly, down to the useful and cheap. Being a free port for the reception of sticks and canes from all parts of the world, and hand-labour being cheaper there than in London, Hamburg drives a large trade in this department of industry.

Crochetty walking-sticks occasionally make a noise in the world — walking-sticks which contain a shop full of furniture (more or less) in their bosoms. A Scottish physician has lately constructed a walking-stick containing a variety of medical instruments and medicines. Another sagacious personage has enriched society with a walking-stick containing a compass, a mirror, a dressing-case, an inkstand, a telescope, a thermometer, a set of drawing instruments, stationery, and lucifers. A third, thoughtful concerning the supply of nature's wants, has made a walking-stick which acts as a miniature larder and wine-cellar; for it contains a long cylindrical bottle, a wine-glass on similar elongated principles, and a receptacle for biscuits or compressed meat. Another has contrived to pack away in his walking-stick a useful map of London and a compass. A fifth (perhaps an electro-biological gentleman) has made a walking-stick with a complete galvanic battery in its interior; "on holding the knob in the hand, a shock is slightly felt, and by taking a piece of silver or copper in each hand, and touching the knob on each side, the shock is greatly increased!"

As to the murderous walking-sticks, which thrust out upon you their swords, or dirks, or spring spears, we like them not: their use is only to be tolerated in private gentlemen and editors, who do not feel comfortable in the streets of California or Kentucky without a Colt's revolver peeping out of their pockets loaded to the muzzle and on full cock.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXI.

Bad deeds seldom prosper, happily for mankind; and the English cause gained no advantage from the cruel death of Joan of Arc. For a long time, the war went heavily on. The Duke of Bedford died; the alliance with the Duke of Burgundy was broken; and Lord Talbot became a great general on the English side in France. But, two of the consequences of wars are, Famine — because the people cannot peacefully cultivate the ground and grow crops — and Pestilence, which comes of want, misery, and suffering. Both these horrors broke out in both countries, and lasted for two wretched years.

Then, the war went on again, and came, by slow degrees, to be so badly conducted by the English government, that, within twenty years from the execution of the Maid of Orleans; of all the great French conquests, the town of Calais alone remained in English hands.

While these victories and defeats were taking place in the course of time, many strange things happened at home. The young king, as he grew up, proved to be very unlike his great father, and showed himself a miserable puny creature. There was no harm in him — he had a great aversion to shedding blood: which was something — but, he was a weak, silly, helpless young man and a mere shuttlecock to the great lordly battledores about the Court. Of these battledores, Cardinal Beaufort, a relation of the King, and the Duke of Gloucester, were at first the most powerful. The Duke of Gloucester had a wife, who was nonsensically accused of practising witchcraft to cause the King's death and lead to her husband's coming to the throne, he being the next heir. She was charged with having, by the help of a ridiculous old woman named Margery (who was called a witch), made a little waxen doll in the King's likeness, and put it before a slow fire that it might gradually melt away. It was supposed, in such cases, that the death of the person whom the doll was made to represent, was sure to happen. Whether the duchess was as ignorant as the rest of them, and really did make such a doll with such an intention, I don't know; but, you and I know very well that she might have made a thousand dolls, if she had been stupid enough, and might have melted them all, without hurting the King or anybody else. However, she was tried for it, and so was old Margery, and so was one of the duke's chaplains, who was charged with having assisted them. Both he and Margery were put to death, and the duchess, after being taken, on foot and bearing a lighted candle, three times round the City as a penance, was imprisoned for life. The duke, himself, took all this pretty quietly, and made as little stir about the matter as if he were rather glad to be rid of the duchess.

But, he was not destined to keep himself out of trouble long. The royal shuttlecock being three-and-twenty, the battledores were very anxious to get him married. The Duke of Gloucester wanted him to marry a daughter of the Count of Armagnac; but, the Cardinal and the Earl of Suffolk were all for MARGARET, the daughter of the King of Sicily, who they knew was a resolute ambitious woman and would govern the King as she chose. To make friends with this lady, the Earl of Suffolk, who went over to arrange the match, consented to accept her for the King's wife without any fortune, and even to give up the two most valuable possessions

England then had in France. So, the marriage was arranged, on terms very advantageous to the lady; and Lord Suffolk brought her to England, and she was married at Westminster. On what pretence this queen and her party charged the Duke of Gloucester with high treason within a couple of years, it is impossible to make out, the matter is so confused; but, they pretended that the King's life was in danger, and they took the duke prisoner. A fortnight afterwards, he was found dead in bed (they said), and his body was shown to the people, and Lord Suffolk came in for the best part of his estates. You know by this time how strangely liable state prisoners were to sudden death.

If Cardinal Beaufort had any hand in this matter, it did him no good, for he died within six weeks; thinking it very hard and curious — at eighty years old! — that he could not live to be Pope.

This was the time when England had completed her loss of all her great French conquests. The people charged the loss principally upon the Earl of Suffolk, now a duke, who had made those easy terms about the Royal marriage, and who, they believed, had even been bought by France. So he was impeached as a traitor, on a great number of charges, but chiefly on accusations of having aided the French king, and of designing to make his own son King of England. The Commons and the people being violent against him, the King was made (by his friends) to interpose to save him, by banishing him for five years, and proroguing the Parliament. The duke had much ado to escape from a London mob, two thousand strong, who lay in wait for him in St. Giles's Fields; but, he got down to his own estates in Suffolk, and sailed away from Ipswich. Sailing across the Channel, he sent into Calais to know if he might land there; but, they kept his boat and men in the harbour, until an English ship, carrying a hundred and fifty men and called the Nicholas of the Tower, came alongside his little vessel, and ordered him on board. "Welcome, traitor, as men say," was the captain's grim and not very respectful salutation. He was kept on board, a prisoner, for eight-and-forty hours, and then a small boat appeared rowing towards the ship. As this boat came nearer, it was seen to have in it a block, a rusty sword, and an executioner in a black mask. The duke was handed down into it, and there his head was cut off with six strokes of the rusty sword. Then, the little boat rowed away to Dover beach, where the body was cast out, and left until the duchess claimed it. By whom, high in authority, this murder was committed, has never appeared. No one was ever punished for it.

There now arose in Kent an Irishman, who gave himself the

name of Mortimer, but whose real name was Jack Cade. Jack, in imitation of Wat Tyler, though he was a very different and inferior sort of man, addressed the Kentish men upon their wrongs, occasioned by the bad government of England, among so many battledores and such a poor shuttlecock; and they rose up to the number of twenty thousand. Their place of assembly was Blackheath, where, headed by Jack, they put forth two papers, which they called "The Complaint of the Commons of Kent," and "The Requests of the Captain of the Great Assembly in Kent." They then retired to Sevenoaks. The royal army coming up with them here, they beat it and killed their general. Then, Jack dressed himself in the dead general's armour, and led his men to London.

Jack passed into the City from Southwark, over the bridge, and entered it in triumph, giving the strictest orders to his men not to plunder. Having made a show of his forces there, while the citizens looked on quietly, he went back into Southwark in good order, and passed the night. Next day, he came back again, having got hold in the meantime of Lord Say, an unpopular nobleman. Says Jack to the Lord Mayor and judges: "Will you be so good as to make a tribunal in Guildhall, and try me this nobleman?" The court being hastily made, he was found guilty, and Jack and his men cut his head off on Cornhill. They also cut off the head of his son-in-law, and then went back in good order to Southwark again.

But, although the citizens could bear the beheading of an unpopular lord, they could not bear to have their houses pillaged. And it did so happen that Jack, after dinner — perhaps he had drunk a little too much — began to plunder the house where he lodged; upon which, of course, his men began to imitate him. Wherefore, the Londoners took counsel with Lord Scales, who had a thousand soldiers in the Tower; and defended London Bridge, and kept Jack and his people out. This advantage gained, it was resolved by divers great men to divide Jack's army in the old way, by making a great many promises on behalf of the state, that were never intended to be performed. This *did* divide them, some of Jack's men saying that they ought to take the conditions which were offered, and others saying that they ought not, for they were only a snare; some going home at once; others staying where they were; and all doubting and quarrelling among themselves. Jack, who was in two minds about fighting or accepting a pardon, and who indeed did both, saw at last that there was nothing to expect from his men, and that it was very likely some of them would deliver him up and get a reward of a thousand marks, which was offered for his apprehension. So, after they had travelled and quarrelled all the way from Southwark to Blackheath, and

from Blackheath to Rochester, he mounted a good horse and galloped away into Sussex. But, there galloped after him, on a better horse, one Alexander Iden, who had a hard fight with him, and killed him. Jack's head was set aloft on London Bridge, with the face looking towards Blackheath, where he had raised his flag; and Alexander Iden got the thousand marks.

It is supposed by some, that the Duke of York, who had been removed from a high post abroad through the Queen's influence, and sent out of the way, to govern Ireland, was at the bottom of this rising of Jack and his men, because he wanted to trouble the Government. He claimed (though not yet publicly) to have a better right to the throne than Henry of Lancaster, as one of the family of the Earl of March, whom Henry the Fourth had set aside. Touching this claim, which, being through female relationship, was not according to the usual descent, it is enough to say that Henry the Fourth was the free choice of the people and the Parliament, and that his family had now reigned undisputed for sixty years. The memory of Henry the Fifth was so famous, and the English people loved it so much, that the Duke of York's claim would, perhaps, never have been thought of (it would have been so hopeless) but for the unfortunate circumstance of the present King's time quite an idiot, try very badly go- verned. These two circumstances gave the Duke of York a power he could not otherwise have had.

Whether the Duke knew anything of Jack Cade, or not, he came over from Ireland while Jack's head was on London Bridge; being secretly advised that the Queen was setting up his enemy, the Duke of Somerset, against him. He went to Westminster at the head of four thousand men, and on his knees before the King, represented to him the bad state of the country, and petitioned him to summon a Parliament to consider it. This the King promised. When the Parliament was summoned the Duke of York accused the Duke of Somerset, and the Duke of Somerset accused the Duke of York; and, both in and out of Parliament, the followers of each party were full of violence and hatred towards the other. At length, the Duke of York put himself at the head of a large force of his tenants, and, in arms, demanded the reformation of the Government. Being shut out of London, he encamped at Dartford, and the royal army encamped at Blackheath. According as either side triumphed, the Duke of York was arrested, or the Duke of Somerset was arrested. The trouble ended, for the moment, in the Duke of York renewing his oath of allegiance, and going in peace to once of his own castles.

Half a year afterwards the Queen gave birth to a son, who was very ill received by the

people, and not believed to be the son of the King. It shows the Duke of York to have been a moderate man, unwilling to involve England in new troubles, that he did not take advantage of the general discontent at this time, but really acted for the public good. He was made a member of the cabinet, and the King being now so much worse that he could not be carried about and shown to the people with any decency, the duke was made Lord Protector of the kingdom, until he should recover, or the Prince should come of age. At the same time the Duke of Somerset was committed to the Tower. So, now the Duke of Somerset was down, and the Duke of York was up. By the end of the year, however, the King recovered his memory and some spark of sense; upon which the Queen used her power — which recovered with him — to get the Protector disgraced, and her favourite released. So, now the Duke of York was down, and the Duke of Somerset was up.

These ducal ups and downs gradually separated the whole nation into the two parties of York and Lancaster, and led to those terrible civil wars long known as the Wars of the Red and White Roses, because the red rose was the badge of the House of Lancaster, and the white rose was the badge of the House of York.

The Duke of York, joined by some other powerful noblemen of the White Rose party, and leading a small army, met the King with another small army at St. Alban's, and demanded that the Duke of Somerset should be given up. The poor King, being made to say in answer that he would sooner die, was instantly attacked. The Duke of Somerset was killed, and the King himself was wounded in the neck, and took refuge in the house of a poor tanner. Whereupon, the Duke of York went to him, led him with great submission to the Abbey, and said he was very sorry for what had happened. Having now the King in his possession, he got a Parliament summoned and himself once more made Protector, but, only for a few months; for, on the King getting a little better again, the Queen and her party got him into their possession, and disgraced the Duke once more. So, now the Duke of York was down again.

Some of the best men in power, seeing the danger of these constant changes, tried even then to prevent the Red and White Rose Wars. They brought about a great council in London between the two parties. The White Roses assembled in Blackfriars, the Red Roses in Whitefriars; and some good priests communicated between them, and made the proceedings known at evening to the King and the judges. They ended in a peaceful agreement that there should be no more quarrelling; and there was a great royal procession to St. Paul's, in which the Queen walked arm-in-arm with

her old enemy, the Duke of York, to show the people how comfortable they all were. This state of peace lasted half a year, when a dispute between the Earl of Warwick (one of the Duke's powerful friends) and some of the King's servants at Court, led to an attack upon that Earl — who was a White Rose — and to a sudden breaking out of all the old animosities. So, here were greater ups and downs than ever.

There were even greater ups and downs than these, soon after. After various battles, the Duke of York fled to Ireland, and his son the Earl of March to Calais, with their friends the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick; and a Parliament was held declaring them all traitors. Little the worse for this, the Earl of Warwick presently came back, landed in Kent, was joined by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other powerful noblemen and gentlemen, engaged the King's forces at Northampton, signally defeated them, and took the King himself prisoner, who was found in his tent. Warwick would have been glad, I dare say, to have taken the Queen and Prince too, but they escaped into Wales and thence into Scotland.

The King was carried by the victorious force straight to London, and made to call a new Parliament, which immediately declared that the Duke of York and those other noblemen were not traitors, but excellent subjects. Then, back comes the Duke from Ireland at the head of five hundred horsemen, rides from London to Westminster, and enters the House of Lords. There, he laid his hand upon the cloth of gold which covered the empty throne, as if he had half a mind to sit down in it — but he did not. On the Archbishop of Canterbury asking him if he would visit the King, who was in the palace close by, he replied "I know no one in this country my lord, who ought not to visit *me*." None of the lords present, spoke a single word; so, the duke went out as he had come in, established himself royally in the King's palace, and, six days afterwards, sent in to the Lords a formal statement of his claim to the throne. The lords went to the King on this momentous subject, and after a great deal of discussion, in which the judges and the other law officers were afraid to give an opinion on either side, the question was compromised. It was agreed that the present King should retain the crown for his life, and that it should then pass to the Duke of York and his heirs.

But, the resolute Queen, determined on asserting her son's rights, would hear of no such thing. She came from Scotland to the north of England, where several powerful lords armed in her cause. The Duke of York, for his part, set off with some five thousand men, a little time before Christmas Day, one thousand four hundred and sixty, to give her battle. He lodged at Sandal

Castle, near Wakefield, and the Red Roses defied him to come out on Wakefield Green, and fight them then and there. His generals said, he had best wait until his gallant son, the Earl of March, came up with his power; but, he was determined to accept the challenge. He did so, in an evil hour. He was hotly pressed on all sides, two thousand of his men lay dead on Wakefield Green, and he himself was taken prisoner. They set him down in mock state on an ant-hill, and twisted grass about his head, and pretended to pay court to him on their knees, saying, "O King, without a kingdom, and Prince without a people, we hope your gracious Majesty is very well and happy!" They did worse than this; they cut his head off, and handed it, on a pole, to the Queen, who laughed with delight when she saw it (you recollect their walking so religiously and comfortably to St. Paul's!), and had it fixed, with a paper crown upon its head, on the walls of York. The Earl of Salisbury lost his head, too; and the Duke of York's second son, a handsome boy who was flying with his tutor over Wakefield Bridge, was stabbed in the heart by a murderous lord — Lord Clifford by name — whose father had been killed by the White Roses in the fight at St. Alban's. There was awful sacrifice of life in this battle, for no quarter was given, and the Queen was wild for revenge. When men unnaturally fight against their own countrymen, they are always observed to be more unnaturally cruel and filled with rage than they are against any other enemy.

But, Lord Clifford had stabbed the second son of the Duke of York — not the first. The eldest son, Edward Earl of March, was at Gloucester; and, vowing vengeance for the death of his father, his brother, and their faithful friends, he began to march against the Queen. He had to turn and fight a great body of Welsh and Irish first, who worried his advance. These he defeated in a great fight at Mortimer's Cross, near Hereford, where he beheaded a number of the Red Roses taken in battle, in retaliation for the beheading of the White Roses at Wakefield. The Queen had the next turn of beheading. Having moved towards London, and falling in, between St. Alban's and Barnet, with the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Norfolk, White Roses both, who were there with an army to oppose her, and had got the King with them; she defeated them with great loss, and struck off the heads of two prisoners of note, who were in the King's tent with him, and to whom the King had promised his protection. Her triumph, however, was very short. She had no treasure, and her army subsisted by plunder. This caused them to be hated and dreaded by the people, and particularly by the London people, who were wealthy. As soon as the Londoners heard that Edward, Earl of March, united

with the Earl of Warwick, was advancing towards the city, they refused to send the Queen supplies, and made a great rejoicing. The Queen and her men retreated with all speed, and Edward and Warwick came on, greeted with loud acclamations on every side. The courage, beauty, and virtues of young Edward could not be sufficiently praised by the whole people. He rode into London like a conqueror, and met with an enthusiastic welcome. A few days afterwards, Lord Falconbridge and the Bishop of Exeter assembled the citizens in St. John's Field, Clerkenwell, and asked them if they would have Henry of Lancaster for their King? To this they all roared, "No, no, no!" and "King Edward! King Edward!" Then, said those noblemen, would they love and serve young Edward? To this they all cried, "Yes, yes!" and threw up their caps and clapped their hands, and cheered tremendously. Therefore, it was declared that by joining the Queen and not protecting those two prisoners of note, Henry of Lancaster had forfeited the crown; and Edward of York was proclaimed King. He made a great speech to the applauding people at Westminster, and sat down as sovereign of England on that throne, on the golden covering of which his father — worthy of a better fate than the bloody axe which cut the thread of so many lives in England, through so many years — had laid his hand.

NORTH AMERICAN SLAVERY.

INTEREST in the subject of slavery has during the present year been re-awakened by an admirable book*, in which its main features — as they exist in North America — are painted in the freshest colours. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN with all its faults (and it is not free from the fault of overstrained conclusions and violent extremes) is a noble work; full of high power, lofty humanity; the gentlest, sweetest, and yet boldest, writing. Its authoress, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, is an honour to the time that has produced her, and will take her place among the best writers of fiction, inspired by the best and noblest purpose. Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe, George Harris, and the other negroes with whom Mrs. Stowe has by this time made most of us acquainted, are, no doubt, rare specimens of slaves; but, the details of the slave system among which they live have been carefully collected, and are represented, bright or black, fairly and with all due variety, so that they may be generally accepted as remarkable pictures of the every day truth. The subject thus reintroduced is one that it becomes all men to discuss, since the extinction of slavery in America by any other than the old process

* This work has just been published at Leipzig in the "Tauchnitz Edition" for the Continent of Europe, with a new preface expressly written for this edition.

that has held good since the world began, can take place only by the infection of slaveholders with the epidemic of a very prevalent opinion.

Slavery has at one time existed in most countries, and from very many it has died out. When population was much thinner than it is, and there were few very spiritual notions of the rights of man, prisoners of war, and even the great bulk of conquered nations, were considered acceptable importations upon any soil that was too spacious to be managed by its owners. As native populations grew, and men and women came to cover their own lands, they became less anxious to retain any stranger within their gates, whom they would have to feed for doing work that could be done quite as well by the men born upon their soil; — in every such case, slavery has languished and become extinct. In this way, when the white population shall have grown and come to press upon the borders of the land, even though no higher motive were to intervene and expedite the conclusion of a moral wrong, slavery will become extinct in the slaveholding states of North America.

In the meantime, though a full population is incompatible with the continuance of slavery, a thin one implies no demand for its existence. It is no question in the present day, we believe, with any man who speaks the English language, whether slavery ought to be abolished; the only question that awaits solution now is, how to abolish it, and more especially how it can be properly abolished in the slave states of North America. A right thing may be done in a wrong way; slaves may be made wretched, as well as holders ruined, by an act which, being only just and merciful in its own essence, might be so done as to become a gain and blessing to all men whose lives are influenced by its effects.

It is but just to give credit to the slaveholders of North America for having established their system upon principles very much more humane than those adopted by the Spaniards in their neighbourhood. Negroes under Spanish masters are urged to work with an inhuman rigour; expense for their food and clothing is deliberately kept down to the lowest point; they are treated as tools which it is good economy to wear out rapidly, by putting them to the utmost use, and to replace with new material as fast as they are ground away. Under this system, administered as it often is with cruelty beyond the exigencies of its inhuman theory, the slaves are tortured into frequent efforts to escape by flight. Payment is then made to the slave hunter — the ranchero of the district — as distinct a professional man in Cuba as the parish doctor here with us; and the ranchero goes a hunting with his dogs and gun after the man who does not choose to be a chattel.

We have all heard of the Cuban

dogs trained to hunt men, and following relentlessly upon the track of any fugitive whose scent has been presented to them in a portion of some article he may have worn. When they have hunted down their prey, they do not injure him, unless the black man should dispute the dogs' superiority; the dogs, hunting in couples, are trained quietly to seize each an arm, and hold the slave uninjured until the ranchero shall have come up with his fetters. The fugitive, so caught, rarely resists, for he knows that the dogs are equally well trained to perform the next department of their duty, to destroy the man who struggles in their jaws. Knowing this, the slave is quiet, and is brought back unharmed to the estate, the ranchero being answerable for any damage that may have been suffered in his hands by the article that he had undertaken to recover. In ordinary cases, for each capture he receives twenty piastres; but his charge is higher when the chace has extended beyond certain bounds, or when the case has been complicated by any skill or courage manifested on the negro's part.

A large exception has to be made among the ill-treated slaves of Spaniards in favour of household pets. The Spanish colonist luxurious and indolent: his use-slave wears fine linen, and delicately, as a lady's dog at may in this country be ed on cream and chicken; e the yard dog gets what bones he can, and has no mistress to care how often he may have his ribs kicked by the groom. Such difference exists between the house-slave and the field-slave in the Spanish colonies — a difference that only aggravates our sense of the wrong done to manhood in their persons.

Again, for the maintenance of the system which exists among the Spanish colonists, it is obviously necessary that the importation of fresh slaves should not be discontinued. The Spanish Government bound itself to cooperation in the measures taken for the suppression of the slave trade on the coast of Africa. Nevertheless, minor officials in the Spanish colonies find it well worth their while to accept the rich commission offered for assistance in the illegal traffic. We have been told by friends who have resided at Havana, of immense sums realised in a single year by one official out of that perquisite of office in Spanish American colonies, connivance at the slave trade. The inhabitants of colonies are bound to give notice whenever they may see newly imported slaves driven across their respective districts. It is the custom therefore, in Cuba, to issue along a projected line of march underhand notification to the public, in order that all gentlemen with tender consciences may get out of the way and have an *alibi* to plead in case of any possible inquiry. M. Casimir Leconte, whose experience in slave coun-

tries, as detailed a month or two since in the Revue des Deux Mondes, we are indebted for much that will be stated here, illustrates this practice by an example. "I was one day," he says, "at a large estate in the canton of Banaguises, and the proprietor expressed his annoyance at a neglect of duty in his neighbours. They had passed over his ground without ceremony a convoy of two thousand blacks newly imported, and the proprietor said very reasonably: 'See what a dilemma they will have placed me in, should the judge come down and put me to my oath; if they had only warned me, I might easily have gone to dinner at Cardenas.'"

But while the contraband traffic in slaves is essential to the working of the slave system on its present footing in the Spanish Antilles, among the Anglo-Americans importation has entirely ceased. The bodily condition of the slaves under our cousins in America — we speak now only of their bodily condition, rating them not as men, but as so much live stock — is good. They are, on the whole, fed as amply, and are as well treated as the upper class of European horses. They have therefore thriven and their stock is multiplied in the land; their inherent power of reproduction more than balances the amount of physical decay; and it is not, therefore, found necessary to import any fresh stock from abroad. In 1840 the number of slaves in the United States was not quite two millions and a half. In the year 1850 there were more than three millions. The increase n ten years had amounted to twenty-three and a half per cent.

The proportion of increase in different states differs, however, greatly. The slave system is in a natural way decaying out of some states, while, for assignable reasons, it is becoming concentrated 'n some others. Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and others, have already abolished the principle of slavery; but, amongst those states which retain it for the present, there are some that are not likely to retain it many years. In Florida the slave population has diminished by fourteen per cent., and has increased only one and a half per cent. in Maryland. In that part of Virginia which lies between the leghanies and the states of Pe sylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky, the slave system is virtually abolished by the substitution of German and Irish free labourers for negroes. The climate, soil, and produce in that part of Virginia being suited to the industry of European labourers, proprietors have found it more to their interest to hire them, and to sell their slaves. In Virginia, on the other side of the Alleghanies, the chief produce is tobacco, and, although slave labour is used for th soil is not sufficient to with labour the whole ne pulation, and many peopl betaken themselves to the task of

breeding negroes, and exporting them into the sugar-cane and cotton districts, of which the development has been extremely great. In Arkansas, the increase of slave population has considerably more than doubled in the last ten years; the increase in Mississippi has been sixty-four per cent.; fifty-seven per cent. in Missouri; thirty-seven in Tennessee. In South Carolina the increase of population in the ten years was but seven per cent., and the increase has been very moderate in North Carolina and Kentucky. It appears, therefore, that the slave states of America do by no means hang together as a homogeneous mass. Slaves are being sold continually out of some states into others; and, where the cultivation is not of too tropical a character, the labour of white men intrudes steadily upon the old vocation of the blacks.

This constant sale of slaves out of one state into another, implies, of course, the disruption on a large scale of family ties, and all those outrages upon domestic feeling which have been so vividly depicted in the history of Uncle Tom. We have said, however, that Uncle Tom, Aunt Chloe, and their friends are, perhaps, rare specimens of negro character. It is no mitigation of the inhuman character of slavery to say, that in the majority of cases, negroes have been depressed so far towards the state of simple beasts of burden, that they have acquired the hearts and brains of horses and of oxen. Rational education of their minds is jealously withheld. They are taught to regard, as the sole object of their lives, not the advance of their own souls, but the increase of their master's cotton. Every look they get, even the kindest, every tone they hear, confirms their knowledge of the fact that they are chattels. "A slave," says one of the codes, "is in the power of the master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, his labour; he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire any thing, but which must belong to his master." It is the greatest horror of the slave system to our minds, when men can live contented under so complete an abnegation of their manhood. Born to the system, bred to the system, degraded by being set to labour in sight of a whip, like the brutes, so working on a motive against which even a well-bred brute comes to rebel — thousands of negroes are content to be well fed and housed, occasionally patted on the head or played with, and, when their master finds it needful to reduce his stock, part with a mere transitory brutish pang from a contented wife in Maryland, perhaps, to lie down content with a new wife in a new stall in Tennessee. Burning alive, and all the tortures that were racked out of ingenious brains, are the most trumpery of wrongs compared with this treading of all things that are precious

out of human hearts. It is pleasanter to think of slaves in Cuba flying before blood-hounds, than to know that the slaves of North America learn to identify themselves with their masters, and to lie down contented with their place among farm animals, because they are well fed; and that in the year 1850, out of three million slaves only a thousand fled away in search of liberty: the greater part even of that thousand seeking not liberty for its own sake, but as a means of escape from the punishments incurred by theft and other crime.

The writer to whom we have already referred, illustrates from his experience the content with which negroes in North America remain enslaved. In a plantation in the parish of Saint James, in which he spent some days, he tells us that there were ten or fifteen negroes who had laid by more than enough to purchase freedom, but who would not purchase it. One of them, when questioned on the subject, answered: "I am well treated and not overworked; if I am sick, I am attended to; if my wife bring me a child, they rear it; when I become old I shall be allowed to rest — and would you have me quit all this for an uncertain future?" Precisely thus, a horse or ox might talk, could there be offered to it the gift of reason, with full liberty to quit the stall, to think for itself, and to labour on its own concerns. "I have seen a lady," said M. Leconte, "about to leave America for France, taking a slave negress with her as the children's nurse. Arrived at New York, the negress so earnestly desired to be sent back to New Orleans, though the soil of France would give her freedom and New Orleans was her place of slavery, that the lady was compelled to grant her wish." Perhaps this negress had submitted in New Orleans to a slavery that chains the freest to one patch of soil. M. Leconte further tells us of a certain Doctor M —, who had brought three of his black domestics to New York. One of them, an excellent coachman, fell among abolitionists and left his master, who refused to use the power of the law for his recovery, saying, that if he could not be retained in his service by kind treatment, he did not wish him to be retained at all. After a time the fugitive returned and desired restoration to his old position. He was condemned to suffer five more years of liberty; at the end of the five years he might return or remain free as he pleased. He returned at the end of the term, and was a good slave ever after.

Why did he return? Did he find no rest for the sole of his foot among the free Americans, and did he flutter back into slavery, as the dove fluttered back into the ark? In truth, it must be acknowledged, that the free Americans, the very abolitionists themselves, are stout supporters of the slave system in act, whatever they may be in theory. In

the free states of America, the negro is no less forced down out of his just position as a man than when he works under the planter's whip. Even in an English drawing-room, the American who meets by chance a guest with negro blood marked on his forehead, feels like a cat upon whose domain some strange dog has intruded, and is not easily restrained by the rules of English courtesy from spitting. However respectable the position earned by a free negro — and, as Mrs. Stowe truly points out, free negroes know how to come by the respectabilities of money — though he be clean of body, neatly dressed, and by the colour of his mind a man of sense and honour: there is not a white fellow, black with dirt in his body, and black with rascality in his mind, who would not scorn to sit beside him on an omnibus; there is not a kitchen scullion claiming to be white under his grease and soot, who would not consider it an insult to be told that he must dine at the same table with the negro gentleman. M. Leconte tells us that he travelled with a gentleman of high standing, who had been endeavouring to place at college, in a western state, a youth full of talent and intelligence, with a clear skin, yet with some flaw of colour in his mother's ancestry. A pupil who knew of this flaw, denounced he new comer, and it was found o be necessary to carry him to rance, where he would be allowed to receive a college education unmolested.

Everywhere met by this spirit; taken from a half-barbarous condition and educated by the whites, for their own purposes, down into the ways of brutes instead of up into the feelings of developed men; with no high purpose in life ever set before them; with no higher motive of existence than the fattening of their white masters; insulted (if they only knew it) by a lurking contumely even in the kindest accents; the great mass of the negro population has become infected with the universal feeling, and has fallen so low as to accept and share the prejudice against itself. A negro woman in America will, in most cases, prefer dishonourable union with a white man to marriage with a black. Negroes learn to reproach each other for the colour of the skin, and to look up to the white man who rules them, with the same affection that a dog feels for the master to whose hand it has become accustomed. This prejudice against the negro in the free states of America powerfully aids in the support of the slave system in the south. A certain rich man, dying in Kentucky, left among his legacies freedom to each one of his slaves. Further, to assure their future peaceable enjoyment of the gift, he enjoined his executor to purchase in Ohio, a free state, enough land to yield allotments for them all, on which they might build dwellings and farm offices; there was to be

provided, also, for them all, a stock, sufficient to begin with, of agricultural tools, seeds, and cattle. The conditions of the bequest were all duly fulfilled, the land was bought and parcelled out, the stock was purchased, and the executor set out with his party of freedom to instal them in their new homes, and put them in possession of their rights as citizens. When they came to the river Ohio, however, they found arrayed on the other bank the white population of the district, armed to the teeth, maintaining that they would not suffer "a vile colony of niggers" to be settled in the midst of them.

The slave population, thus pressed down below the level of humanity, has its spirit broken by the pressure. Uncle Toms and George Harrises are the exception, not the rule. Debased by education under a demoralising system, which acts as a blight on every wholesome growth in the slave's mind; the victim of a daily robbery — the robbery of his right to the labour of his own limbs; it is a mockery to ask the negro to be honest; theft and falsehood are begotten out of the slave system, as surely as stench rises out of filth. Degraded as they are, the negroes are still tender-hearted; they identify themselves with a master's interest; it is wonderful that they should not have fallen lower than they have fallen; — fallen they are, however; we know what we express in England by the word servility, we know how our hearts burn at the imputation of a slavish submission even to the highest power on earth. The slaves of America — speaking of them as a body — have, by a long course of depressing treatment, been made slavish in their spirit. We have already seen how few of them seek freedom in flight. We may note further, that while the treatment of negroes, when they are free and living in the free states of America, is such as no man with his spirit whole could bear, the negroes bear it. A home is open in Liberia to all free negroes who will accept citizenship there; on his arrival in Liberia, the negro receives an allotment of land, and is supported in a republic of his own race for the few months that must elapse before the produce of his farm will feed him. Beyond the subsistence to which he is entitled, he may buy land to what extent he pleases; he may walk over the soil of his own African republic, encountering no look of reproach, and may help in spreading the light of civilisation among his race. The best hopes of a man it is in the power of every free negro to realise, by quitting the soil on which he meets with daily insult, and establishing a true home in Liberia. He does not, however, feel the daily insult; he is acclimatised to the atmosphere of wrong. At the last census there were found to be four hundred and twenty-eight thousand, six hundred and thirty-seven free negroes in the United

States; while the negro population of Liberia, proceeding from America, has not yet reached ten thousand souls. Yet thirty years have now elapsed since, in obedience to high-minded councils, the black colony was established, and the town of Monrovia founded on Cape Mesurado. And it is twenty years since the Maryland State Colonisation Society planted the allied colony of Maryland in Liberia.

The negroes in Liberia consist of the few men whose energies resisted all the depressing force to which they had been subject in America, and of their children who have grown up under better rule. Small as their number is, the energy with which they have conducted their affairs, and the influence they have exerted on surrounding tribes, are undeniable. The colony has fought with many difficulties, and its promoters have been disappointed by the want of interest with which it is regarded by great numbers of the class for whose advantage it was planned. In 1847, in consequence of objection that had been made on the part of England to imposts levied upon British vessels in Liberia, and the assertion that such rights of levying duties could not be conceded to a private association of men, however it might otherwise be worthy of respect, — the Colonisation Society of the United States decided on abandoning the land altogether to the negro emigrants, reserving only the space necessary for the further purposes of emigration, and a tax for the purposes of education. Liberia, therefore, on the twenty-fourth of August in that year, hoisted its own flag, and started with a constitution of its own in the character of a free negro republic. The Americans, the English, and the French, all heartily supported the new state. Conflicting accounts have been given of its present condition; it appears, however, to be fairly established, and to prosper to the utmost of its means. The eight or ten thousand civilised negroes from America exert their influence upon three hundred thousand natives who are living on Liberian soil, consenting to the laws and customs of their civilised society. Fifty thousand have learnt English, schools abound, and the number of Christians is increasing every month. The Liberians grow coffee and cacao, export palm-oil, camwood, ivory, rice, gold-dust, and other things; their port of Monrovia being tolerably familiar with ships. There is, of course, room for much growth; their farms are at present little more than country gardens, and they are under the disadvantage of not yet having succeeded in the attempt to maintain horses or oxen in their country. The resources of the two colonies of Liberia, and Maryland in Liberia, have been so limited, that, little as they may have done, they deserve full credit for the achievement of remarkable results.

The Americans, moreover, deserve credit for having, in the first instance, established this Liberian outlet for the best class of their free negro population. There is spread widely in America a strong desire to do what is right; and we believe that a large majority of the proprietors in the slave states would cease to become slaveholders, if they could see their way clearly to the employment of free labour, and a due provision for the future life of the emancipated slaves. The money value of the slaves in the United States is considerably over a hundred millions of pounds, and we must not be surprised if we find men unwilling to pay that sum for the support of a principle in which their faith is weak. We think, too, that it is possible to combine with the duty of emancipation the not less important duty of undoing the evil that has been done to the slaves' minds, and of doing them some good service by way of atonement. When we have clipped men's minds and made them slavish, it is poor compensation that their bodies should be set at large. We believe that earnest and dispassionate inquiry among men experienced in all the details of the question, would lead eventually to a performance by America of the moral duty of emancipation in a way that might wipe out every reproach for the past treatment of the negroes, and reflect eternal honour on the stars and stripes.

The stripes! Though slavery be not abolished promptly, there can be no reason why stripes should not cease. Though there *may* be little of lashing and wailing in the slave system, as it is commonly administered in North America, yet men are degraded by being set to work by a coarse action on their fears, when the same men are far more capable of being stimulated by an excitement of their love of honour and reward. The negro has what the phrenologists would call love of approbation very strongly marked. Set him to work for the hope of distinction, instead of for the fear of blows. No doubt it has been true that negroes, set to work by any motive which called out their higher feelings as men, would become ambitious and acquire a thirst for freedom in the end. So it is, so let it be. Educate the negroes on plantations, make them intelligent men and women, let them imbibe in their full freedom the doctrines of Christianity. It has been true that it was not safe to give knowledge to men who were placed in a position which the faintest flash of reason would resent. We have been told by a Christian minister, who laboured in his way to elevate the minds of negroes in some North American plantations, that his permission to preach was clogged with many stipulations as to what he should not say; that he was expressly forbidden to teach anything which might induce a slave to question his position or wish to be free; and that, in consequence, he

found himself unable to preach even man's duty to his neighbour. So it has been and must be; the slave who acquires education and religious principle must desire to be free: let it be so. Cultivate the slave's best feelings, teach him, awaken him to manhood; and do this fearlessly because you are determined that he shall attain what will become the object of his wishes. When you have taught him to desire his proper place among his fellows, let him take it; let him work for you as a free man, and be well assured that he will work. Negro labour will become every year less in demand as the number of Irish and other emigrants increases in America. The time is not far distant when the demand for negroes will be confined wholly to those districts in which the climate appears to be unsuited for field labour by white men: even to those districts whites will become acclimatised, but in those, for some time at any rate, negroes will be needed. It is not essential that the negroes should be slaves. If, step by step, the degraded race be raised, their higher impulses awakened, their minds developed, their moral ties religiously respected, there will arise out of the present multitude of slaves, by slow degrees, a race of free labourers far more efficient than the present gangs, while the yearly increasing surplus of black population educated into love of freedom would pass over to Liberia, and form a nation on the coast of Africa, whereof America might boast for ever. Americans might so abolish slavery as to produce with little or no cost — probably with profit to themselves — results incomparably greater than have been attained by England with a vast expenditure of money. Our cousins are capable of great works, and a great work lies at their door. Heartily glad shall we be when they shall begin to leave off whipping their negroes and shall set steadily to work to whip the Britishers in the results to be obtained out of enlightened efforts to give to the slave freedom both of mind and body. This victory over ourselves America may win, and England shall be foremost in the celebration of her triumph.

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOW OF A DUTCH PAINTER.

YELLOW, thumbed, devastated by flies and time, stained with spots of oil and varnish, broken backed, dog's-eared — a scurvy lazar-house copy which no book stall-keeper would look at, and a which the meanest of buttermen would turn up his nose — I have a book which I love. It is the Reverend Mr. Pilkington, his Dictionary of Painters. You know it oh ye amateurs and *cognoscenti* in the fine arts, seeking to verify the masters and the dates of your favourite canvasses. You know it ye industrials of Cawdor Street

for it is your grand book of reference, when your *employé* Smith, painting a Holy Family and affixing thereto the signature (pious fraud!) of Dominichino or Zurbaran, runs the risk, if to the signature he adds a date, of making a slight mistake in chronology and dating his work fifty years or so before the painter's birth, or after his death. I have seen, ere now, an original Rembrandt (with a flourish to the R at which the boldest of sceptics would not dare to cavil), dated 1560. I know my Pilkington well, and of old, and I love it, for it is full of shadows. I can keep good shadowy company with it; now with the *élite* — the R. A's of the old masters: Titian in the Mocenigo Palace receiving his pencil from the hands of Charles the Fifth, with a condescending bow; Rubens riding abroad with fifty gentlemen in his train; Rafaelle lying in state with princes and cardinals around, and his glorious Transfiguration at the bed-head; — now, with the less prominent celebrities: jovial, clever, worthless Adrian Brouwer; Gian Bellini, so meek, so mild, and so pious; honest Peter Claes, so great in painting pots and pans and birch-brooms; stolid old Dirk Stoop the battle painter.

Turn again, Pilkington, and let me summon the shadow of Peter de Laar.

We are in Rome, in the year of grace sixteen hundred and twenty-three, and in a house in the Strada Vecchia. Light steals, with no garish glitter but with a chastened mellowed softness, through a solitary window into a grand old room. Not but what there be other windows, and large ones too: but they are all fastened and curtained up, that so much light as is needed, and no more, shall enter the painter's studio. Three large easels I see, and a smaller one, far off, in a corner, where a fair-haired boy is making studies, in chalk, from a plaster bust on a pedestal. There is old armour, old furniture, old tapestry scattered about, and, above all, an old painted ceiling, where a considerable contingent from the denizens of Olympus once disported themselves upon clouds, but are well nigh invisible now through clouds of dust and smoke from this lower earth. *En revanche*, the gods and goddesses have descended to the shelves, where, in plaster, and wanting some of them a leg or an arm, they are as beautiful, and more useful than above. The Venus of Milo stands amicably side by side with Actæon and his dogs, while in strange proximity is the horned Moses of Michael Angelo. There is a great velvet-covered silver-clasped book of "Hours" on a *prie-dieu* of carved oak, and in an ebon cabinet, among strange poignards and quaint pieces of plate, are a few books: a copy of Livy with a passage kept open by an ivory rosary, some dog's-eared sketch-books, and a parchment-covered folio of St. Augustine's works, the margins scrawled over with skeletons and fragments of men with

muscles in violent relief. Nor are these last the only muscular decorations of the apartment. One shelf is entirely devoted to a range of phials, containing anatomical preparations sufficiently hideous to the view; and there stands, close to a table where a serving lad with an eminently French face is grinding colours on a marble slab and humming an air the while, a horrible figure as large as life, from which the skin has been flayed off, showing the muscles and arteries beneath — a dreadful sight to view. It may be of wax or of plaster, but I would as soon not meet with it, if you please, out of a dissecting-room, or a charnel-house. A skeleton, too — the bones artistically wired together, and supported on a tripod — would evince that the occupant of the apartment was not averse to the study of osteology. This skeleton has no head, the place thereof being supplied by a mask, a cardboard "dummy" of a superlatively inane cast of beauty: the blue eyes and symmetrical lips (curved into an unmeaning and eternal simper), the pink cheeks, and silken dolls' tresses, contrasting strangely with the terribly matter-of-fact bones and ligaments beneath — the moral to my lady's looking-glass. This room might belong to a surgeon who is fond of painting (for there are more bones, and one or two real grinning skulls about), or to a painter who is fond of surgery; for the anatomical drawings which l every vacant place, which are scrawled on the walls and furniture in chalk and charcoal and red cinnabar, bear trace of a masterly eye and of an experienced hand. If to a painter, however, he is no poet, no admirer of music, no gallant devoted to gay clothes, or delighting to serenade noble dames; for through the length and breadth of the studio I can catch no glimpse of lute, or plumed hat, or velvet mantle trailing on a chair — of sprucely bound volume of Ariosto or Boccaccio, of soiled glove, or crushed rosebud, or crumpled ribbon. The painter, if he be one, must be a grave, sedate cavalier, and so, of a truth, he is. No one yet accused Messire Nicolas Poussin, to whom this studio belongs, of gallantry, or verse-making, or lute-twanging, or flower-seeking. He is a tall, well-made, personable gentleman, prematurely grey, and of a grave presence. He wears a *justaucorps* of black velvet, not quite innocent of paint-stains, and a well-worn cap of red silk sits on his crisp and curled locks. He has palette on thumb and pencil in hand, with which he is busily calling up, on the canvas before him, a jovial, riotous, wine-bibbing, dishevelled crew of fauns and satyrs, Bacchanals and Hamadryads, dancing, shouting, and leaping round a most disreputable-looking old Silenus, bestriding a leopard and very far gone in liquor.

Anon, the fair-haired boy quits the room, and, returning, announces that there is one below would speak with his master. The

words are scarcely out of his mouth, when the stranger of whom it is question enters. With much creaking of shoes, and cracking of joints, and rustling of his brave garments, he advances to Poussin, and presents him with a packet of letters, which the painter receives with a grave reverence. This is Peter de Laar: here is his shadow.

Take Sancho Panza's head; blend in the expression of the countenance the shrewd impudence of Gil Blas, the sententious yet saucy wit of Figaro, and the stolid humour of Molière's Sganarelle, yet leave the close-cropped bullet skull, the swarthy tint, the grinning ivories, the penthouse ears and twinkling little eyes of the immortal governor of Barataria; mount this head on a trunk combining his strength and muscular development of Buonarotti's *torso* with the exuberant rotundity of Falstaff; plant this trunk on the legs of Edward Longshanks, of the celebrated Mr. Carus Wilson, or of that member of the Daddy Longlegs family, whose inability or disinclination to perform his orisons led to his being precipitated down an indefinite number of stairs. Add to all this, arms always placed at distressing and eccentric angles to the body; feet, the toes of which are always turned in the contrary direction to that which they ought to be; hands, with joints for ever cracking, with palms for ever smiting each other, with thumbs and fingers and wrists for ever combining themselves into strange gestures, into eccentric balls of eccentric humour; a nose which, when blown, resounds like a Chaldean trumpet in the new moon; moustaches fierce as those of the Copper Captain, long as those of a Circassian chieftain, twisted upwards like those of Mephistopheles in the outlines of Moritz Retsch. Cover this strange, joyous, bizarre, humorously awkward, quaint and *goguenarde* frame with habiliments so strangely cut, so queerly fashioned, of such staring colours, bespattered with such fantastic embroidery, that you know not whether to call them vulgar or picturesque, ridiculous or pleasing. Balance me this notable figure in any position out of his proper centre of gravity; make him sit on tables, or on easels, or on wainscot ledges, till Master Poussin hath courteously designated an easy chair to him; and even then let him sit on the back, the legs, the arms thereof, rather than sit as Christians do. Let him do nothing as other men do; let him have a voice whose faintest vibration, before ever he utters a word, shall make you hold your sides with laughter; let him be born a low comedian, a mountebank, a merry-andrew, a jack-pudding, a *paillasse*, a live marionette, even as some men are born scoundrels, and some women queens. Let him have wit, talent, impudence (and monstrous impudence!), good-humour and versatility; let him be a joyous companion, a firm friend, indiffe-

rently moral, questionably sober, and passing honest; let him have all those, and you have the shadow of Peter de Laar, the Dutch painter, better known in this age by the pseudonym given him by the Italians, with reference to his witty buffoonery, of *Il Bamboccio*.

Peter has come straight from dear old Amsterdam; from the sluggish canals, the square-cut trees, the washing-tub-like luggers and galliots, the parti-coloured houses, the clean flagstones, tulip-beds, pictorial tiles, pickled gherkins, linsey-woolsey petticoats, and fat, honest, stupid, kind Dutch faces of the City of the Dykes and the Dams, to Rome. He has come as straight, moreover, as the governor of the Low Countries, as the police of M. de Richelieu in France, as a slender purse, and an inveterate propensity to turn out of the beaten track wherever there were pretty faces, good wine, or good company to be found, would allow him to come. He is come to study landscape painting in Italy, and has brought letters of introduction to Poussin, from persons of consideration both in Holland and France. The great French painter receives him with cordiality. Wine and meats are brought in. Presently enter two friends of Poussin, both painters: Monsieur Sandrat, who has left but an unsubstantial shadow to us, and M. Gelée, whose real appellation has also been forgotten, but who will live, I trust, as long as painting lives, under the title of Claude Lorraine. Peter de Laar is introduced to them. They talk of things literary, of things pictorial, of the last scandal in the sacred college, of the last *bon mot* on the Corso, of the success of the Cavaliere Vandyck in England, of the probable jealousy thereat of the Cavaliere Rubens; of Gaspar Poussin (Nicolas's brother), and of his friendship with Albano. They are grave at first, but somehow Peter de Laar makes them all laugh. Then there are more wines and more meats, and considerably more laughter. Suddenly, from no man knows where, Peter produces a fiddle. He plays once, and twice, and thrice, and again. He plays the good old airs of Holland, such as Teniers' frows dance to, and Ostade's boors nod lazily to, guzzling beer the while; such as the lady in the satin dress of Gerarhd Douw plays so sweetly to the cavalier in buff boots; such as the hurdy-gurdy players of Metzu and Jan Steen grind so piteously before cottage doors; such as bring the tears into the eyes of the good company in the old house in the Strada Vecchia, though Peter de Laar be the only Dutchman present.

Peter can paint, and paint well, besides playing on the fiddle. He has a pretty hand, too, for turning verses — the more satirical the better. He is a good classic and an inimitable storyteller, and a practical joker unrivalled for invention and audacity. He can smoke like a Dutchman, as he is, and sing madrigals, and do tricks

of legerdemain wonderful to look at. He is come to spend three months among the beautiful Italian scenery, but how long do you think he stops? Five years. Soon the grave and sedate Nicolas Poussin, soon the saturnine Claude Gelée, yclept Lorraine, begin to find that they cannot do without the sprightly Dutchman. He fiddles, or touches the bass viol or the harpsichordo, before they set to work of a morning; he sings to them as he and they paint, or, while a tint is drying or the sky is too overcast for him to paint the sunny landscapes by, he will throw his huge grotesque laugh-provoking limbs on a stool, and from one of the tomes in the ebon cabinet read forth in a bold strident voice the sounding prose of Livy that Master Poussin loves so well to listen to; or he will "lisp in numbers," and clearing away the dust and cobwebs from crabbed Basle or Haerlem Latin characters — call forth joy and merriment from Master Quintus Horatius Flaccus, and Master P. Virgilius Maro their repositories.

But when work is over (Peter can work well and play well), it is then that his supple joints, his joyous face, his great hearty laugh come into full play. It is in the posadas and the wine-shops, among the merry crowds on the Corso and the Pincian Hill, in moonlight junketings among the ruins of the Coliseum, in the gloomy Ghetto among the Jews, playing them scurvy tricks, that he earns his surname of *Il Bamboccio*, that he becomes the idol and glory of the Italian jokers and hoaxers. We have been too much accustomed to look at the Italians as a sentimental and romantic people; yet, in pure fact, few nations possess so much of the *vis comica*. A glance at the memoirs of Baldinucci, at the glorious repertory of hoaxes to be found in the Decameron, at the infinity of pantomimes, farces, and burlesques to which the little Venetian theatres gave birth; or even at the buffooneries of that superlative literary blackguard, Peter Aretino, would prove the contrary. Punch came from Italy, so did Toby; so did harlequin, columbine, clown, and pantaloon. Fancy the stealing of sausages and the animation of clock faces to have had their origins in the clime of Dante and Petrarch, oh, ye Della Cruscans, and readers of Rosa Matilda novels! If orchards were to be rifled, old ladies frightened, monks waylaid and enticed to drink strong waters till they went home intoning profane canticles to the great scandal of the monastic orders — who but *Il Bamboccio?* If tradesmen's signs were to be altered, names erased, obnoxious collectors of the *gabella*, or salt-tax, to be tarred and feathered, or any other achievements to be accomplished after the manner of that respected nobleman of modern times, who, if he ever reaped half the stock of wild oats he was supposed to

have on hand to sow, must be able to undersell all the corn in Egypt for years to come — who but *Il Bamboccio?* Like, also, the aristocrat I have obscurely hinted at, Peter de Laar not only enjoys the fame of what he does, but of a great deal of what he neither does do nor has any hand in doing. All the hoaxes, all the satires, all the practical jokes, all the caricatures, all the *concetti*, are credited to his account. Though he strenuously denies it, he is set down for certain as the heir-at-law to the celebrated Pasquin. The statue of Pasquin, as all men know, was wont to be covered every morning with violent squibs and satirical pamphlets; and now, if ever a pasquinade appears against a Cardinal, an epigram on a *Monsignore*, a couplet on love, politics, or divinity — who but *Il Bamboccio* is fixed upon as the culprit?

Every evening, after the heat of the day, when the dust is laid and the cool breezes come in refreshingly from the Campagna, the *beau monde* of Rome come forth to walk on the Corso. Priests, gentles, noble ladies, *cavalieri serventi* and *patiti*, stately Cardinals in their coaches of scarlet and gold drawn by eight mules a-piece, walk, ride, flirt, or decorously amble up and down. There are smiles, and jests, and smart witticisms, and brilliant skirmishes of gallantry round the ladies. One Friday, in the year 1624, at the very height and fashionable time of the promenade, a huge elderly ape, a white-headed, vicious, bushy-haired villanous animal, which would be, perhaps, were he to stand upright, nearly as large as a man, appears at the further extremity of the Corso. Gravely he marches, looking slyly at the ladies under their veils, and grimacing horribly. Some laugh, some shriek, some cry that he has escaped from a menagerie. All at once, with an appalling scream and a chattering such as man never heard before, he stops opposite a richly-dressed lady, called La Parqueria, and, in defiance of all laws of politeness and etiquette, gives her a round of kisses in amazingly rapid succession; then, turning on his tail, flies and is seen no more.

Now La Parqueria, I grieve to tell it, is rather more beautiful than good. Scandal, busy at Rome as elsewhere, says naughty things of her with reference to a certain Cardinal. Next day, on the statue of Pasquin appears a most abusive libel, called *il bracciamento*, in which, in reference to the occurrence of the day before, his Eminence the Cardinal is likened to an old ape *(Noto pellato)*. The affair makes a furious noise in Rome; and our friend Bamboccio is generally believed to know more about it than he cares to aver. He drinks, and fiddles, and paints none the less, but he keeps his own counsel, goes home rather earlier of an evening, and never alone, and is heard to boast a good deal in public touching cunning of fence. As for the

poor Parqueria, so great is the hubbub and ridicule, that she is obliged to leave Rome. At this time of day it would scarcely bring Peter de Laar within the range of the batteries of the Holy Inquisition to say that he is the guilty party, the real monkey, and the author of the libel as well. There is an obstinate old woman in Rome who is of the same opinion, and who avers, that with her proper eyes she saw the monkey assume the shape of Bamboccio, mount a horse, and gallop away at the top of his speed; but she is at last persuaded that it was the devil she saw and not the Dutchman, and performs, in consequence, a Novena at the church of San Pancrazio.

Five years have nearly elapsed since Bamboccio's arrival at Rome, when he is one day agreeably surprised by the appearance of his brother, Roeland de Laar, who brings with him two more young Dutchmen (and famous ones), John and Andrew Both, who are come to study landscape under Claude Lorraine. Roeland has come with the intention of taking his brother back to his native country; but, after the manner of the hammer which was sent to fetch the chisel, and which, in turn, required the mallet to be sent after it, Bamboccio easily persuades his brother to stay in Rome, and the four painters agree to live merrily together. They take a roomy old house, and live for upwards of a year the gayest, most jovial, yet most industrious bachelor life you can imagine. Alas, for the clouds that are so soon to overcast this fair sky!

One day, on a sketching excursion, and during Lent, after having filled their portfolios with sketches, they sit down by a running stream to eat their afternoon meal. The pie is good, and the wine is good, and the ample and hilarious enjoyment thereof does them, so they think, good too. Not so, however, thinks a shaven monk with a white, cowled blanket lashed round his waist by a greasy rope, feet very picturesquely sandalled but leaving something to be desired in the way of cleanliness, a thin lip, and an evil eye. He takes the artists roundly to task for eating meat in Lent, and threatens nothing less than to denounce them to the ecclesiastical authorities; whereupon Bamboccio abuses him with much humorous virulence.

"For a fellow," says Peter, "who recommends abstinence, you keep no Lent in wine, Father Baldpate, to judge by your ruby snout."

"Wine, in moderation, is sent by Providence for the use of man," answers the monk, sententiously.

"And water wherewith to dilute it," cries Bamboccio, with an ominous glance at the running stream. "Did you ever do penance, old shaveling?"

"When I sin, as you do," responds the monk,

"Well," says Bamboccio, "you must have sinned during the last two minutes, and you shall do

penance now. What say you, brothers?" he adds, turning to his three companions, and glancing at the stream again.

A clamorous cry of acquiescence in his proposition greets him. The monk endeavours to beat a retreat; but Peter, with a great Dutch oath, swears he shall do penance, and, catching him by the cowl and waistband, throws him clean into the water.

"When he has washed a few of his sins out," he says, laughing, "we will fish him out."

But the current is rapid and the stream is deep, and the monk never is fished out again. He is drowned.

Bamboccio and his accomplices are in consternation; some counsel one thing, some another, but all at length agree to set off immediately on their return to Holland.

From that fatal day Peter de Laar becomes another man. The shadow of the monk is always before him. At Amsterdam, at Haerlem, at Dordt, at Utrecht, where his paintings are held in great request and are munificently paid for, he lives extravagantly, and is as boisterous a boon companion as of old; but his laugh loses its heartiness, and his eye grows dull and his cheek haggard. It is the monk. He avoids the companions and accomplices of his crime, even his favourite brother Roeland.

In the year 1650, Andrew Both drowns himself in a canal at Venice.

In the year 1660, John Both perishes in the water at Utrecht.

In the year 1663, Roeland de Laar crossing a wooden bridge, the ass on which he is mounted stumbles: he is precipitated into the torrent beneath, and is drowned.

In the year 1675, Peter de Laar having come to be more than sixty years of age, a miserable, infirm, sombre old man, ruined in health by excesses, impoverished in purse, eclipsed in fame by the rising constellation of Wouvermans, is found drowned in a well at Haerlem.

So they that strike with the sword perish by the sword; and I shut up Pilkington and the Shadows fade away.

CHIPS.

HOARY ABUSES.

I DO not know anything that has struck me more forcibly in life than the longevity of nuisances; yet I am anything but disposed to take a sad view of things; for, like Voltaire, I think the world, after all, a very good world in its way. How does it happen, then, that this very good world, and all the many wise and good people in it, see a nuisance, feel a nuisance, hear of it, speak of it, and yet do not set about reforming it? If this be indolence, it is culpable; if it be want of public spirit, it is both culpable and silly; for each of us form part and parcel

of the public, whose claims are thus set at nought. People, in England, are neither wrong-headed nor silly; yet any one as blind as a mole might point out a greater number of respectable grey-headed nuisances in Britain than in any other country in Europe: nuisances that other countries have corrected and exterminated utterly, before you or I were born.

Let any one read the accompanying extracts from a book published in 1767, nearly a century ago (Smollett's Humphrey Clinker), and then ask himself if it is not really wonderful that precisely the same abuses are here spoken of and condemned which still flourish in all their rank vigour, while we are penning these lines.

On the Milk of London in 1767. — "The milk itself should not pass unanalysed; the produce of faded cabbage-leaves and sour draff, lowered with hot water, frothed with bruised snails; carried through the streets in open pails . . ." Here follow some half-dozen ingredients which are positively now unprintable.

On Bread. — "The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone ashes; insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration, but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn. Thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a misjudging eye; and the miller or the baker is obliged to poison them and their families in order to live by his profession."

On Water. — "If I would drink water, I must quaff the mawkish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement; or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster. Human excrement is the least offensive part of the concrete, which is composed of all the drugs, minerals, and poisons used in mechanics and manufacture, enriched with the putrefying carcases of beasts and men, and mixed with the scourings of all the wash-tubs, kennels, and common sewers within the bills of mortality."

On Lodgings. — "I am pent up in frowsy lodgings, where there is not room to swing a cat; and I breathe the steams of endless putrefaction; and these would undoubtedly produce a pestilence, if they were not qualified by the gross acid of sea-coal, which is itself a pernicious nuisance to lungs of any delicacy of texture; but even this boasted corrector cannot prevent those languid, sallow looks that distinguish the inhabitant of London from those ruddy swains who lead a country life."

A little farther on, he attacks the watchmen and street cries — and how short a time have either

been abolished! But he shall speak in his own vigorous way: —

On Wine. — "As to the intoxicating potion sold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cider, corn spirit, and the juice of sloes. In an action at law laid against a carman for having staved a cask of port, it appeared from the evidence of the cooper that there were not above five gallons of wine to the whole pipe, which held above one hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto."

On Veal. — "The same monstrous depravity appears in veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings and other villanous arts."

On Vegetables. — "As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butcher's meat, and poultry, &c., so they insist on having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps you will hardly believe that they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass halfpence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true."

On Poultry. — "The poultry is all rotten, in consequence of an infamous practice of sewing up the gut, that they may be the sooner fattened in coops in consequence of this cruel retention."

On Oysters. — "It may not be amiss to mention that the right Colchester are kept in slime pits, occasionally overflowed by the sea; and that the green colour, so much admired by the voluptuaries of the metropolis, is occasioned by the vitriolic scum which rises to the surface of stagnant water."

On the Government in 1767. — "Ibrahim, the Ambassador, who had mistaken his Grace" (the Duke of Newcastle?) "for the minister's fool, was no sooner undeceived by the interpreter, than he exclaimed to this effect: 'Holy Prophet! I don't wonder that this nation prospers, seeing it is governed by the counsel of idiots!' — a series of men whom all good Musselmen revere as the organs of immediate inspiration."

On Church Architecture. — After explaining that the church architecture, then coming into fashion, is unsuited to our climate, he continues: — "I never entered the Abbey Church at Bath but once, and the moment I stepped over the threshold, I found myself chilled to the very marrow of my bones. When we consider that in our churches, in general, we breathe a gross stagnated air, surcharged with damps from vaults, tombs, and charnel-houses, may we not term them so many magazines of rheums, created for the benefit of the medical faculty; and safely aver that more bodies are lost, than souls saved, by going to church, in the winter especially, which may be said to engross nine months out of the year? I should be glad to know what offence it would give to tender consciences, if the House of God was made more comfor-

table, or less dangerous to the health of valetudinarians; and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the salvation of many lives, if the place of worship was well floored, wainscotted, warmed, and ventilated, and its area kept sacred from the pollution of the dead? The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant superstition, influenced by knavish priests who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct, if he was interred in holy ground; and this, indeed, is the only reason that can be given at the present day."

On Military Promotion. — "He (Lieutenant Lismahago) had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enslaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant. 'I (says the lieutenant) purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago; and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant according to my seniority. I had no money to carry to market, &c.'"

There would be no difficulty in continuing the catalogue indefinitely. If we open any other book of the same period, we shall find the same remarkable harvest of hoary abuses. See only, as examples, the language in which Roderick Random speaks of the improper treatment of surgeons in the navy, and the want of respect shown to them, or consideration for their improvement in their profession. See all that was said and written for centuries about our iniquitous law of debtor and creditor, so short a time defunct. Rummage up any heap of old books, and peep into them, any wet day that you have time, and you will find them full of angry or jocular tirades against pluralists and simony; against the miserably small incomes of the working clergy; against the abuses of universities and of charitable institutions; against the High Court of Chancery; against bribery and corruption in Parliament, and at elections; and against all that very self-same class of evils, which are still too faithfully presented to us, as not now even partially amended, in the works of modern authors who write with a purpose beyond mere story-telling.

OUR OWN TEMPERATURE.

Dr. John Davy, Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, has read two papers before the Royal Society, one in 1845, and one last year, upon the temperature of man. His first experiments were on himself, a healthy man of fifty-five, in England. The mode of ascertaining the heat of the substance of the body was by thrusting the bulb of a delicate thermometer, constructed for the purpose, far back under the tongue, and holding it for some time in the centre of the closed mouth. The average temperature of the body in a healthy man of fifty-five,

was found to be ninety-eight degrees and four-tenths of a degree. This temperature, however, is perpetually rising or falling, within the limits of about one degree on either side. On getting up in the morning in this country, the temperature of the body is above the average; because it has been, all night, under thick bedclothes, by which radiation was impeded. It cools down to the average, and before bed-time — even in winter parlours, of which the heat has been augmenting every hour — the temperature of the body is as much below the average as it had been above it in the morning.

All this is the case in England; but Dr. Davy went between the tropics, and experimented on himself while he resided at Barbadoes. There the rule was reversed. He slept with only a sheet to cover him, and with his bedroom windows open. While he slept, his body cooled, and its temperature was therefore lower than the average on rising, and above the average at bed-time. The whole difference made also in the temperature of the body by transfer from an English to a West Indian climate, was to raise its average by about one degree. The difference between the heat of the substance of the body in England and the tropics may be summed up therefore very shortly. The body in England is coolest at bed-time, in the tropics it is coolest in the morning, and the average heat of the body in the tropics is higher by one degree than it is in England.

This difference the air makes: there are also differences made by our mode of taking air and by some other habits, which produce the same effects all over the world. Active exercise raises the heat of the body, but at the utmost does not raise it above one degree. The heat at the surface and about the hands and feet, together with the perspiration, do not indicate in themselves that the whole body is hotter: they occur because the increased action of the heart propels the blood more forcibly towards the surface, and urges towards the skin the heat which collects, commonly where it is most required, about the internal and deep-seated parts. After active exercise, the whole body is indeed hotter by some tenths of a degree, or at most by a whole degree; the many degrees of increased heat felt at the surface indicate at the same time no more than a change in the balance of the circulation. Active exercise — rapid riding on horseback, or brisk walking — raises the temperature of the body; passive exercise, however, even though in hot weather it may be attended with perspiration, lowers it. A slow walk, an amble on horseback, or a ride in a carriage, invariably causes a decrease of the whole heat of the body.

What is true of bodily, is true of mental exercise. Original writing or study, or any intellectual effort, raises the temperature of

the body even more decidely than bodily exertion. Doctor Davy never found his own temperature raised beyond a hundred degrees even in Barbadoes, except after the delivery of certain chemical lectures; while the most violent bodily exertion under a tropical sun produced a result, decided enough indeed, but not so striking. Again, as passive bodily exercise lowers the heat of the body, so passive mental exercise does just the same. After the passive work of writing from a copy, or of reading for amusement such light works as do not exercise the powers of the mind, the heat of the body is found invariably to have fallen. Balance gained or lost in this way will be soon recovered, for the temperature of the body fluctuates with ease. We should add that, while a light meal makes no difference, a full meal, followed by drowsiness, reduces the heat; which is reduced also by the use of wine. If the use of wine at supper or after dinner be at all in excess, the reduction of heat by it is very marked; the temperature, however, before breakfast next morning, by way of compensation, rises considerably, as all repentant topers know.

THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN.

In Eastern history are two Iskenders or Alexanders, who are sometimes confounded, and both of whom are called Doolkarnein, or the Two-Horned, in allusion to their subjugation of East and West, horns being an oriental symbol of power. One of these heroes is Alexander of Macedon; the other, a conqueror of more ancient time, who built the marvellous series of ramparts on Mount Caucasus, known in fable as the wall of Gog and Magog; that is to say, of the people of the North. It reached from the Euxine Sea to the Caspian, where its flanks originated the modern appellation of the Caspian Gates. See among other passages in the same work, the article, "Jedd Jagiong et Magiong," in D'Herbelot's "Bibliothèque Orientale." The story of the Trumpets, on which the present poem is founded, is quoted by Major Price in his Mohammedan History, from the "Pecorone" of Ter Giovanni Fiorentino.

With awful walls, far glooming, that possess'd
The passes 'twixt the snow-fed Caspian fountains,
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of East and West,
Shut up the northern nations in their mountains;
And upon platforms where the oak-trees grew,
Trumpets he set — huge beyond dreams of wonder,
Craftily purposed — when his arms withdrew,
To make him thought still housed there — like the thunder;
And so it was: for, when the winds blew right,
They woke the trumpets to their calls of might.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,

Ringing the granite rocks, their only bearers;
Till the long fear into religion grew,
And never more those heights had human darers.
Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly

His walls but shadow'd forth his mightier frowning:
Armies of giants at his bidding trod
From realm to realm, king after king discrowning.
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake stirr'd,
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.

But when the winters marr'd the mountain shelves,
And softer changes came with vernal mornings,
Something had touch'd the trumpets' lofty selves,
And less and less rang forth their sovereign warnings —
Fewer and feebler; as when silence spreads
In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs, left dying,
Fall by degrees upon their angry beds,
Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.
One by one, thus, their breath the trumpets drew,
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead? Can great Doolkarnein die?
Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed?
Were the great spirits that blew his minstrelsy
Phantoms, that faded as himself receded?
Or is he anger'd? Surely he still comes;
This silence ushers the dread visitation;
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,
And then will follow bloody desolation.
So did fear dream; though now, with not a sound
To scare good hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gather'd in a band, with lifted eyes,
The neighbours, and those silent heights ascended;
Giant, nor aught blasting their bold emprise,
They met; though twice they halted, breath-suspended;
Once, at a coming like a god's in rage
With thunderous leaps; but 't was the piled snow, falling;
And once, when in the woods, an oak, for age
Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.
At last they came, where still in dread array,
As if they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Unhurt they lay, like caverns above ground,
The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging,
But, from their brazen gulfs, only a sound
Of nestling came, to which the birds were singing:
Nests upon nests by thousands filled them all,
Barring the winds out with their gentle forces;
Great was Doolkarnein, but his might was small
Compar'd with Nature's least and gentlest courses.
Fear and false creeds may fright the realms awhile;
But heaven and earth abide their time and smile.

PEATAL AGGRESSION.

ONCE upon a time, no one can say how long ago, there were, if wise men say true, broad, shining lakes and smaller ponds in the middle of Ireland, where now there are no such lakes at all. The middle of Ireland is a mass of limestone, with heights and hollows, which vary its surface in all manner of ways, from sea to sea; from the Irish Channel to the Atlantic. How this stone foundation is covered now, we may see by and by. Let us first look at it

under its ancient aspect, as far as our very scanty knowledge enables us to do so.

First — some thousands of years ago — we see, from such a point of view as Kildare, ridge behind ridge of hills retiring to the north-west; and on these hills, thick forests of oaks, beeches, elms, ash, and fir. These woods are terrible places for wolves. In the vales there are fresh green pastures lying between the lakes and ponds; and here cattle are seen grazing by day, and swine come out from the woods at evening, to pass the night near the dwellings of men. These dwellings are a sort of box, open at one side. They are made of oak logs or thick planks; with the roof flat, and a sort of shelf laid all through the middle, dividing the house of nine feet high into two rooms, each four feet high. Nothing being known of nails as yet, grooves and holes are made with a stone chisel; and the pieces of wood are fitted together, so as to make a strong box of twelve feet square, where the people may sleep, and find shelter in bad weather. It is not a place for cooking; and that is the reason why we see a little path, paved with stones, leading away from the dwelling to some place behind, where a smoke is rising from the ground. This place is the family hearthstone, made of freestone slabs, nicely laid. There are logs of wood burning; and in the ashes are roasting, if we are not mistaken, acorns, and chestnuts, and roots. And what a quantity of nutshells one may see scattered about! It is late autumn, and the people are in a hurry, evidently, to get on with that strange work that they are doing in the middle of the water. What *are* they about, those strange little men, with their very small heads, and their dress of skins of beasts merely strapped about them, and their mallets — mere stones, with a wooden handle run through any accidental hole? Look at those two getting into their boat. Can one call it a boat — a mere skin stretched over a frame? Off they drift, like a couple of witches in a sieve. And what for? Are they beavers making a dam? They are driving in stockades, and plastering them with mud. They are certainly making an island: and there is a second artificial island! and far away, in the middle of that river to the north, there is a third. When they have made their circle of piles, they bale out the water and put in stones, and wood, and earth, till they have an island high and dry. Very odd! when they have hills and green pastures ready made to their hands! Winter is coming, and they are afraid of the wolves by night, and, perhaps, of foes by day. See how they settle themselves, huddled together on the island, with their boats hung up to dry on the stockades!

What now? Music? A procession? It is either a wedding, or a royal feast, or something of that

kind. What a glittering of gold! Look at the diadems of gold, and the curious round plates as large as the palms of my hands, fitting close to the cheek-bones. It is a becoming head-dress, is it not? And so is the circle — like a twisted cord — of gold round the men's heads, and round their waists. Those ornaments, like cymbals, hung round their necks, and the heavy finger-rings of the same shape, and the neck-plates are all very well to show how much gold people can hang about them; but they are not very pretty. But you see these people have got hold of at least one metal. Of more than one? True! That man has a sword — a bronze sword — just like the old Greek. Their bronze will not bear an edge that will split or saw wood, I suppose; but it may give a very ugly thrust in a hand-to-hand fight. Has that little child got one? He seems to be flourishing a sword about. No; it is only a toy — a wooden sword; but it is just like the bronze one, at this distance. Now, they are going to feast. There are the roasted animals steaming away! To think that the smell should be wafted to our nostrils across this great space of centuries! What a pity they have no salt, though! They do not seem to miss it. They might find some, not so very far off, if they had any longing for it. Hark! how the wild beasts howl from the forest, as the scent of the feast is borne on the even-
:e, and the fires from the
hine broad and red over

the surface of the waters. See by that light how the revellers are making a clearance, throwing the bones and refuse into the water over the stockade. That is one convenience, to be sure, of living on an artificial island. But I should be afraid that something useful — tools, arms, utensils, even people — would slip over now and then, and go to the bottom.

Look at that long string of wild fowl winging their way to the south, showing clear against the last red light of the western sky. Listen to the bustle of the wild swans in the sedgy creeks of the lake. Is that the raven's night cry, ringing hard, as from a solid firmament? Peep into the covert, and see what is doing there. Here are deer crouched down in the withering fern. I wonder they can sleep, with foes so near
shakes the ground, as
tread of Goliath? It is not
with a pine-tree for his sta
is coming from betwee
but, as it were, a branching o
moving towards the water?
Heaven and earth! What a crea-
ture! The elk of fable, beside
which the cattle show like dogs,
and the young fawns like mice.
As it bends to the brink, what
a shadow it casts far into the
lake; and how the fishing-boats
draw off to the further shore!
Something humbler is it that you
want me to see — something very
small and mean? Is it the snake
under the fallen leaves, or . . . It
is under the water, you say. It
the salmon, come up from the sea,

lurking in its sandy cove under the shadow of the bank? It is ... Nothing of that kind, you say, but a very small thing, with a very small movement, which is destined to outlast and to bury all the living creatures we have seen, with their posterity, and even these oaks of a thousand years, rooted firm in the everlasting hills. And what is this very small thing? That little moss? — that tiny plant which the child with the wooden sword could pluck up with his finger and thumb? O yes; we will watch it; — for two or three thousand years, if you please.

Small and silent as it is, I see it does grow and work diligently. Here is where it began — here, where this water-hen's nest stopped the flow of this little drip into the cove. Here sprang the moss; and see how its filaments are now spread among all the vegetation on the bank, and how it is stealing out all along the margin of the lake, even covering its bottom for some way in. Already it intercepts and soaks up the smaller tributaries that feed the lake. Already it holds, as in a sponge, the water of the lake itself. By absorbing its supplies, and at the same time encroaching upon its bed, it is actually starving the lake. See, in half a century, it is perceptibly smaller; and, instead of the sandy and pebbly beach, which was so pretty and convenient, there is now a margin of wet sponge, which it is not easy to cross. There is a natural bridge — that fallen tree: it was the little moss that gave us that bridge. That yew stood firm, a few years since. The soaking of the sour water about its roots loosened them, and down it sank by its own weight. Yes — you promised me that the moss should bury everything; and I see that it is creeping about the fallen yew — growing up among its branches. At the rate of an inch and a half a year, is it growing? Then the poor yew will be soon covered up — away from human sight for ever. Not so? Are we to see it again? Well, time will show. But I see no oaks down, as you promised. Their turn is by and by, is it? Ay, I see that they are rooted differently from the firs and other inferior trees; they stand rooted each in its own hillock of gravel and firm soil: they may resist the moss for a good while.

But what is to become of this whole district, if the moss goes on unchecked? It is higher now than the surface of the lake. It is rising in the middle, and sending back the waters where there is no channel for them; so that they soak and loosen the soil far and wide. The cushion is climbing the stockade, and will quite cover the island soon; and nobody will resist this, for the place has long been deserted — there being no approach to it now but over a shaking bog, which is neither land nor water. The live cushion is creeping over the green sward where the cattle used to graze. Some of those strange old cattle, unwilling to give up their pasture,

venture to pick their meals there still. There! there goes one poor animal, down to death! She was deceived by the greenness of that knoll, and, committing her weight to it, down she went—the deeper, the more she struggled in the slough, till the black mud closed over her horns. I am certain I saw that heavy oak shake. See! down it goes, with a snap and crash, and a plunging sound as it buries itself in the wet moss. Its roots are still firm, you see: it was the trunk that snapped, and now it lies along on its bed of sponge, ten feet thick. Now that one has gone, more will quickly follow. I see now how the little moss may lay low, and bury the mighty forest.

What now? What is all this? The little moss grows very greedy and impatient. What a slide there was! Half an acre of parasitic soil pushing on over what was once the track of the royal boats; and from the cracks and chasms a bubbling up of hideous black mud, rolling on and actually surrounding that old house that we saw building. The bog had long ago begun to grow up about it, but now it is to be buried in this pitchy stream of decayed vegetation. See how the mud fills up the house, and how it flows on to the hearthstone, and covers up everything, leaving only a level black surface, on which vegetation will soon again sprout and spread.

A century passes away, and the house is covered deep; and the oak is hidden, both the scraggy root and the fallen trunk. The mossy surface is strong enough now to bear the tread of small animals; and some one of them has dropped an acorn in a favourable spot, where it sprouts and grows; so that an oak strikes root on a level considerably higher than the old one, even directly over it. There is a new layer of firs, and more are tumbled down from their places on the hills. There is a new race of people in the land, who do not suspect that there was ever a lake occupying the space usurped by the ambitious and devouring moss. These people wear steel arms and curious dresses, and have come from abroad; and those unaccountable round towers which appear here and there must, one would think, have been built by them. Then comes in another race, with iron armour and utensils, and new wars and ways. How generation after generation, race after race, comes to the edge of the moss, and tries to set foot on it, and draws back, because it is a treacherous slough! And how they pursue their enemies to the shelter of the forest, and slay them and the wolves together! And how, when this is found dangerous and troublesome, they fell whole acres of the woodland, to destroy the harbourage of man and beast; and the moss grows and spreads, and rises all the while to receive whatever falls from the hills, and swallow up all that lies at their base! Ah! there is to be a new prey for the cruel

moss in consequence of this felling of the woodland. Fugitives, outlaws, rebels, must have a place of refuge. The limestone hills are laid bare, and a rough grass, which affords no shelter, is soon the only covering of the ridges. See how the hunted fugitives learn by necessity to walk where wolf and wild-cat would not venture! First, they shoe themselves with light boards, or plates of wicker-work, and go fearfully into the swamp; but soon they learn how to pick their way from clump to clump of moss and heath, and can go best barefoot. They find out dry spots where they can hide their heads and kindle a sod to warm themselves, secure from being followed by armed men whose weight would sink them. One has ventured, and presently sunk, stifled in black mud: there sticks his body, without other burial. Another has tried, and perished at once — drowned in dark-brown water. Day by day, for scores of years, must their bones dissolve in the juices of the bog — the skull melting and evaporating, and the brain and muscle shrivelling up, and the skin turning to leather in this natural tanpit. The antique cattle are lying far below, the modern men near the surface, — the hazel with its nuts, the oak with its acorns, the yews and firs in successive layers, all tanning together in this mighty tanpit of four thousand acres, without break.

And what is to be the end of it? Is the moss to go on growing, till it has swallowed up all Ireland? Oh no; far a wall is enough to stop its growth; and there are strong rivers to stop it in more directions than one. This bog will not outgrow its four thousand acres; and indeed, if that space does not satisfy the ambition of the little moss, it is hard to say what would. The change is sad and dreary enough. Instead of forests, we see hills, carpeted, it is true, with oats and grass, but without a single tree. We see, instead of gleaming lakes and bright alluvions between, a dingy, brown expanse, tufted with hillocks, and ... But what is this? What are these people doing?

What are they doing? They are visiting the little moss with retribution. It is very late, after thousands of years: but the hour of retribution has come at last. There are plenty of people engaged in undoing the work of so many ages, and beginning a new era on this spot which has seen so many changes. Which corner shall we look at first?

Here are men probing the bog, to find a good place to dig in on their own account. They trench deep; and, having pared away the loose fibrous sponge near the top, find beneath a brown peat, which they know will be worth digging out. But below that again is a black peat of a closer grain; and this goes down and down, blacker and denser with every foot, from having borne the weight of more centuries, and the pressure of a thicker overgrowth. Into the trench dribbles and drips the

black water which has been imprisoned so long — too far below the sunshine to be evaporated, and too far away from any natural channel to flow down into any stream. It is hardly like water now — salt, astringent, and spirituous; but it will still reflect the blue sky from its surface, and it can run away down hill, as fast as ever. As it dribbles out and runs away, the banks of the trench sink, and the soil becomes more compact. The poor come to slice the peat away, and cut it into oblong pieces like bricks, and set the pieces on end in little groups to dry; and when they are dry, pack them into a sort of large hamper, which is fastened on a truck drawn by an ass or pony — the whole being dignified with the name of a car. There goes the train of cars along the road — the burial procession of the little moss, which is being carried to its funeral pile.

What is that group of buildings at the edge of the bog — the tall chimney — the brick houses — the curious range of metal pipes, dripping and splashing with water — and the yards, with sheds, and tubs of black liquor, and spirituous and pungent smells hanging all about, and men, bearded and begrimed, flitting about the place?

Why, this is the very centre of retribution, whence vengeance goes forth against the usurping moss. This is the head-quarters of [redacted] who have pledged themselves [redacted] to the utter annihilation of [redacted] troy. These are the premises of the Irish Peat Company, of whose enterprise we have given some account before. They undertake so to deal with the peat moss as that it shall be utterly decomposed, and every part turned to use. They have taken in hand five hundred acres of this bog; and there, scattered as far as one can see, are one hundred labourers — men, women, and children. The trenches are so wide and deep as to be like little canals. The depth is already fourteen feet; and it is understood that it is to go down to thirty-two feet. To the eye, the mass of peat appears inexhaustible. There are the men, barelegged in the trenches, slicing the vegetable earth, and throwing it up, to be caught by the "catchers" above, who, for sixpence a day, receive and deliver the sods. There are the women who, for sixpence a day, place or set up the sods, and turn them to dry. There is something picturesque in the wild scene; the brown waste in clear contrast with the blue hills; the lines and patches of sunlight, catching a bunch of yellow weeds or purple heather here — a little pool there — a group of women or of diggers elsewhere. These people say that it was quite another sight last February, when the scene was wrapped in flame. They say it was a frightful sight; but it must have been, as a mere spectacle, very grand. A man had carried out a live sod into the bog with him, to light his pipe. It was far away from the Company's

land: but fire observes no boundaries. The man piled up his little heap of fuel about his sod, and blew up the spark. It was a windy day; and the heap burst into flame, and the flame burst away to seize upon anything that would burn. The spikes of fire shot up the slopes of the turf stacks of the Company. The stacks (called clamps) were burned from the top downwards — no less than sixty-eight of them. The flame went leaping, running, and dancing towards the buildings, and threatened to devour them; but they were saved. It was the river that stopped the mischief at last, and not till six hundred pounds' worth of damage had been done. This was a great blow to the Company; though no triumph to the little moss. Fewer people have been employed since; the tone of the establishment is relaxed, and its spirits are lowered. But its demolition of the works of the little moss is as thorough as ever, within the scope of its operations. There is the great furnace, into which air is perpetually blown by the steam-engine. If we peep within certain slits in the furnace door, we see the gases alight, fuming and dancing — blue and yellow — keeping everything within reach at a mighty heat. Elsewhere there is the tar, oozing hither and thither: and the oils in casks, scenting the air; and the paraffine, of which candles are to be made, but which now is seen in the form of yellow waxy cakes, blistered and unshapen, and lying between oily woollens. It has had some of its oil pressed out; but it is to be steamed and bleached, and squeezed in the hydraulic press, before it is fit to make such candles as those which were lighted, as a specimen, on the table of the House of Commons. And there lies a lump of salt — salt got out of the vegetable decay of the spot where the ancient inhabitants ate their food without salt. There is not much in this salt, however, that would give a relish to food. It is worse than the flakes that whiten the shores of the Dead Sea. The minutest grain poisons the palate and throat for many hours. And there is a great heap of slag — the black, light, shining refuse of the small part of the peat that is actually burnt. Here is the little moss so treated as to come out, for human use, in the forms of sperm, oils, salt, spirit, and gases. This is being used up, with a vengeance.

The work, however, seems not to be carried on with altogether so much activity as the little moss used in building up its vast structure. It is said on the spot that all the declarations of the chemists have been made good; that the most sanguine anticipations have been proved reasonable: and there is talk of building more furnaces, which will employ more men; of employing forty or fifty men upon the Works (exclusive of the peat digging) instead of the fifteen who are at work there now. We hope that all this may prove soberly and accurately true; and that the suc-

cess of this one only establishment of the Irish Peat Company may lead to the opening of others, and to the employment of plenty of Irish labour, and the creation of plenty of Irish wealth. But, at present, the impression on the mind of a visitor is not encouraging. The few people employed look as if they did not know what hearty work was. It appears that little or nothing of the matter is known in Ireland, and that the products are not sold in Dublin, but all go to London. It seems strange that there should be only one languid establishment among the three millions (nearly) of acres of Irish bog, if the bog itself be such a mine of wealth as the first estimates of this process led us to expect. Time will prove the facts. The furnaces once set up, and the products once in the market, the case is fairly on its trial, and must establish its own merits. It has everybody's good will meanwhile.

What is doing in that far corner of the bog, quite out of sight of the Peat Works? A man digging for fuel is carefully extracting sundry logs of wood. The scraggy roots and lighter branches he puts aside to dry; they are fir, and their fate is to be burnt, as people burn cannel coal in England for the sake of the cheerful blaze in the autumn evenings. Why are the digger and his wife covering up so carefully those blocks of black wood? They are oak, those blocks, and worthy of so careful and gradual a drying as will prevent their splitting. If they split and crack, they will be good for nothing but the fire: if carefully and successfully dried, they will sell at a good price to the carvers. So yonder log is covered with damp sods; and the wife will come pretty often and look to it — turning it, and shading it, and, at last, sunning it, till it is absolutely dry, and so tough that it will not splinter under any treatment. And then it will go into the bare garret in Dublin, and some of it into the comfortless prison where the reckless artist who can make his two guineas a day is confined for debt. In such places, breathed upon by many sighs, will this Irish ebony be carved, and perforated, and beautifully wrought into forms of the extinct Irish wolf-dog, and the national oak, and shamrock, and round tower, and harp, and whatever is Irish. Beautiful ink-stands, and paper-knives, and snuff-boxes, and little trays come out of these long-drowned oak logs; and they are of an everlasting wear. A great number of wood-carvers make from ten shillings to two guineas a day as their share of the profits from the destruction of the fabric of the little moss.

But what now? See the people running from far and near, and clustering round the ditch in the bog! On they come, in a sort of huddled procession, carrying something. A mummy! actually a mummy! but not swathed like those of Egypt, nor embalmed, except in the primitive antiseptics of the place. He is clad in the skin

of a beast, and has a sort of sandal on his feet. He is a man of an ancient race. But we must not judge of the stature of his race by his. He is almost as light as a doll, and as small as a child of ten years old. Well he may be, for his bones were all gone, centuries ago — dissolved in the juices of the bog. His head is just as hard as the rest of him. He is a piece of stiff leather, through and through, from his wasted foot to his shrunk crown. He was one of the first persons murdered by the little moss — probably as he was coming home to his hearthstone from fishing in the narrowing lake, or hunting on the wooded hills. His lot now is to be made a show of in a Dublin museum; and there, alas! to have his leather limbs filched, bit by bit, by persons who believe mummy to be a fine cure for the falling sickness; till at length, to preserve any remains of this antique citizen, he is locked up carefully under the charge of learned men.

This is not the last of the treasures which the moss is compelled to yield up — not by many. Again and again, the surveyors and their men, who are exploring the land and deepening the rivers, gather about some new mystery or marvel. What is this brown floor on which the spades strike, at a depth of twenty feet from where the surveyor is looking down? The surveyor scrambles down to see. The edge of the floor is found, and they dig down nine feet further, declaring that they have found a cupboard twelve feet square. It is the old house, to be sure, that stood so prettily upon the green. They are finding the paved pathway to the hearthstone, and now the hearthstone; and now they are picking up the charred nuts that were gathered to be eaten thousands of years ago. Instead of being eaten, the destiny of those nuts was to lie in tan for tens of centuries, and then to lie on the shelves of a cabinet for successive generations to wonder at. Something more touching than that is going on at some distance. What can be a more transitory affair than a child's toy? We talk of childhood itself as transient, gone while we are admiring it; and its toys are childhood's experience of transience. Yet here is the toy — the wooden sword — that was wielded by a little hand hundreds of generations back. That hand, probably hardened in war and the chace, was dissolved ages ago; and here is the wooden sword, brown, polished, entire, singular in its antique shape, and mysterious as to a certain knob upon it, but otherwise fit to be made a toy again. No child is to have it, however. It has become a grave affair by lapse of time, and it is to lie among the treasures of the Royal Irish Academy for the consideration of the learned. Truly, here the great and the small have lain down together. The mock sword lay lightly, as if put down upon a cushion. Here is something so firmly bedded in,

that it seems to be rooted in the rock below. Here are bones, but they are like gnarled limbs of a great tree. It takes a dozen men, with ropes and strong arms, to move the mass. Then up it comes — an awful head of an unknown beast. Can it be the head of a beast? Feel for the spine; dig down along the expanse of shoulder, and the depth of limb. It is the skeleton of an animal. When a naturalist sees a bone or two, he pronounces it an extinct elk; and when it is set up, men gaze up from below, and walk between its legs, and talk wonderingly of the days when the earth contained such gigantic creatures as these. The sea has them still; and in far climes there is the elephant; but that little Ireland should have been trodden by these hoofs — how eloquent it makes our philosophers about the olden time, when the elk came to drink at the margin of our lakes!

At different stages of the cuttings, the woods reveal themselves — some growing (as may be calculated) a hundred years under the roots of others. The compactness of the lowest soil may be judged of by this. In this compact soil lies a stem, its wood of the closest grain. It is the yew that we saw fall one of the first victims of the moss. Where is it last seen in the block? In a garret, where a young artist lays it across his bench, and saws a slice off it laboriously, and indents it with sel to show a stranger from over the sea how fine is the chocolate-coloured grain, and how well-tempered are the tools required to carve such a rare piece of ancient yew.

If the natural lake and woods have been absorbed and devoured, it is no wonder that the artificial islands are dissolved. The stream is to flow here again, and the people are deepening the channel. In doing so, they come upon a curious variety of old treasures, scattered abroad. The more modern iron and steel weapons have been found on a higher level — such as were light enough to be borne up by the little moss. The heavier ones, and the most ancient bronze weapons are found the last — sunk in the soil under the bog. Around are picked up bones — the bones of the cattle and game eaten at the ancient feasts; and skins which may have covered boats, or served as clothing. Last of all — down in the sand, half buried in the clay, there is a shining of gold. Those old ornaments are there, once more glancing to the sun now that it is too late ever to know what was the race that wore them, and why they were shaped and worn as they were. Here are the cheek-plates, and the diadems, and the gorgets, and the heavy cymbals, and the strange rings, and the twisted coronals and belts. Here they are! and when they too are locked up in a metropolitan museum, we may consider the little moss pulled up by the roots, and visited with its full retribution.

The long series of ages is past; the valleys have been filled up with sponge, four thousand acres large; and they are in course of being cleaned out again. What then? Will the lakes and ponds be brought back, and the woods made to spring afresh upon the hills? Will all things be as they were before, except the men who live there? No: such a restoration as that is a thing that never happens. We should like to see some woods in the hollows, and on the ridges; but there are none planted yet. Where the lake was, the soil is ploughed up, and drained, and fertilised; and the valley will in time be smiling with waving corn and green pastures. Where there were fish, there will be flocks. Where there were perishable islands, there will be human dwellings. Where there was the howling of wolves, there is already the lowing of herds. Where there were murderous conflicts with barbaric swords, there will be reaping and binding by men armed with nothing worse than the peaceful sickle. So we may hope it will be in the end; but there are hundreds of acres of desolation to clear away first. It is only in prospect and in purpose that we have yet plucked up the little moss by the roots.

MORE WORK FOR THE LADIES.

Having given a useful hint, by the instance of the female dentist, to those of our country-women who are deficient in pocket-money to exactly the same degree in which they are overburdened with leisure, I now add a few more like examples which have fallen in our way as we moved along our road.

In all French towns where any respectable concourse or transit of strangers is going on, there, a deadly rivalry, a fierce opposition of Daguerréotypists exists. It is not the two of a trade who cannot agree, it is a good halfdozen hungry hunters after the heads of man, woman, or child, who, in defiance of their opponents, stick upon their staring collection of trophies the motto, "No connexion with the Daguerréotyper over the way." It is supposed, as of course, that every tourist passing through every one of these towns must be taken; the tug of war is, who shall take him, and add the newly arrived head to the previously decapitated victims.

As I never had been done — in this way — and as it was hopeless to run the gauntlet through the horde of Daguerréotypists with the least chance of escape, I looked out for the most generous enemy to whom to surrender as prisoner, in the hope of being dealt with on the most merciful terms of portrait-painting warfare. Among the hostile chiefs was a female warrior; and I beg to hand you her card, with an assurance that she operates upon her patients with the utmost humanity: —

"Mademoiselle Lebour, Painter in Daguerréotype, Pupil of M. Sa-

batier, of the Palais National at Paris, is at this time stopping at (wherever she may happen to be). If required, she Daguerréotypes ladies and gentlemen at their own houses."

I went, and was received by two ladies, one about twenty-five, the other perhaps fifty years of age. They had been doing some other people: a pretty, costumed, fish-woman, with her baby; a family party of English folks — for when you want a large dish of heads to be served, it only costs a trifle per head extra on the original plate. A middle-aged French officer had just descended from the *sanctum* in a pleasing state of expectancy as to how his weather-beaten face would look upon the smooth silver ground. The ladies pursued their vocation like workwomen; in and out at their dark closet, polishing the metallic panels for their portraits, handling their secret pickles, preserves, and pigments, giving a suggestion as to arrangement of dress, and chatting merrily on the gossip of the day.

They spoke no English, and some of their sitters spoke no French, which was awkward. From the table, on which specimen heads were lying, I picked up a scrap of paper, which I took for a talisman, or charm — as it was — to get over that difficulty. It was inscribed with short sentences, alternately in French and Magician's jargon. The jargon I leave unaltered, replacing the French by English; thus: —

"Quip your 'ed strait.
Keep your head straight.
Oui must bi gain et yain.
We must begin again.
Oh! peigne hieure haies.
Open your eyes;"

and so forth, unintelligible as *abracadabra*. Then came my turn to proceed to the mysterious apartment. With a fluttering heart I took a final glance at the looking-glass, and accompanied the ladies.

"It feels very much like going to have a tooth drawn," said I.

"You would have thought so, if you had been here the other day," replied the elder *artiste*. "An English lady became quite nervous when she sat down in the chair, and as soon as it was all over, she burst into tears, and threw herself into her husband's arms."

"The chair does look formidable with that head-rest fixed to its back, and might be taken for a milder mode of garrotting criminals. I will venture, nevertheless. Will that do, ladies?" I asked, trying hard to assume a careless countenance and an easy attitude.

"Oh, no! Monsieur; that won't do at all;" said the younger one, laughing. "Have the goodness to rise for one moment, and I will show you something better than that. *Voilà;* try if you can place yourself more naturally, thus."

I tried, and was approved of. "And now," continued the operator, producing a piece of black silk, "look at this, and don't be afraid. It must cover your shirt bosom for a while; then I shall

come and snatch it away; but you must not budge an inch. Some Englishmen spoil their portraits, by jumping up when I have to do this."

The elder lady took a large looking-glass to illuminate, by reflected light, my right cheek, and ear, and whisker. The awfully effective slide of the *camera obscura* was drawn; in a few seconds the junior stole round and whisked the black silk away; and *presto!* the slide was shut again, with a clap. "There!" said the senior; "your tooth is drawn, Monsieur, and I hope you have not suffered greatly."

When I paid for my portrait, I could not help wishing that a few pale-faced, under-fed, thin-clad English girls could see how cheerfully Mademoiselle Lebour was living by the practice of Daguerréotype. She seemed almost as happy and as independent as a first-rate governess at fifty pounds a year; if such a comparison will bear the making.

On a subsequent adventure, arrived at a railway station, we wanted to take our tickets. At the pigeon-hole or wicket, or *guichet*, as they call it, appeared a female clerk with an assistant of the same sex, doubtless her younger sister: both very business-like and very polite. A train was soon coming. Might we go on the platform and see it? No; as we were not going by that. But, if we liked, we might enter the clerk's *bureau*, and view it from the windows. Thence followed that about Jerome Bonaparte, and reviews, and mad dogs, and spaniels (for the clerk's husband was a great sportsman, and had been keeper to Charles the Tenth), and about forest life among the Vosges, and sea-bathing in the gulf of the Seine; — interrupted by the tinkling of a little bell. Silence, all; for Madame looks at the dial-plate of her electric telegraph, handles its crinkum-crankums with the decision of a Faraday, concludes her message, and returns to the subject of wild boars under Charles the Tenth and Frascati's establishment at Le Havre. But I was spoiled for further talk; I could only mutter to myself, "If French women are clever enough to take Daguerréotype portraits, and to work electric telegraphs, and can get a comfortable living by such honest means, why should not English women do the same?"

Female labour of a humbler kind had previously furnished me with a hint to the benevolent. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the office of removing all passengers' luggage from the vessel in which they arrive, for inspection at the Custom House, is an old privilege of the widows of sailors and fishermen who have been lost at sea. It is instructive to behold them — a band of blue-stockinged, short-petticoated, warm clad matrons, some with their heads covered by black veils to indicate their recent loss, hauling and carting the chattels of lighter-hearted mortals. The bottle-green

customs' men look on and walk beside the cargoes, but not a male creature is allowed to lay a finger on a package. At their head marches a sort of Queen of the Widows, who is their mouth-piece, their treasurer, and sometimes, perhaps, their order-keeper.

The Folkestone boat was due; and while it was entering the harbour, Her Majesty offered me a pinch of snuff.

"They are *des gueux* (beggars), these folks!" said she, with a toss of her head and a shake of her ear-rings.

"Why are they worse than the people from Dover or London?" I inquired, rather in surprise.

"Because when travellers go by the twelve hours' route, and their luggage is visited at Paris instead of here, it does not enter our Custom House, and the sailors' widows are robbed of their dues."

The boat approached, and Her Majesty sailed away to attend to her duties; but I could not help thinking that whoever watched the bill for the railway from Boulogne to Paris, might have stuck on some little rider in support of the vested rights of the bereaved porteresses. It was also a question to my mind, whether their sorrows were not as well alleviated by social hard work in the open air, as they would have been by the solitary indolence of an alms-house.

After this, when you read in a French paper the advertisement of an auction, when you go to the station (say of wholesale fish held in the open air), when you behold a sharp, quick-witted auctioneer in petticoats conducting the affair with all the method, and more than the adroitness of a man, you must not be surprised. At least, I have seen one or two who might challenge George Bidder himself to calculate francs and centimes.

Instances in still humbler life are innumerable. At the corner of the street is a public shoe-black, who has two strings to his bow; for he is a *commissionnaire* also, or runner of errands. But he cannot be in two places at once; so whenever he finds it his interest to drop the shoe-black and metamorphose himself into a light-heeled Mercury, his wife takes his place and flourishes the blacking-brush.

Our morning's milk is brought round, not by a milk-*man* — the women here would drown him in a hogshead of the skimmed and sky-blue article — but by a stout lass, on horseback. She rides up the côte, or hill, on which we are perched; on each side of her is a large pannier filled with tin cans and pots close bunged for the customers; she, mounted in the middle, looks down upon the world, and distributes her favours with the serenity of a goddess.

Yesterday evening we went up to Madame Hauttot's, the farmeress's, to purchase some new-laid eggs for breakfast, and a chicken for dinner to-day. Madame was out, but soon came back; she drove into the yard a one-horse cart, laden with wheat sheaves, which she had herself

piled thereon: on the top of all was riding her little daughter, by way of make-weight. Madame unharnessed the horse, took it out, put it into the stable, and then filled our basket with eggs. The chicken had no mind to be caught, and Madame was obliged to run it down; it would be tenderer, she said, after being well *fatiguée'd*. It was then put somewhere out of the way to be killed and unfeathered as soon as she had milked the cow, and fed the horse, and got the wheat into the barn. And where was the *Sieur* Hauttot all this while? He was out for a "month of August," earning harvest wages of other people; and his own little farm at home seemed to be going on just as well without him, under Madame's industrious superintendence.

When you have read my gossip thus far, you will think to yourself, and perhaps you will say, "It is all very well for Frenchwomen to busy themselves about those sort of things, but you will never get Englishwomen to do them. They have neither the tact nor the courage for it. It wouldn't come naturally to them."

I beg your pardon, and will instantly prove the contrary. I want to change a ten-pound Bank of England note, and must have French money for it—gold, silver, and, I hope, a few copper extras by way of premium. There are several exchanges of money at hand, but of course I shall go to Madame Lacroix. And why do I go to Madame Lacroix? Because she is an Englishwoman; and because it is right that English people abroad should try and help each other to get a living; and because the slightest additional item of custom must conduce to that highly desirable end. Madame Lacroix is married to a Frenchman — I am not positive that I have spelt their name correctly — who is a goldsmith and a dealer in money; but I have not seen him in the shop more than once, and that appeared very like an unusual accident.

I enter; the place glitters and glows with treasure. On the right, behind a counter, sits Madame Lacroix in a certain degree of state. The salutation made, I present my bank-note. It is looked at; but, though cut in halves, it is subjected to what seems a very short and slight inspection. Madame, however, is too quick and too practised not to have seen that all was right in half the time. She addresses her cashier, a neatly-dressed young woman, who turns out to be her daughter, and who steps behind the opposite counter on the left, and gives me what I want, according to the maternal orders of the lady superior. [By the way, I have to buy my French gold rather dear, in spite of Californian importations; but who on earth can carry about with him on his travels a great sack full of five-franc pieces? To be sure, French notes are to be had instead.] The bank from which my change is drawn lies

exposed to the public (behind plate-glass and brass wire netting), and is enriched by contributions from all sorts of nations, and coinages, and paper monies — *assignats* excepted, which might injure Madame's credit. There are golden dollar pieces from America, big and little, Spanish *caroli*, French *billets de banque*, and English sovereigns: offering Victoria to our admiration alongside of brannew five-franc pieces resplendent with the profile of the Prince President. The Republics, both of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, here seem equally to belong to the past, when they take their places so quietly in the money-changer's window.

Well; with the respective values of all these, and more, Madame Lacroix, an Englishwoman, is perfectly acquainted. She would probably give you, if required, a lecture on Swiss coins, and display a tolerably competent knowledge of the currency of the cantons — an effort of the mind of which I must confess myself utterly incapable. She will immediately convert any one sort of marketable specie and notes into any other, subtracting or adding the little differences that have to be given, or received, or withheld, according to the state of the money-market, and the *direction* in which gold, silver, or paper, pass to or from her treasury. And all is done quietly, with dignity of manner, and not an atom of the offen- priggishness which is now and then seen behind a banker's counter.

Now, suppose that M. Lacroix one morning were to come in, and say: "My dear wife, you have been kept at this sort of work quite long enough; you were never brought up to it in England, and your head must require a little rest after all those puzzles about sous, and centimes, and colonnati, and dollars, and zwanzigers, and groschen, and écus, and florins, and batzen, and the deuce knows what. They must break your rest at night, though I haven't discovered it; so I have felt it my duty to think about your future ease and comfort. We are rich enough to give Mademoiselle Lacroix a decent little marriage portion; neither she nor you shall be confined to the shop any longer. I have ordered our *salon* on the first floor to be re-furnished for you to sit in, and read novels, and do berlin work, and crochet; and I have engaged a couple of nice young men with pretty moustaches — excellent testimonials, unquestionable securities, and the genteelest of manners, to take your places here to-morrow morning."

Fancy Madame's astonishment at the promulgation of such an act of deposition as this! Would she faint and abdicate quietly, or would she really think husband was acting the a kind and considerate to take so much trouble on her hands for the rest of her life? She would do, I venture to hypo-

thesise, neither the one nor the other. She would rebel; she would tell her husband he was a fool, and, that if he talked in that style a second time, she would get him put into a mad-house; and, as to the young gentlemen with pretty moustaches and unimpeachable characters, let them look out for a place in the customs or the coast-guard, or let them sell themselves for substitute conscripts, if they pleased; or learn to cook, and get an engagement at a *restaurant* — that indeed would be something respectable and manly. But no male cashiers or clerks should ever enter her doors, as sure as she was an Englishwoman born, and a Frenchwoman married. *Voilà!*

But I beg M. Lacroix's pardon for making so excessively absurd a supposition. He knows a great deal better than to dream of any household revolution of the kind.

My ten-pound note — soon may I look upon its like again — is changed. A proper and natural consequence of a fulness of cash honestly earned, is the desire to spend a little of it in reasonable pleasure. Most conveniently, a German-French operatic star, wandering in an eccentric orbit from Milan, is here for a little sea air, and will give one single representation — only one. She will sing *The Favourite*, and her proceeds will probably pay for her baths and her bill at the hotel. The native orchestra is admirable, and we anticipate a treat. Two ladies go under my wing, and I take them to the best place in the theatre — the *première gallerie* (a thing we have not in England), a sort of balcony jutting out just over the pit, and in front of the boxes. To get there, we have to traverse in the same lobbies and corridors as if we were going to the boxes of that tier. At this theatre, my fair friends point out to me another unwonted employment of female heads and hands.

You will now, perhaps, suppose that, as women do so much in France, we found all the male characters in the opera, and in the vaudeville which preceded it, assumed by ladies: that we had female tenors, female basses, and female walking-gentlemen. No such thing; the French know better than that (though Mademoiselle Benita Anguinet, the first conjuress in Europe, advertises that she will *incessantly* give an evening performance there, which will make Anderson shoot himself, and Jacobs take poison). But the box-openers and attendants were all *respectable*, *decent* women. The only men-servants of the establishment that were visible, were two or three money-takers below, and the sentinels outside.

"Well," you will say, impatiently, "you don't recommend that arrangement for England, do you? How do such female box-keepers manage to perform their duties and maintain order among the unruly characters of their own sex, who frequent the lobbies of

a theatre? They would insult decent women, as you say these appeared to be, and prevent them from retaining their situations."

To your surprise, I reply that none of the sad and shameless creatures to whom you allude, are suffered to annoy the public in such places, else I should not have taken two women whom I respected there. You may call it tyranny — here we think it only decency; but the authorities distinctly say to all vicious persons who make a trade of vice, "If you will pursue such courses, we cannot prevent you; but we will prevent you from advertising and hawking about your viciousness in places where it can shock and corrupt the well-conducted portion of the population. Whoever here wants to indulge in vice shall have to seek it out in its dark and dangerous hiding-places. It shall not be forced upon the young; it shall not terrify and extort from the aged; it shall not repel and disgust the pure, debarring them from amusements, which we think it innocent and even wise to enjoy."

England talks loudly of her morality; but England cannot attain to this degree of mere common propriety. Mr. Macready, to his honour, set the example.

You are aware that nothing rejoices abandoned people so much as to pull down others to their own level; and, if they cannot do at, to annoy and insult them. id this holds more true of wo- n than it does in respect to men. Now, if women, by leading a more active, business-like, and public life, are thereby necessarily brought into contact with unfortunates of their own sex, who envy their honourable position, and hate them for holding creditably what themselves have lost, there is an end to the matter; they will be driven from their post. For, individual men cannot interfere in the bickerings, and quarrels, and onslaughts of women amongst and upon themselves. But the authorities can and may interfere, and from their impersonality, carry out with ease many regulations which no one man can successfully enforce. If respectable women come forward and volunteer to take a heavier share of the labours of this life, they must be supported by greater politeness and respect from the men, and protected from all offence, by the seclusion of those who deliberately prefer a life of vicious idleness to one of hard-working decency. If your means or your income are so limited, that you are thankful to find in your helpmate and in your daughter your fellow-labourer, before they can fairly prove themselves so, they must first have a clear stage and no stumbling blocks; and that's the whole of it. English women must sit at home, or starve each other by competition for "genteel" employments, if, by going abroad, or by engaging in those which are "ungenteel," they are exposed to annoyances to which they ought not to sub-

mit. I do think that we may hit the nail upon the head, by saying that when the common run of Englishmen are as polite, as respectful, as full of domestic affection — pray do not jump off your chair at the reproach — and as steady supporters of public morality and decent appearances as the same class of Frenchmen are — then and not before, Englishwomen will gloriously prove their capabilities, and have a chance of showing you what they can do.

LITTLE MARI'S BETROTHAL.

FROM THE DANISH.

I AM an officer in the Danish service, and was twice quartered in Angel, a place little known. Life in the house of my old host, Johan Lanesen, was free and easy. By means of the glass door which led from my room into the kitchen, the family were able to keep an eye upon my proceedings all the day long; and in the evening, when I lighted my candle, an inquisitive cow would put her head in at the low window to see what I was about. If my servant forgot to close the door of the bridal chamber — a large room in which he had taken up his abode among chests and wardrobes, and all kinds of woman's apparel, and linen and bedding destined for the dowry of the daughter of the house, and dried herbs and long strings of onions — a hen and her brood, who dwelt there with him, came tripping into my room, to pick up the crumbs that strewed the floor. The maid-servants never hesitated to come in to fetch anything they might want; although I might at the time be in a costume in which one does not generally appear before ladies. But, on the other side, it was not taken amiss if I passed through the "daily room," in the berths round which the whole household slept, and happened to find some one of the family in the deepest *négligée*. Such as the house was, we could keep no secrets from each other. Old Johan could see each time I took a dollar out of my trunk with a secret sigh; and I often saw him, with a half-satisfied grin, pile dollar upon dollar in his oaken chest. He was well to do in the world, the old fellow; but no one would have guessed it by his appearance: his clothes were full of patches, and the bowl of his inseparable companion, his pipe, was maintained in a very precarious state of existence by the aid of a bit of cobbler's thread. His old farmstead was not without signs of decay, yet Johan Lanesen was the richest man in the village, and might easily have built a house twice as fine as any of his neighbours.

Johan was a widower, and his family consisted of but one daughter, Little Mari, of whom he was not unreasonably proud.

"Do you see?" said he, "Mari is only nineteen years old; yet she manages the whole house

quite as well as her mother did before her."

"But how long will you be allowed to keep her? No doubt the young men also think well of her."

Indeed, Mari was very pretty.

"Oh, no, there's no danger of that," said he, with a look as if he knew all about it. "To us they will not be likely to come; and if a good one should drop in — well, then, in God's name, I am very near three-score, and may take my rest now."

As to Mari, she seemed to be thinking of everything but love. In the morning, when I was wrapt in the sweetest sleep, I was awoke by loud voices, and the first thing I beheld, on opening my eyes, was the beam above my head shaking as if about to crush me. In the kitchen, there was a beating, and pounding, and clattering of pattens, and singing. This was Mari, who fastened the churn-stick to the beam of the ceiling, and was endeavouring to combine the useful and the agreeable, and to solve the difficult problem of churning and polking in pattens at the same time, to the music of her own voice.

In Johan Lanesen's house eternal good humour reigned. The maids sang to their work, and Mari stirred the dumplings to the tune of "Den tappre Landsoldat," (the brave land-soldier) which she had learnt from my servant. Once in a way the song was interrupted. e dish rested on her knees she instructed the other maidens. Then the singing would recommence in lively strains, and thus it went on until the dumplings were ready and the pork soup dished up. Hans, Asmus and the other people were called 'n; and, with a smile that showed that she was pleased with her own proficiency in the culinary art, little Mari placed a bowl before me of melted pork fat, with dumplings of a size and consistency which would have made them dangerous missiles in the hands of an angry mob. After the soup came another dish which very nearly brought me to despair. "Well, this *is* fat!" I exclaimed, searching in vain for some fleshy fibres among the mass of yellow fat. "Ye-e-s," said little Mari, placing her arms a-kimbo, and looking at the roast with an air which seemed to say: "it is not bad!"

But it was not of Mari's singing and cooking I meant to speak, but of her betrothal.

It was Sunday, and she was returning from church. As it had rained, she had put on a pair of wooden shoes, that contrasted strangely with her fine white stockings and the rest of her dress; which was of modern cut and of town fashion. All the young people had been at church; and my host, who had remained at home, had in the meanwhile received a visitor. The stranger was a tall man, in a long grey frock-coat, and with a meerschaum pipe in his mouth; he was

leaning with both his arms on the table, speaking to Lanesen.

"No, Claus Tram," said my host; "that fellow is not a husband for Mari. Why, his stock cannot be worth more than a couple of hundred dollars. And Mari is to have this farm."

"It is all very well with the farm," rejoined Tram, "but after all it is no such great things. Nay, you should see the house Karsten has built for himself; Mari might go over and have a look at it."

"Buten blank, binnen krank," (outside bright, inside poor,) answered Lanesen with a shake of his head. "What do you say to it, little Mari?" he continued, to his daughter who had just entered; "here is Tram who has come to ask you in marriage for Karsten Karstensen, who has but a bit of a farm with half a score of cows."

"Hm!" said Mari.

"Nay, he has twelve cows," said Tram.

"We bought the thirtieth at the last Brarup Fair," observed Mari, calmly, while putting by her bonnet and shawl.

The men discussed the matter some time longer, and at length Tram rose to depart.

"I see that there is no chance of our settling this bargain," said he. "Well, well, I dare say Karsten will get a wife soon enough, though he may not get your Mari."

"He! he! he!" laughed my host. "But can't you look in upon us another time, Tram?"

Claus Tram is a personage of no little importance. He has a nice little farm, with half a score of cows; and has a most extensive acquaintance for several miles around. He knows the exact amount of their fortunes, and keeps a list of all the marriageable young men and women. He can at any time procure a man a wife; and, if there be a widow who is looking out for another husband with a little money to set up the farm again, she need only apply to Claus Tram. For a consideration he will at once settle the affair, without the parties concerned being at the trouble of falling in love, or making calculations, or going through a courtship.

In Angel, "the great folks," *i. e.* the farmers, often prefer their suit by agency. The little folks are allowed to choose their own partners for life: in their case, there are not so many points to consider. With the owner of a farm, it is quite another thing, "Money will have money," or, as the Angles say, "silver coin sounds best when struck against silver coin;" and it would be a dreadful mis-marriage, were a rich man to marry a poor girl. In truth, the Angle has but one passion, and that is a passion for money — unless perhaps it be a passion for umbrellas.

Claus Tram took my host at his word, and not more than a fortnight afterwards the matchmaker again made his appearance at the farm. Johan gave him rather a sorry welcome; but, after they had conversed some time together

in the "Pesel," they both came out into the kitchen with smiling countenances; and Lanesen said to his daughter:

"Yes, to-day there is some sense in Claus! He has been speaking for the rich Niels Skytte's son."

"I don't know him," said Mari.

"Well, well, little Mari, you may have a look at him," said Tram. "If you and your father would like it, we might come here on Sunday."

"That's right," said my host, and the matter seemed settled; but things were changed since Claus was last here. This day the matchmaker was made to sit down, and to drink I do not know how many cups of coffee; and when he left, Johan accompanied him off the farm premises.

Sunday came, and the whole house was turned topsy-turvy. The kitchen looked like an upholsterer's shop: there were all kinds of household utensils, saucepans, jugs, bowls, &c., and in the plate-racks double as many plates and dishes as usual, decorated with painted roses, and all kinds of figures, and with inscriptions, such as "token of love," "token of remembrance," "token of friendship," "for the birth-day," "Peter," "Doris." On the hearth blazed a bright fire, which was reflected by the polished copper and brass kettles, and the flames of which licked greedily the sides of two huge cauldrons, which were boiling over; while the cook, with the skimming-ladle in her hand, was having a gossip with the maid-servants. The sitting-rooms were freshly swept and decorated. The doors of the sleeping berths in the Dörnsk were thrown open, and disclosed mountains of red and blue striped feather-beds, reaching all the way up to the ceiling. The chests in the bridal chamber were only half closed, and the corner of a feather-bed, or the snippet of a sheet stuck out here and there; ticking for pillow-cases, linsey-woolsey, and new linen peeped forward from half-closed drawers; and round the walls hung Mari's wardrobe: fine dresses, linsey-woolsey shirts, cloaks, bonnets, umbrellas, in such profusion, that the suitor could not but feel easy as to the expense of his wife's wardrobe, during the first year at least. In the Pesel, a well-decked board was laid out; and, on many a dish, love lay deeply buried under butter, and friendship was eclipsed by bread. The door into the dairy was open, and allowed a view of the milkroom, on the red brick floor of which full milk-pans stood in close array, while, against the wall, stood a huge trough of new-churned butter.

The people of the farm were, of course, in their Sunday's best. Mari looked like a fine lady on a colossal scale; but she was, nevertheless, really pretty, with her fresh, blushing cheeks, and her good-natured, blue eyes, had she only not endeavoured to force the fingers of a hand, hardened by labour, into golden rings with

coloured glass for stones. Her father went in and out with his long frock-coat and his short pipe: he had washed and shaved himself, and had a white neckcloth on; so that really I hardly recognised him.

At length the looked-for time arrived. Two chair-waggons rolled into the yard, and from their broad seats descended three or four portly dames, and as many long-coated peasants, near relatives of the suitor, whom they accompanied in order to stand by him in the important business of getting a wife. Claus Tram headed the procession. He walked into the kitchen with the look of a man who is aware of his own importance. He proceeded through the Dörnsk into the Pesel, the company following him. In the Pesel they found Johan and Mari, and some of their relatives; decency forbid their going out to receive their guests — it would look as if they were so set upon the match — but the reception was the warmer within doors, for, as the guests entered, two steaming tureens of soup were placed upon the table, and having interchanged but a very few words they sat down to table.

Claus Tram took the lead in the conversation. Now, he made an observation relative to Johan's thirty heads of cattle; then, he alluded to Niels Skytte's brick-kiln, which, he said, "could draw silver out of clay;" and then he laughed at his own wit. The conversation turned mostly upon agriculture and money; but it was kept up with difficulty. It was evident that some other subject was occupying the minds of the interlocutors. The young people did not interchange a word: they sat each at opposite sides of the table, and hardly glanced at each other. Otherwise the suitor was a rather pleasing young fellow, with his fair hair cropped round his head, and a red pocket-handkerchief, that rarely disappeared entirely in his large side pocket.

When they had eaten their soup, the men rose and filled their pipes. Tram stretched himself, and said, "We might take a little run out into the stables." And while the men were there the women took a survey of the interior of the house, lifted the feather-beds, looked narrowly at the linen, and tasted the butter in the dairy.

After some time the cook called them to table again. The meat on which the soup had been boiled, was now served with potatoes floating in butter; there were also on the table sugar-bowls with white sugar, the contents of which were indeed highly needed to sweeten the dark-red fluid which was poured into the glasses under the name of wine. The conversation now became more animated, and turned upon the farm and its stock. The guests could not be accused of untimely flattery; they only praised such things as were evidently good, and did not hesitate to find fault with the old dwelling-house, and to calculate

what it would cost to build a new one.

Then ensued another pause, another pipe, and another walk, until a leg of mutton, richly spiced with cloves, was put upon the table. They were gradually approaching nearer to their object, and now spoke freely of the state of their fortunes. While the company was taking coffee, which Mari forced them to drink in no small doses, the parties had come pretty near to a settlement; and when the bridegroom placed his spoon across his cup, to show that it would be impossible for him to drink a seventh cup, he and my host were agreed all to a couple of hundred dollars, which he thought Johan ought to add to his daughter's dowry. It seemed as if neither side meant to yield, and Tram was obliged to undertake several diplomatic missions from the one side of the room to the other, to negociate between the two parties, who had grouped themselves in opposite corners, openly discussing the matter.

At length a treaty was concluded, and Johan said, drily, "All right! What do you say, little Mari?" And Mari, who was busy taking away the things from the table, stopped a moment at the door, turned half round, and said, "Ye-e-s."

This settled the matter. The indefatigable Tram at once drew up the contract, which was no sooner signed, than the swain out his watch and said, inks it's best we go home now;" and away went the company; neither bride nor bridegroom interchanging one tender word, nor even pressing each other's hand: but it would not be proper to be so familiar in the presence of others.

Eight days later, bride and bridegroom were seen walking, each with an umbrella under the arm and on opposite sides of the road, towards the parsonage, where they were going to be betrothed; and three weeks after that there was a great to-do in the village — the rich Niels Skytte's son was married to the rich Johan Lanesen's daughter. But I saw nothing of the festivity. I had, in the meantime, been removed; and when I returned, I found my old host sitting on the bench outside the "Mahmet," with his pipe in his mouth, watching his son-in-law, who was busying himself about the farm as he used to do in his time. Little Mari was in the kitchen washing butter; her husband has bought another cow, and as she is now able to make a whole "Drittel" of butter every week, she cannot but be a happy wife in a country where domestic happiness is based upon the solid foundation of wealth.

CHEERILY, CHEERILY!

If I had not been in London within the last month (August), and seen the wondrous tide of emigration setting out from the Dock there; if I had not read in this

work of the Jeremy Diddler and its teeming cargo; if I had not passed through the port of Southampton lately, and gazed upon the Hampshire folk singing loud emigratory pæans, and departing by whole tribes for the Diggings, with cradle, mattock, and spade; if many weeks had passed since at Havre I saw the Grand Bassin crammed — choked, with Yankee liners, with emigrant ships for the States, for California, and for Australia (some of which, I make bold to tell you in confidence, were in my private opinion no better than tubs); if I did not know that Plymouth, and Bristol, and Cork, yea, and the American seaboard far away (wheels within wheels) had each their exodus; that in remote South Sea islands and Pacific inlets painted savages were packing up their wardrobes, consisting, I suppose, of a tomahawk and a toothpick, neatly folded in a plantain leaf; if I did not know that in swarming Canton and thieving Shanghae, and piratical little mud and thatch villages on the Yo-hang-ho and Yang-tse-Kiang, broad-hatted and long-tailed Chinamen were saving up pice and cash for passage-money and gold-digging tools; if I did not know that, from Indus to the Pole, blacks, whites, tawnies, and mulattos, were baking human heads, and polishing skulls, and carving concentric balls, and weaving gorgeous shawls, and curing reindeers' tongues, and fermenting Champagne wine for the Australian market; that, wherever there were hearts to feel and tongues to express the fierce, raging lust for gold, the cry was, "Off, off, and away!" — if I did not know this, I say, I should be tempted to think that from Liverpool alone the great army of voluntary exiles was setting forth; that there, and there alone, was the Red Sea and the host of Israel, with their gold and silver and precious stones; there, the pillar of fire and the pillar of cloud; there, the prospect of wandering in a watery desert not forty, but one hundred days: for, verily, all Liverpool seems to be off.

"A king stood on the rocky brow
That looks o'er seaborn Marathon..."

But I, poor, penniless plebeian, with never a regal bend in my scutcheon, stand on the stones of mud-born Liverpool; every stone of whose docks, and every brick of whose ware-houses was wont to be cemented, according to Mr. George Frederick Cooke, "by the blood and sweat of the enslaved and murdered African;" and from the brows of Prince's Dock, and Canning Dock, and Bramley Moore Dock — from the brows of that unequalled line of basins, reaching from the shore opposite Eastham to below Bootle and Waterloo — I gaze on the "ships by thousands," and the "men in nations," that lie below.

Oh, cheerily, cheerily! is the anchor-song, morning, noon, and night in the great docks where the vessels from the coast of

Africa lie, which have come home laden with gold-dust, and palm-oil, and elephants' teeth, and which are off again, ere many days, with huge packages of Birmingham hardware and Manchester goods, coral necklaces and gimcrack ornaments for Mumbo Jumbo and Ashantee fetishes, slop rifles and cutlasses for the King of Dahomey's amazons. Bright blue or bright green, with brave streaks of white, are these vessels painted — hulls, masts, and yards: whether that the rays of the African sun fall less fiercely on them than on a black surface, or whether to dazzle and bewilder the simple savages with harlequin colours, deponent sayeth not. A strong, a very strong odour of palm-oil scents the breeze, pervades the decks, breaks out in a rich oleaginous dew on the apparel and faces of the bystanders. Here is a gruff mate, seated on a water-cask, teaching a parrot to swear, who is all oil—clogged and sticky with the luscious product. Talk of the Hull whalers! what are those train-oil-indued vessels to these greasy ships and greasier men? Gigantic tubs and casks of palm-oil, worth, they tell me, from thirty to forty pounds each, are being hoisted on shore, rolled about the quays, guaged by the vicious-looking boring tools of the Customhouse officers, and carted away in greasy vans.

Empty casks there are also, and in plenty, which are to be conveyed back to Africa; then, brought home full of oil again. How many voyages have these ill-coopered tubs made since they were hammered up by swarthy, black Kroomen, in some sweltering barracoon on the Guinea coast? What raging suns, what blustering hurricanes, what soaking deluges of rain, what legions of winged locusts and mosquitoes, must have shone, and blown, and battered against those crazy old staves, since they first held palm-oil! Coopered, too, by slaves; worked at to the music of cow-hide whips, or paid for in drams of rum, or lacquered buttons and scraps of red cloth. And yet, consoling thought! how many thousand pounds of candles and bars of soap have been made from the yellow grease these casks have held, and how little we reck, seeing them kicking about on this Liverpool Quay, of what the Kroomens' cooperage and the greasy sap of the African tree have done for civilisation and for Christianity. As I muse, come a flying horde of ragged wretches to scrape with oyster-shells and long nails what portions of coagulated oil yet adhere to the insides of the casks. But a stern dock policeman falls upon them, and smites them.

If you think to cross that bridge leading from one dock to the other, my friend in the bombazine dress, the black triangular bonnet, and the big, flat, checquered basket like a wicker draught-board, you will be disappointed, as I have been. For,

while I was lingering on the Palm Oil Quay, under-ground machinery was at work, strange noises were heard, some cog-wheels moved, and the bridge, gravely parting in the middle, disappeared into the dock walls like a trick in a pantomime. A bold baker made a flying leap on one half, just as the water-parted operation took place; and he gained the opposite side, somehow, but how I know not, and now stands there exulting, though confessing that it was a "close shave." A dreary gulf flows between him and me; but a big ship is coming out of dock, they tell me, and I must make the best of it, and wait till she has passed, and the bridge is drawn to again.

A disappointment! No big ship is here, but a little leg-of-mutton-sailed, squat, grubby barge, full of — mercy on us! — chairs and tables. The Saucy Sally of Lancaster, Flachey, master. There are chests of drawers for'ard, and four-post bedsteads aft; and the captain (five feet of tarpaulin, with a yellow oilskin hat, in the midst of which his brown face glows like a gigantic blister) commands his crew from a Pembroke table. The Saucy Sally is not too proud to remove goods in town and country, and to enact the part of a spring van on the salt seas. Some Hegira from Liverpool to Lancaster is she favouring now, though I cannot, in connexion with the railway and this Pickford and Chaplin and Horne era, discover the advantage of the long sea for so short a period of transit. I am reminded of that dear but old fashioned friend of mine who, to this day, insists on coming from Margate by the Hoy! A hoy from Margate in 1852; shade of Charles Lamb!

The Saucy Sally has dropped down into the river, the captain bearing with plegmatic composure some jocose criticisms on his singular cargo. But now, following her, comes the big ship in good earnest: the Zephaniah W. Caucus, of New York, fifteen hundred tons, bound for Port Philip. It may appear strange to you that an American vessel should carry British emigrants to a British colony, but stranger still will it seem, when I inform you (as I am informed by a politician with an umbrella and a shockingly bad tongue in the way of statistics, behind me) that British vessels can in no wise attempt the carrying trade in the American sea-ports, and would convey emigrants from New York to San Francisco at their peril. At which the statistical umbrella-carrier gets quite purple and inflamed with indignation against free-trade without reciprocity; so much so, that I move out of the way, being of the free-trade way of thinking.

The Zephaniah W. Caucus, was a large cotton ship once; but, no sooner did the exodus to Australia commence than she became suddenly, and without any prior training, one of the Blue Peter

line of packet ships, which, as the whole world knows, are all A1's at Lloyd's, are all copper-bottomed and copper-fastened, all carry experienced surgeons, and all offer peculiar and unrivalled accommodation for cabin and steerage passengers. The three-quarter statuette of Z. W. Caucus — probably a great transatlantic ship-owner, or law-giver, or speculator in town lots, or orator, or wild-beast tamer, or something famous — stands proudly, in wood and whitewash, at the head of the ship, surveying the hawse-holes with the eye of a monarch, and defying the bowsprit as he would an enemy. Looking at him I am fain to confess the very great family likeness between figure-heads, generally. They all seem to have been chiselled from the same models, designed in the same train of thought. Caucus, now, with the addition of a cocked hat and epaulettes, and minus an eye and an arm, would be twin brother to Admiral Nelson, bound to Singapore, close by; with a complete coat of gold leaf, a fiercely curled wig and a spikey crown, he would do excellently well for King Odin, screw steamer for Odessa; with an extra leer notched into his face, his whiskers shaved off, and in his hand a cornucopia resembling a horse's nose-bag, twisted and filled with turnips, he would pass muster for Peace or Plenty; while with a black face, a golden crown and bust, and a trebly gilt kitchen poker or sceptre, he would be the very spit and fetch of Queen Cleopatra. Distressingly alike are they, these figure-heads, with the same perpetual unmeaning grin in their wooden faces, the same eyes, coats, hair, and noses in salient angles; the same presumptuous attitudes, as though the forecastle, save the mark, were not good enough for them, and carrying, all, the same pervading expression of impertinent inanity — so much so, that I could find it in my heart, almost, to strike them. Among other departments of the Fine Arts as applied to practical uses, figure-heads stand specially in need of reformation; and some day or other, when Sir Edwin Landseer has taken that zoological abomination, the Royal Arms, in hand; when Mr. Grant or Mr. Thorburn have turned their attention towards the pictorial amelioration of the Marquisses of Granby and Heroes of Waterloo in the possession of the Licensed Victuallers; the Government will, perhaps, commission Mr. Bailey or Mr. Lough to apply the long neglected principles of ornamental statuary to the works of our nautical sculptors; and, rivalling that great benefactor who first reformed our tailors' bills, reform our figure-heads.

But to the Z. W. Caucus. Her accommodation. Well; I grant the copper bottom and copper fastenings, the experienced surgeon and the unrivalled cabins, but the steerage, the commonalty's cabins — humph! I look on

the deck of the big ship, and I see it alive with fevered, dusty, uncomfortable emigration at sixteen pounds a head: — a desert of heads, and tossing, struggling legs and arms with an oasis of poop, where the cabin passengers smile blandly from beneath their *tegmine fagi*, and peer with spy-glasses and lorgnettes at the crowded foredeck, as they would at a curious show. Why don't the steerage folk go down below instead of cumbering the decks, is a question you will very naturally ask, and which has been asked, too, several times within the last ten minutes by the captain and his mates, with sundry energetic references connected with comparative anatomy, and the invocation of strange deities. Why don't they go below? Well, poor creatures! do you know what the below is they have to go to, and to live in, for four months? Erebus multiplied by Nox, divided by Limbo, multiplied again by a chaos of trunks, and casks, and narrow berths, and bruised elbows — of pots, pans, kettles, and children's heads, that seem to fulfil the office of the hempen fenders on board steamboats, and to be used to moderate the first sharp collision between two hard surfaces — a chaos of slipping, stumbling, swearing, groaning, overcrowding, and — no, not fighting. Let us be just to the poor people. There is more law, and justice, and kindly forbearance, and respect for age and feebleness in the steerage of an emigrant ship, than in the Great Hall of Pleas all the year round, with the great door wide open and all the judges ranged. Men find their level, here, in these darksome wooden dungeons; but man's level, gentlemen, is not necessarily brutality, and violence, and selfishness. I have seen kindness with never a shirt, and self-denial in rags; and down in noisome, sweltering steerages there is, I will make bold to aver, many a Dorcas ministering barefoot, and many a good Samaritan who has but what he stands upright in.

Smile away, gentlemen passengers on the poop. You have but to smile, for your passages are paid, and your prospects on arrival in the colony are bright. Smile away, for you will have fresh meat during a great portion of the passage, and preserved provisions during the remainder. For you are those crates of ducks and geese, those festoons of vegetables, those hundredweights of beef, and veal, and mutton packed in ice. Smile away, for you have cosy, airy little state-rooms, with cheerful holes in the wall for beds, an elegant saloon, an obsequious steward, books, flutes, accordions, cards, dice, and book-learning. You can, if you have a mind, write your memoirs or a novel, during the voyage, compose an opera, study navigation, or learn the keybugle. If you *must* be sea-sick you can retire to your state-rooms and be ill there comfortably and elegantly. But, down in the steerage, how are the poor folk to wile away the weary time? Fancy

the honest creatures during the first three days after the Z. W. Caucus has sailed. Everybody ill, everybody groaning, all the women whimpering, all the children crying. Everything unpacked, but nothing "comeatable." Heavy trunks, chests of drawers and washhand-stands, breaking away, and becoming bulls of upholstery in ship-board china-shops. Knives and forks and plates running wild, and drinking-horns going clean out of their mind. "That 'll be it, Sir," says a sailor, who has been "out foreign," to me; "but bless you, when they have been well shaken up for two or three days, they 'll settle down comfortably enough." Ah! when they have "settled down," and are bearing straight away across the great ocean, what dreary days and nights they will pass! How bitterly grandfather will regret that he is "no scollard," and that he didn't "take to his larning kindly;" and how little boy Ned, who has thriven at school, reading from a torn and yellow copy of the Weekly Blunderer (more prized there than the newest, dampest, third edition of the Times on London breakfast tables), reading to a delighted gaping audience of greybeards and matrons, babes and sucklings, will become for that and many succeeding days a wonder and a prodigy! Then, on fine Sunday evenings, they will lean quietly over the bulwarks, and watch the rapid course of the good ship; or, shading their eyes from the sun's rays, look wistfully ahead and speculate where land may be, far, far away beyond the waste of blue. There will be gay fellows aboard who will sing songs and crack jokes; there will be story-tellers as indefatigable as that prince of barbers who had the seven brothers; but, I am afraid also that there will be many score passengers in that narrow steerage who will be insufferably bored and wearied by the voyage: who will count the time from breakfast to dinner, and so to supper, and so to bed, wishing the good ship and her passengers, several times during the twenty-four hours, at Jericho.

Still glides the Z. W. Caucus out of dock, somewhat slowly, for she is heavily laden, and lies deep in the water. A portion of her crew are busy at the capstan-bars — sallow, Yankee fellows mostly, with elf-locks and red flannel shirts and tarry trowsers. As they pace, they spit; and in the intervals of spitting they sing, or rather moan in chorus a dismal ditty, that hath neither tune nor words, but which means something, I suppose. Anon the strains are wild and fitful, like the wailings of an Æolian harp; anon they rise to a loud and vengeful *crescendo*, like a Highland coronach. Not all the crew, though, are joining in this mysterious chant; a very considerable portion of them are down below in their berths, sleeping off a surfeit of rum and tobacco; and not a few will be brought on board, while the Z.

W. Caucus is in the river, also affected by rum and tobacco, and affectionately guarded by a boarding master, or proprietor of a sailors' lodging-house (whom I should be sorry to say was two-fourths crimp and the remainder extortioner), who has the greatest interest in bringing sailors aboard, seeing that he is paid so much a head for them in consideration of certain advances he has made, or is supposed to have made to them, and which are duly deducted from the pay of the unconscious mariner.

Nearly out of dock, and the commander, Captain Paul W. Blatherwick, of Forty-second Street, New York, who is standing amidships, turns his quid complacently. The captain wears a white hat, with a very broad brim, and an obstinate and rebellious nap, refusing pertinaciously to be brushed or smoothed. He has a shirt of a wonderful and complicated pattern, more like a paper hanging than a Christian shirt, and with a collar which looms large, like the foresail of a yacht. He has a profusion of hair and beard, and very little eyes, and a liberal allowance of broad black ribbon and spy-glass. Captain Blatherwick is part owner as well as commander, and has therefore a paternal interest in his emigrants; but he is rather pre-occupied just now, for two of his very best hands — A.B.'s, stalwart, trusty reefers and steerers — are absent; and although he has searched all the low lodging-houses and all the low taverns in the town, he has been unable to find them. Just, however, as he has made a virtue of necessity, and, giving them up for lost, has shaped a fresh plug of tobacco for his capacious cheek, there is a stir and bustle in the crowd; its waves heave to and fro, and parting them like a strong steamer, come two men. One has his hammock on his head, large gold ear-rings, and his "kit" in his hand. He flies like the nimble stag celebrated in Mr. Handel's Oratorio; but he is pursued by a Dalilah, a Circe, an enchantress, with a coral necklace, dishevelled hair, and a draggle-tailed dimity bedgown. She clings to his kit; she embraces his hammock; she passionately adjures him to leave her, were it only his ear-rings, as a souvenir. But he remembers that England (represented, for the moment, by his Yankee captain) expects every man to do his duty for fifty shillings a month and his victuals; and, shutting his ears to the voice of the charmer, he leaps on board. I say leaps, for there are ten good solid feet of muddy water between the quay edge and the side of the Z. W. Caucus; yet you have scarcely time to shudder and think he will be drowned, ere he is scrambling among the shrouds, as a playful kitten would skip about, if kittens wore red shirts and ear-rings. His companion is equally rapid in his motions — more so, perhaps, for he is impeded by no luggage, and clung to by no Dalilah. He has little wherewith to

lure Dalilah; for, of all the notable equipments with which he landed at George's Dock, fifteen days ago, he has now remaining — what think you? a blanket! As I stand here, nothing but a sorry, patched, tattered, blanket, — nor shirt, nor shoe, nor rag else. He wraps it about him sternly though, as though it were a toga; and, with a hurrah of defiance, a yell from the crowd, and a cheer from his ship-mates, vaults on board. Then he falls down a ladder, very drunk, and I see him no more. They *will* be skinned, they will be fleeced, these foolish Jacks. They won't go to the admirable and palatial Sailors' Home. They *will* go down to Wapping, and Paradise Street, and fall among thieves. Who is to help them if they won't help themselves?

Oh, cheerily, cheerily! The big ship is fairly out of dock. The ropes are cast off, and she stands down the river, towed along by a steamer; the poor emigrants crowding the decks, the tops, the yards even, to take their fill of England, home and beauty, seen for the last time. He who knows all things knows alone if they, or their children, or their children's children, will ever see the beloved land again.

The bridge will not be down for half an hour yet, for the King Odin, Czernicheff master, screw steamer for Odessa, is coming out laden with boiler plates for the nal, and to come home wheat. She needs no ms out stolidly on her own end, and with her own screw. There is another Yankee liner at anchor off Egremont, and just on the point of sailing. Shall we slip on board this grimy, uncouth, useful tug steamer, and board her for a minute?

The Elizabeth Scradgers, eight hundred tons, Captain Peleg J. Whittlestick, is a genuine "liner." She is bound for New York, with forty cabin passengers and two hundred steerage ditto. Sixteen guineas are demanded for the after-passage, the sum of two pounds ten is the ticket for the steerage multitude. And such a multitude! Three-fifths Irish, one-fifth Germans, and a timid, irresolute, scared, woe-begone fifth of English, who look as if they had gone to sleep in Liverpool and had been knocked up in the Tower of Babel. A confusion of tongues, a confusion of tubs, a confusion of boxes. A flux of barbarous words, a tangle of children settling on bulkheads and ladder-rounds like locusts. And an odour! ugh! let us go on deck, whither all the passengers follow us; for the muster-roll is being called, and as the authorities verify the name and passage-money receipt of each emigrant, the Government Emigration agent ascertains that there are no cases of infectious disease among the passengers; no lame, halt, and blind; no paralytics and no bedridden dotards. Andy O'Scullabogue of Ballyshandy, County Cork, is turned back for having a trifle of five children ill with a putrid fever. Judith Mur-

can by no means be passed, or she is appallingly crippled. Florence M'Shane is sent on shore because he is blind, and Terence Rooney, because his mother has only one leg. These poor wretches have been scrambling and scraping their passage-money together for months. The two pounds ten have come, sixpence by sixpence — nay, penny by penny, from the peelings of diseased potatoes; from the troughs of gaunt, grey-hound-like pigs; down long ladders in hods of mortar, in London or in Dublin; out of damaged oranges in Saint Giles's and Bethnal Green. They are the economies from relinquished gin glasses and eschewed tobacco; the savings of denied red-herrings, and half rations of potatoes. Some of the emigrants have begged their passage-money; some, are about to emigrate at the expense of the parish, and some have had their passage-money remitted to them from their friends in America.

While the ceremony of "passing" has been going on on deck, the crew of the vessel have been below, searching for stowaways — unfortunate creatures too poor to pay the necessary sum, who have concealed themselves in out-of-the-way holes and corners, thinking to escape detection in the general confusion, and to be conveyed across the Atlantic free of expense. But, they are mistaken. You must get up very early in the morning if you would essay to get on the blind side of an American sailor; and not many minutes have elapsed before two ragged women are discovered in some hideous crevice, and a wretched dwarf, clutching a fiddle under his shrunken arm, is detected in a cask, his heels upwards, and coiled up into a perfect Gordian knot of deformity. I do not exaggerate, and I libel no one when I say, that after they have been well hustled and bonnetted on the deck, these forlorn beings are kicked over the side by the chief mate, a gigantic mariner in a tail-coat, raised in Connecticut, and with a huge brown fist, so hard, so horny, so corrugated with knotted veins, that it looks like the fist of that slave-dealer alluded to by the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" — as if it "had grown hard in knocking down niggers." "For," says the mate, jerking a jet of tobacco juice and an explanation to me across his shoulder, "you must jest ketch 'em up sharp, you must, these Irishers, and that's a fact. It's a word and a blow here, and no flies." And this latter axiom the chief officer religiously carries out in all his dealings with the steerage passengers, anathematising the eyes of any refractory emigrant for the first offence, and knocking him down like an ox for the second.

I stumble aft, as well as I can for luggage, human and inanimate, and take a peep into the saloon, where there is a negro steward in a white jacket, and where there are soft carpets, emollient couches, gaily-decorated panels, com-

fortable state-rooms, silken hangings, and a regiment of spittoons carved and gilt in the Louis Quatorze style, and quite gorgeous to behold. A passenger I find below seems so delighted with his bed, that he is continually lying down on it, then jumping up, falling back half-a-dozen paces on the bright Brussels carpet, and regarding the trim couch with rapt ecstasy — rubbing his hands meanwhile with the anticipation of quite a surfeit of luxuries for his sixteen guineas. But, a little bird which has accompanied me, whispers that the Elizabeth Scradgers will be no sooner out of the river than the bright carpets will be rolled up and the painted panels unscrewed, and the silken hangings, and mahogany fittings, and soft couches disappear, to be replaced by bare boards, and scrubby horsehair, and hard beds — the luxuries being reserved for the next departure from port. What else the little bird would tell me I know not, for at this moment comes Captain Peleg J. Whittlestick from his cabin, with loud and nasal injunction for all strangers to "clear!" He is as like in voice, person, and dress to the captain of the Z. W. Caucus as two cherries are like each other. The Government emigration agent, the surgeon, the broker, the captain's friends, and I who write, step on board the tug. "Cheerily, cheerily, oh!" begins that dismal windlass chorus as the anchor is being hove up; the emigrants give a sickly cheer, and another ship-load of humanity is off.

The mysterious agency which whilom removed the dock bridge from beneath my feet, has slowly ground it (with a rusty grumble as of iron chains in torture) into its place again, and I cross over to the other side.

Dock upon dock, quays after quays, "quay berths," loading and unloading sheds, long lines of bonding warehouses, barrels, bales, boxes, pitch, tar, ropes, preserved provisions, water-casks, and exodus everywhere! Whole tribes of north-country people, and west-country people, and all sorts of country people, darting off to the Antipodes with an eager, straining rush. As for New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, those seaports are only considered as being "over the way," easy little trips across the water, to be accomplished with a carpet-bag and a hat-box, and with as little fuss and ceremony as a ride in one of the little ferry steamers that ply between Liverpool and Birkenhead, or Seacombe and Tranmere. Gentlemen go coolly off to Melbourne and Port Philip in Alpaca coats and wide-awakes; ladies, to Adelaide and Geelong with blue pokes to their bonnets, and lapsful of crochet work as though they were going picnicking. Sunburnt captains, bound for the other side of the world, set off in their shirt-sleeves, and tell their smiling cheerful spouses just to mind the baby, and have dinner ready at four o'clock in about eight months

time or so. Oh, cheerily, cheerily! Cheerily, oh! A thousand hammers coopering water-casks take up the cry; a thousand shovels shovelling potatoes into the hold for stock re-echo it. Stand out of the way there! Here is a waggon-load of preserved provisions: mock-turtle soup and stewed mushrooms in tin cases hermetically sealed; green peas and fresh mint, to be eaten under the line. Make way there for the live stock for the emigrant ship, Gold Nugget — sheep, poultry, and a milch cow. Mind yourself! a bullock has broken loose from the Jack Robinson, for Sydney. He is a patriotic beast: England, with all its faults, he loves it still; and, if he is to be made steaks of, he prefers being eaten on this side of the equinoctial line. Stand from under! a giant crane is hoisting blocks of Wenham Lake ice on board the Melbourne packet Bushranger. They are all pressed for time, they are all going, cheerily, cheerily; they are all, if you will pardon me the expression, in such a devil of a hurry,

But the trunks, my dear Sir, the trunks! Can you, sensible, cautious, discreet as I am sure you are, forbear, when you gaze on these trunks, forbear holding your head with your hands, or leaping into the air with a short howl, in sheer frenzy. The trunks! Roods, perches, acres of land covered with great sea-chests, trunks, bonnet-boxes, chaise-boxes, portmanteaus, valises, trunks of piebald leather, calf-skin, marble paper, morocco, Russia leather, oak, mahogany, and plain deal. Avalanches of trunks, with surely sufficient literature pasted inside to set up the schoolmaster abroad in Australia for years to come. As for such small articles as carpet-bags, desks, hat-boxes, writing-cases, and railway rugs, they are as plentiful as ratafia cakes, twenty a penny. Children of tender years stagger by with trunks; stalwart porters carry piles of them, as waiters at eating-houses carry the tin dishes and covers. Grim spectres hover about, moaning weird complaints of phantom boxes lost or mislaid, and point with skinny fingers to invisible crockery-ware packed in straw. I come upon the lone female in the bombazine dress and the triangular bonnet. She sits forlorn, "remote, unfriended, melancholy slow," inexpressible misery on her wan face, stranded high and dry on a band-box. Her "things" have departed from her; an oak chest has been shipped bodily for Montevideo, and three matresses and a paillasse went out to the best of her belief in the King Odin. She is going to Celebes. Now what can this good woman be going to do at Celebes? I puzzle myself mightily with this question, staring like one distraught at this lone woman, sitting under the Dock shed like a Banshee on a band-box, till the edge of a hard-hearted oaken chest coming violently on my toes sufficiently

admonishes me to mind my own concerns.

Still cheerily, cheerily to all parts of the deep waters whither ships go, till I stroll down to a remote quay to change the scene, and see the Irish packets come in. Yet even here 'tis but the old song to a somewhat fresher tune, for the mobs of poor Irish who are landed, pell mell, from the Dublin, and Belfast, and Cork steamers, are off again for America to-morrow or the next day. Tumbling ashore they come — ragged, dirty, draggle-tailed, and (to trust their looks) halfstarved. Gaunt reapers and bogtrotters in those traditional blue body-coats, leathern smalls, and bell-crowned hats, that seem to be manufactured nowhere save in Ireland; grizzled old women, bent double with age and infirmity; children who seem to have sprung up like some crass fungus of decomposition rather than to have been born; and slatternly girls with shawls huddled over their heads. Some of the men have thick shoes, passably holey; but three-fourths of the females and all the children have neither shoes nor stockings. Some of the women carry heaps of what, at first sight, you might take for foul rags, but which, moving and crying suddenly, you discover to be babies. Their luggage is on their backs, or in despairingly small and dirty bundles slung on sticks. They have a plurality of nothing save children. They may have money, some of these miserable objects — the bare price of their passage to America — sewn up in tattered petticoats and sleeve linings; but, whether they have or not, they have no sooner set foot on the quay than they fall a-begging, tendering the hand for charity mechanically, as a snuff-taker's finger and thumb would seek his nose. They sit down stolidly on posts, or crouch on the bare ground, staring around with vacant listless eyes, as though they had landed in the Moon and didn't know the way to the mountains in it. And, poor souls! for aught they know of the land they have now set their weary feet upon, they might just as well be in the Moon, I trow. Presently come to them some of their own countrymen in darned coats and patched smalls, keepers of styes called lodging-houses and dens called taverns. To these are they consigned and carried away; and if they have anything to be robbed of, and are robbed, they have, at least, the satisfaction of being robbed by their compatriots.

These woeful travellers have been gently pushed and hustled on shore by hundreds, and when the last bell-crowned hats have passed the gangway I am about departing, when I am informed that there is yet more live stock to be landed. More! What more can remain, after all this misery and all these rags, and all these walking typhus fever and small-pox hospitals?

As I have asked the question, I must answer it. There is a great deal more on the deck of the

steamer yet. Pigs more. Cattle more. Sheep more. Stand on the extreme verge of the quay and peep over on the deck of the steamer. Do not turn sick and rush away in horror, but look. Look at this Smithfield in miniature; Smithfield, but infinitely more crowded in proportion; Smithfield, but ten times dirtier; Smithfield, with more cruelty, and wanton neglect, and shameful filth, than you would find any Monday or Friday morning, between Cock Lane on the one side and Barbican on the other. Are you a Common Councilman? If so, snuff up the balmy, piggy, beefy, muttony gale with a relish. Are you a slavery abolitionist? Look on these beasts so scientifically geometrically packed for economy of space, that every sheep's leg fits into its fellow's eye, and every bullock has a sheep between its horns, and you will have a very apt idea of how herrings are packed in a barrel, and how negroes are stowed for the middle passage. Are you a statist? Speculate on the exact amount of suffering, the nice quota of torture, the justly balanced ratio of maddening thirst these miserable animals undergo during a twelve, a fifteen, or a twenty hours' passage. Are you a plain man with a plain English tongue? Lift it up, and with a will, against the shameful cruelties of the cattle transit system; against that monstrous inconsistency which can make governments and municipalities argus-eyed to petty nuisances, and stone blind to these abominations; which can make mayors, and corporations, and police authorities, strain at the gnat of an orange-woman or a halfpenny candle sold on a Sunday, and swallow this enormous camel. To look at these dumb creatures panting with agony, their tongues hanging out, their eyes dilated, their every muscle throbbing: staggering on their legs, wallowing in filth, too stupified with agony to low or bleat or squeak, too sick to move, too cowed to struggle: is enough to rouse a man of adamant. Some of the animals are so wedged and packed together that they are suffocated, and, not able even to lie down and die, die standing. Here is a wretched bullock — luckier than its fellows, for it has some two inches space on either side of it — lying desolately by the funnel, with its eyes piteously turned up, and seeming to entreat slaughter. Nor will slaughter be long in coming; for the deputed slaughterer, nice in such matters, and knowing to a hair the power of endurance in the beast, kills it just before it would otherwise die. The dead carcase would be unsaleable, or at best would have to be surreptitiously disposed of; but, slaughtered alive, it is genuine imported meat, and fetches its price.

Cheerily oh, cheerily!

THE ENGLISH PASSPORT SYSTEM.

ABOUT thirteen years ago, a Quaker was walking in a field in Northumberland, when a thought struck him.

Well! what of that? There are men walking in fields in Northumberland every day; and there are Quakers walking in fields everywhere in England, at all times, and all with some thought or another in their heads. What is the wonder of that particular case, thirteen years ago?

Why, the idea was a noticeable one. It has produced some rather important results — results which make that walk in the field a matter of considerable consequence to everybody who reads this page.

The man who was walking was named Thomas Edmondson. He had been, though a Friend, not a very successful man in life. He was a man of integrity and honour, as he afterwards abundantly proved, but he had been a bankrupt, and was maintaining himself now as a railway clerk at a small station on the Newcastle and Carlisle line. In the course of his duties in this situation, he found it irksome to have to write on every railway ticket that he delivered. He saw the clumsiness of the method of tearing the bit of paper off the printed sheet as it was wanted, and filling it up with pen and ink. He perceived how much time, ouble, and error might be saved the process being done in a chanical way; and it was when he set his foot down on a particular spot in the before-mentioned field that the idea struck him how all that he wished might be done by a machine: — how tickets might be printed with the names of stations, the class of carriage, the dates of the month, and all of them, from end to end of the kingdom, on one uniform system. Most inventors accomplish their great deeds by degrees — one thought suggesting another from time to time; but, when Thomas Edmondson showed his family the spot in the field where his invention occurred to him, he used to say that it came into his mind complete, in its whole scope and all its details. Out of it has grown the mighty institution of the Railway Clearing House; and with it the grand organisation by which the railways of the United Kingdom act, in regard to the convenience of individuals, as a unity. We may see at a glance the difference to every one of us of the present organised system — by which we can take our ticket from almost any place to any other, and get into a carriage on almost any of our great lines, to be conveyed without further care to the opposite end of the kingdom — and the unorganised condition of affairs from which Mr. Edmondson rescued us, whereby we should have been compelled to shift ourselves and our luggage from time to time, buying new tickets, waiting while they were filled up, waiting at almost every joint of the journey, and having to do with divers

Companies who had nothing to do with each other but to find fault and be jealous. If we remember what the Railway Clearing House is, and what it does; if we remember that what it does is precisely what it saves travellers and merchants the trouble of doing; if we remember that the two hundred clerks of that establishment dispose of above fifty millions of matters of detail in the course of a year, we shall see that Mr. Edmondson's idea has saved a good deal of trouble to a good many people besides himself.

It was thought a fine thing, and justly, when one railway was complete, for a short distance. It was thought a splendid thing that railways should be opened in various parts of the country; and when it was arranged that some of them should meet at certain points, people asked whether so grand a thing was ever heard of before. But there was something grander to come: a plan by which a dozen Companies should unite to carry a passenger and his carpet-bag as far as he wanted to go, and save him the trouble of dividing the fare among them by doing it themselves. In the central spot at the Euston Square Station where the Clearing House may be found, the railway Companies have their mutual charges computed and the balances struck and cleared, day by day, from the twelfth part of a schoolboy and his box to the charges on "horses, carriages, and corpses," which, the orders declare, "are not to be included in the parcels" transmitted during the day. It would be cruel to torture the reader's imagination with a precise account of what the business is that is accomplished by that courageous band — the two hundred clerks of the Clearing House. It is enough to say that they examine and record the business of (we believe by this time) a thousand stations, with all their complications. Now, if we consider what these complications are — that, for instance, for passengers alone, without regarding the transmission of goods, the changes on a single line of thirty stations may amount to six thousand nine hundred and sixty, we shall shrink from looking more closely into the bewildering business of the Clearing House. The letters received and sent off amount to many thousands per day, and there is a staff of lads whose business it is to open and sort them.

Some of us who have travelled on very short, or very insignificant out-of-the-way lines may have seen, up to yesterday, paper tickets — yellow, blue, or pink — printed in ordinary printing-presses. There are a few such; but they are now quite exceptional. The little cards — blue, for the most part — which gentlemen stick in their hats and ladies carry in their gloves, are Mr. Edmondson's tickets; and they are now well-nigh universal in the United Kingdom, and familiar in France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland,

Italy, the West Indies, and Peru. It is rather confounding to the imagination, in the first instance, to see, as we did the other day at the patentee's office in Dublin, the boxes of cards that had arrived from Delarue's, to be printed. A square deal box, such as would nicely hold a lady's bonnet and be light enough to be carried by the lady herself, is, when packed with these cards, a heavy load for a porter, and a fatiguing sight for unaccustomed eyes. It is fatiguing to think of the crowd that would be formed by the railway passengers who will be transmitted by means of this one boxful of cards. Assembled in Hyde Park or on Salisbury Plain, they would be very alarming in the eyes of the Pope or Louis Napoleon. There are cards of six colours; and of a few more devices. It would be convenient to the printers to have them all alike; and it is no matter of rejoicing to them when any Company falls in love with some parti-coloured device, requiring double printing, or other special management. There is so much convenience, however, in certain cases, in the tickets being distinguishable at a glance — as the Scotch by a thistle at the back, and different Scotch lines by a different grouping of the thistle — that the pattern-book of the patentee will probably always have, as now, a few pages filled with specimens of devices.

We are now to see these tickets nted. But we have first to dispose of our surprise at seeing how circumscribed and quiet is the agency by which so vast a work is accomplished as the providing of the passports of all Ireland. We would not, for all the benefits of travel, exchange our passport system for that of any country on the continent. Here is no staring in one's face, as if one were a criminal, to note the colour of hair and eyes, and the shape of one's visage. Here is no dismal anticipation of future annoyances, of bearded inspectors, of dirty-fisted hirelings, who will turn over one's clothes in one's trunks, and inspect a washing-bill, as if it contained treason and insurrection. Here we have a moderate-sized apartment, fitted up with little besides the apparatus, and tenanted by two neatly-dressed, cheerful-faced, kind-spoken Friends — young brothers, who quietly work out here the invention of their honoured relative. It is in this one room, and by that bright, clean, handsome apparatus, that millions of railway passports are prepared. There is a larger establishment at Manchester; but here this modest one is all-sufficient, as it is easy for one pair of hands to print two hundred tickets per minute, and possible to print three hundred.

The first thing about the machine which catches the eye is an upright mahogany shaft, about two feet high, large enough in the inside to contain a pile of blank tickets, laid flat upon eacl other. Hidden within the machine

is a little form of type, containing the names of the places to be printed, and the class of carriage. The practice of printing the fare is now nearly abolished, it being found to occasion great loss and inconvenience in case of the fare having to be altered; which must now and then happen. The type is inked by a saturated ribbon, which travels over a wheel, and is brought into contact with the form. A feeder withdraws the blank tickets incessantly, one by one, from the bottom of the pile, and passes them under the form of type, which is pressed down upon each as it proceeds to the opening where it presents itself, face uppermost, to the printer who is working the lever, so that he can see that each is right and complete, before it falls into its place in the receptacle below. As we have said, two or three hundred can pass under his eye every minute that he is at work. But each one of these tickets bears a different number, from 0 up to 10,000. Two brass-banded wheels, so close to each other as to look like one, and each bearing raised figures, revolve at different rates with the working of the rest of the apparatus, the distance of one figure at a time for the units, and the second wheel, the distance of one figure at a time for the hundreds: so that the tickets present a numbered end to the eye of the printer, as he works his lever. Lest there should be any mistake, however, through a moment's lapse of attention on the part of the workman, there is a Checking Machine — also the invention of Mr. Edmondson — by which the printed tickets are finally tested. They are piled in a shaft, and dropped, one by one, by the turning of a handle which turns also an index, numbered; so that the number turned up and the ticket dropped should correspond. This process is so easy that six hundred per minute can be disposed of.

There are specimens in this room of all the receptacles for tickets invented by Mr. Edmondson; the Issue Cases, of various prices and constructions, from the small one needed at a little rural station or on board a steamer, to the great cupboard required at any central railway station. There are the shafts or columns which are to be kept supplied with tickets, the undermost of which tickets is to be drawn out by the touch of a finger-tip; and there are the slips of slate on which the clerk is to note down the number of the ticket with which he begins his issue for the train then in hand. There are drawers or cases, with compartments, with similar slips of slate for humbler uses. There is also a more important little machine than any other but the printing-machine — the Dating-press. We are all familiar with the click of the sort of bottle-jack which stands on the counter of every booking-office; that machine into which the clerk pushes one end of the ticket he is selling, and from which it comes out dated. This is Mr. Edmondson's conve-

nient dating-press, which does its work without any further trouble to the clerk than his changing the type the last thing at night for the next day, and seeing now and then that the ribbon is duly saturated with the mixture which is to ink the type. Let us see — what is there besides in this quiet little Dublin office? There is the box of type, in the slits of which are the arranged types — the names of the stations, all ready to be transferred to the form in the machine. And there is a neat mahogany slide or case, in which the printed tickets are marshalled, to be tied in packets of two hundred and fifty; and whence they are taken to be packed in their proper drawers, in readiness for the orders which will certainly be coming in soon. In the general directions issued, in the form of a pamphlet, to all clerks-in-charge on railways, it is the first order that they are to be incessantly careful to keep a sufficient provision of tickets from their own station to every other to which passengers are booked: and especially when fairs, or other incidents, are likely to cause an increased demand; and next, that the tubes are to be duly replenished with tickets, the lowest number being at the bottom. Each clerk had need be careful to watch lest any of his stock should be misplaced; for, if too high a number gets abroad, he must account for all below it. The rule is, that the clerk must make good all deficiencies, and pay over all surplus money. This is no hardship to an able and honest clerk, who will not get wrong in his accounts; and it is a necessary rule, it the vast host of railway clerks is to be kept in any order at all. But it renders a sharp look-out a matter of indispensable self-defence to the official who lives under such an ordinance. After the closing of the hatch in the booking-office, the account of the passengers just despatched has to be made out; and this is done by means of the numbering on the ticket. The closing number that went away by the preceding train is booked; and at the bottom of the tube is the lowest number remaining; the number between the two is that which has now to be accounted for — that, of course, of the passengers who are now whirling away to their several destinations. The clerk has to record twice the closing number of the tickets for each train; that is, in the compartments at the station, and in the proper column in the passengers' ticket-book, which is ruled and printed for the purpose. There are returns, in a puzzling number, to be filled up daily, several of which are connected, more or less, with the records involved in the delivery of these wonderful tickets. We will not perplex ourselves with them now, but merely glance at the trouble occasioned by any passenger omitting to supply himself with a ticket, or to deliver it up on leaving the platform at any intermediate station; and again, at the business — no trifle — of

tying up in one mass the tickets of every arrival train, after the passengers are off and away, into a hundred homes, or inns, or new trains. These used-up tickets are marked with the numbers of each class from every other station, and transmitted to the check-clerk's office by the first through-train the following morning. Thus it is seen that these tickets are the currency by which the bargain of travel is carried on, and without which the business would be as clumsy as a state of barter is in comparison with one of established monetary arrangements.

And how did the invention of Mr. Edmondson reach this extent of perfection?

On his machines may be seen the name of Blaylock; Blaylock was a watchmaker, an acquaintance of Edmondson's, and a man whom he knew to be capable of working out his idea. He told him what he wanted; and Blaylock understood him, and realised his thought. The third machine that they made was nearly as good as those now in use. The one we saw had scarcely wanted five shillings' worth of repairs in five years; and, when it needs more, it will be from sheer wearing away of the brass-work, by constant hard friction. The Manchester and Leeds Railway Company were the first to avail themselves of Mr. Edmondson's invention; and they secured his services at their station at Oldham Road, for a time. He took out a patent; and his invention became so widely known and appreciated, that he soon withdrew himself from all other engagements, to perfect its details and provide tickets to meet the daily growing demand. He let out his patent on profitable terms — ten shillings per mile per annum; that is, a railway of thirty miles long paid him fifteen pounds a year for a license to print its own tickets by his apparatus; and a railway of sixty miles long paid him thirty pounds, and so on. As his profits began to come in, he began to spend them; and it is not the least interesting part of his history to see how. It has been told that he was a bankrupt early in life. The very first use he made of his money was to pay every shilling he had ever owed. He was forty-six when he took that walk in the field in Northumberland. He was fifty-eight when he died, on the twenty-second of June, last year.

When we glance over the Railway Reports of the United Kingdom for a single year, it may strike us that a vast deal of riding has come out of one solitary walk — a prodigious machinery of convenience out of one turn of a sagacious man's thought. It is not an exaggeration to attribute a considerable proportion of the existing passenger traffic to the skilful administration of tickets, any more than it is to ascribe much of the increase of commercial business to the institution of a convenient currency. The present number of travellers could not have been forwarded if their tickets must

still have been torn off printed sheets or books, and filled up with pen and ink. If it be said that this is one of the inventions which is sure to come because it is so much wanted, and that Thomas Edmondson happened to be the man: we may safely say that he was the man who conceived a vast idea with the true sagacity of genius, and worked it out with industry and patience, and enjoyed its honours with modesty, and dispensed its fruits with honour and generosity. We do not know what his best friends need claim for him more.

CHIPS.

FAIRY RINGS.

SCIENCE, some years ago, used to be only another word for prose. If the fancy took a flight, and created a few beautiful scenes for its own contemplation, down came science and blotted them all out. The rainbows that hung over a waterfall were explained with the most petrifying accuracy. They became mere refractions of the sun's rays from the agitated spray. Echoes had no Lurleis lamenting their miserable fate, and appealing for help or compassion. They were replications of sound, produced by the undulatory air-wave being pushed back by the resistance of a brick wall. Ghosts were Brewstered into natural appearances; and the Fairy Rings were the result of fungi!

Oh! were they? We have a word or two to say on that subject, which we trust will restore those circular ball-rooms to their original possessors, and enable us to look on them once more without disgusting associations with toad-stools and mushrooms. How can fungi keep so exactly circular in their progress? or why should not they stretch their lines straight forward, or to one side, or in squares? Moreover, how is it possible for them to begin their proceedings at the outer portion of the ring? How, then, are the Fairy Rings produced? You don't wish us to believe in the revels of Oberon and Titania, though the peasant, returning from his work, *has* seen the glimmer of the fairies' dance in a corner of the grass-field near the plantation. About six inches high these fairies seem; all clothed in sparkling garments, glittering like ladies at a court ball with diamonds glancing in the light. Sometimes they stand on tip-toe, or spring up to the height of a foot; and sometimes they seem to curtsey to the ground; then, all of a sudden, as if disturbed by the observation of a mortal, they disappear. The peasant rubs his eyes and wonders. He goes up to the place where they have tripped so merrily, and finds the herbage brown and trodden down as if by thousands of tiny feet. In a day or two the grass recovers its greenness, the footsteps of the dancers are recognised by the superior strength of the vegetation where they whirled each other round in

the waltz; and then — as if the soil was warmed by their dancing, and all its productive powers increased by contact with their light fantastic toes — appears a crop of fungi. The fungi follow the exact course of the circle traced in the revels of the fairies; and science, which has lately left colleges and cloisters, and is in fact more poetical than all the nine Muses put together, ratifies the peasant's declaration, and only adds in a whisper that the fairies are — Electricity. Electric sparks are the heroes of that assembly room; more brilliant and flashing than the dandies celebrated by Pope: —

"More lucky than Fungoso at the play,
These sparks with anxious vanity display
What the fine gentlemen wore yesterday."

It was an old idea that lightning was the cause of Fairy Rings; but the agricultural mind was incredulous of the action of so subtle an agent, and fell back for repose on the Fungus theory. Without any acquaintance with the previous guesses which had attributed these poetical circles to lightning, a friend of ours was standing under a tree on his lawn, when, on looking at a Fairy Ring a few yards in advance of him, he was surprised to observe that the outline of the tree was strictly followed upon the grass. The completeness of the circle was marred by the projecting branches, and it had, in every respect, the appearance of having been interrupted by the tree and of having flowed down from leaf and spray, indenting itself on the ground, like a permanent shadow of the obstructing parts. He remarked that the traces were all on the southern side of the tree; and, in all his subsequent observations, he found it a universal characteristic of the rings that they were produced by a motion from the northward. In the north is the great storehouse of electric power; and, when a supply is required in other directions, the Fairy Rings are halting-places on its way from head-quarters. You may have observed that sometimes the circle is not perfect, even in situations where there are no trees or other solid objects to affect its form. You will often see, for instance, that the southern portion of the ring is incomplete; and this you will find to be uniformly the case when the declination of the ground is such that the electric sparks strike on the northern part first, and are carried forward before they touch the lower piece of ground, which slopes rapidly to the south. In this case it has the appearance of a horse-shoe lying with its toe to the north. On the other hand, when the impact takes place upon a flat surface, the ring is perfect, from the uninterrupted circular progress of the fluid; and if, by any chance, it hits upon a field with a slight declination to the north, the figure is irregular in the thickness of its ring, as if it had been flattened by the resistance of the ground.

The experiments of Mr. Crosse and others on the prolific and ripening effects of streams of electricity on fields of wheat, will explain the cause of the vigorous vegetation where these circles are made. Whatever germ may be in the land is awakened to immediate life. Strange weeds, and even grasses of an unusual kind, have been found actively springing up under the electric excitement; and these vivifying effects extend several inches into the soil. But, of all the inquiries of our friend, the strangest conclusion, certainly, is the stoppage of the electric fluid by an intervening object, such as a house or tree, and the definition of this object on the grass on its southern side. A strong confirmation of these conclusions is found in an old number of the Quarterly Review (No. 59), where, in a notice of Dr. Dwight's travels in New England, the following passage occurs, so strictly in accordance with the theory we have attempted to explain, that it seems a very fitting termination of our Chip.

"A person in Virginia, standing at his door during a great thunder-gust, was killed; an intermediate tree at some distance was struck at the same time; and, when the corpse was examined, it was found that the tree was delineated upon it in miniature; the surrounding part of the body being livid, but that which was covered by the tree, of its natural colour. He (Dr. Dwight) gives this as a well-known and well-attested fact; but adds that he does not pledge himself for the truth of it, because it appears so improbable and unphilosophical. Our knowledge in many branches of natural history would be much less imperfect than it is, if many facts had not been suppressed — either from a fear, like this, lest they should be thought incredible, or from that unreasoning incredulity, which will not, even upon the strongest testimony, give credence to anything which it cannot explain."

ALICE'S POS

AN old house, very old, so that decay
Made a most visible progress day by day;
The very pigeons from its moss-grown roof,
Full of forebodings, seemed to keep aloof —
As even their light weight might serve to bring
Down toppling ornaments, so tottering
As the stone carven vases duly set
At intervals along the parapet.
Yet, on the very summit of the roof,
A group of poppies year by year gave proof
Of summer's influence, and flaunting grew
Unmatched in beauty and unbleached in hue,
So rich in colour and so wondrous fair,
Men marvelled how such garden-flowers came there.

Little Alice idly sitteth
In a casement high and deep,
And her cunning garland knitteth
From a freshly-gathered heap;
She is called — and nurse will chide it,
So, ill brooking all reproof,
She flung forth her wreath to hide it,
Up, upon the slanting roof.

Little Alice grew a lady,
And her garland also grew,
In a nook secure and shady,
Far from reach yet full in view.
She, like them, held men at distance,
Very calm, and proud, and fair.
Who can tell what cold resistance
Loving hearts encountered there?

Once she said — perchance 't was lightly,
Or to hold such friends aloof: —
"See my poppy wreath, how brightly
It is waving on the roof;
Knights of yore refused no trial,
Knew no peril, spurned all pain:
He need never fear denial,
Who brings me yon wreath again."

Near that mansion, many-gabled,
Lived a student, loved her well,
And his busy fancy fabled
All good gifts with her must dwell.
Struggling onward, poor and lowly,
Still he watched her from afar;
As, to pilgrim — image holy;
As, to pilot — guiding star.

All day long her posies gleaming
Wooed him from their lofty crest;
All night long his fevered dreaming
Saw him of the wreath possessed.
(Surely they were magic flowers
Blooming on such verge extreme,
And they shewed their mystic powers
By their influence on his dream.)

Lo! one midnight from his casement,
Crept the sleeper to the roof;
Those who saw him, in amazement,
Marvelled what was his behoof.
'Twixt that mansion's outer gable
Props extend, his home to meet —
Frail, and old, and sore unstable,
Hang they o'er the narrow street.

Fast the gazers' hearts are beating —
The roof slants so straight and steep,
There's no rest, and no retreating,
Should aught chance to break his sleep.
But they watch him softly, steady,
Creeping on his prize to gain:
Did that high and haughty lady
Dream no dream of grief or pain?

Back in safety, back he passes;
Anxious crowds have filled the street —
And, from all these breathless masses,
Shouts his safe returning greet.

Wakened up, he graspeth tightly
Flowers late blooming on the roof;
Through his web of fortune, brightly
Silver threads pervade the woof.

At that moment, Lady Alice
From a festive scene returned,
Guest of late in yonder palace
Where the lights still brightly burned.
From her carriage steps the beauty,
Marvelling what crowd is there;
And they stand aside in duty,
Giving place to one so fair.

On her threshold stands the student,
Crowns her with her poppy wreath;
Had not love, the young imprudent,
Snatched it from the jaws of death.
Into tears of strong relenting,
Trembling cold, with sudden fright,
All her wilful pride repenting,
Chose she him her lord that night.

Happy student! Happy lady!
She, it seems, had marked him long,
And her woman's wit was ready
To do other suitors wrong.
For a hope had scarce existed
Very vague, and wild, and vain,
As that mortal, unassisted,
Could that poppy wreath attain.

But his peril won her over
To a sudden burst of tears:
Tears, her inmost heart discover —
Heart, she had concealed for years.
Pride retreated, all unequal
To a further course pursue.
To their lives' end runs the sequel —
Love reigned warm and fond and true.

This is the strange old story that they told
Of a deserted mansion, very old,
That, in the centre of my native town,
Looks on its humbler neighbours proudly down
And should you doubt it, is there not a proof
In the bright poppies glowing on the roof? —
Where still they flourish, though for many a day,
Both Alice and he [illegible] away.

—

DEAD, OR ALIVE?

GREAT heroes and great malefactors lay such hold of the popular imagination, that it is difficult to believe in the reality of their decease. Though they are unslain in battle, or cast off from a scaffold in presence of a thousand spectators, whispers soon begin to spread that the death-wound was not fatal, or that the culprit escaped strangulation by wearing a silver pipe down his throat. Harold survives the Battle of Hastings; and Fauntleroy is a merchant in New York. Kings have the same prescriptive tenacity of life, whether they were culprits or heroes. Richard the Second of England, James the Fourth of Scotland, and Sebastian of Portugal, lived in the belief of their respective nations long after their brains were out. The peasantry of Alsace are in expectation at this moment of the reappearance of Napoleon, and Russian serfs are said to talk mysteriously of the return of Alexander from his retirement at Taganrog. We can fancy a meeting between uncle and nephew, and also between the Tartaric brothers, which would be rather embarrassing to all parties. A snug little club of post-funereal monarchs might easily be got up; and here is the history of a candidate, who, we trust, will have no chance of being ed by the firmest ne right and here- An objection, to be raised, that by the very terms of this account he forfeits his qualification as a member of a society of the deadly-lively, seeing that he is finally settled and decently buried at last; but who knows but that the settlement may have been as unsubstantial, and his coffin as empty on this occasion as on the first? If a man comes to life once, why not twice or any number of times? At all events, it will be agreed that up to the year 1830 he would have been an eligible candidate; for it was only in that year that any well-authenticated narrative of his (real) death was given to the public.

A French officer, who had served with distinction in the wars of Napoleon, found himself and his sword growing equally rusty in a land where golden epaulets and a silver scabbard were more valued than the bold heart or steel blade. Year after year passed on, and Major Grasigny found his moustachios getting greyer, and his purse emptier — without a hope of a rejuvenescence of his hair, or replenishment of his pocket. What was he to do? He had heard from a regimental chaplain that it was strongly recommended to convert certain implements of warfare into plough-shares, and he determined to follow the advice; but, as he had no land on which to exercise his agricultural skill, even after the transformation had been effected, he resolved to leave France to the most pious and gluttonous of

kings, and betake himself to a country where a stout arm and firm resolve might keep him, at all events, from poverty and contempt. So Major Grasigny, of the second battalion of the Imperial Guard, collected the small remainder of his wealth, shook off the dreams of fresh campaigns that had haunted his pillow ever since he had been borne down by the last charge at Waterloo; left off his military strut; studied "Books of the Farm" and the "Dairyman's Guide," and embarked at Dieppe, to settle in the backwoods of America.

The journey from New York to the Pacific is now a matter of every-day occurrence; it is so common indeed, and everybody has heard so much about it, that everybody knows all the stopping-places as well as his way to church. Unfortunately, the Major was not a great geographer, and knew nothing of natural history; so his contribution to the stores of our useful information was neither extensive nor valuable. He climbed an infinite variety of mountains; was nearly drowned half-a-dozen times in crossing nameless rivers; was, of course, swamped three or four times in canoes; narrowly escaped twice from a prairie on fire; encountered wild Indians; had a fight with forty buffaloes; and, in short, went through the usual adventures of an emigrant in search of a home.

Faintly and wearily the way-worn traveller saw the end of his journey approaching at last: and also of his possessions. A few dollars were all that remained to him when he arrived at the district in which he proposed to set up his staff. The name of it has never been exactly discovered, the Gallic pronunciation being unfavourable to geographical identification; but, as nearly as it could be made out, it was the township of Squash-bash, beautifully situated on the bank of the River of Salt. The Salt River, as it is more familiarly called by Anglo-Saxon tongues, was at that time almost the utmost limit of what is called civilisation: the said civilisation consisting in a superior knowledge of rifle shooting, and large importations of gin. The major had walked on in advance of the humble vehicle that conveyed his goods, and rejoiced to find himself once more restored to the bosom of a Christian society; for, in the course of his walk, he came upon the body of an Indian recently shot, and nearly stumbled over the person of a gentleman from Kentucky who lay across the path-way, immensely drunk. Encouraged by these sights he hurried forward; and, on emerging from the forest, the settlement of Squash-bash met his eyes. In more senses than one it was the settlement of his hopes. He didn't know the richness of that virgin soil, the advantages of that glorious river, the healthful alternations of that delicious climate from the black hole of Calcutta to the top of Caucasus. He

saw nothing but what positively met his eyes. A primrose to him was nothing but a primrose, whether it grew by a river's brim, or hung from a dandy's button-hole. It was a dull, dead, uniform plain, overgrown with coarse reeds and traversed by a vulgar, sullen-looking stream, which recalled to him neither the luxuriance of the Rhine, nor the glories of the Danube. There was no sign of human habitation wherever he turned his eyes. It was not long, however, before he discovered that he was not the monarch of all he surveyed; for he had not sat down many minutes to rest himself on the trunk of a fallen tree, when he heard the whizz of a bullet close at his ear, and the sharp crack of a rifle at no great distance. A thin wreath of smoke revealed the spot whence the assault proceeded; and, jumping to his feet, the major ferociously placed his right hand on his left-hand pocket, as if in instant expectation of feeling the hilt of a sword, and advanced rapidly to where his enemy had taken up his position. The rifle still pointed towards the inoffensive stranger, and was held by a gentleman with a remarkably long nose and small eyes, and a thin, lanky figure enveloped in a suit of loose, flowing nankeen, and surmounted by a sombrero of enormous breadth. At his belt, also, he wore a brace of double-barrelled pistols, and a couple of thick-handled daggers; for he was a justice of the peace, and had formerly been employed as a missionary among the native tribes.

"I'll larn yer to dismolish my household furniture, you Hivite and Perizzite," he said. "Do you think Hiramopolis is a captured city, that you kick about my tables and chairs in that ere owdacious manner?"

The major knew very little English; in fact, his knowledge of that language was limited to the short prayer or adjuration with which our countrymen, from an excess of religious enthusiasm, are in the habit of interlarding even their secular conversation. He therefore gave utterance to it as a sort of Shibboleth, which was to show he was no hostile intruder into the land. But Hiram Blotts, for such was the name of the worthy magistrate, was not entirely satisfied by the address, but continued his objurgation —

"You swearing Canaanite, I've a good mind to fine yer a dollar for that 'ere oath launched at an officer of the States in the execution of his duty. Why did yer sit down on my 'hogany table, you insolent French Jebusite with the dirty beard? Get out of Hiramopolis, or I'll send you to jail for three months as a rogue and vagabond."

And as he spoke, he pointed in a threatening manner to a little rise of the ground about a hundred yards to his left, as if to call the major's attention to the city prison, which figured in that position on the plan of the future town. There was something in the tone

of Hiram's voice which jarred on the Frenchman's feelings, and he was on the eve of taking his chance of the marksmanship of his opponent, and coming to close quarters, when a person who had hitherto been lying in the reeds at Hiram's feet, to all appearance sound asleep, lifted his head and asked, in a tone of surprise, what the quarrel was about.

"Drop it, Abinoam," said Mr. Blotts, "and let me settle the besieger. He's been and took possession of all my moveables — sofas, chairs, and tables, as if he had bought 'em out of a 'polsterer's shop."

Abinoam, in a sort of French unknown either at Paris or Stratford-le-Bow, explained the cause of his friend's indignation; and the major was surprised to learn that in sitting down on the fallen tree, he was supposed to have attempted to infeft himself in all the articles which the proprietor had intended to manufacture out of it. With an eye of prevision that saw many weeks into futurity, Hiram beheld on his lot — which he had modestly named Hiramopolis — all the glories yet to be: — the town-hall, the gaol, the market, and a rich and flourishing population owning him as their founder and exemplar. Mahogany tables, rosewood chairs, and oak-posted beds were all present to Hiram's inspired glance in the trunk and branches of the gigantic elm tree on which the major had taken a short repose.

But the sound of his own language, even in the perverted pronunciation of Abinoam, repaid him for all his fatigue and danger.

"Where did you learn French?" he inquired. "Is there any one near here who understands it?"

Abinoam nodded his head, and pointed down the river.

"I've helped the Pasher of Egypt with his crop of maize, and larned his lingo by hearing of him talk."

The major was greatly disappointed. He thought Abinoam was trying his tricks upon travelers by referring him to the Pacha of Egypt, and looked for information to the justice of the peace, who still played doubtfully with the cock of his rifle.

"We calls his location Egypt 'cause of the flesh-pots; and he's such a tarnation grand old file, we always names him the Pasher."

"But he's a Frenchman for all that, and the kindest and justest old gentleman as ever I see," added Abinoam.

"Then at last I have found a friend!" exclaimed the major. "Lead me to where he lives."

"He scarcely lives nowhere," said Abinoam, "for he's a-dying."

"If I had known you had been a friend of his'n, I wouldn't have given you this here reception," said the potentate of Hiramopolis, dropping the cock of his gun; "for there ain't a braver or truer soul, no part of this world nor any other, than the good old Pasher, and no mistake."

"Is it far from this place?" inquired the major; and after Abi-

noam had conveyed the import of the inquiry to his companion, that individual shaded his eyes and began to look very attentively into the sky at an angle of about sixty degrees; and having at last obtained a view of the imaginary church-clock which was to form the central ornament of his future capital, he said, "I guess you'll get there afore six o'clock on them 'ere legs as you trust your body on. I could walk there in two hours, and 'Binoam shall show you the way."

"A countryman!" thought Major Grasigny, "in this wilderness, and to find him dying! At all events, I will cheer his last hours with the sound of the old familiar tongue. A French voice, even in a tone of unkindness, would be music to my ears." The way was not quite so long as Hiram had prognosticated, or perhaps the major's legs were not so inefficient; for, just as the sun rested his broad disk on the top of the enormous forest on the western bank of the river, Abinoam pointed to a low thatched cottage, made of rough unbarked trees, and intimated that that was the palace inhabited by the Egyptian Pasher.

"Go along," he said, "and lift the latch. He don't like many folks at a time, so I won't go in to interduce yer. I must be off to old Hiram to help lay the foundation stone of the town-hall, or he swears he won't give me a lease of the principal hotel in the city — the Hiram Arms."

The major bestowed a gratuity on the expectant landlord, and gave him instructions for the bestowal of his luggage when it arrived; and, occupied with many thoughts and anticipations, he proceeded towards the hut. It was surrounded with more signs of civilisation than he had yet encountered in the back-woods. There were large tracts of pasture and corn land partitioned into fields; a farm-yard well filled with stacks gave evidence of the fertility of the soil; while long lines of stables and cattle-sheds gave farther proof of agricultural wealth. The major walked quietly up to the door of the cottage. A low, almost noiseless knock received no answer, and he at last lifted the latch and stood upon the smooth clay floor.

"*Sang de San Gennaro!*" a voice exclaimed from a corner of the room. "I hear a soldier's step! Who goes there?" The voice proceeded from a low truckle-bed without curtains, almost hidden from view by the depth of the recess it occupied.

"A friend," answered Grasigny, in the language in which he had been addressed, advancing towards the bed and gazing compassionately on the wasted features of his evidently dying host.

"This is too much happiness," exclaimed the latter, in a feeble voice. "I never expected to hear the dear old sounds again. You are a soldier?"

"I was a soldier," replied the major, "when swords and courage

were of more value than ribbons and genealogical trees."

"Where have you served?" again inquired the sick man.

"Everywhere — Italy, Egypt, Germany, Russia —"

"And I — and I —! What arm?"

"The Old Guard — Our last fight was Waterloo."

"Give me your hand; I was at all — except the last. Oh! would I had had the fortune to have charged on that day, the event might have been different! Who knows? You remember the Pyramids?"

"Aye, I was wounded by a Mameluke spear. I was in Desaix's division, and a sharp fight we had of it."

"You were pushed by the cavalry on all the sides of the square. I saw your need —"

"We owed our victory to the gallant Murat. Never shall I forget the noble charge that drove the enemy into the Nile. I see the white plume yet in the tempest of dust and smoke — ever foremost, ever unsullied — then his war-cry sounded louder and more inspiring than a trumpet, and his generosity was equal to his valour. There has been no such Frenchman as the King of Naples since the days of Bayard,"

"You recall many things to my recollection which in this hour were perhaps better forgotten," said the dying man with a sigh. "Do you intend to return to Europe?"

"Never!" replied the major. "The old countries have no use for a man like me."

"The time will come," said the other after a pause. "The eagle will have another flight, and you may live to see the spreading of his wings. When that moment comes, all the true sons of France must be found at their posts. You will press once more the soil of our noble land; you will bear from me a message; you will say that, living or dying, there was but one thought in my heart — will you do this? Promise it to a brother-soldier and a dying man?"

A closer grasp of the hand he held was the major's reply; and, gratified by his consent, the invalid closed his eyes and in a few moments was asleep. The company of his countryman had a wonderful effect in renewing the old man's strength. Day after day passed on in the midst of recollections of their campaigns; a friendship such as only exiles in a foreign land can know, sprang up between them. Pierre Laverdy could not bear Grasigny to be absent a moment from the side of his bed. He called in the services of our friend Hiram Blotts, and made a will in favour of the major, leaving him all the property he possessed. All legal formalities were gone through, and Pierre seemed contented to die now that a countryman and old fellow-soldier was to succeed to his effects. Grasigny was grateful, as befitted a person who derived so much benefit from the affection of his friend; and a hundred times a day repeated the

promise he had given to be his benefactor's messenger to his relatives in France, and to convey to them the memorials of their friend's recollection. This r peated promise appeared to give increased satisfaction, when the salutary influence of Grasigny's presence lost its effect, and the disease under which he suffered made alarming progress. He felt at last that a few hours would bring his course to a close, and one night when a single candle was dimly illuminating the little chamber, he had himself propped up upon his pillow, and with his hand pressed in the major's, thus began: —

"I have not told you, my dear Grasigny, who I really am. Pierre Laverdy is an assumed name; but, though a vow of silence on that subject seals my lips, you will learn my history when you go back to Europe. That you have seen me will not even be believed; but be bold and confident. There are still hearts in France that will feel that my words are true. To them only you will communicate what now I tell you. Say to them, that for fifteen years after they had mourned me as the tenant of a crimson grave, I was alive; but hindered, by reasons which it was impossible to overcome, from making my existence known. The first whisper of my name would have been death to my benefactor. The man who saved me would the victim of his gene- e success of his endea- been suspected. And thus it was. I was condemned by a pretended Court-martial to die the death of a traitor. I, a traitor! whose whole soul was bent on the salvation of my country! I, whose heart beat for nothing but honour! But, enough — you will understand my thoughts.

"When the sentence was given, I stood erect and fearless — a curl of scorn on my lip, a glance of contempt in my eye. The deed was to take place at night, in an old hall of justice, near the scene of my capture. My companions were taken from my side — I was powerless and alone. A groan rose from one end of the table at which the Court was sitting; I looked to the place it came from, but I saw nothing but a grey head, covered with two trembling hands, through the closed fingers of which tears fell fast. I was marched away, and lodged in a dungeon underground. I had but two hours to prepare for death. I know not how long I had been immured, when the door of the prison opened, and a single figure stept upon the floor. It was a man, wrapt in a military cloak. There was no time for any introductory remarks; he placed one knee to the ground, and pressed his lips upon my hand. 'I served under you in Russia: you saved my life at Smolensko; I will save yours now, or die along with you.' I asked his name. He was a soldier of the third division — had distinguished himself in every battle: I knew him well. He drew from his breast the cross of the Legion

of Honour, kissed it in sign of his fidelity, and restored it to its hiding-place. 'I am officer of the guard,' he said. 'When you hear the muskets of your executioners, fall on your face, and lie motionless. Here is my cloak, in which to envelope your head and person when you fall. Leave the rest to me.'

"Again he knelt and kissed my hand, and left me. A muffled bell reached my prison; the door was thrown wide; a file of soldiers formed to be my escort; and we marched through dark and winding passages, ascended stairs, and found ourselves in a large hall lighted by a solitary lamp; and drawn up opposite me stood the firing-party in solemn silence. I looked at them, to discover, if possible, some sign of recognition; but the darkness was too great to enable me to discover a single feature. I heard their hearts beat in the midst of that voiceless calm. A legal officer at last began to read the sentence of the Court. I was conducted to within a few feet of the farther wall: the person who led me to the place gave my arm a grasp at parting. I stood up; opened my cloak once, to show my star and cross; then drew it close over my chest, and expected my fate. They fired; I fell, and lay motionless on the floor. Strange thoughts were in my heart at that moment. Was I wounded? Were the confused ideas that struggled within me the last beatings of life? I lay, perhaps, insensible; for my recollection of what passed is faint and dream-like. The firing-party was marched round me thrice. The officer lifted the fold of the cloak from off my face — 'A brave man has died,' he said; and replaced the covering. They left the hall, marching in slow time, and I felt I was alone.

"'Rise!' I heard a voice say at my ear; 'the bullets of the twelve muskets were drawn — you are unhurt; a cuirassier of the guards died last night — his body is perforated with balls; he will be buried within half-an-hour in the grave prepared for you. Retire from Europe, or my life is the forfeit: breathe not of your escape. Here is a bundle, where you will find a disguise — your jewels will provide for your passage. Let a poor brother-soldier clasp your hand. Farewell!'

"He hurried me out. I availed myself of the clothes he had brought me, exchanged some jewels for a considerable sum of money, and, without any difficulty or misadventure, came over to the land of freedom. And now I am about to die. Lift me higher, for though we are alone, I will only tell you the rest in whispers: put your ear to my lips. When I am dead," he continued, "you will find in that wardrobe in the lower drawer a wooden case; take it, but do not open it till it reaches its destination. Carry it to Europe. Wait till the good time comes — come it will, though slowly. Then, when it will no longer be counted a disgrace to have fought for

France, then, I tell you, take the sacred pledge I put into your charge, and give it — to — nearer, nearer! — that you may hear the name." The major stooped his head to the very mouth of the dying man, and waited anxiously for his last instructions; but no voice came — no breath moved upon his cheek. The heart of Pierre Laverdy had ceased to beat, and Grasigny sate beside a corpse. Long he sat, musing and silent. At last he threw open the shutters of the little casement at the side of the bed, and the moon poured into the room. It fell upon the features of the dead, which now, for the first time, were fully revealed to the observer's gaze: hitherto, the darkness of the corner in which he lay had concealed them. The white beams fell upon a noble brow; and even the wasting of the cheeks and the rigidity of the lips could not hide the majestic lineaments and heroic expression which must have characterised his countenance in health. Memories seemed to rise to the major from the past, like fragments of wreck from the depths of the sea. He touched the motionless hands with more respect as he crossed them upon the breast. A sacred something had filled him with reverence when first he had heard the tones of the voice; and now, when he lay before him in that wild solitude — so far from France, so unknown to all the world — he felt that he had only renewed an acquaintance with the noble spirit whom he had admired and followed so long; and again and again he knelt beside the bed, and wondered if it indeed could be. Doubt took possession of him from time to time, till a glance at the grand features and sublime repose of the departed restored his belief. The few preparations were soon made.

In a deep dell near the river, under a clump of wild magnolias, the body was committed to its rest; and Grasigny devoted himself to the fulfilment of his benefactor's command.

In the year 1848 there was a grand review in the Champ de Mars, in Paris. A glittering escort accompanied the Chief of the State, who was still the unperjured governor of a free and gallant people. Near his side rode an officer without any decorations, to whom, however, more respect was paid than his military rank required. His name was shouted out with expressions of admiration as he rode along the Boulevards, gracefully reining in the fiery Arab he rode, and bowing graciously on either hand. A grey-haired man, who stood at a corner where he could see the whole procession close at hand, as he approached, examined him minutely. There was something in his air that struck him. There was a high and noble brow, firm manly lips and eyes that told of the proud spirit within. There was a military look in the grey-haired man which commanded attention; a

cross of the Legion of Honour was on his breast.

"Monseigeur," he said, as the cavalcade passed, "I desire a word with you."

The fiery Arab was checked in a moment, and the rider stooped to his saddle-bow.

"My name is Grasigny, major — second battalion, Old Guard."

The horseman touched his hat and smiled.

"May I call on you to-night at six. I think I have a communication to make to you with which you will be pleased."

"To see a soldier of the Old Guard will please me at all times," said the courteous cavalier, and galloped off.

Grasigny was true to his appointment. The officer received him graciously. With chisel and hammer the major undid the lid of the wooden case, lifted from it a sword, carefully enveloped in a brilliant sash — held it to the light, and read a few words inscribed upon the gold plate of the handle.

"Monseigneur, my suspicions are confirmed," he said, and handed the sword to the officer, who started on seeing the inscription, and then covered the blade with kisses, alternating with tears. The words of the inscription were these: —

NAPOLEON TO JOACHIM MURAT,
AUSTERLITZ,
2ND DECEMBER, 1805.

THE GUANO DIGGINGS.

THREE rocks, without a blade of grass upon them — their brown surface cracked by a hot sun, whose beams are rarely intercepted by a cloud — rocks upon which no rain has fallen since the Deluge — yield at present the chief riches of Peru. They are the Chincha Islands. Ships are ever gathering about them to bear off the fatness covering their ribs; that is to say, the guano, which shall fertilise the over-taxed and wasted fields of distant countries. To this guano district may now be added that of the Lobos Islands, to which Peru lays a disputed claim; but, I believe that the deposit of guano in the Lobos Islands falls far short, both in quantity and in quality, of that on the Chinchas, from which all the Peruvian guano brought into Great Britain has been taken.

My starting point for the guano diggings was Port Philip, or Victoria, as it is now called; but we are now going gently, if you please, before the south-east trade wind, just opening out the bay of Callao, the sea-port of Lima. For the last few hours we have been gliding slowly along the coast, gazing upon scenery which I should like to describe, but dare not; for though, like most sailors, a pretty good hand at painting a lower mast-head or a topsail yard, I can make nothing of a sketch in pen and ink. Paint for yourself, therefore, the huge masses of rugged brown moun-

tains, rising in steps from the green sea, and the white surf at their base, until the pure blue sky seems to be resting on their distant peaks, where the harsh contrast between earth and air is softened, less by distance than by the dim glitter of the everlasting snow. A fleecy bank of cloud ascending from some unseen valley belongs also to the picture.

Though we are bound only for the Chincha Islands, yet we come to an anchor at Callao; we have already passed the islands once. Here I may say a word on what is a great annoyance to all masters of ships visiting Peru, and a source of additional expense to English ship-owners and charterers. Every guano ship is compelled to enter inwards and outwards at Callao; thus, in the first place, sailing about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the islands to reach the port; then,—always against a head wind—beating the hundred and fifty miles back again to Pisco—a small port close to the Chinchas. Here she anchors, and goes through some formal performance or other, remaining sometimes two or three days. Then she sails back again nine or ten miles to the islands, where she loads and afterwards returns to Pisco. Then she goes back to Callao, and finally passes the islands for the fifth, and happily, the last time, on her homeward passage. Over all this battledore duty a ship often wastes nearly a month, besides generally losing some of her hands from desertion in Callao. Certain it is, however, that there is invariably more formality in petty principalities and dwarf republics, than in states which are more able to enforce respect. Peru is by no means a tremendous power, and it is a token of good in the way of civilisation, that the huge merchantmen should let themselves be bullied by her, when the whole fleet of the golden republic might be sailed off with in one parcel, quietly stowed away on board a Cunard liner. It consisted, when I saw it, of the steamer Rimac, two guns; the brig Gamarrez, eight guns; and a little schooner of four guns; the latter stationed at the islands to enforce respect from some sixty or seventy vessels of all nations.

And now up comes the anchor from its berth amongst the ruins of the old town of Callao, over which our ship is floating. A long low point still shows the remains of the last meal made by the earthquake, which, like a dragon with the stomach of an ostrich, has so frequently snapped up tit-bits of town, that the inhabitants appear to have declined providing stone fruit for it. The present houses of Callao are mere sheds of cane and mud, which, in case of a disturbance, yield no heavy brickbats to be cast down on the heads of their inhabitants. Tall houses built of any heavy material are not eligible residences in an earthquake district.

After five days tacking against the trade wind we round the large island of San Gallan, which forms part of the Chincha group, but contains little guano. We anchor then before the town of Pisco — a little Callao in point of size, but greater than Callao in the points of dirt and drunkenness. It gives its name to a kind of white brandy well known in the South Seas. It is also especially noted as the residence of an English butcher, who supplies his countrymen with all manner of provisions, from green turtle to red-herrings. I have little doubt that his prices are remunerating, as he has the shipping trade all to himself.

Again the ship is in motion, and in an hour the proximity of the guano islands is evident to all but the most nominal noses, for though still five or six miles to windward, the scent of the guano becomes stronger at every ship's length. The three islands lie nearly due north and south; the breadth of the passage between them being about a mile in one instance, and two miles in the other. The south island is as yet untouched, and from a visit I paid it, I should suppose it to contain more guano than is found in either of the others. The middle island, at which we loaded, has been moderately worked, but the greatest quantity of guano is taken from the north island. In their general formation the islands are alike. They all rise, on the side next the main land, in a perpendicular wall of rock; from the edge of this precipice, the guano then slopes upwards to the centre of each island, where a pinnacle of rock rises above the surface; from this point it descends to the sea by a gentle declivity, the guano continuing to within a few feet of the water. Each island has, at a distance, the appearance of a flattened cone, but they have all been originally broken into rocky hills and valleys. The deposits of guano having gradually filled up the valleys and risen above the rocks, the cuttings of the guano diggers vary from a depth of eighty or a hundred feet to merely a few inches. Though the islands are not large — their average circumference being about two miles — the accumulation of guano is almost incredible. Calculations as to the probable quantity, must, on account of the varying depth of the deposits, be very uncertain. I remember making an average of the depth, and deducing therefrom a rough estimate that the three small islands alone contain upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of tons of pure guano, which, at the rate of supply which has been going on during the last five or six years, would require about one hundred and eighty years for removal, and, at its English value — which, after deducting freight, is about five pounds per ton — would be worth twelve hundred and fifty millions sterling. This is exclusive of vast quantities which have been used by the Peruvians themselves.

A recent traveller in the country asserts that guano was used in the time of the Incas, and that the Spaniards learned its use from the Indians, who employed it constantly. It is chiefly applied in Peru to the cultivation of maize and potatoes. The mode of applying the manure differs from that generally adopted in England. After the plants appear above the ground, a small trench is opened, in some cases round each root, in others, along the lines. In this trench a small quantity of guano is placed, and slightly covered with earth; the whole field is then laid under water, and allowed to remain in that condition for a certain number of hours — from twenty to twenty-four. The water is then drained off, and the effect of the process is soon manifest in the rapid growth of the plants. Where a sufficient supply of water cannot readily be procured, other means of irrigation are adopted, but the guano is never sown broadcast, as in England. The name itself is Indian, originally huanu, signifying the excrement of animals, but altered to huano by the Spanish Peruvians; and, owing to their strong aspiration of the h, the English have taken the word from their lips in the shape of guano. It is found on all parts of the coast of South America, even so far south as Cape Horn; but that obtained from the Chincha Islands is the most highly prized, probably for its extreme dryness, as the islands lie within those latitudes in which — on that coast — rain never falls.

And now, having anchored between the north and middle islands, at the latter of which we are to load, we will borrow the boat and have a closer look at the huge muck heap. Pulling half round the island to the landing-place, we step ashore on a narrow slip of sandy beach, which appears to be cleared from the surrounding rocks for our special convenience. Our appearance disturbs thousands of the web-footed natives; these thousands count with the old hands as nothing, for they tell us that the shipping have driven all the birds away. Sailing above us is a flock of pelicans, hovering over the clear water like hawks, which they resemble in their mode of darting down or stooping on their prey. One of these every instant drops from the flock as though a ball had whistled through his brain, but, after a plunge, he is soon seen rising to the surface with a fish struggling in his capacious pouch. Nearer to us, whirling round our heads, are gannets, mews, mutton-birds, divers, gulls, guano-birds, and a host of others whose names are unknown to the vulgar. On the detached rocks and the lower edge of the island — member of a pretty numerous convocation — stands the penguin, the parson-bird of the sailor, whose good name is fairly earned by his cut-away black coat, white tie, and solemn demeanour. His short legs planted far back, and

his long body, do not fit him for a walk ashore; but he will sit for hours on a little rock just washed by the waves, apparently in such deep absence of mind, that passers-by are tempted to approach in hope of catching him. Just as the boat nears him, and a hand is already stretched out to grasp his neck, away he goes head over heels in a most irreverent and ridiculous manner, dives under the boat, and shows his head again about a quarter of a mile out at sea, where the sailor may catch him who can, for he is the fastest swimmer and the best diver that ever dipped. Stepping over the mortal remains of several sea-lions, in a few strides we are on the guano, and at the next step, in it up to our knees.

The guano is regularly stratified: the lower strata are solidified by the weight of the upper, and have acquired a dark red colour, which becomes gradually lighter towards the surface. On the surface it has a whitey-brown light crust, very well baked by the sun; it is a crust containing eggs, being completely honeycombed by the birds, which scratch deep, oblique holes in it to serve as nests, wherein eggs, seldom more than two to each nest, are deposited. These holes often running into each other, form long galleries with several entrances, and this mining system is so elaborately carried out, that you can scarcely put a foot on any part of the islands without sinking to the knee and being tickled with the sense of a hard beak digging into your unprotected ankles. The egg-shells and the bones and remains of fish brought by the old birds for their young, must form a considerable part of the substance of the guano, which is thus in a great measure deposited beneath the surface, and then thrown out by the birds.

Having with some difficulty and the loss of sundry inches of skin from our legs, reached the summit of the island, we descend the side leading to the diggings, and soon arrive at the capital. It stands on small space cleared of guano, and consists of twenty or thirty miserable shanties, each formed by four slender posts driven into the ground, with a flat roof of grass matting and pieces of the same material stretched on three sides, the other side being left open. Scarcely an article of furniture do these town residences contain, except a few rude benches, two or three dirty cooking-pans, and some tin pots. In one or two of the huts stands a small "botiga" (a curiously shaped earthen jar) filled with pisco, the spirit before mentioned. The beds are simply thin mats, and only a few of the inhabitants possess the usual red blanket of the Peruvian.

Clothes seem to be almost discarded: an old poncho and a ragged pair of calico trowsers, form the dress of the aristocracy, but many are all but entirely naked. One hut of greater pretensions than the rest is occupied

by two English sailors, who have taken a fancy to the island, and call themselves pilots, as they profess to moor and take charge of the ships during the business of loading.

Close to the town is a rough and steep path to the sea, up which are brought the provisions and water, the latter supplied by the shipping in turns. On the north island is a similar but larger collection of dwellings, there, too, resides the commandant, a military-looking old gentleman — one of the high aristocracy, for he lives in a house that has a window in it. On the north island are about two hundred men, on the middle about eighty, usually; the number varying with the demand for guano. These people are nearly all Indians, and appear to be happy enough in their dusty territory; though everything about them, eatables included, is impregnated with guano. They earn plenty of money, live tolerably well according to their taste, work in the night and smoke or sleep all day. To get rid of their wages they take an occasional trip to Pisco, where they spend their money much in the same fashion as sailors, substituting pisco and chicha (maize beer) for rum and ale, and the guitar and fandango for the fiddle and hornpipe.

In getting the guano, the diggers have commenced originally at the edge of the precipitous side of the island, and worked inland; so that the cutting now appears like the face of a quarry worked into the side of a hill. The steep, perpendicular face of the rock, which rises from the sea like a wall, and the boldness of the shore — there is seven fathom water close in — have afforded great facilities to the loading of ships. On the top of the cliff is a large enclosure formed of stakes, firmly bound together by strong chains passed round the whole. This enclosure is capable of holding four or five hundred tons of guano. It is made wide, and open at the upper end, and gradually slopes down to a point on the extreme verge of the precipice, where a small opening is left; exactly fitting which is a large canvas shute or pipe, which hangs down the face of the rock, nearly to the water. The ship, having taken in by means of her boats enough guano to ballast her, hauls in to this shute, the end of which is taken aboard and passed down the hatchway. The guano is thus poured into the hold in a continuous stream, at the rate of about three hundred and fifty tons a day; the enclosure being filled by the Indians during the night. They carry the whole of the guano down on their backs in bags, taking about eighty pounds at each journey.

Some are employed in pushing the guano down the shute, at the mouth of which is stationed an Indian, who, by tightening a rope passed round it, regulates or stops the descent of the manure. To various parts of the long pipe ropes

are attached, which lead to the different mast-heads of the ship, and thence on deck, where each rope is tended by a man who, by successively hauling on and slacking it, keeps the shute in motion, and thus hinders it from choking. This choking, however, now and then occurs; and it is then a difficult and tedious matter to set right again, as the pressure binds the guano into a compact mass, which can sometimes only be liberated by cutting the shute open. Birds are frequently carried down into the ship's hold; and at one of the islands, an Indian, accidentally slipping in, was forced through the shute, and taken out at the other end quite dead. On each island there are two enclosures and two shutes, one much smaller than the other, being used only for loading boats.

After making ourselves fully acquainted with all the economy of the island, we retrace our painful path to the boat, and pull off to the ship, where, the day being Sunday, there is no work going on, and we can amuse ourselves with the scenery around us. Every little hollow in the islands has been gradually filled up, until the surface is nearly levelled; the general dark brown hue singularly broken by scattered projecting crags, white with *huanu blanco* — newly-deposited guano. Round the base of the islands little rocky peninsulas jut out, bored through in many places by the constant washing of the Pacific, whose gentle waves have insinuated themselves many yards into the solid rock, and have formed caverns which are the resort of numerous sea-lions. The time of these hermits seems to be divided between dozing in their gloomy-looking cells, and making hungry irruptions on the shoals of little fish which frequently pass through the channels. I have often watched these little fellows — packed in such dense masses that they seem to have scarcely room to swim in — moving rapidly along, a spray of them every moment leaping from the water and glittering for an instant in the sun; all evidently ignorant of the neighbourhood of any enemy. Suddenly, in the very middle of the party, rises a black, ugly head, and instantly all is confusion — a dozen unfortunates are swallowed at a mouthful. Other heads, equally ugly, pop up in unexpected places, and you can distinctly hear the snapping of the sea-lion's jaws as he works through the flying shoal, and finishes a dinner worthy of a cardinal in Lent. It is not, however, all small fry; whales often come gambolling between the islands, rolling and playing in the sun, and sometimes leaping clean out of the water, into which their huge bodies descend again with a crash that seems to shake the sea itself, and turns the surface into one great frothy washing-tub, admist the suds of which the giant slowly sinks, throwing up his broad black flukes as if in derision of the lookers-on.

But now our work begins in earnest. Ballast is hoisted up and

thrown over the side, and the long boat is busily employed in bringing guano to replace it. Most unpleasant work that is. I was one of the boat's crew, and, since of course much rivalry exists between the ships, that all desire priority in trading, we were at work night and day, leaving our ship at night and remaining under the shute until morning, so as to obtain the first load for our boat. I shall not soon forget the dismal hours we passed there. Close to us — every surge of the boat sending her into its mouth — was a dark cavern, into which the sea poured with one continuous roar. A few fathoms distant stood an isolated rock, every wave dashing boldly up it, and then falling back in sheets of foam, and scattering all around it showers of heavy spray. On our right, moored to the rocks, lay a loading ship, her warps and cables slacked for the night, leaving some twenty feet of dark water between her and the huge black cliff; the base of the cliff marked by the bright line of light which ever glitters on the broken wave of the Pacific. Glancing aloft, we saw, rising and falling with the ship's motion, the long white shute, like a fairy footpath up the rock; whilst, drawn upon the clear blue sky, were lifts, and braces, bowlines, stays, and all the maze of rigging so familiar to the sailor. And there, beyond, lay the dark sister island; her shores, too, lighted by the white ocean-fire, which, in a long dim surf-line, marked the more distant coast of the great continent itself, from which rose in the moonlight the stupendous masses of the Cordilleras. Before morning, the heavy dew and heavier sprays had thoroughly diluted the romance of our position, and when day dawned, we were glad to get the shute into the boat, and cheer ourselves by shouting, in horrible Spanish, to its Indian guardian to let go the guano. In a few minutes down came the shower, and eyes, mouth, and nose were filled with the pungent dust, which continued to pour in until the boat was loaded to the water's edge, and its occupants looked like a portion of the cargo. One old salt, whose bushy black whiskers and long hair contained enough manure to satisfy a small farm, very energetically cursed all the farmers in the world for employing sailors to do their dirty work, instead of coming themselves and carting home the guano in their own broad-wheeled waggons. The boat being loaded, we pulled her slowly off to the ship, where our cargo, having been filled into bags, took the place of the discharged ballast. This sort of work continued for about three weeks, before our turn to haul under the larger shute arrived.

Our bill of fare aboard would have attractions for some people. Turtle was our commonest dish, as the skipper found it cheaper to give a dollar for a turtle weighing fifty or sixty pounds, than to supply us constantly with the contractor's beef from Pisco. Our

turtle soup, however, would not have passed muster at Guildhall, though thick enough for sailors. Then we had camotes, a sort of sweet potato, which attains a very large size and is generally liked by Englishmen; yuca, a root resembling a parsnip; frijoles, fish, mutton-birds; plenty of seasoning, such as tomatoes, chili peppers, and aji; and abundance of fruit — melons, grapes, bananas, chirimoyas, alligator pears, &c.; the meat boat being always well supplied with articles of this kind. It brought also, occasionally, a few bladders of pisco, which, being contraband, were smuggled with the due formalities.

At length, one of the English sailors living on the island came off and took us alongside, seeing that we were moored in a proper position for receiving cargo. With him came half a dozen Indians; cholos, we call them — that is, a name applied by sailors to all the different coloured races in Peru, though it is the especial property of one tribe only. The duty of these men is to trim the guano in the ship's hold, as it pours out of the shute. The nature of their work may be imagined. The hatchways are quickly choked up, and the atmosphere becomes a mere mass of floating guano, in the midst of which the trimmers work in a state of nudity: the only article of dress with some of them being a bunch of oakum tied firmly over the mouth and nostrils, so as to admit air and exclude the dust. They divide themselves into two parties, one relieving the other every twenty minutes. When at work, they toil very hard, handling their sharp pointed shovels in a style that would astonish even an English navigator, and coming on deck, when relieved, thoroughly exhausted and streaming with perspiration. But in this state they swallow a quart of cold water, qualifying it afterwards with a large dose of raw rum or pisco, and then, throwing themselves down in the coolest part of the ship, they remain there until their turn comes to resume the shovel.

The ship's crew is employed tending the bowlines attached to the shute, and, though working in the open air, the men are compelled to wear the oakum defences, for the clouds of dust rising from the hold are stifling. The ship is covered from truck to kelson; the guano penetrates into the captain's cabin and the cook's coppers — not a cranny escapes; the very rats are set a-sneezing, and the old craft is converted into one huge wooden snuff-box. The infliction, however, does not last long, three days being generally sufficient for the loading of a large ship. At the end of three days, right glad was I to see the hatches on, the mooring chains hove in, and the flying jib-boom once more pointing towards Pisco.

Here we stayed another three days, which we employed in washing down and trying to restore the ship to her original colour.

When we left the Chinchas, yards, masts, sails, rigging, and hull, were all tinted with one dirty brown. This cleansing finished, we again tripped our anchor, passed the north island, receiving and returning the cheers always given to a homeward-bound ship, and with studding sails on both sides, ran merrily down before the steady trades, reaching Callao in thirty hours. There the hands who shipped merely for the coasting voyage were discharged, and we who remained were soon overhead in one of the many little streams which water the pampas lying between Callao and Lima, eager to wash out the alloy of guano witch which our skins had been amalgamated at the diggings.

END OF VOL. XV.

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