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VOL. CCLXVIII.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XIX.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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

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VOL. XIX.

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VOL. XIX.

RECEIVED, A BLANK CHILD.

THE blank day of blank, Received a blank child.

Within a few weeks, this official form, printed on a piece of parchment, happened to come in our way. Finding it to be associated with the histories of more than twenty thousand blank children, we were led into an enquiry concerning those little gaps in the decorous world. Their home and head quarters whence the document issues, is the Foundling Hospital, London.

This home of the blank children is by no means a blank place. It is a commodious roomy comfortable building, airily situated, though within advertisement distance of Temple Bar, which, as everybody knows, is precisely ten minutes' walk. It stands in its own grounds, cosily surveying its own shady arcades, its own turf, and its own high trees. It has an incredible fishpond behind it, no curious windows before it, and the wind (tempered to the shorn lambs within) is free to blow on either side of it. It preserves a warm, old fashioned, rich-relation kind of gravity, strongly indicative of Bank stock. Its confidential servants have comfortable places. Its large rooms are wainscoated with the names of benefactors, set forth in goodly order like the tables of the law. Its broad staircases, with balustrades such as elephants might construct if they took to the building arts, not only lead to long dining-rooms, long bedrooms galleries, long lavatories, long school-rooms and lecture halls, for the blank children; but to other rooms, with listed doors and Turkey carpets, which the greatest English painters have lent their aid to adorn. In the halls of the blank children, the Guards for ever march to Finchley, under General HOGARTH. Deceased patrons come to life again under the hands of KNELLER, REYNOLDS, and GAINSBOROUGH. Nay, the good Duke of Cambridge himself, in

full masonic paraphernalia, condescends to become a stupendous enigma over the chimney-piece of the smallest of the blank infants who can sit at dinner. Under the roof of the blank children the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture was originated. In the chapel of the blank children there is a noble organ, the gift of HÄNDEL; from whose great oratorio The Messiah — also his munificent contribution for their benefit — their hospital has received ten thousand pounds. There, too, the Church service is every Sunday performed at its best, with all the assistance of devotional music, yet free from the stage-playing of any ism, not forgetting schism. There, likewise, may be heard at this present time, if we may presume to say so, one of the least conventional, most sensible, naturally eloquent and earnest of preachers.

The knowledge of all these things accumulating in our mind upon the receipt for that blank child on the blank day of blank, induced us to look more curiously into the history of the Foundling Hospital.

In or about the Christian year one thousand seven hundred and twenty-two: a good old time, when England had had too much to do, through all the good old times intervening since the days of Pope Innocent the Third, to [redacted]ything whatever for Found- in or about that year there dwelt in London the gentle sea-captain, THOMAS CORAM. Although the captain had made his fortune on the American plantations, and had seen sights in his day, he came out of it all with a tender heart; and this tender heart of Captain Coram was so affected by seeing blank children, dead and alive, habitually exposed by the wayside as he journeyed from Rotherhithe (where he had set up his retreat that he might keep a loving eye on the river) to the Docks and Royal Exchange, and from the Docks and Royal Exchange home to Rotherhithe again to receive the old shipmate, who was generally coming to dinner, that he could not bear it. So, the Captain went to work like a man who had gone down to the sea in ships, and knew what work was. After conquering innumerable thorns and brambles, springing out into his path from that weedy virtue which is always observed to flower in a wrong place when nobody wants to smell it, Captain Coram found that he had got together subscriptions enough to begin a hospital for poor foundlings, and to buy an estate of fifty-six acres — out in Lamb's Conduit fiels then — for five thousand five hundred pounds. Little did the Captain think that the whole amount of that purchase-money would ever come to be annually received back in rents; but so it is at this day.

Nineteen years after good Captain Coram's heart had been so

touched by the exposure of children, living, dying, and dead, in his daily walks, one wing of the existing building was completed, and admission given to the first score of little blanks. At that time, any person who brought a child was directed "to come in at the outward door and ring a bell at the inward door, and not to go away until the child is returned (diseased children were not admitted), or notice given of its reception. But no questions whatever will be asked of any person who brings a child, nor shall any servant of the house presume to discover who such person is on pain of being discharged." It was further desired, that each child should have some distinguishing mark or token by which it might be afterwards known, if necessary. Most of these tokens were small coins, or parts of coins; sometimes, an old silk purse was substituted; sometimes, doggrel verses were pinned to the poor baby's clothes; once a lottery ticket was so received. The Hospital chronicles do not record that it turned up a prize — the blank child was true to its designation.

As the Hospital became more extensively known, the numbers of applicants were enormous. The outward door was besieged by women who fought and scratched their way to the bell at the inward door, and in these disturbances, as in all physical force proceedings, the strongest were successful. To put a stop to such scenes, the little candidates were then admitted by ballot.

In fifteen years' time from the opening of the Hospital, the Governors found it necessary to apply to Parliament for assistance. It was conceded in such liberal measure, that it was thought all comers could henceforth be received. Nursing establishments were formed in various parts of the country, a basket was hung outside the Hospital gate, and an advertisement publicly announced, that all children under the age of two months tendered for admission would be received. The result was, that on the 2nd of June, 1756, the first day of such indiscriminate reception, the basket at the gate was filled and emptied one hundred and seventeen times. Fraudulent parish officers, married women who were perfectly able to maintain their offspring, parents of depraved and abandoned character (unconsciously emulative of Jean Jacques Rousseau), basketed their babies by thousands. It is almost incredible, but none the less true, that a new branch of the Carriers' trade was commenced. Baby-carriers undertook to convey infants to the all-embracing basket from distant parts of the country, at so much per head. One man who had charge of five infants in baskets, got drunk; and, falling asleep on a bleak common, found when he awoke that three of the five were dead. Of eight infants consigned to a country waggoner, seven died be-

fore he got to London; the surviving child owing its life solely to its mother, who followed the waggon on foot to save it from starvation. Another man, established in business as a baby-carrier, with a horse and a pair of panniers, was loud in his complaints of an opposition man, "who," said he, "is a taking the bread out of my mouth. Before he started, it was eight guineas a trip per child from Yorkshire. Now, I 've come down a third; next week I must come down another third; that 's the way trades get ruined by over-competition." At the time when he made this representation, he had eight children in his panniers. Many of these amiable carriers stripped off such poor clothes as the children wore, and basketed them without a shred of covering. It is related among the Hospital legends, as a remarkable instance of change of fortune, that a few years ago a rich and aged banker applied to search the register of the establishment for such information as it might afford of his own origin, when all he could learn was, that he had been taken out of the basket stark naked. That was his whole previous history.

During the three years and ten months of the existence of this system, there were dropped into the hospital-basket fifteen thousand children; and so great was the difficulty of providing for such an enormous influx, and so little were the necessary precautions understood, that only four thousand four hundred of this large number lived to be apprenticed. So the practice was discontinued, and Heaven knows, with reason! It is melancholy to think of the regrets and anxieties of the gentle Captain Thomas Coram under all these failures, and more melancholy to know that he died a very old man, so reduced in circumstances as to be supported by subscription. But, though shipwrecked here, the tender-hearted captain gained a brighter shore, we will believe, where even foundlings who have never spoken word on earth, possess their eloquence.

What genius originated the next idea, we have not discovered; but the Hospital being poor again, as well it might be, some bold spirit proposed that every child that should be mysteriously presented with a hundred pound note attached, should be received. The Governors adopted the inspiration with success; and this most reprehensible practice actually continued until the beginning of the present century. In January 1801, it was abolished, and the existing rules of admission were substituted. What these are, may be best described through our own observation of the admission of two children who happened to be brought there by two mothers while we were inspecting the place.

Each of the mothers had previously rung the porter's bell to obtain a printed form of petition

to the Governors for the admission of her child. No petition is allowed to be issued, except from the porter's lodge: no previous communication with any officer of the Hospital must have been held by the mother: the child must have been the first-born, and preference is given to cases in which some promise of marriage has been made to the mother, or some other deception practised upon her. She must never have lived with the father. The object of these restrictions (careful personal inquiry being made into all such points) is as much to effect the restoration of the mother to society, as to provide for her child.

The conditions having been favourably reported on, the two mothers had brought their children, and had received, filled up, the form we quoted at the commencement of this publication.

"Hospital for the Maintenance and Education of Exposed and Deserted Young Children. The blank day of blank, received a blank child. Blank, Secretary. Note — Let this be carefully kept, that it may be produced whenever an inquiry is made after the health of the child (which may be done on Mondays between the hours of ten and four), and also in case the child should be claimed."

Then they departed, and we saw the children.

One was a boy; the other, a girl. A parchment ticket inscribed with the figures 20,563 was sewn upon the shoulder-strap of the male infant, and a similar ticket was attached to the female infant, denoting that she was 20,564 — so numerous were the babies who had been there before them. To meet these present babies, a couple of wholesome-looking wetnurses had been summoned from one of the nursing districts in Kent, by whom they were immediately borne into the chapel to be baptised. Here, at the altar, we found awaiting them, the steward, the matron, the schoolmaster, and the head nurse — fit representatives of the provision made for their various wants — who were to be their sponsors. The rite of baptism impressively performed by the chaplain, gave the children the additional identity of names.

These names have been a fruitful source of minor difficulty. At the baptism of the first twenty, there was present at the ceremony, a contemporary record states, "a fine appearance of persons of quality: His Grace the Duke of Bedford, their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Countess of Pembroke, and several others, honouring the children with their names, and being their sponsors." Persons of quality not being free from a certain tendency to play at follow my leader, which is found to run in vulgar blood, the early registers of the Hospital swarm with the most aristocratic names in the land. When the peerage was exhausted, the names of historical celebrities were adopted; it therefore behoves a Mark Anthony Lowell, or an Editor of Notes and Queries, to

take this circumstance into account in "making a note of" the pedigree of a modern Wickliffe, Latimer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Cromwell, Hampden, Hogarth, or Michael Angelo. Celebrated real names having, in process of time, been exhausted, the authorities had recourse to novels, and sent into the world, as serving-maids, innumerable Sophia Westerns, Clarissa Harlowes, and Flora Mac Ivors; innumerable hard-handed artisans as Tom Jones, Edward Waverley, Charles Grandison, and Humphrey Clinker. Then, the governors were reduced to their own names, which they distributed with the greatest liberality, until some of their namesakes on growing up, occasioned inconvenience (and possibly scandal) by claiming kith and kin with them. The present practice is for the treasurer to issue lists of names for adoption; in which responsible duty he, no doubt, derives considerable comfort from the Post Office London Directory.

The two babies were then borne off into Kent by their respective nurses (each of whom gave a receipt for a deserted young child) with little packets of clothes, a few sensible admonitions from the matron, and the following document:

"The Child blank, No. blank, is placed under your care by the Governors of the FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, and it is expected that you will pay such attention to the said Child as will be satisfactory to the Inspector. You will receive for the maintenance of the said Child Sixpence per day, which will be paid on the first day of each month according to the number of days in the month preceding.

"Should you rear the said Child to the end of the first year, and pay such attention to it as shall be satisfactory to the Inspector, you will receive a gratuity of Twenty-five Shillings at the period.

"For clothing the said Child (after the first year) you will receive allowances as follows, viz.: —

	£	s.	d.
Between the Second and Third Year	0	14	0
" Third and Fourth Year	0	17	0
" Fourth and Fifth Year	0	18	0

"For your trouble and expenses in coming to London for a Child you will receive Two Shillings from the Inspector, your coach-hire being paid by the Governors of the Hospital.

"You are to be particularly careful in preserving this parchment, which you must return with the Child whenever it shall be sent up to the Hospital, or removed from you, and it is especially required that you keep the *number* of the Child always affixed to its person. If you neglect this, the Child will be taken from you."

When they should be old enough to walk, these two children would be returned to the hospital, and placed in its juvenile department. Proceeding to visit the infant school, which was their future destination, we found perhaps a hundred tiny boys and girls seated in hollow squares on the floor, like flower borders in a garden; their teachers walking to and fro in the paths between, sowing the seeds of alphabet and multiplication table broadcast among them. The sudden appearance of the secretary and matron whom we accompanied, laid waste this little garden, as if by magic. The young shoots started up

with their shrill hooray! twining round and sprouting out from the legs and arms of the two officials with a very pleasant familiarity. Except a few Lilliputian pulls at our coat-tails; some curiosity respecting our legs, evinced in pokes from short fingers, very near the ground; and the sudden abstraction of our hat (with which an infant extinguished himself to his great terror, evidently believing that he was lost to the world for ever); but little notice was taken of our majestic presence. Indeed it made no sensation at all.

One end of this apartment being occupied by a grade of seats for the little inmates, is used as a convenient orchestra for a band of wind instruments, consisting of the elder boys. These young musicians, about thirty in number, now made their appearance, and commenced the performance of some difficult Italian music, executed with so much precision and spirit, as amply to justify the expressions of commendation and surprise, which we found in letters addressed to their music-master by that admirable artist, Signor Costa, and by Mr. Godfrey, one of the bandmasters of the Household troops. The ophicleide was made to emit sounds of tremendous volume and richness, by a boy hardly bigger than itself. The body of sound emitted in passages of Händel's Hallelujah chorus was no less full and sonorous than that we remember to have heard produced by the stalwart lungs of Mr. Strutt's band of blacksmiths at Belper.

A new supply of toys had just been brought into the room; and, during this performance, the juvenile audience were vigorously beating toy drums, blowing dumb horns and soundless trumpets, marching regiments of wooden infantry, balancing swinging cavalry, depopulating Noah's arks, starting miniature railway trains, and flourishing wooden swords. They were all sensibly and comfortably clothed, and looked healthy and happy. They were certainly under no undue restraint. The only hush that came upon the cheerful little uproar was when the chaplain entered. He came to take out the first clarionet (and he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder in a friendly manner which was very agreeable), who had attained the maximum age of fourteen, and was that day to be apprenticed to a lithographic printer. They went away together for some talk about his future duties, and he would receive, in common with all the other foundlings when they go out into the world, the following advice in print and parchment:

"You are placed out Apprentice by the Governors of this Hospital. You were taken into it very young, quite helpless, forsaken, poor, and deserted. Out of Charity you have been fed, clothed, and instructed; which many have wanted.

"You have been taught to fear God; to love him, to be honest, careful, laborious, and diligent. As you hope for Success in this World, and Happiness in the next, you are to be mindful of what

has been taught you. You are to behave honestly, justly, soberly, and carefully, in every thing, to every body, and especially towards your Master and his Family; and to execute all lawful commands with Industry, Cheerfulness, and good Manners.

"You may find many temptations to do wickedly, when you are in the world; but by all means fly from them. Always speak the Truth. Though you may have done a wrong thing, you will, by sincere Confession, more easily obtain Forgiveness, than if by an obstinate Lie you make the fault the greater, and thereby deserve a far greater Punishment. Lying is the beginning of every Thing that is bad; and a Person used to it is never believed, esteemed, or trusted.

"Be not ashamed that you were bred in this Hospital. Own it: and say, that it was through the good Providence of Almighty God, that you were taken Care of. Bless him for it.

"Be constant in your Prayers, and going to Church; and avoid Gaming, Swearing, and all evil Discourses. By this means the Blessing of God will follow your honest Labours, and you may be happy; otherwise you will bring upon yourself Misery, Shame, and Want.

"NOTE — At Easter of every year, upon producing a testimonial of good conduct for the previous twelve months to the satisfaction of the Committee, you will receive a pecuniary reward proportioned to the length of time you have been apprenticed, and at the termination of your Apprenticeship, upon producing a like testimonial for the whole term thereof, the further sum of Five Guineas, or such smaller sum as the Committee shall consider you entitled to."

Although we inspected the school-rooms, the dormitories, the kitchen, the laundries, the pantries, the infirmary, and saw the four hundred boys and girls go through the ceremony of dining (a sort of military evolution in this asylum), and glanced at their school-life, we saw nothing different from the best conducted charities in the general management, as to warrant our detaining the reader by describing them.

We thought, when the male pupils were summoned by trumpet to the play-ground to go through their military exercises — which they did, their drill master assured us confidentially, in a manner that would not disgrace the Foot-Guards — we had traced the entire history of the connexion of a blank child with the hospital. But, as we were leaving the building, a decently dressed woman made her appearance from the lodge, to announce to the secretary, that "Joe" had arrived at the Diggings; that Joe had sent her a ten pound note, and expected to be able to transmit to the Institution a similar token of his regard in a very few weeks; that in a short time Joe intended to remit enough money to take herself (this was Joe's wife), their son, and their two daughters, over to join him, but that their eldest daughter being of age, and having a will of her own, refused to promise to go to Joe, because of another promise of a tender description which she had made to a worthy young ivory turner whose name was *not* Joe. All of which we heard with a growing curiosity to know who Joe was: more especially as Joe was in a state of great excitement and joy about Joe.

The explanation of this little family history was, that out of a separate fund established in connexion with the Hospital, Joe,

an old foundling — although he had left the hospital when very young to volunteer as a cabin boy in Lord Nelson's fleet—had, in common with some other of his school-fellows, been assisted through life with temporary loans of money, the latest of which loans had enabled Joe to seek another fortune (Joe, in the course of his career, had found and lost many fortunes) in Australia. This put us in an excellent humour for participating in the joy that there was over Joe. And we devoutly wished, and do wish, that Joe may find gold enough to provide for himself, Mrs. Joe, their son, their two daughters, and the ivory turner; and that with love and gold to spare for the gentle memory of Captain Thomas Coram, he may have this line to himself among the donors on the wall of the boys' dining-room

JOE . . . £500

Such is the home of the blank children, were they are trained out of their blank state to be useful entities in life. It is rich, and it is likely enough that it has its blemishes. It certainly had once, when its chief officer was a Master in Chancery; which animal is a sufficiently absurd monster for human reason to reflect upon, without being associated with blank children and a by no means blank salary. But from what we have seen of this establishment we have derived much satisfaction, and the good that is in it seems to us to have grown with its growth. Of the appearance, food, and lodging of the children any of our readers may judge for themselves after morning service any Sunday; when we think their objections will be limited to the respectable functionary who presides over the boys' dinner, presenting such a very inflexible figure-head to so many young digestions, and smiting the table with his hammer with such prodigious emphasis: wherein it rather resembles the knock of the marble statue at Don Juan's door, than the call of a human schoolmaster to grace after meat.

We happen to have had our personal means of knowing that in one respect the Governors of this charity are a model to all others. That is, in holding themselves strictly aloof from any canvassing for an office connected with it, or a benefit derivable from it. Canvassing and electioneering are the disgrace of many public charities of this time; and, in all such cases, but particularly where the candidates are persons of education who have known a happier and better estate, we view the preliminary solicitation and humiliation as far outweighing the subsequent advantages, and believe that there is something very rotten in the state of any Denmark that does not apply itself to find a better system for its government.

AN INUNDATION IN BENGAL.

In August 1845 I had occasion to visit Tirhoot; and, as time was an object, I determined on going by land, instead of taking the steamer from Calcutta.

The reader is aware that in India we travel in a palankeen, which is carried on men's shoulders. In the dry season you are borne along the road, merrily enough, at the rate of four miles an hour; but in the rains, that is to say, in July, August, and September, the country is partially covered with water, and the road, in many places, is lost sight of for several miles together. Even in the rainy season it is dangerous to travel during the day; for the sun, though obscured by clouds, has very great power, and the heat, after nine or ten o'clock, becomes intense; often suffocating.

Picture to yourself a man shut up in a black box, seven feet long by three wide, and jolted forwards, feet first, by human beings almost naked. On a dark night a native runs on, a few paces in advance, with a huge torch in his hand to show the bearers of the palankeen the way; and, being up to their knees in water, they cry aloud to each other at every step, "*Khubendar! Khubendar!*" which means, "Take care! Take care!" Sometimes you come to a nullah, or deep ditch, in which the water is eight, nine, or ten feet deep. Here it becomes necessary to procure a number of earthen vessels at the nearest village. These are tied together; and the palankeen, in which the passenger is seated, is placed on the top of them, and floated across. It often makes one feel nervous, but accidents rarely or never occur.

Two days after leaving Calcutta, it was evident that the Ganges had overflowed its banks; for there was not a dry spot to be found in any direction. In this way I travelled for six days, and the further I proceeded the more awful appeared the deluge. I was within ninety miles of Tirhoot, when the palankeen bearers assured me that it was utterly impossible to go any further; and that the only thing to be done was to hire a boat and to make for Monghur, or Bhayapore; whither all the unfortunate people were flocking to save their lives—their cattle, sheep, and all that they possessed having been swept away. There was no food of any sort or kind to be had, not even an egg or a piece of bread. The natives were subsisting on green corn-cobs, which they call *boota*. Fortunately I had some biscuits in my palankeen, or I should have died of starvation.

I had determined on taking the advice of the bearers, and to hire a boat; but could only secure a place on one of the many boats that were carrying cargoes of people to the various places of safety; and most of those places were at least thirty or forty miles

distant. To my great joy a large white sail hove in sight; I knew it to be the sail of some European boat, and I made a signal by tying a red pocket-handkerchief to a bamboo and waving it aloft. The signal was answered, and the boat bore down upon us. A French gentleman, an indigo planter, who was sailing to Patna across the country, came out of his cabin and spoke to me. I explained to him the difficulty of my position, and he very kindly invited me to come on board his craft and to bring my palkee, bearers, and traps along with me.

We were twelve miles from the banks of the Ganges, sailing northward with a strong wind, over, or rather through, the tops of tall trees. The scene in itself would have been beautiful, but the horrors which met our view on all sides gave it a most melancholy and deplorable aspect; boats containing dense crowds of poor wretches — men, women, and children all huddled together, and howling over the losses they had sustained by the flood. Here and there you would see bullocks struggling to keep afloat, and endeavouring to follow the boats; but sinking from sheer exhaustion. Dead goats, sheep, pigs, fowls, ducks, and geese, roofs of houses, clothes, boxes, baskets, cooking vessels, ricks of hay and straw — these were strewed upon the surface of the water near every village which the inundation had destroyed. At night, when it was impossible to thread our way through the trees, we made a rope fast to a strong bough; and thus, instead of anchoring, tied ourselves up till daylight. The Frenchman's boat was commodious, and very comfortably furnished. There were an abundance of supplies on board; so that, as far as we were personally concerned, we did not experience any pinching want; but it was otherwise with our native companions, who were forced to keep body and soul together by chewing dry grain, for even the green corn was now unprocurable.

We were obliged to keep in the country at a distance from the river, for the stream was running so rapidly in and near the Ganges, that it would have been impossible to make headway against it. We knew not where we were exactly; although we could guess at the spot after consulting the map. At last we came to some high ground, on which there was a village; and from the villagers — who told us they were starving and were about to take boat for Dulsing Serai, an indigo factory in Tirhoot — we learnt that we were not very far from Dulsing. It was of the greatest importance to me to be present in Tirhoot on a certain day; and I, therefore, resolved on bidding my French friend adieu, and accompanying the natives; who assured me that after Dulsing Serai I could travel in my palankeen; which luckily proved to be true. After a very tedious journey of two days and

sunbeam; which creates hard contrasts of light and shade. For in the picture formed by light, whether on metal, glass, or paper, such hard contrasts will be made still harder. Lumpy shadows haunt the chambers of all bad photographers.

He who would not be vexed by them and would produce a portrait in which the features shall be represented with the necessary softness, finds it generally advantageous not only to let the shades be cast upon the face in a room full of diffused rays — that is to say, under a skylight — but also by the waving of large black velvet screens over the head to moderate and stint the quantity of light that falls on features not thrown into shadow. For this reason few very good photographic pictures can be taken from objects illuminated only by a side light, as in a room with ordinary windows. The diffused light of cloudy weather, if the air be free from fog, hinders the process of photography only by lengthening the time occupied in taking impressions. Light, when it is jaundiced by a fog, is quite as liable as jaundiced men to give erroneous views of mankind.

Photography, out of England, has made its most rapid advances, and produced its best results in the United States and in France; but, although both the French and the Americans have the advantage of a much purer and more certain supply of sunlight, it is satisfactory to know that the English photographers have thrown as much light of their own on the new science as any of their neighbours.

Led by the military gentleman, whose cocked hat elevated him in our civilians' eyes to something like the dignity of general, we mounted to the door; through which we poured our forces into the room under the skylight, where we found several defences thrown up in the shape of folding screens, and faced an unusually heavy fire from a round tower of a stove. To maintain a high and dry temperature is customary in the room used by the daguerreotypist for his operations; partly in order to protect more thoroughly the delicate surface of the plates carried about in it, partly to ensure to the sitter so much warmth as shall make perfect repose of all the features, in the most natural way, quite easy. For while the work of the photographer is done with an astonishing rapidity, he is one of the few men who especially desire of those with whom they have to deal that they should *not* look sharp.

A group was to be made of Doctor Sword, and one lady, his wife. Another lady, probably his mother-in-law, declared candidly that when her turn came she must be held in some way, for she was too nervous to sit still. A younger lady, a friend to Mrs. Doctor S., looked interested. The group of two was to be first executed. Now the lady's dress was not at

all ill chosen for a photographic sitting or a masquerade. It included extensive scalp-fixings of a savage style introduced lately into this country, consisting of a ragged tuft of streamers, knotted with Birmingham pearls nearly as large as coat buttons; a great deal of gauze, wonderfully snipped about and overlaid with divers patterns; with a border of large thick white lilies round the cape. The lady was placed on a chair before the camera, though at some distance from it. The gentleman leaned over the back of the chair; symbolically to express the inclination that he had towards his wife: he was her leaning tower, he was her oak and she the nymph who sat secure under his shade. Under the point of the gentleman's sword the Pilgrim's Progress by John Bunyan was placed to prop it up; and one or two trifling distortions were made at the extremity of the proposed picture to neutralise the contrary distortions that would be produced on that portion of the image in the camera. We then peeped under a black pall into the machine itself, where we beheld the gentleman and lady on a piece of ground-glass, standing on their heads. Leaving Doctor and Mrs. Sword to stand at ease and talk to one another, we, Messieurs Pen, departed from the camera for a few minutes and accompanied the artist to his den behind the scenes.

The den of the photographer, in which he goes through those mysterious operations which are not submitted to the observation of the sitter, is a small room lighted by a window, and communicating into a dark closet, veiled with heavy curtains. Our sense of the supernatural, always associated with dark closets, was excited strongly in this chamber, by the sound of a loud rumbling in the bowels of the house, and the visible departure of a portion of the wall to lower regions. We thought instinctively of bandits who wind victims up and down in moveable rooms or turn them up in treacherous screw bedsteads. But, of course, there was no danger to be apprehended. What we saw was, of course, only a contrivance to save labour in conveying pictures up or down for colouring or framing. Our consciences having been satisfied on this point, the expert magician took a plate of the prescribed size, made ready to his hand. Such plates consist of a thin layer of silver fixed upon copper, and are provided to the artist highly polished; but a final and superlative polish is given to each plate, with a "buff" or pad like a double handled razor strop, tinged with a fine mineral powder. Simple as it appears, the final polishing of the plate is an operation that can only succeed well under a practised pair of hands, that regulate their pressure by a refined sense of touch. The plate thus polished was brushed over finally and very lightly, as with the touch of a cat's paw, with a

warm pad of black velvet freshly taken from an oven.

To witness the next process we went into the dark closet itself, the very head quarters of spectredom. There, having carefully excluded daylight, the operator lifted up the lid of a small bin, rapidly fixed the plate, silver side downwards, in a place made underneath for its reception, shut down the lid, and began to measure seconds by counting, talking between whiles, thus: — "One — that box — two — contains — three — chloride of iodine — four — strewn — five — six — at the bottom. Now!" (Presto, out came the plate in a twinkling, and was held against a sheet of white paper, upon which it reflected a ghastly straw colour by the light of a small jet of gas.) "Ah, tint not deep enough!" The plate was popped into its vapour bath again with magic quickness. "Seven — the action of the iodine" (continued the operator, counting seconds, and teaching us our lesson in the same breath) "rising in vapour upon the surface — eleven — of the plate — twelve — causes it to take in succession — thirteen — fourteen — fifteen — all the colours of the spectrum — sixteen — seventeen; and deposits upon it a film." As he went on solemnly counting, we asked how long he exposed the plate to the visitation of that potent vapour. "A very short time," he replied; "but it varies — thirty — thirty-one — according to the light in the next room — thirty-five — thirty-six — thirty-seven. Adjusting the plate to the weather, thirty-eight — is the result of an acquired instinct — thirty-nine — forty. Now it is ready." The plate was out, and its change to a deeper straw colour was shown. The lid of an adjoining bin was lifted, and the iodized plate was hung in the same way over another vapour; that of the chloride of bromine, that the wraiths of the two vapours might mingle, mingle, mingle as black spirits with white, blue spirits with gray. In this position it remained but a very short time, while we stood watching by in the dark cupboard. The plate having had its temper worked upon by these mysterious agencies was rendered so extremely sensitive, that it was requisite to confine it at once, in a dark hole or solitary cell, made ready for it in a wooden frame; a wooden slide was let down over it, and it was ready to be carried to the camera.

Before quitting this part of the subject, we must add to the preceding description two or three external facts. We have been discussing hitherto the kernel without touching the nutshell in which these, like all other reasonable matters in this country, may be (and usually are) said to lie. The nutshell is in fact as important to a discussion in this country as the small end of the wedge or the British Lion: — In the action of light upon surfaces prepared in a certain manner lies

the whole idea of photography. The camera-obscura is an old friend; how to fix chemically the illuminated images formed in the camera by light, was a problem at which Sir Humphrey Davy, half a century ago, was one of the first men who worked. Sir Humphrey succeeded no farther than in the imprinting of a faint image, but as he could not discover how to fix it, the whole subject was laid aside. Between the years 1814 and 1828, two Frenchmen, M. Daguerre and M. Niepce, were at work upon the problem. In 1827 M. Niepce produced before the Royal Society what he then called heliographs, sun-pictures, formed and fixed upon glass, copper plated with silver, and well-polished tin. But, as he kept the secret of his processes, no scientific use was made of his discovery. M. Daguerre, working at the same problem, succeeded about the same time in fixing sun-pictures on paper impregnated with nitrate of silver. M. Daguerre and M. Niepce having combined their knowledge to increase the value of their art, the French government — in the year 1839 — acting nobly, as it has often acted in the interests of science, bought for the free use of the world the details of the new discovery. For the full disclosure of their secrets there was granted to M. Daguerre a life pension of two hundred and forty pounds (he died not many months ago), and a pension of one hundred and sixty pounds to the son of M. Niepce, with the reversion of one half to their widows.

Six months before the disclosure of the processes in France, Mr. Fox Talbot in England had discovered a process leading to a like result — the fixing of sun-pictures upon paper. As the English parliament buys little for science, nothing unfortunately hindered the patenting of Mr. Talbot's method. That patent in certain respects very much obstructed the advance of photography in this country, and great credit is due to Mr. Talbot for having recently and voluntarily abandoned his exclusive rights, and given his process to the public for all purposes and uses, except that of the portrait-taker. By so doing he acted in the spirit of a liberal art born in our own days, and peculiarly marked with the character of our own time. It does one good to think how photographers, even while exercising the new art for money, have pursued it with a generous ardour for its own sake, and emulate each other in the magnanimity with which they throw their own discoveries into the common heap, and scorn to check the progress of their art for any selfish motive. After the completion of the French discovery two daguerreotype establishments were formed in London armed with patent rights, and their proprietors, Messrs. Claudet and Beard, do in fact still hold those rights, of which

they have long cheerfully permitted the infringement. Mr. Beard tried to enforce them only once, we believe; and M. Claudet, with distinguished liberality, never.

At first the sitting was a long one, for the original daguerreotype plate was prepared only with iodine. We see it stated in the jury reports of the Great Exhibition, that to procure daguerreotype portraits, it was then "required that a person should sit without moving for twenty-five minutes in a glaring sunshine." That is a glaring impossibility, and in fact the statement is wrong. It is to M. Claudet that the public is indebted for the greater ease we now enjoy in photographic sittings, and it is the same gentleman who informs us that five minutes — not five-and-twenty — was the time required for the formation of a good picture on the plates prepared in the old way.

The discovery of the accelerating process, by the use of the two chlorides of iodine and bromine, was at once given to all photographers by M. Claudet; it having been made public by him, in England, through the Royal Society, and in France, through the Académie des Sciences. By the use of this double application, plates are made so sensitive that portraits may be taken in a period varying, according to the measure of the light, between a second and a minute. We have said something about varying the degree of sensitiveness in the plate according to the weather. In the account just given of our visit to a photographic studio, it will be seen that a very skilful artist (Mr. Mayall) lessens at times the sensitiveness of the plate, but in this respect the practice is not uniform. In illustration of the extreme sensitiveness that can be communicated to the prepared plate, reference has often been made to an experiment performed at a meeting of the Royal Society, the account of which we quote from Dr. Lardner. "A printed paper was fastened upon the face of a wheel, which was put in revolution with such rapidity that the characters on the paper ceased to be visible. The camera, with the prepared photographic surface, being placed opposite the wheel and properly adjusted, the room was darkened. The room and wheel were then illuminated, for *an instant*, by a strong spark taken from the conductor of a powerful electric machine. This instantaneous appearance of the wheel before the camera was sufficient to produce a perfect picture." In reading of this experiment we are not to direct our attention to the sensitiveness of the plate so much as to the power of the light. Such a spark as was taken for the purpose produced an instantaneous light, greatly surpassing in intensity the ordinary sunlight used by the photographers. M. Claudet, in reply to our questions about the adjustment of the sensitiveness of

his plates, replied simply, "I always try to make my plates as sensitive as possible." A walk through his gallery satisfied us that if, by so doing, he increases the demand on his dexterity in sunny weather, the demand is met. His results fully justify his practice.

We may say the same for Mr. Mayall, the photographer whose operations led us into the preceding digression. From the dark cupboard, cleared by a strong up draught of escaping fumes, we brought the prepared plate in its frame, carefully excluded from the light by a protecting slide. The frame was made to fit into the camera, but before placing it, the final adjustment of the sitters had to be made. The Doctor and his lady having resumed their positions, we again observed, upon the ground glass of the camera, the artistic effect of the group in an inverted miniature, coloured of course. This observation was made with the head thrust under a black velvet pall. Upon the ground glass we saw drawn four squares, one within another, and we remembered well what pictures we had seen of trines and squares and houses of the planets drawn by Albertus Magnus and Agrippa. These were, however, squares, the adept told us, corresponding respectively in size to the plates, differing in price, on which it is in the choice of the sitter to have a likeness taken. A frame corresponding to each size has the plate so fixed in it that, when placed in the camera, it occupies precisely the position of the square marked on the glass. Our picture was to be of the third size — the third square was to be the house of Mars and Venus — and the object of the operator was to arrange the sitters and the camera in such a way as to procure a telling group within the boundaries of that third square upon the glass. This having been done, and a fixed point supplied, on which the eyes should feast, the velvet pall was thrown over the back of the camera to exclude the light, and a black stopper (the obturator) was clapped over the glass in front, making the chamber of the box quite dark. The frame was then inserted in its place, the slide removed, and the prepared silver reposing in the darkness was laid open to receive the meditated shock upon its sensibility. The sitters were requested then to close their eyes for a minute, that the eyelids might be rested, then to look fixedly in the direction indicated by a little picture pinned against a screen. Then "Now, quite still; try to look pleasant — a little pleasanter!" The cap was off, and the two figures, fixed as statues, shone upon the magic mirror in the camera, rigidly pleasant. In half a minute, — counted accurately by the operator — suddenly, the stopper was again clapped over the glass in front; the slide was let down

over the tablet, upon which light, having done its work, must shine no more until the plate was light-proof. Mars and Venus in conjunction having entered the third house, we retired into the necromancer's den to observe what would follow.

The necromancer there addressed us in manner following: "The chemical action of light has decomposed the delicate compound formed upon this tablet between the silver and the chlorides of iodine and bromine. The decomposition has been greatest, of course, where the light has been most intense, and its action has been manifested everywhere by the piercing of the sensitive surface with minute holes. Where the light has been the strongest, the number of these microscopic holes, contained upon a space equal to the area of a pin's head, is greater than in those parts on which the chemical action of the light has not been so intense. The portrait is thus minutely and delicately dotted out, dots signifying light. That is the sun picture which I now hold in my hand." After this brief parliamentary address the adept went on with his labour.

Still hiding his dark deeds from the face of day he took the plate to a small bath of quicksilver, from which a subtle vapour slowly ascended, the quicksilver being placed over the faint blue flame of a spirit-lamp. Suspended over this bath it received upon its polished surface the fine vapour; which, penetrating into the minute holes formed by light upon the plate, and there condensing into microscopic drops, tinged out with its own substance the surface on which light had fallen — more abundant where its action had been greatest, and less marked where the decomposition had been less. When this process was complete, the picture was complete; all the lights being expressed and graduated by a white metal, and the shadows by the darker ground. There were the allied images of gentleman and lady revealed suddenly before us with a startling accuracy, only unnaturally sensitive and altogether wanting in stability of character.

Nothing remained then but to fix the picture; to destroy the sensitiveness of the surface. This was done by pouring over it some dilute pyrogallic acid, and finally submitted it to the action of a salt of gold; of which a solution was washed over the plate, and warmed upon it for one or two minutes. The portrait was in this way perfectly spell-bound. It might be carried about loose in the pocket and indiscriminately handled, without suffering more hurt to its charms than can be worked by those ugly disenchanters, grease and dirt and scratches. For protection, however, against these, and for the better setting off of the picture, it will be delivered to its owner as a well known imp was once

sold, in a bottle under glass; and as the Moors were arch magicians, with traditions of Bagdad about them, it will very fitly be enclosed in a morocco case.

Truly, a fine picture it is. The lady's dress suggests upon the plate as much delicate workmanship as would have given labour for a month to the most skilful of painters. The lilies that we did not like upon the cape, how exquisite they look here in the picture! But as this group was destined to be coloured, we were courteously invited to the colouring room, a tiny closet in which two damsels were busily at work, one upon a lady's dress, the other upon the forehead of a gentleman, putting in the yellow rather lavishly, but with a good effect. "The faces," she informed us, "must be coloured strongly, or they will be put out by the bright blue sky." We pointed to a small box labelled "Sky," remarking that the fair painters were magicians, to carry the sky in a wafer-box. To which one of them promptly answered "Yes; and Ogres, too, for that pill-box contains gentlemen's and ladies' 'Flesh.'"

These terrific creatures — who had quite the ways of damsels able to eat rice pudding in an honest manner — then made us acquainted with a few dry facts. The colours used by them were all dry minerals, and were laid on with the fine point of a dry brush; pointed between the lips, and left to become dry before using. A little rubbing caused these tints to adhere to the minute pores upon the plate. Each colour was of course rubbed on with its own brush, and so expertly, that a large plate very elaborately painted, with a great deal of unquestionable taste, had been, as we were told, the work only of an hour. On a subsequent occasion, we saw in the same room our picture of the Doctor under the painter's hands, and undergoing flattery. We admired the subdued tone which the artist had, as we thought, taken the wise liberty of giving to the glare of the red coat. "Yes," she replied, "but I must make it redder presently; when we don't paint coats bright enough, people complain. They tell us that we make them look as if they wore old clothes."

And we may observe here that another illustration of our vanities was furnished to us on a different occasion. Daguerreotype plates commonly present faces as they would be seen in a looking-glass, that is to say, reversed: the left side of the face, in nature, appearing upon the right side of the miniature. That is the ordinary aspect in which every one sees his own face, for it is only possible for him to behold it reflected in a mirror. This reversing, of course, alters in the slightest degree the similitude. The sitter himself is generally satisfied. But M. Claudet has taken up the parable of the poet; and has undertaken to be

the kind soul who, by virtue of a scientific notion, "Wad

the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as *others* see us."

Few of us would thank him for it morally, and it is a curious fact that few of us are content to have even our faces shown to us as others see them. The non-inverted daguerreotypes differ too much from the dear images of self that we are used to learn by heart out of our looking-glasses. They invariably please the friend to whom they are to be given, but they frequently displease the sitter. For this reason, though M. Claudet has of course made public the secret of his "giftie," we are not aware that any other photographer has thought it profitable for his use.

Somebody asks, "how are those non-inverted images produced?" The question causes us again to drop the kernel of our story, and apply ourselves to a discussion of the nutshell. A daguerreotype formed in the usual way and inverted, if held before a looking-glass, becomes again inverted, and shows therefore a non-inverted picture of the person whom it represents. If the picture in the camera fell, by a previous reflection, inverted on the plate, it would in the same way be restored by a second inversion to its first position. This object could not be attained by any arrangement of glass mirror in the camera, because a piece of looking-glass reflects both from its outer surface and from the quicksilver behind, and this, though unimportant for all ordinary purposes, would make it perfectly unfit for photographic use. A piece of polished metal would have but a single surface; but the exquisite polish necessary would make the preparation of it difficult and costly, and its liability to damage great. The first reflection is made, therefore, by turning the side of the camera to the sitter and causing his image to fall upon one face of a large prism placed before the glasses otherwise in use: an image is then deflected into the camera, which falls in the required manner on the plate.

In the present state of photographic art, no miniature can be utterly free from distortion; but distortion can be modified and corrected by the skilful pose of the sitter, and by the management of the artist. The lens of the camera being convex (in order to diminish the object, and to concentrate the rays of light upon the silver plate) the most prominent parts of the figure to be transferred — those parts, indeed, nearest to the apex of the lens — will appear disproportionately large. If you look through a diminishing glass at a friend who holds his fist before his face, you will find the face very much diminished in proportion to the appearance of the fist. The clever artist, therefore, so disposes his sitter, that hands, nose, lips, &c., shall be all as nearly as possible on the same

plane in apposition to the lens. In a sitting figure hands placed on the knees would seem prodigious — placed on or near hips, no more prominent than the tip of the nose, they would seem of a natural size. It is for this reason that daguerreotypes taken from pictures instead of living figures, are never distorted, because they are actually on a flat surface.

Concerning the action of light in the formation of the picture on the iodized plate within the camera, one or two facts are curious. Light contains rays that are not luminous. In the dark spaces above and below the solar spectrum some of the most decided chemical effects of light are manifested. It is probable that the chemical rays of light are, to our eyes, perfectly dark. Cover a picture with a piece of yellow glass, and you can see it very well. But place it before the camera, and you will get no photographic copy. Cover a picture with a piece of dark-blue glass, and it is totally invisible; but, placed before the camera, the chemical rays pass through and imprint a photographic image as distinct and clear as if there had been no blue glass whatever. The distinct properties of the yellow and blue rays are manifested as strongly in the germination of plants. Germination is prevented by the action of the yellow ray, while to the blue ray it is mainly indebted.

The rays that have passed through to form the picture, have been called the photogenic rays: they refract not quite in the same way as the luminous or colorific rays, and therefore the focus of the photogenic picture and that of the picture thrown on the ground glass will not exactly coincide. For this, allowance has to be made in practice, and accurate instruments for ascertaining the true photogenic focus have been invented, one by M. Claudet, and another by Mr. G. Knight. They are called Focimeters. There are hidden mysteries, however, connected with this portion of the subject. Means have been already here and there discovered, by which the colours of the spectrum may be printed at once on photographic tablets, and the sun — most brilliant of artists — may paint his pictures at the same time that he is engraving them. The process is not yet disclosed. Mr. A. Hill, of New York, affirms that he has taken many pictures from Nature, having all the beauty of natural colouring upon them. A new material is said to have been introduced in aid of this effect. When all mechanical details have been perfected, we may therefore expect this new step to be made publicly, by which Apollo will be raised above Apelles in the world of art.

The application of photography to the stereoscope produces an extremely pretty toy, that is of no use except as an elegant and valuable illustration of a train of scientific reasoning.

The instrument itself was invented some years since by Professor Wheatstone, to illustrate his discovery of the principles of binocular vision. In 1849 Sir David Brewster exhibited to the British Association at Birmingham a stereoscope adapted to the inspection of daguerreotype pictures. Afterwards he happened to describe the instrument to an optician in Paris, M. Duboscq Soleil, who being an enterprising man, constructed a number of such instruments on speculation. At the beginning of 1851 some of these were exhibited at one of the soirées of Lord Rosse; they excited attention, and the photographers of London, seizing the notion, very soon began to take stereoscopic portraits. In the stereoscope two exactly similar pictures are placed side by side under a pair of prisms, which are so adjusted, that one image falls on each eye, and the images on the two eyes do not fall on precisely corresponding parts. This gives the idea of distance.

For it is to the use of two eyes that we are indebted for the facility with which we derive ideas of form, solidity, and distance. There is only one point before us, to which both eyes can be turned in the same way at the same time. Every other point before and behind that will fall upon both eyes, will fall upon the retina of each eye in a different place, and the amount of variation presents itself through the optic nerve to the brain as the idea of distance. Upon this hint the stereoscope is formed, and the effects of roundness and distance are presented to the mind by a pair of flat photographic pictures. M. Claudet has constructed an ingenious variation on the ordinary stereoscope, by placing under it two plates not perfectly identical. In one, for example, there are two men fighting: one strikes, the other wards. The companion plate contains precisely the same men; with this difference in their attitude, that the one who struck now wards, and the aggressor stands on the defensive. In looking at this group, and at the same time rapidly moving to and fro a small slide behind the glasses, which covers now one eye and now another, the two impressions run into each other and produce the appearance of an active sparring match. Again, a needle-woman, represented on one plate with her needle in her work, and in the other with her thread drawn out to its full length, appears, when the slide is shifted to and fro, to be industriously sewing.

Among ingenious contrivances we ought not to omit to rank Mr. Mayall's very [illegible] method of producing what are called crayon portraits by daguerreotype. His plan is to place between the sitter and the camera a revolving plate, having a hole cut into the middle of it, from which there proceed broad rays as of

the sun upon a signboard. The result is a picture upon which the head is engraved with unusual distinctness, and the bust is gradually shaded down into the general colour of the plate, so that the effect is that of a crayon portrait.

Photographic processes on glass and paper are even more valuable as aids to knowledge than daguerreotypes.

There are many processes by which photographic impressions may be taken upon paper and glass; a book full of them lies at this moment before us: we have ourselves seen two, and shall confine ourselves to the telling of a part of our experience. We rang the artist's bell of Mr. Henneman in Regent-street, who takes very good portraits upon paper by a process cousin to the Talbotype. By that gentleman we were introduced into a neat little chamber lighted by gas, with a few pans and chemicals upon a counter. His process was excessively simple: he would show it to us. He took a square of glass, cleaned it very perfectly, then holding it up by one corner with the left hand, he poured over the centre of the glass some collodion, which is, as most people know, gun-cotton dissolved in ether. By a few movements of the left hand, which appear easy, but are acquired with trouble, the collodion was caused to flow into an even coat over the surface of the glass, and the excess was poured off at another corner. To do this by a few left-handed movements without causing any ripple upon the collodion adhering to the glass is really very difficult. This done, the plate was left till the ether had almost evaporated, and deposited a film of gun-cotton — which is in fact a delicate paper — spread evenly over the surface of the glass. The glass covered with this delicate paper, before it was yet quite dry, was plunged carefully into a pan or bath, containing a solution of nitrate of silver, about eight grains of it to every hundred of distilled water. In about two minutes it was taken out, and ready for the camera. It was a sheet of glass covered with a fine film of cotton-paper impregnated with nitrate of silver, a colourless salt blackened by light.

It was removed in a dark frame to the camera. Then an assistant, opening a book, assumed an attitude and sat for his picture. In a few seconds it was taken in the usual way, and the glass carried again into the operator's room. There it was dipped into another bath — a bath of pyrogallic acid — and the impression soon became apparent. To bring it out with greater force it was then dipped into a second and much weaker bath of nitrate of silver. The image was then made perfect; but, as the light parts were all depicted by the blackest shades, and the black parts were left white, the courteous assistant was there represented as a negro.

That negro stage was not of

course the finished portrait, it was "the negative" — or stereotype plate, as it were — from which, after it had been fixed with a solution of the sulphate of the peroxyde of iron, any number of impressions could be taken. For it is obvious that if a plate like this be placed on sensitive paper, and exposed to daylight, the whole process will be reversed. The black face will obstruct the passage of the light and leave a white face underneath, the white hair will allow the light to pass, making black hair below, and so on. Impressions thus taken on paper, and afterwards fixed, may either serve for portraits, as they are, or, like the silver plates, they may be coloured.

The paper processes, of which we say so little, are in fact practically the most important branches of the art of the photographer. For it is not only — or indeed chiefly — by the reproduction of our own features that we bring photography into the service of our race. One application of the art has produced an apparatus which enables many natural phenomena to register themselves. Mr. Brooke's little cylinder of photographic paper, revolving in measured time under a pencil of light thrown from a small mirror attached to a moving magnet or an anemometer, tells for itself the tale of every twelve hours' work, and has already superseded the hard night-work that was necessary formerly at the Greenwich, and at other great observatories. Photography already has been found available by the astronomer; the moon has sat for a full-face picture, and there is hope that in a short time photographic paper will become a common auxiliary to the telescope. History will be indebted to photography for fac-similes of documents and volumes that have perished; travellers may bring home incontestible transcripts of inscriptions upon monuments, or foreign scenery. The artist will no longer be delayed in travelling to execute his sketches on the spot. He can now wander at his ease, and bring home photographic views, from which to work, as sculptors from the model. Photography is a young art, but from its present aspect we can judge what power it will have in its maturity. The mind may readily become bewildered among expectations, but one thing will suggest many. We understand that a catalogue of the national library of Paris has been commenced, in which each work is designated by a photographic miniature of its title-page.

THE BALLAD OF THE GOLD-DIGGER.

I.

OUR future bright, our spirits light,
We bade farewell to home;
With many more, we hove from shore,
And cross'd the salt sea foam.

Four months of weary voyage past,
We reach'd that wondrous land,
Where rivers from their mountain hearts
Fling gold upon the sand.

Then side by side our work we plied,
Merrily day by day —
From pale dawn-light till fall of night,
When the river-mists rose grey.

A happy land it seem'd to me
Till dash'd with wickedness;
For, all around, the sands were bright,
(Like the Milky Way in a moonless night)
With small stars numberless.

The very dust beneath our feet
Was rich with priceless gold:
Where'er we walked, we trod on wealth
That never could be told.
From far-off caves the river waves
Their endless tribute roll'd.

Old Saturn's reign seem'd come again:
At first, we had no brawl,
No deep-laid stealth for the gain of wealth —
There was enough for all.

Oh Heaven! what gladness fill'd my heart,
And lit like fire mine eye!
On burning clouds of gold, at night,
In dreams, I seem'd to lie.

The sky it was a golden dome —
A golden mist the air;
But God, the Giver of all this good,
Was lost in that fierce glare.

Methought I was the absolute Lord
Of all the earth and sea,
And pale kings came, and offered up
Their sceptres unto me.

II.

Day after day thus past away;
No cloud was in the air:
The steady shine of the gold divine
Made all seem good and fair.

At length a comrade spoke, and said
"Our labour 'gins to rust;
My heart is sick of this sordid work,
Of scraping up mere dust:

"For three nights past I 've dreamt one dream.
Methought I left these sands,
And traced the river to its source
Amid the higher lands:

"There, in the crannies of the rocks,
By ceaseless currents roll'd,
I found great flakes, and heavy lumps,
And nuggets huge of gold:

"Their glory shone in that dull place
Like foam upon the sea!
I clutched them up — but at that point,
A darkness fell on me.
As I stand here, thus has it been
On each night of the three.

"Now, hearken, brother, to my plan:
Which is, that I and you
Shall seek this fine dream-land of mine,
Amid the mountains blue.

"This thrice-dreamt dream can *not* be false;
I feel it in my soul:
My heart speaks loudly to itself
Vast words beyond control!
So tell me, friend, if you will seek
With me this happy goal?"

The Fate within me answer'd "Yes." —
We left, next morn, the sands,
And traced the river to its source,
And gain'd the higher lands.

A wild domain it was, all full
Of crags, and caverns rude —
Deserts of silence, stretching far,
And vasts of solitude.

And in the rocks we found great blocks
Of the metal which we sought;
Yea, all things seem'd as my comrade dream'd;
We had not come for nought.

Good lack! the spade and the pick-axe made
All day a merry chime;
Since my beard was grown, I had not known
So excellent a time.

But then the Summer came. The Sun,
Alone within the sky,
Struck like a curse the universe
With his consuming eye.

And then rains fell; and the ground
Was sodden through with damp;
And in our sleep we could almost weep
In the gripe of the cruel cramp.

III.

Yet still we work'd as best we might
In the pestilent hot rain,
Though each could see in the other's eyes
The picture of his pain.

At last, my strength was stricken down,
And I was sorely ill;
And on the earth I sank, and lay,
For utter weakness, still.

Within the shadow of the rocks
And the shelter of the caves,
I hid my pain, and in my brain
There was a noise of waves:

For every thought seem'd like a wave,
And made a surging sound
In the pauses of the rushing rain,
When there was silence round:

Silence, that else was only dashed
By the thumping of the axe
Of my comrade wan, who still held on,
Heaping his gold in stacks.

But never a thought to me he gave:
He left me where I lay,
Watching the light, and the clouds' slow flight,
Till the dying of the day.

A week thus past: and, at the last,
Slowly my strength return'd:
But in my heart, consuming it,
A sharp flame leapt and burn'd.

All through my sickness I had watch'd
My comrade's wealth increase,
While mine stood still; and those loud thoughts
Cried out, and would not cease: —

"His midnight sleep is dull and deep,
And looks so much like Death,
That a single blow would make it so,
And stop his vigorous breath."

And it was so. — I struck one blow
As he slept within the cave.
My hand was red; but he was dead,
And I dug a hasty grave.

I dug a grave in the richest part
Of that gold-teeming land;
Put a yellow lump in the gaping mouth,
And one in either hand:
"Ho ho!" quoth I, "no king doth lie
So royally and grand."

I seiz'd his treasure and my own,
And fled in sudden fear;
But the presence of my comrade seem'd
For ever hovering near.

He moved before me all the day,
Like a shadow on my sight;
And when the darkness fell from Heaven,
He was a burning light! —
A ghostly dream within the noon,
And a living dread at night!

I cross'd the sea; for I was free,
And honour'd for my wealth:
Yet am I withering secretly,
And fading as by stealth.

I wander idly up and down;
And, in my drooping soul,
Every coin among my store
Is like a flaming coal.

MY SWAN.

THERE was once a great Italian painter — the same who had a hand in painting the *stanze* and *loggie* of the Vatican, and in building Saint Peter's — who, when he came to be nearly eighty years of age, when he was justly considered and renowned throughout Europe as the most learned artist living, as a man who knew by heart every bone, ligament, muscle, and vein, and could portray them with the most recondite foreshortening and the most crudite symmetry — which, indeed, he could — designed a rough pencil sketch, representing a very old man (himself) seated in a go-cart, drawn by a little child; while, underneath the drawing, these words were written: "*Ancora impara*" — "Still he learns." The octogenarian sage — the oracle of art — was wise and modest enough to confess how

little he knew, and how much he had yet to learn.

Now, though I do not pretend to the learning of Michael Angelo, or — I say it in all modesty — to know much about anything, I did flatter myself that I was passably well read in "public" lore — that, as I once foolishly boasted in this publication, I had graduated in beer. Flippantly, as men of superficial acquirements are prone to do, I summed up the phases of "public" life in three chapters. Fatuitous scribe! I had but broken the ground with the point of my spade. Insensate! I had thought to do in a day what it would take years to accomplish a moiety of. Impotent! I had essayed to dip the Mississippi dry with a salt-spoon!

Consider the contemplative man's recreation. The fishing public-house! On the banks of a suburban stream, or by the towing-path of a canal, or by the mud-compelling, stream-restraining portals of a lock shall we find the piscatorial public: the Jolly Anglers, maybe, or the Izaak Walton, or very probably the Swan. What connexion there can be between a Swan and the gentle craft I know not; but it is a fact no less strange than incontrovertible, that the Swan is the favourite sign for fishing-houses: the White Swan, the Old Swan, the Silver Swan, the Swan and Hook, but the Swan, always.

The Swan, my Swan — on the little fishing river Spree (which has been playing some astonishing freaks of late — overflowing its banks and depositing roach and dace in back kitchens and dustbins) — always puts me in mind of a very old man with very young legs; for whereas it is above, as far as regards its upper and garret story, a quaint, moss-covered, thatched-roofed edifice with crooked gable ends, and an oriel window with lozenge-panes, it is below an atrociously modern erection of staring yellow brick with an impertinent stuccoed doorway, and the usual rhetorical conventionalities in golden flourishes about neat wines, fine ales, good accommodation, and the rest of it. This doorway faces the high omnibus road, and is a sixpenny ride from the Bank — a great convenience to anglers whose everyday occupations are of a City or commercial cast. The sign of the Swan formerly stood in this high road, or at least creaked and swung within an iron frame affixed to a post standing there. This Swan was a brave bird, with a neck like a corkscrew, and a head like the griffin's in the City Arms. There were faint vestiges of a gold-laced cocked hat, and a rubicund red nose gleaming through the whity brown plumage of the bird, and old folks said that before the house had been the Swan, it was known as the General Ligonier. Other old folks held out stoutly that the cocked hat and rubicund nose belonged to the publican's friend, the Marquis of Granby, while a third party swore hard

that they were the property of Admiral Byng, and that he was dissignified after they had shot him. When Groundbait, the present landlord of the Swan, took the house, he caused the sign to be removed as too shabby and tarnished, and agreed with Joe Copal, the journeyman decorator, to paint a new one for a crown and a bottle of wine. Unfortunately he paid the money and the liquor in advance, and Joe soon after emigrated to Texas, leaving not only the sign unpainted, but a considerable score for malt liquors and tobacco unsettled; whereupon Groundbait grew moody and abstracted on the subject of signs; refusing to have a new one painted, and replying haughtily to such friends as pressed him on the subject that "the gentlemen as used the Swan knew his 'ouse was the Swan without a swan being painted up outside like a himage, and that if they didn't they might go to any other swan or goose," after which he was wont to expel several vehement whiffs from his pipe, and, knitting his brows, gaze ruefully at Joe Copal's unliquidated score, which to this day remains in full chalk characters behind the parlour door; it being as much as Dorothy the pretty barmaid's place is worth to meddle with, or hint about effacing it. Groundbait has looked at it a good many times since the discovery of the gold fields of Australia, as he has an idea that Texas may be somewhere that way, and that Joe, coming back repentant some day with a store of nuggets, may call in and settle it.

The Swan has been a fishing house for years, not only as in the neighbourhood of a fishing stream and the resort of metropolitan anglers, but also as a species of house of call for freshwater fishermen — a piscatorial clearing house — a fishing news exchange, a social clubhouse for the amateurs of the rod and line.

The little bar parlour of the Swan, which is of no particular shape and has a paper ceiling, has a door covered on the inner side half by a coloured mezzotint of George the Third in jack boots, on a horse like a gambolling hippopotamus, reviewing one hundred thousand volunteers in Hyde Park; half by the famous *abacus*, or slate — the tabular record of scores. Dorothy, the "neat-handed Phillis" of the Swan, albeit a ready reckoner and an accomplished *artiste* in stewing carp and frying smelts, is not a very apt scholar; so she has devised a system of financial hieroglyphics to cover her want of proficiency in the delineation of the Arabic numerals. Thus, in her money alphabet, a circle (o) stands for a shilling; a half moon (☾) for sixpence, a Maltese cross for a penny, and a Greek ditto for a halfpenny. Farthings are beneath the calculations of the Swan; and pounds are represented by a very large O indeed: the agglomeration of a score of

circles into one circumference. The room is hung round with badges and trophies of the piscatorial craft. Rods of all shapes and sizes, eel spears, winches, landing nets, Penelopean webs of fishing tackle, glistering armouries of hooks, harpoons, panniers, bait-cans; and in a glass case a most wonderful piscatorio-entomological collection of flies — flies of gorgeously tinted floss silk, pheasants' feathers, and gold and silver thread — flies warranted to deceive the acutest of fish; though if, viewed through a watery medium, the flies come no nearer Nature than these do, I have no great opinion of the fishes' discernment. With all due reverence for the Eleusinian mysteries of fly-fishing — which I do not understand, be it said. Over the fire-place is the identical rod and line with which J. Barbell, Esq., hooked the monstrous and European-famed jack in the river Dodder, near Dublin, and in the year of grace eighteen hundred and thirty-nine; in one corner are the shovel and bucket with and in which at the same place and time the said jack, after being walked seven miles down the banks of the Dodder, and cracking the rod into innumerable fissures (though the superior article, one of Cheek's best, would not break), was ultimately landed. Conspicuous between the windows is the portrait of J. Barbell, Esq., a hairy-faced man, severely scourging a river with a rod like a May-pole; beneath that, the famous jack himself *in propriâ personâ*, in a glass case, stuffed, very brown and horny with varnish, with great staring glass eyes (one cracked), and a mouth wide open grinning hideously. He is swimming vigorously through nothing at all, and has a neat fore-ground of moss and Brighton-beach shells, and a backing of pea-green sky. There are very many other glass cases, containing the mummies of other famous jacks, trout, roach, dace, and carp, including the well-known perch which was captured after being heard of for five years in the back waters of the Thames near Reading, and has a back fin nearly as large as Madame de Pompadour's fan. Not forgetting a well-thumbed copy of dear old Izaak's Complete Angler; a price-list of fishing materials sold at the Golden Perch or the Silver Roach, in London, with manuscript comments of anglers as to the quality thereof pencilled on the margin, and the contributions of the ingenious Ephemera to Bell's Life in London, cut from that journal and pasted together on the leaves of an old cheesemonger's day-book; not forgetting these with a certain fishy smell prevalent, I think I have drawn the parlour of the Swan for you pretty correctly. The first thing you should do on entering this sanctuary of fishing is to keep your skirts very close to your person, and to duck your head a little — the air being at times charged with animal matter

in the shape of dried entrails twisted into fishing-lines, which flying about, and winding round your clothes or in your hair, produce a state of entanglement more Gordian than pleasant. The chairs and other articles of furniture are also more or less garnished with hooks of various sizes, dropped from the parchment hook-books of the gentlemen fishermen. These protrude imperceptibly, but dangerously, like quills upon the fretful porcupine; and it is as well to examine your chair with a magnifying glass, or to cause a friend to occupy it preliminarily, before you sit down in it yourself.

If you come to the Swan to fish you cannot do better than tackle (I do not use the word with the slightest intention of punning,) Groundbait, the landlord, immediately. That Boniface will be but too happy to tell you the latest fishing news, the most approved fishing places, the neighbouring gentry who give permissions to fish. He knows of fish in places you would never dream of: he has cunningly devised receipts for ground bait: his butcher is the butcher for gentles, his oil-shops are the shops for greaves; he has hooks that every fish that ever was spawned will gorge, lines that never break, rods that never snap. If you would go farther afield after an essay at the mild suburban angling of the River Spree, he will put you up to rare country fishing spots, where there are trouts of unheard of size, eels as big as serpents, pikes so large and voracious that they gnaw the spokes of water-wheels; of quiet Berkshire villages, where the silver Thames murmurs peacefully, gladsomely, innocently between sylvan banks, through a green thanksgiving landscape, among little islets, quiet, sunny, sequestered as the remote Bermudas; where the river, in fine, is a river you may drink and lave in and rejoice over, forgetting the bone factories and gas-works and tanneries, the sweltering sewerage, inky colliers, and rotting corpses below Bridge.

If you come to the Swan merely as an observer of the world, how it is a wagging, as I do, you may take your half-pint of neat port with Groundbait, or shrouding yourself behind the cloudy mantle of a pipe, study character among the frequenters of the Swan. Groundbait does not fish much himself. The engineer has an objection to see himself hoist with his own petard. Doctors never take their own physic. Lawyers don't go to law. Groundbait, the *arbiter piscatorium*, the oracle, the *expert juré* of angling, seldom takes rod in hand himself. He has curiously a dominant passion for leaping, darting the lancing pole, swinging by his hands, climbing knotted ropes, and other feats of strength and agility. He has quite a little gymnasium in his back garden, leading to the river — a kind of gibbet, with ropes and ladders, an erection

which, when he first took the Swan, and set up his gymnastic apparatus, gave his neighbour and enemy, the Reverend Gricax Typhoon, occasion to address several stinging sermons to the congregation sitting under him at little Adullam, touching the near connexion between publicans and the most degraded of mankind, such as public executioners, with a neat little historical parallel concerning Mordecai and Haman.

The angling company frequenting the Swan are varied and eccentric. Rarely, I am of opinion, is eccentricity so prevalent as among Anglers. Take Mr. Jefferson Jebb, among his intimates known as Jeff. He is something in the City, that mysterious place, the home of so many mysterious avocations. Every evening during the summer months, and every Sunday throughout the year, he comes to the Swan to fish or to talk of fishing. He is intensely shabby, snuffy, and dirty, and wears a beaver hat brushed all the wrong way and quite red with rust. On one finger he wears a very large and sparkling diamond ring. His boots are not boots but bats—splay, shapeless, deformed canoes, with bulbous excrescences on the upper leather. When he sleeps at the Swan, and you see the boots outside his door, they have an inexpressibly groggy, wall-eyed, shambling appearance and sway to and fro of their own accord like the Logan or rocking stone in Cornwall. I think Jeff must be in the habit of drinking coffee at breakfast, and, purchasing dried sole-skins wherewith to clear the decoction of the Indian berry, be continually forgetting to take his purchases out of his pockets, for there is a fishy smell about him, constant but indescribable. He never catches any fish to speak of. He does not seem to care about any. His principal delight is in the peculiarly nasty process of kneading together the compound of gravel, worms, and soaked bread, known as ground-bait, small dumplings of which ordinarily adhere to his hands and habiliments. He smokes a fishy pipe, and frequently overhauls a very greasy parchment-covered portfolio filled with hooks. His line or plan of conversation is consistent and simple, but disagreeable, consisting in flatly contradicting any assertion on angling, or, indeed, any other topic advanced by the surrounding company. This peculiarity, together with a general crustiness of demeanour and malignity of remark, have earned for him the *sobriquets* of the "hedgehog," "old rusty," "cranky Jeff," and the like. If he be not a broker's assistant, or a Custom House officer in the City, he must certainly be a holder of Spanish bonds, or Mexican scrip, or some other description of soured financier.

The arm-chair immediately beneath the portrait of J. Barbell, Esq., is the property, by con-

quest, by seniority, and by conscription, of Mr. Bumblecherry, Captain Bumblecherry, who has been a brother of the angle, and a supporter of the Swan for twenty years. For the last five he has boarded and lodged beneath Groundbait's hospitable roof. In his hot youth he was an exciseman; for some years he has been a gentleman, existing on the superannuation allowance granted him by a grateful country. He keeps a vehicle which he calls a "trap," but which is, in reality, a species of square wickerwork clothes-basket on wheels, drawn by a vicious poney. Bumblecherry is a very square, little old man with a red scratch wig, a bulbous nose, and a fangy range of teeth. He looks very nearly as vicious as his poney. He bids you good morning in a threatening manner; scowls when you offer him a light for his pipe, and not unfrequently takes leave of the parlour company at night with the very reverse of a benediction. He is a very bad old man; and when he speaks to you looks very much as if he would like to bite you. He does not believe in anything, much, except fishing, at which recreation he is indefatigable; fishing at all times and all seasons when it is possible to fish, singing the while, in a coffee-mill voice, a dreary chant, touching "those that fish for roach and dace." In the evening, when he is in a decent humour, he will volunteer an equally dismal stave called "The Watchman's nervous," and a certain song about a wheel-barrow, of whose twenty-four verses I can only call to mind one, running, I think,

"The Mayor of Hull come in his coach,
Come in his coach so slow —
And what do you think the Mayor come for?
Why, to borrow my wheelbarrow — oh, oh, oh!"

Ad libitum.

It is a sight to see the captain savagely fishing in all weathers, fair or foul; pouring maledictions on all who dare to meddle with his tackle; gloomily cooking the fish he has caught, or driving doggedly along in the basket cart with the vicious poney — which brute anon attempts to bite crossing passengers, anon stands stock still, whereat Bumblecherry gets out and kicks him till he moves again. He abuses Dorothy very frequently, but as he occasionally makes her presents of odd hanks of floss silk he uses in fly-making, meat-pies, and other confectionary, and once attempted to kiss her in disengaging a double-barbed hook from her dress, there is a report that he means to marry her, and at his decease endow her with the fabulous wealth he is supposed to have accumulated during his connexion with the British excise.

A frequent visitor to the Swan is a tall high-dried French gentleman in a short cloak, decorated with the almost obsolete poodle collar. Nobody knows his name, so he is generally called, with

reference to his foreign extraction, as the "Moossoo." He is a very assiduous, but pensive and melancholy, fisherman, and, sitting on a stump with the poodle collar turned up over his countenance, looks very like "Patience on a monument." In hot weather he will not disdain to take off his stockings, and, rolling up his trousers, fish barelegged at a considerable distance from the bank. He is an amateur in the breeding and care of gentles and worm-bait, and generally carries about with him a box of lob-worms, which, he laments to Mrs. Groundbait (who speaks a little French), are continually getting loose, and walking up and down the stairs of his house "*la canne à la main*" — an anecdote I venture to relate with a view to signalling a peculiarity, hitherto unknown, in the natural history of lob-worms.

In summer weather a great crowd of dandy fishermen invade the Swan. These gay young brothers of the Angle — bucks of Cheapside and exquisites of the Poultry — come down on afternoons and Sundays in the most astonishing fishing costume, and laden with the most elaborate fishing tackle. Wide-awake hats of varied hue, fishing jackets of curious cut, veils, patent fishing boots, belts, pouches, winches like small steam-engines, so complicated are they; stacks of rods, coils of lines, bait cans painted the most vivid green: such are the panoplies of these youths. Tremendous is the fuss and pother they make about bait and hooks, elaborate are their preparations, bold and valorous their promises, but, alas, frequently and signally lame and unsatisfactory their performances. With all their varied armament and intricate machinery, I have seen them, many a time and oft, distanced and defeated by a stick and a string, a worm at one end and a little barelegged boy at the other.

SAINT CRISPIN.

The Emperor Charles the Fifth, being anxious to know the sentiments of his humbler subjects concerning himself and his government, often went *incog.*, and mixed himself among them. One night at Brussels, his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler. Unluckily, it happened to be Saint Crispin's Day; and, instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he was in the height of jollity among his acquaintances. The Emperor made known his wants, and offered him a handsome gratuity.

"What! friend," said the cobbler, "do you know no better than to ask one of our craft to work on Saint Crispin's Day? Were it Charles himself, I 'd not do a stitch for him now; but if you 'll come in and drink to Saint Crispin, do, and welcome; we

are as merry as the Emperor can be." The Emperor accepted the offer; but while he was contemplating their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosted him—"What! I suppose you are some courtier politician or other, by that contemplative phiz; but be you who or what you will, you are heartily welcome. Drink about. Here's Charles the Fifth's health!"

"Then you love, Charles the Fifth?"

"Love him!" says the son of Crispin; "ay, ay, I love his long nose-ship well enough, but I should love him much better would he but tax us a little less." After a time they parted; and the Emperor, liking the frankness of the cobbler, sent for him next day.

When the poor fellow found that his unknown guest and the Emperor were one and the same person, he was scared out of his wits; he feared that the "long nose-ship" would be the death of him. The Emperor, however, allayed his fears, and promised to grant him any reasonable wish he might express. Crispin thereupon requested that, in future, the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the Emperors' crown upon it; and that in all processions the Company of Cobblers should take precedence of the Company of Shoemakers.

And this is how it arose that the cobblers of Brussels possess these honorary distinctions.

Saint Crispin, whether in England or Flanders, greatly disapproves of his sons working on his natal day. He bids them all feast and be merry, and they do so—from the worshipful Cordwainers' Company down to the

> "cobbler who lives in a stall,
> Which serves him for parlour, and kitchen, and all."

Saint Crispin and Saint Crispinian, the two sainted cobblers, were two brothers of noble birth, who came from Rome to Soissons to preach in the middle of the third century, supporting themselves by making shoes during the night. Brothers they are in fame, at any rate: for there are at Paris (or were, some years ago, but perhaps revolutions have overturned them) two pious Societies called *Frères Cordonniers* (Brother Shoemakers); the one under the protection of Saint Crispin, and the other under that of Saint Crispinian; they live monastically, and make shoes to support themselves and to assist the poor. Our Cordwainers and these Cordonniers are supposed to have derived their names from Cordouanniers, workers in Cordouan, or Cordovan leather.

Saint Crispin keeps up many old customs among his followers, the Cordwainers of England, as well as among the Cordonniers of the Continent, while other ceremonies have fallen into desuetude. The country shoemakers were wont to cease candle-light working on the first

Monday in March, and a holiday was enjoyed among them called "welting the block." They assembled in the shop, procured drink, and the eldest hand poured the first glassfull on a burning candle into the block candlestick; and after this symbolic performance, the sons of Crispin went through a well-known process of imbibition. Perhaps the country shoemakers may still remember something of the custom which Bloomfield used to enjoy in his shoemaking days — of waxing his customers to the seat of Saint Crispin, preparatory to the serving of them with a "pen'orth of strap-oil."

The craft is rich in names which have become in greater or lesser degree household property. There was the eccentric Lackington who, in the title-page of his autobiography, tells us that he came to London with five pounds in his pocket, and rose to be a bookseller having an annual sale of a hundred thousand volumes: he had been a shoemaker in the west of England. There was Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the redoubtable admiral. There was Fox, the real original Friend. There was Hans Sachs, the poet of Nuremberg, and the friend of Luther. There were the learned Baudouin and Jacob Böhm. There were the radical Hardy and the astrological Partridge; the powerful Gifford and the gentle Bloomfield. There were Savage, and many others — all sons of Crispin before they turned their thoughts and energies into new channels.

It is an odd thing, for which few persons seem to be able to account, that the shire of Northampton, above all others in the three kingdoms (except the metropolitan county), is the headquarters of the boot and shoe trade. Wellingtons, Blüchers, Prince Georges, Clarences and Alberts, Oxoians, Cambridge, Cambridge ties, side-springs, tops, spring-tops, waterproof shooting, hunting, strong boy, French dress, strong walking, front lace, side lace, highlows, and double-channel — all are brought from this inland county in numbers which would stagger "the oldest inhabitant."

Northampton, Wellingborough, and Kettering, are the three principal towns; but there are others which pick up the smaller crumbs. The sale-shop shoes and boots are especially supplied from this quarter; indeed, this is the distinguishing feature of the Northamptonshire trade, for there are very few "bespoke" goods here made. And these country workers press somewhat heavily on those of London, keeping down wages, and prices, and profits to a somewhat low degree. Many a manufacture has assumed a new aspect in consequence of those foolish "strikes" to which our workmen are rather prone; and we believe that it was owing to some such strike among the London shoemakers, in the early part of the

present century, that a migration took place to Northampton, where a tolerably large manufacture for an agricultural population had before been established. St. Crispin remembers 1812 as having been a momentous year in these matters. There was strife between masters and men in London; the latter, earning more than they have ever earned since, assumed the mastery, and o'ermastered the masters. Men met, masters met; men threatened, masters refused; work was stopped, and orders were suspended. Several employers, determined not to be coerced into the new terms, cut out their leather in London, and sent it to Northampton to be made into boots and shoes; and several sent their orders to be wholly executed in that county Northampton looked up; it became mighty busy; and it opened warehouses in London for the sale of Northampton work; and foreign merchants, finding that there was another English town which was better worth their notice than the metropolis, in respect to this branch of commerce, forthwith sent their orders to Northampton. The result staggered the London masters, and still more the London men. Down to that period Northampton boots and shoes were scarcely known in the metropolis, having mostly shod the denizens of the midland counties; and the London hands made not only the goods for London wear, but for export also. St. Crispin's children in the metropolis have been sorry for 1812.

Busy working is this at Northampton, and its neighbour towns. There are master manufacturers, who keep extensive warehouses, and give out work to be done by operatives who work at their own dwellings; the leather, cut to the proper sizes and shapes, is provided, and wages of so much per dozen pairs are paid for the making. Not that one man wholly makes a pair of boots and shoes; far otherwise. There is the shoe-closer, who works the upper leather; the shoe-man, who attaches the unders to the uppers; the boot-closer, and the boot-man, who do in respect to boots what the others do to shoes; the blocker, the runner, the clicker, and the cleaner-up. And then for women's boots and shoes, there are the women's-man, the binder, the sew-round-man, the welt-man, and others whose separate duties could hardly be described except in very roundabout terms. As these busy workers use up much leather, tanners and leather-dressers must be resorted to; and accordingly we meet with such in the Northamptonshire towns. And as the men must each have his kit, or grinders, there are the so-called grinders' warehouses, whence awls, lapstones, pincers, nippers, hammers, hemp, flax, wax, horse-hair, tips, clout nails, sparables, sprigs, pegs, and all the other

odds and ends of the workbench may be had. But Northampton would be offended if only the coarse rough work were attributed to it; it can and does produce the more polished elegancies. It may be stated that there is rather more approach to a kind of factory system at Northampton than in London among the sons of Crispin. The cheap sale-shop boots for Northampton are often undertaken by men who have a number of boys under them — younkers who either obtain very small wages, or who give their services in return for the apprentice instruction. So much do the workmen accustom themselves to children's labour, that there is a sort of saying, "every child in Northampton has a leather apron." It must not be supposed that "French" boots necessarily come from the other side of the Channel; except those sold at the best shops, they are of Northampton origin.

St. Crispin's trade is very much divided in our principal towns. In London, we know that there are shops in which the boots and shoes are not ticketed, and others in which the temptation of low prices is blazoned forth; the former are the bespoke, and the latter the sale shops. But behind the scenes we should find many other grades — principally relating to the old shoe trade, and of singular character. In the new work, however, we all know how much importance is attached to fit, shape, *ton*, ease without sloveliness; and we may readily believe that a good cutter-out is valued. And was it not so in the olden time? Gay, in his Trivia, makes the muse do duty in the service of well-fitting boots and shoes: —

"Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joints unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn."

And Chaucer:

"Of shoon and bootes new and fair,
Look at the least thou have a pair,
And that they fit so fetously,
That these rude men may utterly
Marvel, sith that they sit so plain,
How they come on and off again."

The Buenos Ayres gauchos, or native horsemen, procure a close-fitting rider's boot in an original way. The rider kills a young colt and takes off the skin of the hind legs, from the fetlock up to the middle of the thigh. He removes the hair; and, while the skin is moist and flexible, he fits it to his own leg and foot. The part from the hamstring downwards forms the foot of the boot, the rest forming the leg. In shaping the hide, so as to make it fit comfortably, one part becomes extended, whilst another part is contracted. In this way the foot is entirely covered, except the first three toes, which

remain with no other covering than Nature gave them.

The stray sale-shop boots and shoes are met with mostly in some particular localities. There is an old ballad relating to Bartholomew Fair, written just about two centuries ago, which says: —

"Then at Smithfield Bars, 'twixt the ground and the stars,
There 's a place they call Shoemaker's Row,
Where that you may buy shoes every day,
Or go barefoot all the year I trow."

Whether this particular Shoemaker Row is still left we doubt; but, about Saffron Hill and Clerkenwell, there are many shops where are sold the double-everlasting, much-enduring, weather-defying, lace-up boots and shoes, whose soles exhibit rows of most formidably-headed hobnails.

One by one the relics of old-fashioned London are taken from us; but we still retain the genuine cobbler who stitches away at old shoes, and talks radical politics with much English independence in his little stall beneath a shop-window. How the men manage to creep into these boxes is a perfect marvel. We know one whose workshop has no door whatever; he can only get into his establishment through the window, the total height of which is somewhat under three feet. Crooked he must get into it, crooked remain there, and crooked get out again; for to stand upright is an impossibility. His factory is scooped out of one of the old-school public-houses now passing away under the influence of plate-glass splendours. Fire-place he has none; so that his only caloric must be derived from the warmth of his own heart. And yet here does Crispin stitch away, year after year.

Mr. Deulin who, a bootmaker himself, has shown that he knows something about literature as well as boots, tells us, in his little book on Shoemaking, that in France there are itinerant cobblers who go about from place to place with a basket at their backs, square to the shoulders and rounded outwards. In this they carry their few pieces of kit, knife, awls, &c., and a necessary assortment of leather for patches and sole and heel mending. On getting a job, these French Crispins sit down at a door step, and work away; then, packing up their traps again, they are off in search of other customers, calling out somewhat on the principle of our itinerant tinkers and chair-menders. Most of these men are said to come from Lorraine. There is another class of cobblers in France, partly itinerant and partly stationary: sometimes you may see, in the South of France, an enormous umbrella planted firmly in the market-place, a cobbler busily engaged beneath it, and a villager or two waiting while the work is in progress — the unshod feet being

meanwhile innocently displayed to the light of day.

The cobbler is a favourite in many countries, and is indeed a sort of privileged person. He is a clubbist, beyond all doubt, and one who gives forth his opinions concerning the state of the nation with a good deal of self-satisfaction. And even in the East, where clubs are not very plentiful, and where men do not much accustom themselves to discussions on the state of the nation, we find nevertheless that the shoe-makers, or slipper-makers, or cobblers, are a waggish sort of people; they take part in many a story, as the readers of the Arabian Nights entertainments will doubtless remember; if we mistake not, the cobblers very often assisted the princesses to make their escape.

What a delicate name is that of "Translator," as given by St. Crispin to some of his sons! A "vamper" is dubious; a "renovator" will do very well; but a translator is a happy stroke of genius. When boots and shoes have rendered all the service which the owners hope to draw out of them, they find their way — through paths which mark the curious diversities of town trade — to the districts above-named, and others of similar character, where the translators take them in hand. Alas! a hero is not a hero to his valet; nor is a translator a translator among his brethren of the shoe-craft: he is only a "clobberer." Now a clobberer is not a nice name at all: the man who answers to this name does not do nice work or use nice materials. If there are crevices and breaks in an old pair of shoes which he does not choose to fill up with leather, he insinuates into them a dose of clobber, which seems to be a mixture of ground cinders and paste; and if there be other gaps which clobber will not serve but heel-ball will, then does this black compound do duty instead of leather. But if neither clobber nor heel-ball will suffice; if there be "nothing like leather" for the purpose; he does not waste precious bits of new leather; he has by him a store of pieces, derived from the uppers and unders of boots and shoes which have passed through a process of dissection, after perhaps a long career of service in a higher walk in life. A pair of Wellingtons, trodden under feet until their life is nearly pressed out of them, are sold at last for sixpence or eight-pence; their day is so far gone that they cannot even be translated; but they are still useful to cut up, and to supply small pieces which may be destined to run a yet further career.

While the old shoes and boots are being cobbled and clobbered, the makers of new goods are striving to introduce new and useful forms and materials in the manufacture. One man sews his boots with wire-thread instead of hempen-thread; another directs

our attention to his revolving circular heels, which may be turned round when worn down on one side; a third points to his excellent iron-rim heel, filled with gutta-percha; a fourth seeks impermeability to wet by the insertion of a gutta-percha sole between the inner and the outer soles; a fifth, learned in the elasticity of India-rubber, inserts elastic side-pieces to his shoes. In the warlike days, the late Sir M. I. Brunel made army shoes by machinery, fastened with nails instead of by sewing; it was ingenious, like his block machinery; but, somehow or other, it died.

St. Crispin has had something to do with the Government, and has found out (what has been discovered by many others) that Government officials move very slowly in Government affairs. A "Blue Book," of recent date, narrates how that a certain shoemaker, at Edinburgh, patented in 1838 a boot or halfboot, which had an elastic "waist," the waist being that portion of the bottom of the boot situated between the tread and the heel; it was made of an elastic material, that it might better accommodate itself to the movements of the foot. The patentee thought these boots well suited for our infantry soldiers; and the fourteen years' correspondence which ensued is quite a curiosity. The Commander-in-Chief, knowing that the colonels of regiments have a pecuniary interest in the clothing of the men, disavowed all control, but promised to recommend the shoes to the colonels, if the invention turned out well. The Adjutant-General wrote to the general officer commanding in Scotland with no result. A fire of letters followed from the Adjutant-General to the Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, from the Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, back again, to the Adjutant-General, which lasted up to 1843, when the Adjutant-General declared that he could do nothing further in the matter. The patentee then wrote to the duke, and a correspondence ensued backward and forward, between exactly the same parties, until 1847. The inventor then wrote to the Secretary-at-War, who wrote to the Adjutant-General, who wrote to the duke, who wrote to the Clothing Board, who wrote back to the Secretary-at-War, who wrote back to the patentee, communicating no satisfactory result. The matter finished nearly where it began Of the merits or demerits of the boot we do not presume to judge; we only point to the fact, that certain officers of Government take fourteen years to decide how they like a pair of boots.

THE DELUGE AT BLISSFORD.

This is the way Jack Plover lives when he is at home; but first of all I must tell you that

Jack's home is the wide wide world, and that when he stays in London or in Brighton, or goes shooting or yachting, he considers himself merely on a visit. He has now been what any one else would have called settled in town, for the last ten years, but still he looks upon it merely as a tent pitched for the night, and conveying no idea to his mind of stability or even repose. However, all the rest of us think London his headquarters for life, and therefore I will tell you how he lives in that gay metropolis. He has beautiful lodgings over an artificial flower-maker's in Jermyn Street, belongs to the Acropolis Club, and sports a swish-tailed poney, with very high action and immensely long teeth, in a livery stable in the St. James's mews. He pursues his literary studies in bed, and generally reads a novel before breakfast; but this is not so great a feat as it appears, for he does not breakfast till one or two o'clock. He then sallies into the street, skims through a page or two of the Times at the Acropolis, takes three or four turns up and down from the Duke of York's pillar to the Regent Street Circus, dives for half an hour into the back parlour of a cigar-shop, mounts his charger and goes on duty in Hyde Park, sits down to dinner at a little past seven, sips a pint of port, climbs up into the billiard room at ten, plays till twelve, sups till one, and commences the round of life by retiring to his couch at two o'clock in the morning. Mr. Plover is (theoretically) of a very active, enterprising disposition, and considers idleness a crime; he would send all vagrants to the treadmill, and pities poor devils of country clergymen because they have so little to do. His easy life has handled his outward man so tenderly, that if it weren't for the gradually increasing darkness of the hair-dye, you wouldn't think he had grown a day older for the last ten years. His hair was at one time a glossy brown; it has past through the intermediate shades of dark auburn, coal-black, ink-black, and is now finally settled into the darkest, deepest, beautifullest blue. His whiskers, however, don't share in the increasing nigritude of his hair, so he cuts them rigorously off; having been occasionally laughed at for the mixed colours which adorned his cheeks — the roots being very white and the tips very dark — like pine-trees on the snowy Appenine. This care of his personal appearance arises from a desire to please the world in general, and has no reference to any one in particular. He hasn't had a flirtation for twenty years, and has now forgotten all about it; which is odd, considering that it cost him several thousand pounds for breach of promise. The lady was inconsolable and married an Irish major three months after the trial. The name of the Irish major he industrious-

ly forgot; the name of the lady even was beginning to glimmer in a feeble indistinctness of something between Juliet and Maria; her surname he had either altogether banished with other "trivial, fond records," or at least had locked it away in some secret drawer of his mind into which he very seldom looked. Jack, like some philanthropists of my acquaintance — who express unbounded interest in the happiness of the human family at large, and do no good to any member of it in particular — had a profound veneration for the fair sex in the abstract, but hated all women in their individual capacity with a vehemence which was only equalled by his indignation at a tough beefsteak or a bottle of corked wine. Yet he was polite. No Frenchman of Louis Quatorze's reign ever so thrilled at a female presence. H s checks flushed when a lady spoke to him, even when she only asked him if he would have a helping of fish. His voice faltered as he answered. In fact, he was incorrigibly shy, and was nowhere happy or at his ease except in the Acropolis or in his apartments at Jermyn Street.

Has anybody forgotten the raininess of last winter? How the clouds were in a perpetual state of distillation, and the streets in a perpetual stream? Walking was impossible, riding in the Park was a service of great danger to man and horse. London, in fact, became intolerable, and Jack determined to go into the country for change of scene.

There is the prettiest little place that ever was seen on the coast of Dorset, and out of compliment to its character we will call it Blissford. It can scarcely be called a village, for the houses are all villas, each with a nice little coach-house, as if for the express purpose of showing how excellently Humility contents itself with a low-hung phaeton, undersize, and therefore duty-free. These villas are ranged in a long straight line under a protecting height, and have a fine and extensive view of the great ocean in front. Between them, however, and the shore is a rich low level of grassy field, and in the middle of the space — shaded by trees and enriched all round with shrubs of every hue and perfume — lies a small lake, famous for the deep blue of its water, and the romantic seclusion of its winding banks. No wonder Blissford became popular, especially with mammas who are rich in grown-up daughters.

Never a year passed without a marriage or two in the little old church, about a mile from the shore. And how was it possible to be otherwise? The visitors — for several of the villas did not disdain to hang a hospitable board over their garden walls, announcing their willingness to accommodate families, or even single lodgers — were thrown very much together. The clergy-

man was very popular. There were charming pathways, and shady nut groves, and whole days and weeks of idleness on the yellow sand. So you may say it was impossible for any two young people to remain unattached for more than a few days. It is remarkable, too, that the spire of the little old church was conspicuous from every point of view. In the midst of a conversation in almost any portion of the country, on lifting up their eyes the young people were sure to see the gilded weathercock glistening in the sun, and saying, or in fancy's ear seeming to say, "Here I am. Banns proclaimed on the shortest notice — or licensed marriages punctually performed." The invitation thus ostentatiously given, it was impossible to resist — and Blissford could boast of one happy couple more.

To this balmy spot Jack Plover — on the recommendation of a friend whose remembrance of Blissford was now endeared by the possession of a wife and seven children — Jack betook himself. The rain which had been a deluge in London was a water-spout here. Day and night tubs were perpetually discharged upon the chalky roads. The lake swelled over its banks, and spread over all the fields. Garden walls were undermined, and lay in ruins on the tops of cucumber frames; grassy banks were prostrated, and formed avalanches of mud over all the footpaths. So when Mr. Plover looked out of the window of Essex villa on the morning after his arrival, he saw nothing between him and the sea but a great floating expanse of white chalk, relieved by some uprooted hedgerows, and a low, sullen, creeping inundation caused by the gradual but sure rising of the lake, which converted the whole district into a true representation of that early stage of the world's history, when the earth was inhabited only by the mastodon and the ichthyosauri. The sight of a crocodile would not have astonished the observer. In fact it would have delighted him, for Jack was of a social disposition, and would have looked on a visit from a hippopotamus as a vast improvement on the utter solitude to which he saw he was condemned. "Is there no one else in the whole parish of Blissford?" he sighed, for his spirits were rapidly evaporating. "Have the inhabitants of all these villas been washed out of them, like a cargo of oranges out of a stranded ship? But if they were as full as Noah's ark, how could they establish a communication with each other? An ordinary umbrella would be converted into sponge before you got to the nearest neighbour; boats also are impossible, for the excessive porousness of the soil sucks in every drop that falls, leaving the surface in a clinging, half-dry condition, so that you have the appearance, after a turn or two on the garden-walk, of having

whitewashed your boots. But anything is better than this. I will make a tour of inspection in front of the villas. Somebody perhaps will know me. If not, I will make up to the first pleasant-looking fellow I see. I will have him to dinner. Rainy weather is delightful for mild Havannahs."

With these active resolutions he put on his boots, buttoned his great-coat, grasped his umbrella, and was on the point of leaving the house. But help was near at hand, and sunshine — in a metaphorical sense of the word — once more penetrated into Jack's room. He thought he heard in the garden, which abutted on the road, the sound of some one approaching; he went to the window, and looking down, saw the flattened top of a saturated umbrella at the front door. He heard a bell — he heard the door opened — a voice asking if "the gentleman" was at home; he then heard a dripping as if from a leak in the roof, but it only proceeded from the visitor's hat, on the oil-cloth in the passage; the parlour door was opened, and a man in a state of sloppy humidity put his head a very short way into the apartment, and smiled a ghastly smile, while his body was concealed by the door.

"Come in," said Jack, in a cheery voice, "pray don't stand on ceremony. I am delighted to see you."

"I am only afraid," said the face, "of spoiling the greens."

"Never mind the spoiling of the greens," said Jack, "that's more the cook's business than ours. Are you the market gardener?"

"The carpet, Sir, I mean," said the head once more. "The greys stand it very well, but lime and water is fatal to the green patterns. My shoes would burn them up like vitriol." Jack looked at the carpet: it was in squares of grey and green.

"Can't you jump always on one of the greys?" said Jack. "Come in, and tell me the news of the place."

"Sad news, I fear, Sir," said the man, now emerging into the room and adroitly planting his footsteps always on the light-coloured squares. "The Superiors can't take in any more, and what the Inferiors may do makes me tremble to contemplate."

"Sit down, my good friend," said Jack, enchanted to find an opportunity for his argumentative powers. "There 's nothing I like so much as a little political discussion. After all, aren't both in their right places? — the Superiors above, the Inferiors below?"

"I can't sit down, Sir," said the visitor. "I should leave my mark on the green morocco bottoms, and ruin them for life, having had the misfortune to have a backward tumble on my way down here. But, with regard to Superiors and Inferiors being in their right places, they may be at this moment — let us hope they are — but if this job con-

tinues, the Inferiors will decidedly swallow us up."

"I allow no man, in my presence," replied Jack in a stately manner, "to join in the ridiculous cry against the people. What you allude to, Sir, is the very stratum on which the whole of our fabric rests."

"Exactly, Sir," said the man. "Mud."

"I confess, Sir," said Jack, a little nettled at the man's tone and manner, "that occasionally the masses may be a little uneasy under the burdens they are subjected to, but see how many hundred years they have stood the test of all that could be laid on them! how they have gone on, consolidating their power — strengthening their order — and giving a broad, firm and capacious platform, on which the Superiors, as you call them, must rely, as their only ground of safety, their only hope of support." Jack looked round in the vain expectation of a round of "Hear! hear!" which would have saluted this burst of eloquence in the smoking-room of the Acropolis. None came; but the man with the dripping garments replied,

"Precisely what I say, Sir; and now the rain, if it lasts a week longer, will infallibly turn the whole of the Inferiors into pap, and then, Sir, where will the Superiors be? This is a chalk formation — the lower beds are all clay — clay and water make mud — mud can't stand any weight — where will all our houses go? And the Boroo's greenhouse? And Mr. Muffleton's imitation tower? And the flag-staff in every garden?"

"Oh!" said Jack, after a pause. "I thought you meant something else. Sit down; here 's a wicker-bottomed chair — now tell me what you are afraid of and who you are."

"I am afraid of the Boroo, Sir, and am by profession an architect. I was pleased with the beauty of Blissford many years ago; bought a lot of land; laid it out in building sites; and did very well. Some of the houses I sold; the ground-rent was secure; others I let on long leases; and the Boroo, six years ago, took this villa, and now she will ruin us all."

"Who the deuce is the Boroo? and what is she doing?"

"She is a geologist, Sir, and declines to pay any rent till I dry her foundation. I couldn't, Sir; the pond is not fifty yards from the house; and now she is resolved to dry her foundations herself."

"And a very sensible thing to do," said Jack. "But what puts you in such a fright?"

"The lake, you perceive, Sir, is a little swelled just now, the waters are coming in this direction. I don't deny it, but the Boroo will take no advice. She has set a number of men to find a chink in the ground between the pond and this. If they find a chink, they will turn the whole

water of the lake into it. Where will it all go, Sir? Tearing and tumbling among the great boulders of chalk, creeping and crawling among the twists and sinuosities of the lower formation, finally, Sir, it will reach the slippery clay, convert it all into porridge, and down, down, through chalk and marl and stone we shall all go sinking, sinking, till at last we get absorbed in the black, pulpy, greasy mud, which in this place is two or three hundred feet thick."

The man's face became pale with agitation, and the unusual tremor of every limb perceptibly increased the dripping, which now ran in little runlets all over the carpet beneath his chair.

"And the Boroo?" said Jack participating in the man's alarm. "Who is she? Where does she live?"

"Here, in this very house, Sir. She lives in the upper story and pretends to be only a lodger, but she 's the landlady, and a very sharp one you'll find her; though she pretends to be so far above letting out apartments for single gentlemen."

"Her name is odd."

"Her name is Mrs. O'Brien, but she says she had a husband who was descended from several kings long ago, and so she takes the name of Brian Boroo. She threatens personal violence if I ever speak to her again, for she's tired of hearing my demands for rent. She 'll be civiller perhaps to a stranger than to me, and if you could manage to get her to withdraw the men and leave the water alone, it would be the saving of us all, Sir."

"Well," said Jack, as usual letting his good-nature get the better of his discretion, "I am not afraid to face the Boroo, especially as I shall start for Ryme Legis at once and get out of the way before any catastrophe occurs."

He looked out of the window as he spoke. There was the rain, pouring away as if it had only fresh begun, and there were the waters of the pond creeping onward, onward, as if determined to take possession of the land.

"We 'll go and see the men at work," he said; "if they discover a chink and let the deluge into it, we can manage to escape before they have sapped the foundation, and we can leave the Boroo to her fate."

"But I 'm the ground landlord," replied the man, with a rueful visage, "and where will be the security for my rents?"

Jack rang the bell and ordered the maid to have a glass of brandy and water ready for him in half an hour, as he felt sure he should require refreshment after his wet walk. He also left a message that he wished for the honour of an interview with the Boroo on his return, and sent up his card.

The perturbed visitor got up to accompany him, and made a mist as he walked across the floor that dimmed the little mirror over the mantel-piece to such an ex-

tent that Jack had to wipe it with one of the chair-covers before he could arrange his curls in the glass.

Arrived at the side of the lake they found they were just in time to witness the discovery of a large chink about ten feet below the surface, opening amidst a mass of broken marl, with here and there a large rock presenting its fractured angles, and altogether a very dismal-looking hole, as can well be conceived.

"All's up!" said the wretched proprietor, wringing his hands. "Down we all go. All the water in the lake will be guided into that abyss; it will branch eastward and westward, and will change its course and get down among the clay and there it will soak and saturate and dig and burrow out and soften and loosen and melt and jumble all together, like a bowl of whipt cream, and all from the fearful obstinacy of one detestable woman. I wish Irish kings had never been invented."

"Then it's too late now to do any good?" inquired Jack. "I may save myself the trouble, perhaps the danger of speaking to the Boroo. I'm off to Jermyn Street this very day."

"There's no coach, no 'bus, no gig," said the man with a kind of malicious satisfaction at the detention of the lukewarm advocate, "see the Boroo, Sir; bid her stop these men. I'll wait and see the water admitted to the chink and bring you word of what occurs."

Matters now began to look serious. Mr. Plover had not been geologically brought up, but he began to perceive that if foundations are undermined houses must fall down; and, regardless of mud and rain, he hurried back to Essex Villa, determined to make one more effort for life before he betook himself to Ryme Legis — the nearest station — on foot. The agitation of his feelings, the perpetuity of the rain, the stiffness of the clay, the heaviness of his great-coat, and the rapidity of his pace were too much for him. He sank on the sofa on reaching his apartment, and has ever since maintained that he fell into a deliquium or swoon. When he once more opened his eyes he found a little table wheeled close to his side, and on it the object of his extreme desire — a glass of brandy and water — within reach of his hand. He heard the rustle of a silk gown as if in retreat from the apartment, but ere he could turn his eyes towards the door the wearer of it had disappeared. Could it be the Boroo?

His anxiety on this point was soon at an end. A tap came to the door. Enter a lady on the wrong side of forty, thin as a lath, with projecting nose and chin, and drops a courtesy so long and so low that it had evidently done duty many a time in a *menuet de la cour*. Jack started up. This couldn't be the dread-

ful individual he had trembled to encounter. She was evidently a "woman of mind;" there was a soft romance in her expression; Jack could have believed her the Tenth Muse or Corinne.

"May I ask, Madam, whom I have the honour of addressing?"

She replied with a strong Irish accent and smile: "You address the sister-in-law of the Boroo. She bids me say that recollection's font is opened and the tears flow quickly forth."

"I don't know anything about fonts," said Jack, who did not understand metaphors, "but there 's a deuce of a hole opened near the pond, and a poor little man has been with me to say we shall all be swamped in a few hours. The Inferiors — whoever they may be — won't stand it at any price, and will be off and leave us in the lurch to a certainty. So it 's my opinion we had better walk our chalks at once."

"That person is never silent on the subject of his chalks," replied the lady with a scornful toss of her head, "and the Boroo thinks she has a right to protect her property from inundation by every means in her power. She bids you remember the vale in whose bosom the sweet waters meet."

"I am by no means likely to forget it," said Jack; "but I think it 's a little hard on the poor man to send a flood of water under the foundations of his houses. I should like to see the Boroo for a minute or two herself. It 's getting dark very fast, and I may require to be off while I can see my way."

"You secured the rooms for a week, I think — but that is an affair with the landlady. You would like to see the Boroo? — may I say so? I think she will accede to your prayer. She will venture into the haunted atmosphere, 'where memory weaves her magic spell.'"

"I 'm not afraid of haunted houses," said Jack; "a landslip is a far uglier visitation than a ghost."

"She will see you then," said the ambasadress; "for the heart that has truly loved never forgets."

"Doesn't it?" said Jack, as she glided out and closed the door behind her. "If the Boroo hasn't more common sense than her sister, there 's no chance of getting her to change her mind." In preparation for the worst that might happen, he brought his small carpet bag out of the bedroom, and continued in his great-coat and boots.

The shades of night came on apace. The rain continued to fall; the fire unfortunately had gone out, and darkness was over all the room. Suddenly, without hearing any sound of entrance, he felt there was a presence at his side. An indefinable sensation crept all over him. He heard a low but quick breathing, as if his visitor were either in a state of great mental anxiety,

or was slightly touched in the wind.

"Who 's there?" he said.

"I am here," answered a whisper close at his shoulder. "You wished to see me, and I came."

"How can I see you without a candle?" said Jack, not sure, in spite of his boasted insensibility to ghosts, what might be the nature of his visitant. "Are you the Boroo in person? or the old poetess come back again?"

"I am the Boroo, once better known — still I hope remembered — by another name. And am I then forgot — forgot? It broke the heart of Ellen!"

"You don't say so! But I 'll tell you what; you 'll break the heart of that little old landlord of yours, if you go opening caverns under his very floors. Hark! isn't there a sound of water under this room?"

"Was it to talk of things like that you adjured me to grant an interview? It was not thus in the days of old when the minstrel struck his lyre!"

"It *is* the rushing of that detestable pond down among the Inferiors. I must be off."

A hand was laid on his shoulder. He thought it was in arrest of his departure without settling for his rooms. "I 'll send you the week's rent," he said, "when I get safely to Ryme Legis; but in the meantime bolt 's the word."

"John," said the visitor; "will you break off the last link of kindness that bound me to thee?"

There was something in the voice that put Mr. Plover into a cold perspiration. Yet there was no harshness in the tone, and the hand continued pressed upon his shoulder in an amicable manner.

"Really, Ma'am," he began; "there 's something so strange in this. I 'll tell you what — I 'll call again to-morrow, but at this moment, I feel, we 're all on the brink of death."

"Sir! Sir!" cried a voice from the front garden. "Escape while you can! There's a crack in the main wall — the house is settling down — it will never stop till it touches the blue clay."

"D 'ye hear that?" said Mr. Plover, casting the hand from his shoulder. "For my sake let us get out before we are buried!"

"Intombed within a living grave I 'd live or die with thee!" said the lady, laying hold once more of Mr. Plover, and detaining him by force. "You would not leave me to perish? Save me, oh, save me! All will be forgotten — the vows you swore and broke — the presents you gave and reclaimed — the meanness of that vulgar, cold-hearted jury — all, all, will be forgiven, and shall I leave thee? never — no!"

"The chimney-pots are coming off!" cried the voice in the garden. "The Boroo's bedroom window is bulging out a yard — run, run!"

Jack took the advice, shouldered his carpet bag, flung open

the door, broke away from his detainer, and gained the garden in a moment. The unfortunate landlord met him at the porch.

"It's all right," he said in a whisper; "the house is quite safe, but I think I shall frighten away a bad tenant. I will get the Boroo to give up possession before daylight."

"She keeps a mighty tight hold," said Jack, "of whatever she lays her hand on. I know her of old. Only to think," he muttered, as he pursued his way to Ryme Legis, "that Juliana Summerset should try to make it up again — as if I were fool enough to be caught twice!" Just when he had reached the front gate he heard a window violently thrown open, and a voice shouting "Rise up, rise up, Zarifa, and lay your golden cushion down, and gaze on false Adelle!"

Half running, half walking, dripping with water, trembling with fear, and in momentary expectation of being overtaken by the Boroo and the Tenth Muse he slipt and slopt and tumbled and stumbled, all along the saturated Blissford, and reached the railway station just in time for the up-train at one o'clock in the morning. It is thought Mr. Plover will not be in a hurry again to leave the protection of Jermyn Street and the Acropolis Club.

LOST AND FOUND IN THE GOLD FIELDS.

News from the Diggings, at least that kind of news that comes in letters, is so perfectly contradictory that individuals with minds as blank as sheets of white paper on the subject of Australia are perfectly bewildered. And no wonder. Captain Marlinspike, who has been at sea for thirty-five years — or, at least, thirty at sea, and barely five on shore, married twelve years — having established himself in Melbourne (in consequence of the departure of his officers and men for the Diggings and condemnation of his barque, the Lively Leaker), where he is driving a famous business as ships' husband and general agent, writes home for his wife and six children in raptures. He is making money, eating fresh meat every day, and does not think cabbages dear at eighteen shillings a dozen. Bill Picker, who saved money as a sub-contractor in the Crashington Railway and went out with his "old woman" and his "lot o' kids" in charge of a Gold Mining Company's Establishment that broke up the day of his landing, has been up to Forest Creek with two old mates whom he met accidentally in William's Town. They have netted a clear nine hundred pounds each in seven months, and he sends home a description to his mother in Lincolnshire that sets the whole parish, including the parson, in a

ferment. The same satisfactory sensations are produced by the missives of the miners from Pentofroy, near Penzance, who have found their way from Chili to Port Philip; even Lombard Street and Quality Court, the bankers' and the lawyers' clerks, have had evidence of good fortune under sign and seal, of fellows who were thought no great shakes in their respective capacities at home. On the other hand, Mr. Softly, who held a remarkably confidential and pleasant situation as cashier to the great house of Blouse and Broadbrim, and who used to live at Islington — where his musical wife gave pleasant parties and he was thought rather a neat hand at a speech after supper — having been smitten with a wild notion, compounded of a villa at Richmond and a mine of gold in his back garden, to be found in the neighbourhood of Geelong after a fortnight's experience, gives a most lamentable and strictly true account of his present position. He and Mrs. S. are paying four guineas a week for a hut little better than a pig-sty. He has not been able to find out any suitable occupation. He has lost a Wellington boot in the mud on each of the two occasions that he has been down to look after his baggage. The quartern loaf costs two shillings and sixpence; and, the night before writing, a party of gold diggers on the spree insisted on treating him, poured first a bottle of Champagne down his throat, and then, by mistake, a bottle of blacking. The letter of little Dick Rafleigh, who ran away from school, is not more encouraging, although he writes in the highest spirits, having succeeded, in consequence of the death of his master, to a half share in a dray which, with a partner, he drives to and from the Diggings. Dick describes the state of society as "most jolly — something like a fair and an election at the same time." The more we read, the more we grow confounded. One husband sends money for his wife, his father, his stepmother, and all his brothers and sisters. Another writes his better half that he is starving, so she must not think of coming to this dreadful place.

As a relief, we turn from manuscripts to newspapers, pass by leaders and communications from our own correspondent, do not linger on the Police Courts, scarce look at the debates of the Colonial Parliament, but dive into the advertisements, certain there to learn how the people live, how they pass their time in work and amusement. Our attention is first attracted by a cross-head, such as has never yet, we think, startled the readers of the double supplements of the Times.

"TO BURGLARS.—We shall feel obliged to the artists who favoured us with a professional visit last night to our stores in Flinder's Lane, and abstracted some cash and a timepiece from our safe, if they would be so good as to return us the key of the said safe, which can be of no

use to them. For their information, we further beg to state that, in future, we shall leave no negotiable valuables on the premises; in this instance, we thank them for having left our books and papers, although in some disorder, uninjured. Signed, HEAP and GRICE.

In England advertisements for heirs of Thompson and Smith, or for a young lady, or wife, or husband, earnestly implored to return, are comparatively rare; but, in the Port Philip papers, which do not pay advertisement duty, whole columns are devoted to missing friends. For instance,

ELLEN O'GRADY, A FREE EMIGRANT, per Rob Roy, which sailed from Plymouth on the 15th of February, and whose mother's name is O'Malley, and who formerly lived at Eden Quay, Dublin, is hereby requested to leave her address at the Office of this paper for Mrs. O'Malley.

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE OF Sarah Migg, she will hear of her brother Thomas by applying to Mr. Lazarus, Flinder's Street West.

MRS. STREAKY IS INFORMED THAT a letter from her husband is lying for her at two hundred and twenty-two, Elizabeth Street.

Irish advertisements all seem to have a curious character of their own.

JAMES, OR TIMOTHY BANAHAN, who arrived about two years ago, is requested to communicate with Martha Banahan, mother of the former, now in the service of C. K., Esq.

IF MRS. SUTHER AND HER DAUGHter will call at thirty-one, Stephen Street, she will hear of her husband.

It is not specified whether it is to be the mother's or the daughter's husband who will be heard of.

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE OF my husband, Andrew Cullum, he will be pleased to communicate, and let her know where he can be found.

The following is both obscure and colloquial.

MISSING FRIENDS. — BENDIGO CREEK, October 4th, 1852. — To the last advertisement in the paper of the 25th of September, I, George Wilsor, again publish the same, as the 25th paper did not come to the Diggings, that if Mrs. Wilsor and son George wish to find their husband and father they will apply to Cook and Mark's store, opposite the Argus Office, Bendigo Creek — or, if any person see her and son safe to the said store, shall receive the sum of five pounds, beside other expenses.

WILLIAM ROUSSELL IS REQUESTed to come to Melbourne as soon as possible to see his sister, now lying under severe illness.

ARRIVALS. — In the Argus of yesterday twenty-three vessels are reported to have arrived from England with two thousand, nine hundred and two souls. A strong fact for the Houseless Committee!

Innumerable advertisements proclaim the wish of new-comers to find old friends; for, from the scarcity of house-room in South Australia, a distinct address is a very difficult thing to possess. All that is known of many of the older emigrants is, that they are supposed to be somewhere in the Colony.

Even before looking for friends, people want to eat; they must be startled by seeing in a public announcement that the four pound loaf has been raised to two shillings and sixpence! Compositors will not mind this so much, as the same paper offers employment at two shillings and

sixpence for composing and arranging every thousand metal types; about four times the price paid in England. The lists of servants and labourers wanted occupy columns, headed with capitals and notes of exclamation, thus: BAKERS! BAKERS!! WANTED JOURNEYMEN BAKERS!!! LIBERAL WAGES!!!! Carpenters and bricklayers seem much in demand. The chief peculiarity of the advertisements for domestic servants is, that married couples are preferred, and also married men as carters or in situations of trust. This is a change for the better; before the gold diggings single men were in demand. There seems a great call for cooks, both male and female; a dozen are inquired for, in one paper. Here is one advertisement.

WANTED A GOOD PLAIN COOK, wages forty pounds; also a kitchen-maid, wages twenty-five pounds. Also a chambermaid, and a young man to make himself useful. A married couple as cook and waiter would suit.

A Serious Lady advertises for "a few quiet gentlemen." Hotels are numerous in the town, and on the road to the Diggings.

PARTIES TRAVELLING TO THE Diggings will find great cheer and beds for themselves, dry stabling and excellent fodder for their horses, at Aberdeen's Accommodation House on the main road.

There can be no difficulty in finding doctors, as it is the custom for new arrivals to advertise full particulars of their birth, parentage, and education. The majority are Scotch and Irish, some intensely national. We note Dr. Pashaw, of Edinburgh,

"He begs to intimate that he has pitched his tent at Moonlight Flat, Forest Creek. Dr. P. has been engaged in extensive practice for twenty-four years; his tent will be distinguished by his name across an ensign flying and a Scotch thistle on end."

Money seems to be lost and found in great quantity; out of a dozen similar announcements in one paper the following is sufficiently brief: —

JOHN CLARK, PATRICK HAYES HAS recovered the gold receipt you lost on the Moonlight Flat on Friday night, the 8th October. Call and enquire at the Harp of Erin.

Then we have

FOUND — A BUNDLE OF NOTES. Apply to A. B., Swanston Street.

FOUND — A SUM OF MONEY IN A CARTRACK.

LEFT ON THE COUNTER OF MR. J. WILLIAMS, stationer, a bag containing money.

FOUND — A GOLD RECEIPT BETWEEN Carlsruhe and Kyneton.

Then comes:

LOST— TWO HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS yesterday morning in Bourke Street, by a man lately arrived in the colony, the result of twenty-five years' hard industry.

LOST—A SABLE BOA—ONE POUND REWARD.

We cannot help being equally struck by the carelessness of the people who drop purses, bags of money, gold receipts, in all

directions, and the honesty of the number who take the trouble to advertise the waifs which have fallen to their hands. It is evident that there is a large stock of honesty in the Colonies, although we have been taking so much pains to swamp or neutralise it by an annual flood of felony in the shape of exiles on tickets of leave, turned loose in the neighbouring colony of Van Dieman's Land.

The loose morals are most displayed in the article of cattle and horses. The ancestors of the Bold Buccleugh could not have more thoroughly carried out their motto of "Snaffle, spur, and spear," than the boys bound to and from the Diggings. Many advertisements offer good grazing in enclosed paddocks; some end with "no accommodation for Sunday travellers, and no business done on that day;" but in all pasturing advertisements, in a conspicuous line, are these words, "No responsibility." And the meaning of "No responsibility" is explained by column after column of rewards, from five pounds to fifty pounds, for the horses and oxen, stolen or strayed, of every size, every breed, every colour, branded with every possible variation of the letters of the alphabet, beside stars, crosses, and marks; one mare has a pleasant head, another horse has no hair on his tail. It would almost seem that every man going to or returning from the Diggings borrowed somebody's horse, and forgot to return it. As for the bullocks that stray away and get into the pound, they occupy a couple of columns monthly in one paper, like the following: — "Yellow and white bullock, bell on neck, T off neck, T off ribs, SE near shoulder, like 20 or 40 off thigh; yellow and white bullock, down horns, like M or W near back, HC or G near rump; brown bullock, wide horns, SE near shoulder, bible brand, thus [1] near ribs." Pigs do not seem well used in these districts, for three pounds reward is offered for "A sow in pig, colour black and white, ears much torn by the dogs, many scars about the legs, and a piece bitten off the tail."

The public amusements are very equestrian, with the exception of a few stray concerts — "a subscription concert by Mrs. Lester: tickets one guinea." The German Union advertise a "grand ball and champagne supper: tickets two guineas each." Rome Equestrian Circus offers a fine bill of fare: "highly-trained steeds; the prince of Ethiopian comedians, &c.: boxes, eight shillings; pit, two shillings and sixpence; and no half price." The Olympic does not even condescend to advertise its prices. But in races there is an exuberant strength that would set on end the hair of the worthy clergyman in Gloucestershire, who preached down the Grand Stand of that fashionable abode of dull gentility.

Geelong, with a population under ten thousand, supports three days' racing that might make some towns in Yorkshire jealous. In spite of State subventions, Chantilly and Versailles sink into mere leather platings, in comparison. Seven flat races and a steeple-chase, for prizes of from sixty pounds to a hundred pounds, with sweepstakes of not less than ten pounds each added, all conducted in regular Newmarket style. At Melbourne "a grand metropolitan steeple-chase; entrance twenty-five pounds each; three miles; weight twelve stone; open to all the world."

The only other public sign of gambling is an advertisement of a Musical Art Union lottery, beginning with a grand piano prize, and ending with music books. In all, two hundred and fifty pounds prizes.

But the gold digging population and their friends have other occupations of a public kind, in addition to concerts and balls, circus and races. The prospectus of the Melbourne and Geelong Railway Company, for uniting those two important ports, with a capital of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds in shares of twenty pounds, appears with a long list of respectable names, and some facts that in a small compass tell a great deal. We learn in this prospectus: —

"1. That even prior to the discovery of the Gold Fields, the population had increased at the rate of one hundred and ten per cent. in the quinquennial period between the census of 1846 and 1851.

"2. That the population of Melbourne had increased a hundred and twenty per cent. in the same period of five years.

"3. That the population of Geelong had increased four-fold, or three hundred per cent. in the same period of five years.

"4. That the population of Melbourne was, in the month of March 1851, twenty-three thousand one hundred and fifty-three; that of Geelong at the same date, eight thousand two hundred and ninety-one; total of the two towns, thirty-one thousand four hundred and forty-four.

"5. Since that period, the increase of population has been advancing in a much more rapid ratio. There was the ordinary increase up to the period of the gold discovery. Since then, the additon of the population of the colony has been ascertained to be, between the month of November, 1851, and the present time, at least six thousand souls per month. Adopting the proportion of the previous growth of the two towns, their united population must now amount to at least sixty thousand souls.

"Nearly the whole of the commerce of the colony is centered within the towns now proposed to be united. The exports for the year ending June, 1851, prior to the gold discovery, amounted to nearly a million and a half — one million four hundred and twenty-three thousand pounds; and the imports to the value of one million — one million and fifty-six thousand pounds.

"In the article of wool alone the exports from Melbourne and Geelong, during the year ending June 30, 1851, amounted to fifty-six thousand bales, a large quantity of which was conveyed coastwise between the two ports, the quantity arriving from the interior at either place being nearly equal. Since the discovery of the gold fields a large quantity of gold dust is carried between the two towns — the gold raised from the western Diggings passing through Geelong, and that from the northern fields passing through Melbourne."

The advertising sheet tells us that the inhabitants are not entirely absorbed in getting and

spending money. In one column the Melbournites are invited to attend a lecture on national education at the Wesleyan schoolhouse; in another the official inspector of schools, under the authority of the Colonial Education Commissioners, calls a meeting at the Old Post Office, Forest Creek, to take means for establishing schools at the Diggings. Of course there must be children to require schools. The Congregationalists call a public meeting to petition and protest against grants of public money for any ecclesiastical purposes. The Jews use an advertisement with a Hebrew motto, printed in the Hebrew character, announcing "to their brethren at the Diggings and elsewhere" when two festivals commence. In another advertisement the members of the Jewish persuasion call a public meeting, "to take into serious consideration the urgent necessity of providing temporary accommodation for the large number of our brethren who are daily arriving." Then the mayor, on the representation of Captain Chisholm, calls a meeting for the same purpose. This has ended in the formation of a Temporary Home, in which the women and children who arrived by the Scindian were lodged.

Official notices, except of pounded cattle, are rare in the Australian colonies. Frenchmen landing there, will cry out on seeing the following advertisement, even more frequently than here, "Where is the administration?"

"*Notice.* — A public meeting will take place at Lever Point, Moonlight Flat, Forest Creek, on Thursday, the twenty-first of October, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present lawless and unprotected state of the Diggings, and other matters requiring the serious consideration of the diggers. A deputation is respectfully requested from the Bendigo and Ballarat to co-operate with this meeting."

The movement for establishing emigrant homes at the instigation of Captain Chisholm, shows vigorous fruits in the advertising columns. The Governor announces that he has appointed three gentlemen to co-operate with the committee appointed at the public meeting for providing accommodation for houseless immigrants. The Wesleyans have established their Home on a subscription list of nine hundred and seventy pounds received up to October thirteenth. They announce that a building will be completed in the course of the month; a register will be kept for servants; a bazaar is to be held in aid of the funds. In the same paper another advertisement appears for a married couple as governor and matron of the establishment — salary two hundred and fifty pounds per annum. The Royal Orange Institution call a public meeting at the Protestant Hall to take into consideration the destitute condition of newly arrived immigrants.

Besides these public announcements, we have private informa-

tion in addition to that recently communicated in a "Chip," of the absolute necessity of emigrants taking out houses or tents, if they do not desire to live in the open air, or the public Homes. Of house room there is no chance.

The following, a Government notice, shows that the Government have at length partly adopted the principle of family colonization. Residents in the colony are informed that for four pounds for each boy, and two pounds for each girl between the ages of one and fourteen, and eight pounds for each man, and four pounds for each woman under forty-five, they may obtain passages to the colony for their relations, provided they comply with the regulations of the Emigration Commissioners in England. But they must be of the following callings — agricultural labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, miners, gardeners, or country brick-layers, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, wheel-wrights. What is the difference between a country and a town bricklayer we are puzzled to know. So now, all people who think they can go through the process prescribed by the formalists of Park Street had better stir up their relations in Australia. Under this plan those who go in one ship, if short of means, may take the eight pounds a head of the relations left at home, and remit through the Government on arrival. As passages are dear now, this profitable mode of laying out the funds of a family is worth knowing.

We will not wade through the half-dozen columns of sales by auction of miscellaneous goods and the like, of land and houses, that adorn the Port Philip papers. Certainly it seems as if with money, and a vehicle to move the goods, there would be no difficulty in purchasing land or houses in town or country, and furnishing and provisioning. From tin ware to grand pianos, from Dutch cheeses to champagne, at auction sales everything seems to go under the hammer, on the same day, by the same man.

In the general market we find cauliflowers eighteen shillings a dozen, green peas eighteenpence a quart, turnips and carrots four shillings a dozen, fowls sixteen shillings, geese and turkeys twenty shillings a pair, butter two shillings and sixpence per pound, eggs two shillings a dozen, hay eighteen pounds a ton, fat bullocks ten to twelve pounds a head, sheep fifteen shillings a head, horses from forty to sixty pounds for good hacks, draught horses fifty to eighty pounds, with an expectation of an advance of fifty pounds per cent. in the next month.

After these quotations the farmer, the market gardener, the sailor, the navigator, the lawyer, the gentleman, the clerk, can better decide than on any private information whether they are fit for the gold diggings and its envi-

rons, its shops, farms, pastures or public-houses.

HERMIT ISLAND.

The town of La Calle is situated on the north coast of Africa, near the eastern boundary of Algeria. I took up my residence there in the beginning of October, 1843; and the brave comrades, who received me on my arrival, soon discovered that I was disappointed at not finding the country so beautiful as I had been led to expect. A long, narrow rock, jutting into the sea, supports the handful of houses which constitute the town; at a very short distance behind, the horizon is walled in by lofty naked mountains; and then there is a poor little creek, which they call the Port, and at the end of that the sea, without a single vessel to be seen upon it, except the numerous coral-boats which I hardly expected to find there.

"Oh!" said my friends, "you will find plenty of amusement by and bye. In six months, the Bobérach will be back again, with Lieutenant Baussand, a capital fellow. We shall have splendid water-parties, and you will go to La Galite."

La Galite excited my curiosity greatly. I had heard M. Guyon-Vernier tell marvellous tales about it at Algier; at Bône, also, it was spoken of as something curious. I became, therefore, a little impatient; I wanted to catch a glimpse of La Galite. We went out for the purpose, but in vain; the weather was rather hazy, and La Galite is not visible from La Calle except on a particularly fine day. When this island can be distinctly seen, that is, when the air is unusually clear, the common remark is, that rain is coming. This barometric sign is a perfectly established fact.

At last a fine day did come; and, in the direction of Sardinia, fifteen leagues out at sea, I could see a black rugged rock rising in strong relief above the horizon. It was La Galite. Summer came at last, and with it the Bobérach, a charming *chibeck* which had formerly been used by the corsairs in their piratical expeditions, and which was captured in the port of Algiers, in 1830. She was a decked vessel, with a crew of thirty men or thereabouts, with three masts and four sails, including the jib. She was then commanded by M. de Pérallo, whose wife, a young and lively Parisian, accompanied her husband, to whom she was thoroughly devoted. The Bobérach used to spend the summer at La Calle, to watch the coral fishery; in winter she snugged herself up in the port of Algiers, leaving La Calle to shift with a naval force of a single *balancelle*, the Tafna, commanded by a tall and stout Provençal, named M. Sicard, a good sort of man, though a great original. Captain Sicard, as he was called, might serve as an excellent representative of a cer-

tain kind of sea-wolf which romance-writers are very fond of exhibiting in their pages. On board his boat the only punishment administered was a blow with the fist: he called that "pushing."

The port of La Calle, with its numerous coral-fishers, afforded me plenty of subjects of amusement, without mentioning my friend Baussand. But La Galite is what we are talking of just now.

The isle of La Galite is situated about five-and-twenty miles to the north of Cap Négre, and is about three leagues in circumference. Close to it, on the north and west, there are four small islets which are called Galitons, and which are nothing but steep, absolutely naked rocks. The shore of the island is very steep all round, and is surmounted by two principal peaks, one of which rises in the middle of the island (considered in respect to its length) to the height of about fifteen hundred feet, English measure. On the south side, at the extremity of a very open bay, there is a picturesque and extensive grotto, through which a tolerably abundant spring flows. Two small basins, hollowed out by human hands, testify to the service which this watering-place has rendered to navigators. There are likewise three other springs on the north shore, but they are dried up in summer time.

The geology of La Galite is volcanic in its character; most of the rocks are composed of a sort of bluish granite. Still, some are found, especially on the south side, consisting entirely of porous lava, something like that which constitutes the curious rocks of the port of La Calle, but more compact. Scarcely any vegetable mould is to be found, except on the table-land which joins the two principal peaks, and in the ravines. I cannot understand how a member of the Scientific Commission, who visited the place in October 1840, could imagine that forty families might maintain themselves here, besides creating a little export trade. The same *savant* states that he ascertained the fertility of a great part of the island!

There are no trees; for it is impossible to apply that name to a few brambles — although they are rather tall — which are to be found upon one single spot. I saw a solitary fig-tree; it grows from a chink in the rock, and is quite inaccessible.

The species of native plants are extremely limited in number; the wild *graminaceæ*, such as the perennial rye-grass, prevail; but the most abundant vegetable production is a herbaceous plant with leaves that are unctuous to the touch, and which diffuse an unbearable odour all over the island. The Italians visit La Galite for the purpose of gathering a plant which they call *erba tramontana*, and which is used in dyeing. It is a species of orchil,

known as *roxela tinctoria*. The discovery of the properties of orchil, accidentally made by a Florentine merchant, dates back so far as 1300. Having observed that liquid ammonia caused this lichen to assume a brilliant hue, he made experiments, from which he learned the mode of treatment requisite to make orchil available to the dyer. He kept this discovery secret for a long while. His descendants, a branch of whom is still surviving, according to the account of Domenique Mauni, derived their name of Rucelai from the Spanish world *oreiglia*, which denotes this species of cryptogamic vegetable.

But all the plants here are generally stunted and puny. The rabbits and goats are continually ravaging them. And besides, every year during the summer, a fire lighted by nobody knows whom, consumes every vegetable production. It may be presumed that were it not for these impeding causes, we should see at La Galite a vegetation much the same as that of the mountains of Algeria.

Rabbits and goats are almost the only living creatures at La Galite, but their number is very considerable. The goats keep together in troops of twenty or thirty among the defiles of the rocks, and are exceedingly wild. But few are killed; the sportsman finding it no easy task to follow them to the retreats to which they climb, and to keep pace with them as they mount the rocky peaks. The rabbits also are extremely numerous.

All these particulars we were anxious to verify. On one fine day in June we set sail for La Galite; — M. Pergaut, an excellent Lorrain, a great sportsman, and *Garde Général* of the forests of La Calle; and Theurkauff, the superintendent of the hospital, a delightful fellow of most promising talents, who was soon afterwards miserably murdered by the Arabs. I have forgotten who were our other companions. M. and Mme. Pérallo did the honours of their vessel to perfection. Thanks to Baussand, I felt scarcely a symptom of sea-sickness. He furnished me with such an abundance of amusement during the passage, that I had no time to think of being ill.

During the voyage, we harpooned a few sharks and shot several gulls. At last, after a seven hours' passage, we reached La Galite; that is to say, we lost two hours more in waiting for the west wind before we could cast anchor. Navigators wisely recommend great caution in these seas. The gusts which pour down from the mountain defiles are often very dangerous; and, on the other hand, the wind almost always absolutely drops within sight of the anchorage. At that point, in fact, our sails hung flapping lazily, and the sailors were obliged to tow the Bobérach with their two boats, till we came within convenient soundings upon a gravelly bottom.

Our greedy eyes were already feasting upon the country which we were shortly to possess as absolute masters. The scenery we gazed upon was extremely wild; —frightful rocks scantily clothed with verdure, cool little bays, and ravines still tolerably green, wherein we already peered for the goats and rabbits about which we had heard so much. For, the greater number of the persons comprising our party had already visited La Galite before.

Our provisions were landed and placed in the grotto; some clear cool water was fetched from the spring at its extremity; and we took our draught of bitters as usual. This extremely curious cavern is formed by an enormous flat rock, which overhangs the narrow beach. A deep ravine, extending quite up to the central plain, terminates on one side of the cave. The floor, strewn with pebbles, supports also several flat blocks of stone, which perfectly answer the purpose of chairs and tables. The coolness of the place is very agreeable, and we proposed to sleep there. I had voted for that motion, but we were obliged to renounce it, and return every evening to pass the night on board, because they pretended to fear that it would be too cold in the grotto. The real reason was fright, occasioned by a dead human body we had found on landing. M. de Pérallo, and the whole of his party vowed they would not pass a single night on shore. Theurkauff, especially, had been deeply affected by the sight of the corpse.

And now for the rabbit-hunt! Ah! that really deserves a separate account all to itself. We were armed with our guns, and well supplied with powder and shot; we had M. de Pérallo's dog Stanhope and Baussand's *dogue*, who afterwards gave birth to our well-beloved Stop, and M. Pergaut's dog Faquin. We were also accompanied by several sailors, who carried the game-bags and further supplies of ammunition. Our campaign began without delay. I, who am a bad shot, and an unlucky sportsman, had never had such a chance in my life. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that in two days we killed a hundred and fifty rabbits. Every one took a share in the warfare. The sailors, armed with muskets or with any old fowling-piece, blazed away for their parts. You could hear nothing but the report of fire-arms. M. de Pérallo, perched on a hillock from whence he could survey the entire scene of action, did nothing but shout "This way! That way! There they go!" Some of them ran between his legs, and then how we all did laugh!

Then came the goat-hunt. That was altogether a different affair. The goats at La Galite are extremely numerous, and are of all colours. They are very wild, and keep together in herds. They

are rarely to be encountered, except on the highest peaks. They gave us a ruffled skein to untwist, and made us long for a glass of cold water. We climbed the rocks, leaving the dogs below; and from time to time we could perceive on some neighbouring peak a flock of goats staring at us for a moment in surprise at our appearance, and then leaping from rock to rock far out of the reach of gun-shot. At first, they allowed us to approach within distance; but, afterwards, when once they had been alarmed by our volleys, they took good care to keep sufficiently out of our way. The boatswain of the Bobérach displayed extraordinary skill and courage.

On the western side of the island are some singular rocks, to which we gave the titles of the Chapel, the Church, and the Abbey. They were, in reality, a mass of micaceous peaks so picturesquely split and pinnacled, that in the evening, at sunset, it was very easy to give in to the illusion. It was on this spot, which had been reported as inaccessible, that we made our special search after the goats. We could see them on the tops of the rocks, passing from one point to another, by means of a balustrade which was perfectly pierced into Gothic tracery. There were a multitude of openings, doors, and loop-holes, in the shape of natural arch-ways which allowed them to pass, and through which they thrust their graceful heads, laughing at our ineffectual attempts to reach them.

Besides all this, we had the seal hunt. On the side of the island which looks towards Sardinia we arrived, in our boat, at a large grotto, and there, without expecting anything of the kind, we saw three or four seals stretched upon the sand. At our approach, they hastened, clumsily enough, to plunge into the sea under our very noses. We fired all together, platoon fashion; the very best thing we could do. The water around the boat was soon stained with blood, and we felt quite sure of having killed, or at least wounded, one or two of these curious animals. We searched with the boat-hook, but in vain. The day was closing, and we returned to dinner. In the evening we started with torches and lanterns, and every other necessary implement. Baussand was the leader of the expedition. "Pull away, boys!" he shouted to the rowers, in a terrible hurry to get there.

At last we reached the grotto, where Baussand ordered the men to row cautiously and slowly. We leaned over the edge of the boat, and by the aid of our lanterns we easily discovered an enormous seal lying at the bottom of the water, which at that spot was not more than five or six feet deep. The sailors dived down to the carcase; they made use of the tackle which Baussand had brought, and finally, not without

difficulty, hoisted the immense brute on board. It weighed at least a hundred and fifty or two hundred *kilos* (two hundred *kilos* weigh four hundred and forty-one English pounds avoirdupois), and proved to be a magnificent female. Next day we cut up the animal; her skin was salted and preserved in a chest; her flesh was eaten by the sailors. I had tasted seal's liver and the *filet* on a former occasion, and did not find it at all disagreeable; it has, perhaps, a slight flavour of fish oil. I made a preparation of this handsome creature's head. Its jaws were furnished with teeth as strong as those of the large hyæna which I stuffed at La Calle. In one word, it is the jaw of a very large dog, with a predominance of molars, in point of strength. The skin of these animals is very handsome, being covered with short, rough, iron grey fur, and is used for the covering of game-bags, and to make tobacco-boxes with.

Whenever we coasted round the island in our boat, the various wild creatures afforded us a delightful spectacle, which I shall never forget as long as I live. But everything just then contributed to my thorough and complete enjoyment of the trip. Surrounded by kind, cheerful, and open-hearted friends; gently rocked in a boat managed by joyous sailors; free from all cares, either of yesterday or for to-morrow; far away from any inhabited country, and escaped from all worldly trouble; how could I help indulging in a little enthusiasm? With the splendid weather which we constantly had at La Galite; with capital refreshments always in our boat, and pipes, pipes, for ever pipes; from time to time jumping on shore, to gather limpets, sea-urchins, or crabs, and adding these to our store of sausages and cold meat; with a few bottles of good wine which Baussand took care to slip into the boat; — how admirably we fared!

A shoal of porpoises and seals would come and play around our boat, sometimes swimming very close to it. They made prodigious bounds out of the water, caracolling, hustling each other, and playing all manner of pranks, enough to make us die with laughing. I had read of this sort of thing in books of voyages, but had certainly formed no idea of the reality. Some of these porpoises were more than twenty feet long, and they leaped out of the sea so as to display themselves at full length. They spouted out the water, and made it fall in graceful jets around them. — And we fired! — But at every shot they dived, very soon making their appearance again. Seals and porpoises seemed to be laughing at us, or doing us the honours of our excursion round their island. Sometimes, at a greater distance, the black fin of the fearful shark would rise above the waves, clearing them rapidly, and disappearing with a

flourish of his tail. And then, by way of a change, we attacked the divers, the cormorants, and a host of other seabirds, which were perched on the boulders at the water's edge, and which stupidly stared at us as we glided past them.

I ought not to forget the cray-fish and lampreys, which are excellent at La Galite; so much so that the Bône fishermen come here expressly to catch them. They were excellently served by the cook of the vessel, in spite of Baussand's infamous *allitot* or garlic sauce. Altogether we fared sumptuously. The Bobérach's cellar was very respectable. The *vin de Lamalque* contrived to please us all; but we found no fault with the other wines, any more than with the cognac, the rum, the gin, the bitters, the tea, the grog, the Heaven knows what!

We took our meals beneath the grotto. Matresses were brought there every day, and in the evening, stretched upon these, we gaily smoked our pipes, sipping hot wine or tea. On these occasions we were sure to be entertained by the most diabolical concert that ever struck terror into human ear; and I am thoroughly sure that all who then heard it will no more be likely ever to forget it, than I shall. It began at nightfall by the solitary cry of a cormorant, rapidly responded to by one, two, or more successive voices; and immediately after all was dark, the cavern and the rocks around it re-echoed with intermingling cries of wailing, groaning, sighing, sobbing, bursts of laughter, and plaintive lamentations, all proceeding (we supposed) from flocks of birds which we could not see, but which hovered invisibly, like phantoms, in the air. I might vainly heap comparisons upon comparisons; it is impossible to convey the slightest idea of the horrible effect of this witch-like Sabbath. M. de Pérallo, Pergaut, Baussand, and myself were never tired of listening to it; and we confessed that had we chanced to find ourselves without light and alone in such a spot, it was enough to make any one of us expire with fright. I must also tell you, that we could not discover exactly what to attribute it to. It was Pergaut's idea that these unearthly sounds were caused by night-birds that were either attracted by the lights we burned, or were irritated by our intrusion into the grotto which they were in the habit of using as their roosting-place. From whatever voices it really did proceed, the mysterious music of the cavern made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that at this very moment while I am describing it, after the lapse of several years, I can fancy that I hear it still.

I had the satisfaction of obtaining a view of Sardinia from the top of the principal peak of La Galite. But without a strong determination, and legs like those Pergaut was furnished with, it is

quite out of the question to reach the summit. You are obliged at every instant to cling to the rocks, in order to proceed from one point to another, sometimes suspended an awful height above the abyss below. It requires strong nerves to avoid being giddy when you look down, and see the lovely blue sea spread out at an immense distance beneath you. Here and there some graceful herds of goats were bounding from rock to rock, mostly far out of gun-shot, climbing spurs of the peak which to my eyes looked almost perpendicular. From time to time, also, some rabbit of the wilderness, completely taken by surprise, would put out his nose; but shooting was a difficult matter on such a labyrinthine pyramid of stone as this. Towards the south, I could distinctly perceive the coast of the kingdom of Tunis, which I afterwards visited with so much pleasure. Close to Cap Négre, at the foot of an enormous rock, in the direction of Monte Rotondo, the little island of Tabarka, also frequented by the coral-fishers, was barely visible. And lastly, the view was enlivened by those same coral-boats dispersed over the sea between La Calle and La Galite, by a few merchant vessels coming from Smyrna, and by the active steamers of the *correspondance*.

I cannot easily leave off talking about La Galite; it retains all its attractions for me to this very day. My excursion thither was the realisation of a long-cherished dream. I felt happy on that desert island, while beholding Sardinia and Africa at a glance, and perched aloft in the midst of the Mediterranean so as to command the azure waste of waters by which I was encircled in all directions. I remained whole hours seated in the crevice of a cliff, and indulging in a long train of day-dreams, whilst Pergaut was gratifying his ardent desire to ascend the peak to its utmost top.

The rocks of La Galite are composed of a compact lava, which cuts with tolerable facility, and furnishes excellent building materials. Spongy lava is also found there, though in only trifling quantity. On the lofty rocks at the eastern part of the island, where the mists constantly maintain a considerable degree of moisture, the Scientific Commission gathered a great quantity of beautiful lichens, and amongst them the orchil which I have mentioned. La Galite belongs to the Bey of Tunis, who derives no advantage from it whatever. It has often served as the retreat of pirates, corsairs, and smugglers. During the wars of the Empire, the English cruisers kept up a look-out there. For a long while also, it was the rendezvous and the starting-place of the Italian smugglers, who supplied the Arabs with arms and ammunition. And the coral-boats, almost all of which

used to ply the same trade, touched here whenever they were apprehensive of being searched by our men-of-war.

At all times of the year, sufficient fresh water to supply a vessel can be procured on the island. The watering-place is situated on the projecting rock, which forms the bottom of the grotto, opposite to the landing-place, to the east of the beach of shingle. There are also three other springs on the northern coast; but I believe that those are almost entirely dried up in summer. For, I remember that one day, when, exhausted with fatigue and thirst, I begged Baussand to find us some refreshment, he led us into a green ravine which slopes down to the grotto of seals, and there, at a spot where the grass looked a little fresher and less parched up, we found a patch of humid earth. Baussand dug a hole with his knife, and it slowly became filled with water, which we were very thankful for, although it was not of first-rate quality. We ladled it out sparingly with our leathern goblets, correcting it with a few drops of wormwood or *eau-de-vie*.

Some of the old inhabitants of La Calle profess to know how the first goats reached La Galite. They all agree that the present wild race are descended from domestic animals left there for that laudable purpose. We formed the project of stocking the place with partridges. I know not whether my friends have put the scheme in execution, but it certainly would have been well worth while. Pergaut told me that when the quails make their migratory passage, they may be killed in abundance at La Galite. And, lastly, Baussand asserted that there is a jackal on the island, which had escaped from a steamer, after it had become very nearly tame.

I have now only to relate the sad story of M. Dupont.

M. Dupont, then, a native of Grenoble, where he had been registrar of something or other, came to Algiers to try his fortune. He had a place in the Home Office there, at the same time that he employed himself in the sale of grants of land. He also possessed a small estate near the Bouzareah, or watch-tower of Algiers. But, in spite of those advantages, things went badly with him. He lost his situation, and suffered such an amount of what he considered unjust treatment, that he became a perfect misanthrope in consequence. He was besides afflicted with a dangerous disease, which had made considerable inroads on his constitution, and caused him much pain. To complete his misfortunes, the woman whom he loved deceived him.

He came to Bône at the beginning of 1844, got intimate with some freemasons of the Hippone Lodge, and tried to persuade a few adventurers to go and live with him at La Galite, about which he had heard very

favourable reports, in respect to the solitary life a man might lead there.

By and bye, M. Dupont came to reside at La Calle, in order to be nearer his beloved island. He was employed as clerk by M. Calmon, a considerable merchant of the place; but he was unable to prevail upon any one to join him, although there was no scarcity of unfortunate and discontented folk there. It was at La Calle that I saw this singular man, whom many people regarded as insane. He seemed to me about five-and-thirty; he was dark-complexioned, short in stature, with a care-worn countenance, bearing the marks of suffering, fatigue, and a broken spirit.

He had realised all his property, with the resolution of undertaking the enterprise alone, and of turning hermit at La Galite. He had purchased a stock of biscuits sufficient for a year, besides dried vegetables, preserves, and so on. He had also procured a boat, some guns, some sabres, ammunition, the articles requisite for fishing and shooting, a small medicine chest, a few romances and philosophical works of the Voltairean school, different kinds of seeds, garden tools, clothing materials, trunks, a few wooden planks, pens, ink, a large quantity of paper, and other effects, sufficient to freight a coral-boat that was equipped by some Genoese, who, if I remember rightly, profited by the occasion to fish for cray-fish and gather *erba tramontana*. We saw him leave for La Galite; the boat returned; and on the 15th of April 1844 M. Dupont found himself at last alone in his island. There he indulged his reveries without interruption, and began to write his autobiography. People soon ceased to talk about him, and he seemed to be entirely forgotten.

When I went to La Galite with the Bobérach in July 1844, we were extremely curious to see M. Dupont again. We asked one another in what sort of state we should find this modern Robinson Crusoe. When we cast anchor, we gazed in all directions along the beach and its environs, to catch sight of him; but in vain. At last, the boat was aground; we jumped on shore; and behind a block of stone, on the beach in front of the grotto, I perceived a gaunt yellow dog gnawing a human skeleton, which still was very recognizable. The dog immediately took to flight.

M. de Pérallo was alarmed; Theurkauff was deeply affected. The spectacle was a very sad one. I carefully ascertained that it actually was a human skeleton; and the state of the sutures led me to believe that it was that of a man about forty years of age. There was a very irregular fracture of the skull, on the left temple. Along with the skeleton, a bloody shirt and a pair of trousers similarly stained were lying on the ground. I recognized the

trowsers as those worn by M. Dupont on the day of his departure from La Calle; I knew them by their being discoloured in a remarkable way.

We searched throughout the island. A few paces from the fountain, on the way up the ravine, we found the traces of a human habitation in a grotto which offered a very convenient place of shelter. By the side of the fire-place there was a rude seat; scattered on the ground were fragments of novels, worn out clothes, torn manuscripts, pens, ink, and such like sundries. Further on, we picked up other articles of trifling value, such as bullets, bags of seeds, medicines, a paper-knife, a pen-knife, visiting cards, a fishing net, and linen rags. We explored the island in every direction, and could find nothing of M. Dupont. We, therefore, concluded him to be dead; and that the body which we saw on landing, must have been his.

The large yellow dog alarmed us. While Baussand and myself were out shooting next day, we fell in with him, and destroyed him. The bones of poor M. Dupont were collected by the sailors, and buried in a hole which was covered over with shingle.

The unhappy man had taken no measures at La Galite to render his exile comfortable. Had I been in his place, I would have made a few convenient arrangements in the grotto selected for my abode; and it was a very easy thing for him to have done. There was no little garden laid out; nothing had been planted; and yet, in some spots, he had only to scratch the earth. Instead of employing himself in that way, M. Dupont confined himself to making extracts from philosophical works applicable to his situation. I gathered up a good many manuscripts and copies of letters, all characterized by misanthropy; — long pages on the ingratitude of man and the inconstancy of woman. There were numerous notes relative to the sorrows and misfortunes of his past life; and those documents enabled me to verify the preceding details. I collected fragments from Rousseau and Voltaire, medical prescriptions, astronomical memoranda, agricultural and gardening directions, and lastly, a few brief notes on La Galite extracted from the work of M. Bérard and from the Memoir of the visit made to this island in 1840 by the Scientific Commission, and printed in the Akbar. We also amassed a voluminous correspondence, consisting both of copies and of original letters addressed to M. Dupont, or written by him; and it is remarkable that all the latter documents, on whatever day of the month they were written, are dated eleven o'clock at night, as if that were his special hour of correspondence. Amongst the papers which we picked up, a great number were inventories of the articles which he had brought to La Galite. These inventories

speak of sabres, guns, trunks, clothes, and tools, while we found nothing but worthless articles scattered in different parts of the island.

How are all those facts to be explained?—Was M. Dupont first murdered, and then plundered? Or, did he commit suicide? How did it happen that the various articles which I have mentioned, such as a handkerchief containing linen, the bag of shot, the visiting cards, the pen-knife, the paper-knife, and so on, were all found at considerable distances from his cave, and distributed in various localities?

It appeared to me, from the state of the remains, that death had occurred about a fortnight before our arrival. The flesh had been torn from the corpse by birds of prey, and by the dog. The fracture on the left temple was not a gun-shot wound; nor can I account for it by a fall. If M. Dupont had determined on suicide, with the habit which he had of writing every thought he would have indited long passages in explanation of his resolve, and would have used it as a theme to prove his fellow-creatures guilty of his death.

The general opinion was that a crime had been committed; that M. Dupont had been murdered, in order to be robbed. The coral-boats, which sometimes touch at La Galite, are manned by sailors who are troubled with few scruples. In Sicily, all the scamps and vagabonds are recruited, and even pressed into the coral fishery; and I have not a much higher opinion of the individuals of other nations who embark in that profession. They consist of the dregs of the populace of Genoa, Corsica, and the Italian States, and especially of the Torre del Greco, near Vesuvius.

On our return to La Calle, we questioned a considerable number of coral-fishers. All of them declared that it was a long while since they had touched at La Galite. The authorities of Bône showed very little anxiety to investigate the matter. We were able, however, to give evidence as to one point; namely, that the boats which had conducted M. Dupont to La Galite, had left him there alive. The letters, and some of his thoughts on solitude, were a sufficient proof of this.

STARTING A PAPER IN INDIA.

In a country like England, where publishers abound, and where any gentleman who is desirous of spending his spare cash on a literary speculation can be immediately accommodated, nothing is easier than to start a newspaper. You may enter into your contract, advertise in the daily and weekly journals, employ your staff — including the men to carry about the placards in the streets—and go to work at

once. But it is a very different matter in the upper provinces of India; for instance, at such a place as Meerut, which is upwards of eight hundred miles from a seaport town, Calcutta or Bombay. A friend of mine, who started a paper at Meerut, once favoured me with what he had to go through, and the detail may not be unamusing to the general reader:

I received a letter one morning, said he, from a chaplain who was a cotemporary and friend of mine at Cambridge; it ran thus: "Dear Johnnie — The old Colonel thinks that a really good paper is required in the upper provinces, and that it would pay handsomely. I am authorised to offer you twelve hundred rupees a month (one thousand four hundred and forty pounds per annum), and a house rent free, if you are disposed to be the editor. Say the word and the capital required will be subscribed at once." My health was declining in Bengal, and as Meerut, the locality determined on, was a very healthy station, and not far from the Himalayas, whither invalids resort to restore their shattered frames to former vigour, I accepted the offer on the condition that my pay as editor should be annually increased if the finances of the journal would admit thereof. In reply to my letter, I received a laconic note, in these words — "All right. Let me know without delay how much money you require to buy type, presses, and paper." I calculated that two thousand five hundred pounds would cover every expense, and not only enable me to make advances to the workmen (for without this they would not stir from Calcutta), but leave a balance of a few hundred pounds to work upon for the first few months. Two thousand five hundred pounds were forthwith remitted to me by a cheque on the Oriental Bank. Some twenty-five or thirty officers of rank and standing in the civil and military services of the East India Company had subscribed for the whole amount in the course of two days. My first difficulty was in procuring presses; one I purchased — an imperial, a Cope and Sherwin — from the Baptist Mission Press, at a fair price; but for the other — a royal — I had to give double its value, and then it was only parted with (I say this in all sincerity) to *oblige* me, for the owner really wanted it to carry on his own business.

Then the type. I could not think of allowing my manuscript to be "set up" in anything but Figgins. A particular friend of mine, called Iniquity Smith, had once remarked to me that a little production of mine looked "uncommon tidy" in Figgins, and the conversation to which the remark led informed me of the fact that Figgins was the prince of type-founders. Now there happened to be plenty of every other sort of Figgins's type in Calcutta, except Figgins's long

primer, not a letter of which was to be had for love or money; and long primer was absolutely necessary for the leading article. There were founts of type cast by other founders in the market, but they would not "make up" with Figgins, and therefore they were of no use to me. At last, I heard of a second-hand fount, or set of types, and bought it for fifty pounds. The heading of the paper, the column rules, the leads, and the chases or iron frames within which the type is jammed were soon got ready by native artisans, and nothing now remained but to engage the establishment.

The Indian compositor is usually a person of Portuguese extraction on the male side: and his name is Gomez, Gonsalves, or Pereira. He is of course very dark; but it is one of his peculiarities to speak of the natives as black brutes: when half drunk (and unless he be half drunk he cannot use his fingers — they are so cold even in the very hot weather), the Indian compositor works well. His fingers are small, and he picks up his type from the case with a rapidity truly astonishing. I have never seen it equalled in an English printing-office. But his day's work over (and he will get it done, sometimes, in two or three hours), he is the most indolent and dissipated creature in existence. He is never out of debt, and never without a dun at his heels; but he invariably disputes all claims upon him, and never pays till he does so by order of some Court.

I required ten of these compositors, and engaged them at exactly double the rate of pay they received in Calcutta. "Look at the distance," they would say; "to be so far off from your families to whom you must send money, Sir!" The compositors said they should require five distributors. In India a compositor never distributes his matter. He would consider it beneath his dignity. Besides, it seems to soothe his feelings to have some one *under* him — a human being at his beck and call — somebody whom he may bully with impunity, and strike, if it pleases him. These native distributors do not know a single word of English; many cannot tell you the names of the letters; but they will fill a case as speedily and as accurately as any European.

Two pressmen were required; and they also were engaged at double the rate of pay. About the printer there was an immense difficulty. There were scores of Portuguese ready to take the place "at any salary you like to name;" but none of them were steady enough for the duties they would have to discharge. I at length selected a young man who had been a foreman in one of the Calcutta printing-offices. I was aware that his character would not bear investigation; but I had no alternative.

The presses and type were shipped on board the flat, (a

vessel tugged by a steamer), and deck passages were engaged for the motley crew of compositors, distributors, and pressmen. They were, as the mate remarked to me, "as queer a looking set of rogues as ever walked a plank." It was in the cold weather, and most of the compositors had taken to wearing thick red nightcaps, which had been imported for the use of the *coolies* (native labourers) on their way to the Mauritius. Just as we were ready to start, a bailiff came on board from the Court of Requests, and thinned the ranks of my regiment. He took away two Pereiras — two of my compositors. They had received nine pounds each, by way of advance. I afterwards discovered that they were parties to their own arrest. Under the command of the printer, "the establishment" behaved very well till they got to the Sunderbunds, when they began to quarrel among themselves, and to spurn the authority of the person who had been placed over them. Some of them had brought away arrack in their boxes, and this made them drunk and disorderly. One morning, about eleven o'clock, one of the compositors, Martin Gonsalves, who had been drinking deeply over night, thought proper to jump overboard in one of the narrow rivers. The steamer was stopped, and a boat was about to be lowered to pick Martin up; but an enormous crocodile (a *mugar*) glided from the bank, and took his victim to the bottom, in the presence of all on board the vessel. Many of the ladies, passengers on board, shrieked loudly on beholding this horrid scene, which cast a gloom over the little society for a brief while; but I regret to say, that Martin's melancholy end had not that serious effect upon his friends which might have been looked for. In a few days we arrived at Comercolly, where I received a letter from his widow, who wished me to inform her whether the report of her husband's death were true or not, as she had an offer of marriage she would like to accept.

The voyage to Allahabad — the terminus of steam navigation in the Ganges — was, from beginning to end, a chapter of accidents. One of the compositors severely injured his right hand, and it was doubtful whether he would be able to use it. Two of the distributors were attacked by ophthalmia, a complaint which, in India, often makes the patient's eyes weak for the remainder of his life. One of the pressmen was seized with acute rheumatism in the back and loins; and the foreman had the misfortune to take a very bad fever, which it was feared would terminate fatally. I had no idea of the awful responsibility I was entailing upon myself, when I undertook the editorial department of the projected bi-weekly paper.

Somehow or other I contrived to land the presses, types, and

establishment on the bank of the river, at Allahabad. Here it was necessary to hire carts to convey them to their destination, a distance of four hundred and twenty-seven miles. This was no easy matter; for every cart and pair of bullocks that the Collector and Magistrate could find in his district, had been seized for the service of Government. This was in December 1845, immediately after the battle of Moodkee. By paying handsomely, however, this difficulty was overcome, and the train was now ready to start, when the printer came to me, and said:

"Sir, I think the hands are going to run away!"

"Why so?" I inquired.

"Because, Sir, everybody says the Sikhs will take the country, and they think they would be safer in Calcutta. The only plan would be," he continued, "to give them some more advance, and let them drink hard to keep their spirits up."

I was obliged to follow the printer's advice; but I was rather disgusted to find that he should himself resort to precisely the means of bringing about an artificial courage that he recommended for those in a subordinate position. When I saw them off, they were all very drunk indeed: even the native distributors were in the same dreadful state. The presses and boxes of type were packed in straw in the body of the carts: upon these there were platforms whereon those who *could* sit up, sat, and those who could not, lay down. The red night-caps gave the group a very sanguinary appearance, and to hear the wearers of them talk — now that they were warmed with drink — a bystander might have imagined that they were carrying up a brace of infernal machines to the seat of war, which would very soon settle that important business. Their appearance was not particularly formidable, but in point of frightfulness I never beheld anything to equal it, except, perhaps, on the stage in a pantomime.

On the 24th February, 1846, the artillery, in the straw, entered the premises engaged at Meerut. A gentle voice, the voice of one who was the companion of my serious but amusing difficulties, whispered in my ear, "It was thus Napoleon conveyed his ordnance to the field of Marengo." The carts had been upset several times upon the road, for the excited "devils" had insisted on driving the bullocks — but fortunately no damage had been done to the machinery. The box in which the long primer was packed in Calcutta had started a plank, and a vast number of letters had leaked out; "capital H upper case" was very imperfect; and unfortunately it was a letter which would be in great demand — inasmuch as Lord Hardinge was the governor-general. As the printer very truly remarked, in handing me a proof, "If his name

had been Ardinge, it would have been all right, Sir."

The first number of the paper was to come out on the fourth of March, and on the first of the month the printer came to me with a long face and asked what we were to do about an imposing-stone — a table on which the pages of letter are laid, to be finally adjusted. "What with dummy advertisements and re-prints," said he, "I have got enough matter to fill the two outer pages, but where is the imposing-stone to come from?" There was not such a thing in Meerut, and it would take at least a week to get one from Delhi. Search was made, but no slab without a flaw, and with an even surface, could be found in either the city or the cantonment. A horrible idea suggested itself to my printer. "If we could get a tombstone out of the churchyard," said he, "it would be just the very thing, and there's some very nice ones there, Sir; I have been looking over them." He instanced several that would suit, and he spoke with a levity of manner, which was both irreverent and disgusting. He hinted, too, that he could manage it; but I was not sufficiently hardened to encourage him in the crime of which he was so ready to be guilty. He observed that there was a stone over a Colonel Webster, in a corner of the yard, which would answer our purpose exactly; and, as the tomb was all gone to rack and ruin, he didn't suppose anybody would miss or make a noise about it. In justice to the man, I must own that he was rather the worse for drink, when this sacrilegious disposition stole over him.

Although I was not inclined to be a party to robbing the churchyard, nevertheless I took the hint, and sent for the old man who supplied tombstones, and he furnished me with an article (not a second-hand one) which answered admirably the purpose for the time being. It was a rude, uncouth slab, but it cost me fifteen pounds, besides a gold mohur — one pound twelve shillings — to give it something like a smooth face.

The third of the month — the day of publication — came, that anxious day preceding the day of issue. My leaders were written, my local intelligence, my correspondence, my literature, poetry, were ready — when the printer came to me and said "How are we to manage about the inking rollers? — there's no glue to be got here, Sir. We must use the old style of ink-balls, and these Calcutta men say they understand 'em."

I was fairly wearied out with the obstacles which appeared to thicken around me, the nearer we came to striking off our first impression. It was of no use to be angry, and I was compelled to superintend the making of these ink-balls, which consisted of a kid's skin stuffed with coarse wool.

The pages were upon the imposing-stone. They were locked up in the chases. The pressman lifted the form, and was carrying it with the assistance of an ink man, to the press; when he stumbled and fell; and the whole became a mass of confusion, technically denominated "pie." Eight columns of matter were mingled together in inextricable confusion — like the columns of the French army at the battle of Waterloo — and with precisely the same sort of feelings that came over Napoleon on that occasion, I rushed from the office to my house in a state of agony and despair which it would be utterly impossible to describe. It was twelve o'clock at night when this awful catastrophe happened. What were Franklin's difficulties compared to mine? Nothing! And yet I could not help laughing; although my eyes were bloodshot with watching the getting out of the paper from daylight until midnight.

The printer made his appearance, and said, "It 's a very bad job, Sir; but if you were to treat the hands to a couple of bottles of brandy, they would stay and set it all up again. Give me the bottles of brandy, Sir, and go to bed, Sir, and you shall see the paper to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, Sir. Your presence in the office makes us all nervous, Sir."

I sighed, mechanically gave him the liquor he required — for himself as well as the "hands" — threw myself upon a couch, and soon fell fast asleep. True enough! there was the paper next morning. It contained numberless errors of the Press; but still it was a very decent production.

There was less difficulty in getting out the second number, and even less with the third. The paper "took" and was taken. Its exchequer flourished; and, before long, I had no sort of trouble; for I had the first foreman and the best establishment in all India.

THE KINGDOM OF RECONCILED IMPOSSIBILITIES.

There is a kingdom whose boundaries are within the reach of every man's hand, on whose frontiers no heavier entrance-tribute or import-duty is exacted save that comprised in the payment of two-score inflections of the eyelids — or forty winks; a kingdom into which the majority of humanity travel at least once in every twenty-four hours; though the exact time — the precise moment — at which that voyage is commenced is, and never has been, known to any man alive. Whether we are transported by some invisible agency — on the wings of spirits or in the arms of genii — whether we go to the kingdom or the kingdom, comes to us, we cannot tell. Why or how or when we came

there we know not; yet, almost invariably, when the tribute of the forty inflections has been duly paid, we find ourselves wandering in the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities.

Locomotion in this kingdom is astonishingly rapid: we run without moving and fly without wings. Time and space are counted zeros; centuries are skipped at a bound; continents and oceans are traversed without an effort. We are here, there, and everywhere. Greyheaded men, we are little boys at school, breaking windows and dreading the vindicatory cane. Married and settled, we are struggling through the quickset hedges of our first love. Crippled, we race and leap; blind, we see. Unlearned, we discourse in strange tongues and decipher the most intricate of hieroglyphics. Unmusical, we play the fiddle like Paganini. We pluck fruit from every branch of the tree of knowledge; the keys of every science hang in a careless bunch at our girdle; we are amenable to no laws; money is of no account; Jack is as good as his master; introductions are not required for entrance into polite society; the most glaring impossibilities are incessantly admitted, taken for granted and reconciled. Whence the name of this kingdom.

Much more wondrous and full of marvels is it than the famed land of Cockaigne, than the country of Prester John, than the ground of Tom Tidler (whose occupation is now gone in consequence of the discovery of rival grounds in California and Australia), than Raleigh's Dorado, than the Arcadia of Strephon and Corydon, Celia and Sacharissa; than the fearful country where there are men

> "— whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

than even the mirabolant land that Jack saw when he had gotten to the top of the beanstalk. The only territorial kingdom that I can compare it to is one — and even the duration of *that* one is fleeting and evanescent, appearing only for a season, like specks upon the sun or the floating islands in Windermere — visible and to be travelled in from the end of December to the end of the following February, called the Kingdom of Pantomime. This kingdom, which, at other seasons of the year, is as rigorously barred and closed against strangers as China or Japan or the Stock Exchange, offers many points of resemblance to the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities. There is a voyager therein, one Clown, who, with Pantaloon his friend and dupe and scapegoat, dances about the streets, insults and beats respectable shopkeepers, swindles and robs ready furnished lodgings, leers at virtuous matrons, commits burglaries and larcenies in the broad day (or lamp) light, and perpetrates child-murders by the dozen, yet

goes "unwhipp'd of justice": nay, he and his confederate are rewarded, at last, by an ovation of fireworks and revolving stars; as are also Harlequin, a lewd fellow in a spangled jerkin and hose, and a dancing girl they call Columbine; who together play such fantastic tricks before the footlights as make the gallery roar — such tricks as would be tolerated nowhere but in a Kingdom of Impossibilities. For in all other kingdoms, theft of fish or sausage — were it even the smallest gudgeon or the most infinitesimal saveloy — is three months at least, and robbery in a dwelling-house is felony; and to force a respectable white-bearded man with a crutch stick and an impediment in his speech to cast involuntary sommersaults, and to make him sit down oftener on a hard surface than he wishes, is an assault punishable by fine or imprisonment; and the cutting up, mutilating, smothering, or thrusting into a letter-box of a baby is Murder.

In all other kingdoms, likewise, as we are well aware, vice is always vanquished and virtue rewarded ultimately; but in the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities, as well as in that of pantomime, nothing of the kind takes place. In this former one, innocent, we are frequently condemned to death, or to excruciating tortures. Masters, we are slaves; wronged and oppressed, we are always in the wrong and the oppressors. Though in the every day kingdom we are perhaps wealthy, as least in easy circumstances, we are in the Realms of Impossibility perpetually in difficulties. Moments of inexpressible anguish we pass, from the want of some particular object or the non-remembrance of some particular word: though what the object or the word, we never have and never had the remotest idea. Spectres of duties omitted, ghosts of offences committed, sit at banquets with us; and, under circumstances of the greatest apparent gaiety and joviality, we are nearly always in sore perturbation of mind and vexation of spirit.

The kingdom, indeed, is full of tribulations, impossible yet poignant. Frequently, when we attempt to sing, our voice dies away in an inarticulate murmur or a guttural gasp. If we strive to run, our legs fail under us; if we nerve our arm to strike, some malicious power paralyses our muscles, and the gladiator's fist falls as lightly as a feather; yet, powerless as we are, and unable to beat the knave who has wronged us, we are ourselves continually getting punched on the head, beaten with staves, gashed with swords and knives. Curiously, though much blood flows, and we raise hideous lamentations, we do not suffer much from these hurts. Frequently we are killed — shot dead — decapitated; yet we walk and talk shortly afterwards, as Saint Denis is reported to have done. Innumerable as

the sands of the sea, are the disappointments we have to endure in the Kingdom of Impossibilities. Get up as early as we may, we are sure to miss the train; the steamboat always sails without us. If we have a cheque to get cashed, the iron-ribbed shutters of the bank are always up, when our cab drives to the door, and somebody near us always says, without being asked, "Stopped payment!" All boats, vehicles, beasts of burden and other animals, behave in a similar tantalising and disappointing manner; tall horses that we drive or ride, change unaccountably into little dogs, boats split in the middle, coaches rock up and down like ships. We walk for miles without advancing a step; we write for hours without getting to the end of a page; we are continually beginning and never finishing, trying and never achieving, searching and never finding, knocking and not being admitted.

The Kingdom of Impossibilities must be the home of Ixion and the Danaïdes and Sysiphus, and peculiarly of Tantalus. The number of tubs we are constantly filling, and which are never full; and the quantity of stones, which, as soon as we have rolled them to the top of a hill, roll down again; are sufficiently astonishing; but it is in a tantalising point of view that the kingdom is chiefly remarkable. We are for ever bidden to rich banquets — not Barmecide feasts, for the smoking viands and generous wines are palpable to sight and touch. But, no sooner are our legs comfortably under the mahogany, than a something far more teasing and vexatious than the ebony wand of Sancho's physician, sends the meats away untasted, the wines unquaffed, changes the *venue* to a kingdom of realities. Dear me! When I think of the innumerable gratuitous dinners I have sat down to in the Land of Impossibilities; of the countless eleemosynary spreads to which, with never a *sous* in my pocket, I have been made welcome; of the real turtle, truffled turkeys, Strasburgh pies, and odoriferous pineapples, that have tempted my appetite; and of the unhandsome manner in which I have been denied the enjoyment of the first spoonful of soup, and of the rude and cavalier process by which I have been summarily transported to a kingdom where I am usually expected to pay for my dinner — when I think of these things I could weep.

Sometimes, though rarely, the rulers of the Impossible kingdom will permit you to drink — provided always that you have tumbled (which is exactly your mode of entrance) into their domains in a desperately parched and thirsty condition. Cold water is the general beverage provided, and you are liberally allowed to drink without cessation — to empty water-jugs, pitchers, decanters, buckets, if you choose. I have

known men who have sucked a pump for days, nay, have lapped gigantic quantities of the Falls of Niagara; but the Impossible king has mingled one cruel and malicious condition with his largesse. You may drink as much as you like, but you must never quench your thirst, and you must always wake — tumble out of the kingdom, I mean — more thirsty than you were before.

Travelling in this strange country is mostly accomplished in the night season — "in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men." It is when the kingdom of Life is hushed and quiescent, when the streets are silent, and there are none abroad but the watchers and the houseless, that the Kingdom of Impossibilities wakes up in full noise, and bustle, and activity. Yet betimes we are favoured with a passport for this kingdom in the broad-day season — in the fierce summer heat, when we retire to cool rooms, there to pay the tribute of forty winks to the Monarch of the Impossible: when, as we travel, we can half discern the green summer leaves waving through our translucent eyelids, can hear the murmuring of fountains and the singing of birds in the kingdom we have come from. Very pleasant are these day voyages, especially when we can drowsily hear the laughter of children playing on a lawn outside.

The Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities is a land of unfulfilled promises, of broken engagements, of trees for ever blossoming but never bearing fruit, of jumbles of commencements with never a termination among them, of prefaces without finises, of dramas never played out. The unities are not observed in this kingdom. There are a great many prologues, but no epilogues. It is all as it should not and cannot be. It snows in July, and the dog-days are in January. Men sneeze with their feet and see with their thumbs, like Gargantua. The literature of the country consists of tales told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The houses are all built without foundations; they are baseless fabrics, which, vanishing, leave not a wreck behind. Everything in the kingdom is impossible.

Impossible, yet reconciled. In no other land, certainly, are we so convinced of the truth of the axiom that, "whatever is, is right." Against our knowledge, feelings, experience, and convictions, against all evidence, oral or ocular, against truth, justice, reason, or possibility, we smilingly confess that black is white, that clouds are whales, that the moon is cheese. We know our brother to be our brother, yet without difficulty or reluctance we admit him to be Captain Cook. With a full knowledge that what we are doing can't be, we are pleasantly convinced that it can be, and that it is, and is right. So we violate all laws of morality,

decorum, international justice, honesty, and courtesy, with a comfortable self-consciousness that it is "all right," and that we are wronging no one. Quakers have been known in the Kingdom of Impossibilities to lie in wait for men and murder them; nay, to have hidden the bodies afterwards in corn-bins, or chemists' bottles. Moral men have eloped with ballet dancers. Bishops have found themselves at the Cider Cellars. Judges of the Ecclesiastical Court have created disturbances at the Casino, and have wrenched off knockers in company with jovial proctors and fast old surrogates about town. There was a cathedral verger once, in the Kingdom of Impossibilities, who refused a fee; there was an Irish Member without a grievance; there was a Chancery suit decided to the satisfaction of all parties.

Good men not only become rascals; but rascals turn honest men in this astonishing country. Captain Mac Swindle paid me, only last night, the five pounds he has owed me for fifteen years. I saw the unjust steward render up a faultless account. All is not vexatious and disappointing in the Impossible Kingdom. If it be a kingdom of unfulfilled promises, it is one of accomplished wishes. Sorely pressed for cash in this sublunar kingdom, no sooner are we in the other than the exact sum we wished for, chinks in golden sovereigns, rustles in crisp notes, melliflu-ously whispers in soft-papered cheques before our eyes, within our gladsome pockets, or our rejoicing fingers. We shall be able to meet the little bill; streets are no longer stopped up; the tailor shall cringe again; Caroline shall have the velvet mantle trimmed with sable. Hurrah! But alas! the money of the kingdom that never can be, and yet always is and will be, is as treacherous and deceitful as a will-of-the-wisp, or an Eastern mirage; no sooner do we possess it than we have it not. We wake, and the shining sovereigns and the rustling notes have turned into dry leaves, like the money paid by the magician in the Arabian Nights.

If the kingdom (to expatiate further on its advantageous features) be one of tribulations and disappointments, it is also one of great and extended privilege. We are privileged to walk about unwashed, unshaven, and undressed, to clap kings upon the back, to salute princesses if we list, to ride blood horses, to fly higher than the skylark, to visit foreign lands without a Foreign Office passport, the reference of a banking firm, or the necessity of being personally known to the Foreign Secretary. We have the privilege of being a great many people and in a great many places at one and the same time. We have the privilege of living our lives over again, of undoing the wrongs we have done, of re-establishing our old companionship with the dead, and knowing their worth much

better than we did before we lost them.

Yes, pre-eminent and radiant stands one privilege, to the enjoyment of which every traveller in the land of Reconciled Impossibilities is entitled. He is privileged to behold the Dead Alive. The King of Terrors has no power in the domains of the Impossible. The dead move and speak and laugh, as they were wont to speak and move and laugh, in the old days when they were alive, and when we loved them. They have been dead — of course — we know it and they say so — but they are alive now; and, thanks to the irresistible logic of the Impossible kingdom, we slighly question how. These visitors have no grim tales to tell, no secrets of their prison-house to reveal. Here, joyful and mirthful as ever, are the old familiar faces; the life-blood courses warmly through the old friendly hands; dead babies crow and battle valorously in nurses' arms; dead sweethearts smile and blush; dead aunts scold; dead schoolmasters awe; dead boon companions crack the old jokes, sing the old songs, tell the old stories, till we WAKE into the kingdom of the Possible; and, ah me! the eye turns to a vacant chair, a faded miniature, a lock of soft hair in crumpled tissue paper, a broken toy; while the mind's vision recurs to a green mound, and a half effaced stone.

In the regions of the Impossible there is a population separate, apart, peculiar; possible nowhere but in a land of impossibilities. Monstrous phantasies in semi-human shape, horrible creations, deformed giants, dwarfs with the heads of beasts; shapeless phantoms, hideous life such as the Ancient Mariner saw on the rotting deep. Such things pursue us through these regions with grinning fangs, and poisonous breath; kneel on our chests; wind their sharp talons in our hair; gnaw at our throats with horrid yells. And, apart from the every day scenes of every day life brought to the *reductio ad absurdum* in the Kingdom of Impossibilities, we tarry betimes in chambers of horrors, in howling deserts, in icy caverns, in lakes of fire, in pits of unutterable darkness. Miserable men are they who are frequent travellers through these districts of the Impossible kingdom. They may say with the guilty Thane

"— Better be with the dead
Whom we to gain our place have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy."

If you would leave such countries unexplored, lead virtuous lives, take abundant exercise, be temperate (in the true sense of the word: not choosing in what, but in everything), and take no man's wrong to bed with thee — no, not for one single night.

GENTLEMEN AND BULLOCKS.

A YOUNG fellow of high connexions, educated at Sandhurst, and having subsequently got his commission in one of the "crack" cavalry regiments (Lancers or Hussars, we decline to say which), became rapidly inaugurated in all the ways of fashionable London life. He cantered in the Parks, lounged about the Clubs; the Opera and Almacks were his, with their songs, and dances, and winning smiles. He hunted, he shot, he raced, he gamed, he drank, and "all that," until one morning his father sent for him. He had been allowed five hundred a year, besides his pay, and he had been living at the rate of five thousand — as near as it could be calculated. What his father said was to this effect: "Arthur, you're going to the devil, and I must stop you. Sell out directly, Sir, and leave the country for three years. I'll pay your debts here, and allow you just enough to live. Learn to do something for yourself; and come back in your right senses." So, the young cornet sold his commission, and sailed for Australia.

Not intending to go to the Diggings, and hearing that Sydney was a far nicer place to reside in than dust-driving Melbourne ("which nobody *can* deny, deny"), he landed at that place, and after a short stay to recover so long a voyage, he rode up into the bush some hundred miles. He was a pretty good judge of a horse, and had something in his head that way. Horses brought high prices in Melbourne, and if he could get them over land there, it might be "doing something for himself," as his father had recommended.

At East Maitland, about a hundred and fifty miles from Sydney, he chanced to fall in with a young fellow about his own age; and, after what they considered "mature deliberation," they agreed to purchase not horses, but four hundred head of bullocks, engage a bullock-driver to help in the work, and drive them over land to Melbourne. The distance by a direct route, and using roads, would not exceed five or six hundred miles; but, as they would have to go winding and zigzagging and crossing hills and swamps and fields and creeks in order to find constant food and water for the cattle, the distance would not be far short of nine hundred, or a thousand miles. They purchased the bullocks, engaged a regular bullock-driver (the driving of these horned gentry, whether loose or yoked, being a special art, needing considerable practice), and off they started.

Besides the four hundred bullocks, they had nine horses, and a dray. Three of the horses they rode, three were attached to the dray, and the remaining three they drove loose in the rear of the bullocks, on the flank, or as

they liked to go. The dray was laden with some bags of oats for the horses, provisions for three men, a change of outer clothing, two changes of under clothing, blankets, spare harness, cordage, hobbles, two double-barrelled guns, a rifle, and a few tools — such as woodaxes, knives, a spade, hammer, and nails.

Day after day, through the solitudes of the bush, pleasingly varied at times by miles of bog, or leagues of swamp, amidst which they had to sleep, or get such rest in the night as they could, our two young gentlemen accommodated themselves to studying the uncouth mysteries of "stock-driving;" aiding and assisting their professor elect in all his countless exigencies and requirements. Our cornet, who was the principal proprietor of all these moving horns, was scarcely one-and-twenty, and, moreover, looked still younger than he was. His friend Wentworth was about twenty-five, of fair complexion, and apparently of no great strength. The bullock-driver was a rough, sun-browned, brawny, bearded old colonial and bush-man. He did not conceal his contempt for the capacities of his gentlemen companions, nor his opinion of the fate that awaited them. He told them, in his abrupt, gruff, jocular way, that they'd never see Melbourne. He should bury them both in the bush, and take on the bullocks. They wished him a good market for them on his arrival, and drank his health on the spot in a "nobbler" of brandy from the keg in the dray.

The most exhausting part of the work was the necessity of the "stock" being watched by night, because while many lie down during a long journey, others wander about grazing. Sometimes a few of them stray into a bog or deep swamp, or feel disposed to do so, while others have a special fancy for swimming a creek. The three "drovers" kept watches of two hours duration, in turn.

On one occasion, when it was the bullock-driver's watch, he thought fit, in the greatness of his experience, to consider that it was "all right;" whereupon he rolled himself up in his blanket, and went fast asleep. Some time after, our cornet awoke — saw the watch now lying rolled up — looked about, listened, and became satisfied that a number of bullocks had strayed across the creek, and that more were following them. Finding it impossible to arouse the professional gentleman to any activity, or apparent understanding of the case, he shook Wentworth, and told him what had happened. "What shall we do?" said his friend. "We must swim the creek and go after them," said the cornet. "All right!" answered the other. Up they got, swam the creek — in their clothes, carrying their long boots in their mouths — and went after the bullocks.

The beasts were far ahead,

and set off, as soon as they found who was upon their track. What with windings and doubles, and some going in one direction, and some in another, the pursuers had to follow the bullocks eighteen miles before they brought them all together (except three, who were lost) back to the creek. Having driven them in, the two amateur drovers were about to follow, when Wentworth said he was too tired to carry his boots over in his teeth, as they filled with water and dragged behind, so he attempted to whirl them over across the creek. They fell short of the bank, and were carried down the stream.

Arrived on the other side, the swimmers rested an hour or two, and then proceeded on their journey. The boggy state of the ground was such that they could scarcely get the dray through it, and continually expected to have to throw everything away of its load excepting the oats and their little store of provisions. Wentworth could not, therefore, be taken into the dray, and he had to follow barefoot. He did the same all the next day when the ground changed to uneven rocks and stones, and cracks and holes, and his feet were cut and bleeding during twelve hours; but not one word of complaint escaped his lips. The ensuing morning, at daybreak, they "came upon" an old pair of shoes that had been thrown away, and Wentworth was a happy man.

They had now been seven weeks on the road, and soon after the little event of the creek, just recorded, our cornet, who was a masterly horseman, placed himself at the head of the concern: taking the lead on all occasions of difficulty, and continually "ordering coves about," as the bullock-driver morosely complained. Finding his "art" thus distanced, and comparatively taken out of his hands, the latter personage announced his intention of immediately withdrawing his services. The cornet said, Well, he could go. All right, old boy. Good day! The bullock-driver wanted to be paid. Cornet said he could not easily manage it, as he and Wentworth had only thirteen shillings and sixpence between them at this present. He might take that. The bullock-driver said he couldn't take that. There was no alternative, so he went on, and gradually became more reconciled, and even tried to make himself agreeable.

In this way they journeyed, making as much ground as they could by day, and turning aside towards evening to find pasture for the stock, and such quantity of sleep for themselves, in turn, as the wandering fancies of the beasts would permit. Thus passed days upon days without their meeting a single human being, and sometimes they met no one for weeks. When they did fall in with anybody, it would be a shepherd, or squatter, or stock-keeper, perhaps only seen a mile

or two distant; or they would meet a party of the Aborigines. On one occasion seven of these advanced with spears (they are fatal marksmen), but the cornet's rifle was up in a trice. He would in all probability have "potted" the foremost of them, if they had not all instantly scurried into the bush.

They were now in the third month of their journey. Their first suit of clothes had been quite worn out, and flung away, and the remaining suit was in rags. As for the cornet, he was reduced to his shirt-sleeves and half a waistcoat: he had ridden the seat off his corduroys, and the legs hung in shreds and tatters.

One morning, about daybreak, being fast asleep, and having had a hard night's work in riding after stragglers, Cornet Arthur was rather disturbed by a strange voice calling out "I say, young man!" The place where they were, was a shed near a hut belonging to a sheep station, and the cornet being far more comfortable than usual, declined to notice the overture; but the fellow persisted, till the sleeper opened his eyes and yawned at him with no very grateful gesture. This fellow was a butcher on horseback, carrying a long riding whip with a hook at one end. "I say, young man," said he, "where's your master?" Our cornet drowsily remarked that he was pretty well his own master out there, and he fancied those bullocks belonged to him. "Now, you be blowed," said the butcher. Cornet told him he could not be blowed (and wouldn't if he could, as he saw no reason for it), and turning his back addressed himself again to sleep. "This won't suit me, young man," shouted the butcher, "I tell you I want to bid for some o' they beasts. I want that wide hoop-horn'd 'un — they three red staggy horns — the straw-berry snail-horn, and the dirty-black big 'un a-lying down. Get up, can't you. Don't lay there like a precious naked *kape*, but be smart!" So saying the butcher dismounted and began to molest the sleeper in a rude and ridiculous way with the hook end of his whip, using very rough language; whereupon our cornet arose, and "polished him off" in first-rate style, being a fair boxer. The butcher, after a few rounds, deliberately remounted his horse, sat in his saddle looking at his "young man"—then said, "Well, *I'm* blowed!" and rode away.

They had some very cold weather about this time, especially during the nights, and they lost six of their horses, almost entirely from the cold, as they had no means of sheltering them. After this, the remaining three horses being needed for the dray, they followed the drove of bullocks on foot, for nearly a month. The few clothes that had remained to them were torn piecemeal from their bodies in passing through the low scrub and swam-

py osier beds, till our cornet's sole personal effects were a pair of stocking-legs and a tooth-brush. This latter very useful article had been found loose in the dray, and was displayed as a trophy.

They lost upwards of a hundred bullocks in the bogs and swamps, or by straying away in the night. Following on foot was a great disadvantage, to say nothing of the work. At length they approached a little bush inn, and a burly old brown-bearded fellow, pleasantly drunk, issued forth to meet them, crying out, "My name's Jem Bowles — glasses round!" He made them all have nobblers of brandy, and plenty to eat, and got them some clothes — enough to ride in—and three good bush horses in exchange for bullocks. He made them stay there a day and night at his expense. He had taken a great liking to the cornet. But he often took likings, and habitually treated everybody. "Glasses round!"

Jem Bowles was a great stock-keeper, and well known on the road. It was his habit to "drink his bullocks" on the way to market, and then to return home. He had been known to drink seventy head, in a few days, at one bush inn. Of course he was robbed, as he kept no 'count of the "glasses round" to which he treated everybody all day long. He was now drinking his last ten head of bullocks.

Our cornet and his colleagues being once more horsed, proceeded on their way, uproariously grateful to Jem Bowles, and eventually reached Melbourne, leaving the dray behind them in the bush, where it had at last "given in," wheel and axle. The journey had taken them nearly four months. They had lost, in all, eight horses, and a hundred and three bullocks: the remainder, nevertheless, sold well. After paying all expenses, including everything, our cornet made, as his share, above one hundred pounds profit. Little enough for such labour; but still very good as the first earnings of a "young man." The very same day, he met in the street the butcher whose hide he had tanned in the bush; and the butcher touched his hat to him. This is a fragment of Australian life.

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

A BANQUET is spread for small and great,
A feast for the world of men;
Where the monarch reclines in purple state,
And the famished within his ken.
The blushing red wine flows freely around,
And tinges the veins of all;
And the same merry notes of sweet music sound
Through the breadth of the world-wide hall.

There are infants of days, and the aged in years,
The silver and raven tress;
There are eyes that are swimming deep in tears,
And that sparkle with joyousness.
There are features of beauty and forms of grace,

And smiles like the rays of stars;
And many a scarred and lowering face
Is seamed with hideous scars.

The viands are rich for the favoured few,
And dainties allure their taste;
And the same are spread for the humbler crew,
But for many are spread in waste.
They fatten the first into lusty health,
And lighten their hearts with mirth;
But they poison the blood of the latter by stealth,
And plenty is worse than dearth.

Ye happy ones! how, since my riddle is said,
Can this marvellous difference be?
Ye falteringly tell me, the riddle is read
Of this poisonous revelry.
Ay! life is a banquet that 's spread for all,
Of which all must perforce partake;
But its dainties are turned into worm-wood and gall,
For the hearts that are heavy and ache.

STOPPED PAYMENT, AT CRANFORD.

Was the "poor Peter" of Cranford the Aga Jenkyns of Chunderabaddad, or was he not? As somebody says, that was the question.

In my own home, whenever people had nothing else to do, they blamed me for want of discretion. Indiscretion was my bugbear fault. Everybody has a bugbear fault; a sort of standing characteristic — a *pièce de résistance* for their friends to cut at; and in general they cut and came again. I was tired of being called indiscreet and incautious; and I determined for once to prove myself a model of prudence and wisdom. I would not even hint my suspicions respecting the Aga. I would collect evidence and carry it home to lay before my father, as the family friend of the two Miss Jenkyns's. In my search after facts I was often reminded of a description my father had once given of a Ladies' Committee that he had had to preside over. He said he could not help thinking of a passage in Hood, which spoke of a chorus in which every man took the tune he knew best, and sang it to his own satisfaction.

So, at this charitable committee, every lady took the subject uppermost in her mind, and talked about it to her own great contentment, but not much to the advancement of the subject they had met to discuss. But even that committee could have been nothing to the Cranford ladies when I attempted to gain some clear and definite information as to poor Peter's height, appearance, and when and where he was seen and heard of last. For instance, I remember asking Miss Pole (and I thought the question was very opportune, for I put it when I met her at a call at Mrs. Forrester's, and both the ladies had known Peter, and I imagined that they might refresh each other's memories); I asked Miss Pole what was the very last thing they had ever heard about him; and then she named the absurd report to which I have alluded, about his having been elected great Lama of Thibet; and this was a signal for each lady to go off on her se-

parate idea. Mrs. Forrester's start was made on the Veiled Prophet in Lalla Rookh, whether I thought he was meant for the Great Lama, though Peter was not so ugly, indeed rather handsome if he had not been freckled. I was thankful to see her double upon Peter; but, in a moment, the delusive lady was off upon Rowland's Kalydor, and the merits of cosmetics and hair oils in general, and holding forth so fluently that I turned to listen to Miss Pole, who, (through the llamas, the beasts of burden) had got to Peruvian bonds, and the Share Market, and her poor opinion of joint-stock banks in general, and of that one in particular in which Miss Matey's money was invested. In vain I put in, "When was it — in what year was it that you heard that Mr. Peter was the Great Lama?" They only joined issue to dispute whether llamas were carnivorous animals or not, in which dispute they were not quite on fair grounds, as Mrs. Forrester (after they had grown warm and cool again,) acknowledged that she always confused carnivorous and graminivorous together, just as she did horizontal and perpendicular; but then she apologised for it very prettily, by saying that in her day the only use people made of four-syllabled words was to teach how they should be spelt. The only fact I gained from this conversation was that certainly Peter had last been heard of in India, "or that neighbourhood;" and that this scanty intelligence of his whereabouts had reached Cranford in the year when Miss Pole had bought her India muslin gown, long since worn out; — we washed it and mended it, and traced its decline and fall into a window-blind before we could go on; — and in a year when Wombwell came to Cranford, because Miss Matey had wanted to see an elephant in order that she might the better imagine Peter riding on one; and had seen a boa-constrictor too, which was more than she wished to imagine in her fancy pictures of Peter's locality; and in a year when Miss Jenkyns had learnt some piece of poetry off by heart, and used to say, at all the Cranford parties, how Peter was surveying mankind from China to Peru, which everybody had thought very grand and rather appropriate, because India was between China and Peru, if you took care to turn the globe to the left instead of the right.

I suppose all these enquiries of mine, and the consequent curiosity excited in the minds of my friends, made us blind and deaf to what was going on around us. It seemed to me as if the sun rose and shone, and as if the rain rained on Cranford just as usual, and I did not notice any sign of the times that could be considered as a prognostic of any uncommon event; and to the best of my belief, not only Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester, but even Miss Pole herself, whom we looked upon as a kind of prophetess from the knack she had of foreseeing

things before they came to pass — although she did not like to disturb her friends by telling them her fore-knowledge — even Miss Pole herself was breathless with astonishment, when she came to tell us of the astounding piece of news. But I must recover myself; the contemplation of it even at this distance of time has taken away my breath and my grammar, and unless I subdue my emotion, my spelling will go too.

We were sitting — Miss Matey and I — much as usual; she in the blue chintz easy chair, with her back to the light, and her knitting in her hand—I reading aloud the newspaper before named in Cranford visiting; a few minutes more and we should have gone to make the little alterations in dress usual before calling time (twelve o'clock) in Cranford. I remember the scene and the date well; we had been talking of the Signor's rapid recovery since the warmer weather had set in, and praising Mr. Hoggins's skill, and lamenting his want of refinement and manner — (it seems a curious coincidence that this should have been our subject, but so it was) — when a knock was heard; a caller's knock — three distinct taps — and we were flying (that is to say Miss Matey could not walk very fast, having had a touch of rheumatism) to our rooms to change cap and collars, when Miss Pole arrested us by calling out as she came up the stairs, "Don't go — I can't wait — it is not twelve, I know, but never mind your dress; I must speak to you." We did our best to look as if it was not we who had made the hurried movement, the sound of which she had heard; for of course we did not like to have it supposed that we had any old clothes that it was convenient to wear out in the "sanctuary of home," as Miss Jenkyns once prettily called the back parlour, where she was tying up preserves. So we threw our gentility with double force into our manners, and very genteel we were for two minutes while Miss Pole recovered breath, and excited our curiosity strongly by lifting up her hands in amazement, and bringing them down in silence, as if what she had to say was too big for words, and could only be expressed by pantomime.

"What do you think, Miss Matey? What *do* you think? Lady Glenmire is to marry — is to be married, I mean — Lady Glenmire — Mr. Hoggins — Mr. Hoggins is going to marry Lady Glenmire."

"Marry!" said we. "Marry! Madness!"

"Marry!" said Miss Pole with the decision that belonged to her character. "I said Marry! as you do; and I also said, What a fool my lady is going to make of herself. I could have said 'Madness!' but I controlled myself, for it was in a public shop that I heard of it. Where feminine delicacy is gone to I don't know. You and I, Miss Matey, would have been ashamed to have known that our marriage

was spoken of in a grocer's shop, in the hearing of shopmen!"

"But," said Miss Matey, sighing as one recovering from a blow, "perhaps it is not true. Perhaps we are doing her injustice."

"No!" said Miss Pole. "I have taken care to ascertain that. I went straight to Mrs. Fitz Adam, to borrow a cookery book which I knew she had; and I introduced my congratulations apropos of the difficulty gentlemen must have in house-keeping; and Mrs. Fitz Adam bridled up, and said that she believed it was true, though how and where I could have heard it she did not know. She said her brother and Lady Glenmire had come to an understanding at last. 'Understanding!' such a coarse word! But my lady will have to come down to many a want of refinement. I have reason to believe Mr. Hoggins sups on bread and cheese and beer every night."

"Marry!" said Miss Matey once again. "Well! I never thought of it. Two people that we know going to be married. It 's coming very near!"

So near that my heart stopped beating when I heard of it while you might have counted twelve.

"One does not know whose turn may come next. Here in Cranford poor Lady Glenmire might have thought herself safe," said Miss Matey with gentle pity in her tones.

"Bah!" said Miss Pole with a toss of her head. "Don't you remember poor dear Captain Brown's song Jibbie Fowler, and the line

'Set her on the Tintorle Tap,
The wind will blaw a man 'till her,' "

"That was because Jibbie Fowler was rich, I think."

"Well! there is a kind of attraction about Lady Glenmire that I, for one, should be ashamed to have."

I put in my wonder. "But how can she have fancied Mr. Hoggins? I am not surprised that Mr. Hoggins has liked her."

"Oh! I don't know. Mr. Hoggins is rich, and very pleasant looking," said Miss Matey, "and very good-tempered and kind-hearted."

"She has married for an establishment, that's it. I suppose she takes the surgery with it," said Miss Pole, with a little dry laugh at her own joke. But, like many people who think they have made a severe and sarcastic speech, which yet is clever of its kind, she began to relax in her grimness from the moment when she made this allusion to the surgery; and we turned to speculate on the way in which Mrs. Jamieson would receive the news. The person whom she had left in charge of her house to keep off followers from her maids, to set up a follower of her own! And that follower a man whom Mrs. Jamieson had tabooed as vulgar, and inadmissible to Cranford society; not merely on account of his name, but because of his

voice, his complexion, his boots, smelling of the stable, and himself, smelling of drugs. Had he ever been to see Lady Glenmire at Mrs. Jamieson's? Chloride of lime would not purify the house in its owner's estimation if he had. Or had their interviews been confined to the occasional meetings in the chamber of the poor sick conjuror, to whom, with all our sense of the *mésalliance*, we could not help allowing that they had both been exceedingly kind? And now it turned out that a servant of Mrs. Jamieson's had been ill, and Mr. Hoggins had been attending her for some weeks. So the wolf had got into the fold, and now he was carrying off the shepherdess. What would Mrs. Jamieson say? We looked into the darkness of futurity as a child gazes after a rocket up in the cloudy sky, full of wondering expectation of the rattle, the discharge, and the brilliant shower of sparks and light. Then we brought ourselves down to earth and the present time, by questioning each other (being all equally ignorant, and all equally without the slightest data to build any conclusions upon) as to when IT would take place? Where? How much a year Mr. Hoggins had? Whether she would drop her title? And how Martha and the other correct servants in Cranford would ever be brought to announce a married couple as Lady Glenmire and Mr. Hoggins? But would they be visited? Would Mrs. Jamieson let us? Or must we choose between the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson and the degraded Lady Glenmire. We all liked Lady Glenmire the best. She was bright, and kind, and sociable, and agreeable; and Mrs. Jamieson was dull, and inert, and pompous, and tiresome. But we had acknowledged the sway of the latter so long, that it seemed like a kind of disloyalty now even to meditate disobedience to the prohibition we anticipated.

Mrs. Forrester surprised us in our darned caps and patched collars; and we forgot all about them in our eagerness to see how she would bear the information, which we honourably left to Miss Pole to impart, although, if we had been inclined to take unfair advantage we might have rushed in ourselves, for she had a most out-of-place fit of coughing for five minutes after Mrs. Forrester entered the room. I shall never forget the imploring expression of her eyes, as she looked at us over her pocket-handkerchief. They said as plain as words could speak, "Don't let Nature deprive me of the treasure which is mine, although for a time I can make no use of it." And we did not. Mrs. Forrester's surprise was equal to ours; and her sense of injury rather greater, because she had to feel for her Order, and saw more fully than we could do how such conduct brought stains on the aristocracy. When she and Miss Pole left us, we endeavoured to subside into calmness; but Miss Matey was really upset

by the intelligence she had heard. She reckoned it up, and it was more than fifteen years since she had heard of any of her acquaintance going to be married, with the one exception of Miss Jessie Brown; and as she said, it gave her quite a shock, and made her feel as if she could not think what would happen next. I don't know if it is a fancy of mine, or a real fact, but I have noticed that just after the announcement of an engagement in any set, the unmarried ladies in that set flutter out in an unusual gaiety and newness of dress, as much as to say, in a tacit and unconscious manner, "We also are spinsters." Miss Matey and Miss Pole talked and thought more about bonnets, gowns, caps, and shawls, during the fortnight that succeeded this call, than I had known them do for years before. But it might be the spring weather, for it was a warm and pleasant March; and merinoes and beavers, and woollen materials of all sorts were but ungracious receptacles of the bright sun's glancing rays. It had not been Lady Glenmire's dress that had won Mr. Hoggins's heart, for she went about on her errands of kindness more shabby than ever; although in the hurried glimpses I caught of her at church or elsewhere, she seemed rather to shun meeting any of her friends; her face seemed to have almost something of the flush of youth in it; her lips looked redder, and more trembling full than in their old compressed state, and her eyes dwelt on all things with a lingering light, as if she was learning to love Cranford and its belongings. Mr. Hoggins looked broad and radiant, and creaked up the middle aisle at church in a bran-new pair of top-boots, an audible, as well as visible, sign of his purposed change of state; for the tradition went that the boots he had worn till now were the identical pair in which he first set out on his rounds in Cranford twenty-five years ago; only they had been new-pieced, high and low, top and bottom, heel and sole, black leather and brown leather, more times than any one could tell.

None of the ladies in Cranford chose to sanction the marriage by congratulating either of the parties. We wished to ignore the whole affair until our liege lady, Mrs. Jamieson, returned. Until she came back to give us our cue, we felt that it would be better to consider the engagement in the same light as the Queen of Spain's legs; facts which certainly existed, but the less said about the better. This restraint upon our tongues — for you see if we did not speak about it to any of the parties concerned, how could we get answers to the questions that we longed to ask? — was beginning to be irksome, and our idea of the dignity of silence was paling before our curiosity, when another direction was given to our thoughts, by an announcement on the part of the principal

shopkeeper of Cranford, who ranged the trades from grocer and cheesemonger to man-milliner as occasion required, that the spring fashions were arrived, and would be exhibited on the following Tuesday at his rooms in High Street. Now Miss Matey had been only waiting for this before buying herself a new silk gown. I had offered, it is true, to send to Drumble for patterns, but she had rejected my proposal, gently implying that she had not forgotten her disappointment about the sea-green turban. I was thankful that I was on the spot now to counteract the dazzling fascination of any yellow or scarlet silk. I must say a little about myself. I have spoken of my father's old friendship for the Jenkyns' family; indeed, I am not sure if there was not some distant relationship. He had willingly allowed me to remain all the winter at Cranford, in consideration of a letter which Miss Matey had written to him about the time of the panic, in which I suspect she had exaggerated my powers and my bravery as a defender of the house. But now that the days were longer and more cheerful, he was beginning to urge the necessity of my return; and I only delayed in a sort of odd forlorn hope that if I could obtain any clear information, I might make the account given by the Signora of the Aga Jenkyns tally with that of poor Peter, his appearance and disappearance, which I had winnowed out of the conversation of Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester.

The very Tuesday morning on which Mr. Johnson was going to show fashions, the post-woman brought two letters to the house. I say the post-woman, but I should say the postman's wife; he was a lame shoemaker, a very clean honest man, much respected in the town; but he never brought the letters round except on unusual occasions, such as Christmas Day, and Good Friday; and on those days the letters which should have been delivered at eight in the morning did not make their appearance until two or three in the afternoon; for every one liked poor Thomas and gave him a welcome on these festive occasions. He used to say, "he was welly stawed wi' eating, for there were three or four houses where nowt would serve 'em but he must share in their breakfast," and by the time he had done his last breakfast he came to some other friend who was beginning dinner; but come what might in the way of temptation, Tom was always sober, civil, and smiling; and, as Miss Jenkyns used to say, it was a lesson in patience that she doubted not would call out that precious quality in some minds, where but for Thomas it might have lain dormant and undiscovered. Patience was certainly very latent in Miss Jenkyns's mind. She was always expecting letters, and always drumming on the table till the post-

woman had called or gone past. On Christmas Day and Good Friday she drummed from breakfast till church, from church-time till two o'clock, unless when the fire wanted stirring, when she invariably knocked down the fire-irons, and scolded Miss Matey for it. But equally certain was the hearty welcome and the good dinner for Thomas; Miss Jenkyns standing over him like a bold dragoon, questioning him as to his children — what they were doing, what school they went to; upbraiding him if another was likely to make its appearance, but sending even the little babies the shilling and the mince-pie which was her gift to all the children, with half-a-crown in addition for both father and mother. The Post was not half of so much consequence to dear Miss Matey; but not for the world would she have diminished Thomas's welcome, and his dole, though I could see that she felt rather shy over the ceremony which had been regarded by Miss Jenkyns as a glorious opportunity for giving advice and benefiting her fellow-creatures. Miss Matey would steal the money all in a lump into his hand, as if she were ashamed of herself. Miss Jenkyns gave him each individual coin separate, with a "There! that's for yourself; that's for Jenny," &c. Miss Matey would even beckon Martha out of the kitchen while he ate his food, and once to my knowledge winked at its rapid disappearance into a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. Miss Jenkyns almost scolded him if he did not leave a clean plate, however heaped it might have been, and gave an injunction with every mouthful.

I have wandered a long way from the two letters that awaited us on the breakfast-table that Tuesday morning. Mine was from my father. Miss Matey's was printed. My father's was just a man's letter; I mean it was very dull, and gave no information beyond that he was well, that they had had a good deal of rain, that trade was very stagnant, and many disagreeable rumours afloat. He then asked me, if I knew whether Miss Matey still retained her shares in the Town and County Bank, as there were very unpleasant reports about it; though nothing more than he had always foreseen, and had prophesied to Miss Jenkyns years ago, when she would invest their little property in it; the only unwise step that clever woman had ever taken to his knowledge (the only time she ever acted against his advice, I knew). However, if anything had gone wrong, of course I was not to think of leaving Miss Matey while I could be of any use, &c.

"Who is your letter from, my dear? Mine is a very civil invitation signed Edwin Wilson, asking me to attend an important meeting of the shareholders of the Town and County Bank, to be held in Drumble, on Thursday

the twenty-first. I am sure it is very attentive of them to remember me."

I did not like to hear of this "important meeting," for though I did not know much about business, I feared it confirmed what my father said; however, I thought ill news always came fast enough, so I resolved to say nothing about my alarm, and merely told her that my father was well, and sent his kind regards to her. She kept turning over, and admiring her letter.

"I remember their sending one to Deborah just like this, but that I did not wonder at, for everybody knew she was so clear-headed. I am afraid I could not help them much; indeed, if they came to accounts I should be quite in the way, for I never could do sums in my head. Deborah, I know, rather wished to go, and went so far as to order a new bonnet for the occasion; but when the time came she had a bad cold; so they sent her a very polite account of what they had done. Chosen a director, I think it was. Do you think they want me to help them to choose a Director? I am sure I should choose your father at once."

"My father has no shares in the Bank," said I.

"Oh, no! I remember! He objected very much to Deborah's buying any, I believe. But she was quite the woman of business, and always judged for herself, and here, you see, they have paid eight per cent. all these years."

It was a very uncomfortable subject to me with my half-knowledge; so I thought I would change the conversation, and I asked at what time she thought we had better go and see the fashions. "Well, my dear," she said, "the thing is this; it is not etiquette to go till after twelve, but then, you see, all Cranford will be there, and one does not like to be too curious about dress and trimmings and caps, with all the world looking on. It is never genteel to be over-curious on these occasions; Deborah had the knack of always looking as if the latest fashion was nothing new to her; a manner she had caught from Lady Arley, who did see all the new modes in London, you know. So I thought we would just slip down this morning soon after breakfast; for I do want half a pound of tea; and then we could go up and examine the things at our leisure, and see exactly how my new silk gown must be made; and then, after twelve, we could go with our minds disengaged, and free from thoughts of dress."

We began to talk of Miss Matey's new silk gown; I discovered that it would be really the first time in her life that she had had to choose anything of consequence for herself; for Miss Jenkyns had always been the more decided character, whatever her taste might have been; and it is astonishing how such

people carry the world before them by the mere force of will. Miss Matey anticipated the sight of the glossy folds with as much delight as if the five sovereigns set apart for the purchase could buy all the silks in the shop; and (remembering my own loss of two hours in a toy-shop before I could tell on what wonder to spend a silver threepence) I was very glad that we were going early, that dear Miss Matey might have leisure for the delights of perplexity.

If a happy sea-green could be met with, the gown was to be sea-green; if not, she inclined to maize, and I to silver grey; and we discussed the requisite number of breadths until we arrived at the shop-door. We were to buy the tea, select the silk, and then clamber up the iron corkscrew stairs that led into what was once a loft, though now a fashion show-room.

The young men at Mr. Johnson's had on their best looks, and their best cravats, and pivotted themselves over the counter with surprising activity. They wanted to show us upstairs at once, but on the principle of business first and pleasure afterwards, we stayed to purchase the tea. Here Miss Matey's absence of mind betrayed itself. If she was made aware that she had been drinking green tea at any time, she always thought it her duty to lie awake half through the night afterward; (I have known her take it in ignorance many a time without such effects), and consequently green tea was prohibited the house; yet to-day she herself asked for the obnoxious article, under the impression that she was talking about the silk. However, the mistake was soon rectified; and then the silks were unrolled in good truth. By this time the shop was pretty well filled, for it was Cranford market-day, and many of the farmers and country people from the neighbourhood round came in, sleeking down their hair, and glancing shyly about from under their eyelids, as anxious to take back some notion of the unusual gaiety to the mistress or the lasses at home, and yet feeling that they were out of place among the smart shopmen and gay shawls, and summer prints. One honest-looking man, however, made his way up to the counter at which we stood, and boldly asked to look at a shawl or two. The other country folk confined themselves to the grocery side; but our neighbour was evidently too full of some kind intention towards mistress, wife, or daughter, to be shy; and it soon became a question with me, whether he or Miss Matey would keep their shopman the longest time. He thought each shawl more beautiful than the last; and, as for Miss Matey, she smiled and sighed over each fresh bale that was brought out; one colour set off another, and the heap together would, as she said, make even the rainbow look poor.

"I am afraid whichever I choose I shall wish I had taken another. Look at this lovely crimson! it would be so warm in winter. But spring is coming on, you know. I wish I could have a gown for every season," said she, dropping her voice, as we all did in Cranford, whenever we talked of anything we wished for, but could not afford. "However," she continued in a louder and more cheerful tone, "it would give me a great deal of trouble to take care of them if I had them; so I think I 'll only take one. But which must it be, my dear?" And now she hovered over a lilac with yellow spots, while I pulled out a quiet sage-green that had faded into insignificance under the more brilliant colours, but which was nevertheless a good silk in its humble way. Our attention was called off to our neighbour. He had chosen a shawl of about thirty shillings' value; and his face looked broadly happy under the anticipation, no doubt, of the pleasant surprise he should give to some Molly or Jenny at home; he had tugged a leathern purse out of his breeches pocket, and had offered a five-pound note in payment for the shawl, and for some parcels which had been brought round to him from the grocery counter; and it was just at this point that he attracted our notice. The shopman was examining the note with a puzzled, doubtful air.

"Town and County Bank! I am not sure, Sir, but I believe we have received a warning against notes issued by this bank only this morning. I will just step and ask Mr. Johnson, Sir; but I 'm afraid I must trouble you for payment in cash, or in a note of a different bank."

I never saw a man's countenance fall so suddenly into dismay and bewilderment. It was almost piteous to see the rapid change.

"Dang it!" said he, striking his fist down on the table, as if to try which were the harder; "the chap talks as if notes and gold were to be had for the picking up."

Miss Matey had forgotten her silk gown in her interest for the man. I don't think she had caught the name of the bank, and in my nervous cowardice, I was anxious that she should not; and so I began admiring the yellow-spotted lilac gown that I had been utterly condemning only a minute before. But it was of no use.

"What bank was it? I mean what bank did your note belong to?"

"Town and County Bank."

"Let me see it," said she quietly to the shopman, gently taking it out of his hand, as he brought it back to return it to the farmer.

Mr. Johnson was very sorry, but, from information he had received, the notes issued by that bank were little better than waste paper.

"I don't understand it," said Miss Matey to me in a low voice.

"That is our bank, is it not? — the Town and County Bank?"

"Yes," said I. "This lilac silk will just match the ribbons in your new cap, I believe," I continued, holding up the folds so as to catch the light, and wishing that the man would make haste and be gone; and yet having a new wonder that had only just sprung up, how far it was wise or right in me to allow Miss Matey to make this expensive purchase, if the affairs of the bank were really so bad as the refusal of the note implied.

But Miss Matey put on the soft dignified manner peculiar to her, rarely used, and yet which became her so well, and laying her hand gently on mine, she said,

"Never mind the silks for a few minutes, dear. I don't understand you, Sir," turning now to the shopman, who had been attending to the farmer. "Is this a forged note?"

"Oh, no, Ma'am. It is a true note of its kind; but you see, Ma'am, it is a Joint Stock Bank, and there are reports out that it is likely to break. Mr. Johnson is only doing his duty, Ma'am, as I am sure Mr. Dobson knows."

But Mr. Dobson could not respond to the appealing bow by any answering smile. He was turning the note absently over in his fingers, looking gloomily enough at the parcel containing the lately chosen shawl.

"It 's hard upon a poor man," said he, "as earns every farthing with the sweat of his brow. However, there 's no help for it. You must take back your shawl, my man; Lizzie must do on with her cloak for a while. And yon figs for the little ones — I promised them to 'em — I 'll take them; but the 'bacco, and the other things —"

"I will give you five sovereigns for your note, my good man," said Miss Matey. "I think there is some great mistake about it, for I am one of the shareholders, and I 'm sure they would have told me if things had not been going on right."

The shopman whispered a word or two across the table to Miss Matey. She looked at him with a dubious air.

"Perhaps so," said she. "But I don't pretend to understand business; I only know that if it is going to fail, and if honest people are to lose their money because they have taken our notes — I can't explain myself," said she, suddenly becoming aware that she had got into a long sentence with four people for audience — "only I would rather exchange my gold for the note, if you please," turning to the farmer, "and then you can take your wife the shawl. It is only going without my gown a few days longer," she continued, speaking to me. "Then I have no doubt everything will be cleared up."

"But if it is cleared up the wrong way?" said I.

"Why! Then it will only have been common honesty in me as a

shareholder to have given this good man the money. I am quite clear about it in my own mind; but, you know, I can never speak quite as comprehensibly as others can, — only you must give me your note, Mr. Dobson, if you please, and go on with your purchases with these sovereigns."

The man looked at her with silent gratitude, too awkward to put his thanks into words; but he hung back for a minute or two, fumbling with his note.

"I 'm loth to make another one lose instead of me, if it is a loss; but you see five pounds is a deal of money to a man with a family; and as you say, ten to one, in a day or two, the note will be as good as gold again."

"No hope of that, my friend," said the shopman.

"The more reason why I should take it," said Miss Matey quietly; she pushed her sovereigns towards the man, who slowly laid his note down in exchange. "Thank you. I will wait a day or two before I purchase any of these silks; perhaps you will then have a greater choice. My dear! will you come upstairs?"

We inspected the fashions with as minute and curious an interest as if the gown to be made after them had been bought. I could not see that the little event in the shop below had in the least damped Miss Matey's curiosity as to the make of sleeves, or the sit of skirts. She once or twice exchanged congratulations with me on our private and leisurely view of the bonnets and shawls; but I was all the time not so sure that our examination was so utterly private, for I caught glimpses of a figure dodging behind the cloaks and mantles; and, by a dexterous move, I came face to face with Miss Pole, also in morning costume (the principal feature of which was her being without teeth, and wearing a veil to conceal the deficiency), come on the same errand as ourselves. But she quickly took her departure, because she had a bad headache and did not feel herself up to conversation.

As we came down through the shop the civil Mr. Johnson was awaiting us; he had been informed of the exchange of the note for gold, and with much good feeling and real kindness, but with a little want of tact, he wished to condole with Miss Matey, and impress upon her the real state of the case. I could only hope that he had heard an exaggerated rumour, for he said that her shares were worse than nothing, and that the bank could not pay a shilling in the pound. I was glad that Miss Matey seemed still a little incredulous; but I could not tell how much of this was real, or assumed with that self-control which seemed habitual to ladies of Miss Matey's standing in Cranford, who would have thought their dignity compromised by the slightest expression of surprise, dismay, or any similar feeling to an inferior in

station, or in a public shop. However, we walked home very silently; I am ashamed to say I believe I was rather vexed and annoyed at Miss Matey's conduct in taking the note to herself so decidedly. I had so set my heart upon her having a new silk gown, which she wanted sadly; in general she was so undecided anybody might turn her round; in this case I had felt that it was no use attempting it, but I was not the less put out at the result.

Somehow, after twelve o'clock, we both acknowledged to a sated curiosity about the fashions; and to a certain fatigue of body (which was, in fact, depression of mind) that indisposed us to go out again. But still we never spoke of the note; till all at once something possessed me to ask Miss Matey if she would think it her duty to offer sovereigns for all the notes of the Town and County Bank she met with. I could have bitten my tongue out the minute I had said it. She looked up rather sadly, and as if I had thrown a new perplexity into her already distressed mind, and for a minute or two she did not speak. Then she said — my own dear Miss Matey — without a shade of reproach in her voice,

"My dear! I never feel as if my mind was what people call very strong, and it 's often hard enough work for me to settle what I ought to do with the case right before me — I was very thankful to — I was very thankful that I saw my duty this morning with the poor man standing by me; but it 's rather a strain upon me to keep thinking and thinking what I should do if such and such a thing happened, and I believe I had rather wait and see what really does come; and I don't doubt I shall be helped then, if I don't fidget myself, and get too anxious beforehand. You know, love, I 'm not like Deborah. If Deborah had lived, I've no doubt she would have seen after them, before they had got themselves into this state."

We had neither of us much appetite for dinner, though we tried to talk cheerfully about indifferent things. When we returned into the drawing-room, Miss Matey unlocked her desk and began to look over her account-books. I was so penitent for what I had said in the morning, that I did not choose to take upon myself the presumption to suppose that I could assist her; I rather left her alone, as with puzzled brow her eye followed her pen up and down the ruled page. By and bye she shut the book, locked her desk, and came and drew a chair to mine, where I sat in moody sorrow over the fire. I stole my hand into hers; she clasped it, but did not speak a word. At last she said, with forced composure in her voice, "If that bank goes wrong, I shall lose one hundred and forty-nine pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence a year; I shall only have thirteen pounds a year left." I squeezed her hand hard and

tight. I did not know what to say. Presently (it was too dark to see her face) I felt her fingers work convulsively in my grasp; and I knew she was going to speak again. I heard the sobs in her voice as she said, "I hope it 's not wrong — not wicked — but oh! I am so glad poor Deborah is spared this. She could not have borne to come down in the world, she had such a noble, lofty spirit."

This was all she said about the sister who had insisted upon investing their little property in that unlucky bank. We were later in lighting the candle than usual that night, and until that light shamed us into speaking, we sat together very silently and sadly.

However, we took to our work after tea with a kind of forced cheerfulness (which soon became real as far as it went), talking of that never-ending wonder, Lady Glenmire's engagement. Miss Matey was almost coming round to think it a good thing.

"I don't mean to deny that men are troublesome in a house. I don't judge from my own experience, for my father was neatness itself, and wiped his shoes on coming in as carefully as any woman; but still a man has a sort of knowledge of what should be done in difficulties, that it is very pleasant to have one at hand ready to lean upon. Now, Lady Glenmire, instead of being tossed about, and wondering where she is to settle, will be certain of a home among pleasant and kind people, such as our good Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester. And Mr. Hoggins is really a very personable man, and as for his manners, why, if they are not very polished — I have known people with very good hearts and very clever minds too, who were not what some people reckoned refined, but who were both true and tender."

She fell off into a soft reverie about Mr. Holbrook, and I did not interrupt her, I was so busy maturing a plan I had had in my mind for some days, but which this threatened failure of the bank had brought to a crisis. That night, after Miss Matey went to bed, I treacherously lighted the candle again, and sat down in the drawing-room to compose a letter to the Aga Jenkyns; a letter which should affect him, if he were Peter, and yet seem a mere statement of dry facts if he were a stranger. The church clock pealed out two before I had done.

The next morning news came, both official and otherwise, that the Town and County Bank had stopped payment. Miss Matey was ruined.

She tried to speak quietly to me; but when she came to the actual fact that she would have but about five shillings a week to live upon, she could not restrain a few tears.

"I am not crying for myself, dear," said she, wiping them

away, "I believe I am crying for the very silly thought of how my mother would grieve if she could know — she always cared for us so much more than for herself. But many a poor person has less; and I am not very extravagant, and, thank God, when the neck of mutton, and Martha's wages, and the rent are paid, I have not a farthing owing. Poor Martha, I think she 'll be sorry to leave me." Miss Matey smiled at me through her tears, and she would fain have had me see only the smile, not the tears.

COLZA OIL.

Who can take up a newspaper just now, without being tempted to become an extensive purchaser of real and pure French Colza oil, and at the same time to be lord and master over an innumerable variety of lamps of the newest patterns and most approved construction, wherewith to consume that illuminating fluid? But "Colza" is not an English word — making, however, only a narow escape from being one — and there are many people, perhaps, who burn the genuine article, without being exactly aware what it really is. For knowing advertisers seem to fancy that the more mysteriously their wares are enveloped in hard words, the more highly will the simple public esteem them. Hence we have Eureka shirts, Revalenta Arabica diet, and Rypophagon shaving-soap. It would hardly be safe or prudent to decide whether the aforesaid advertisers are right or not. But to prevent Colza from being added to their list, I will take the liberty of offering a few explanations.

Oils may be divided into two grand classes, accordingly as they are derived from the distinct sources of the animal, or the vegetable kingdom. It is not impossible, therefore, that Colza oil may be casually believed to be the produce of some South American whale, or Indian porpoise, of unknown and peculiar organisation. Unfortunately for the imaginative who love to set a novel monster before their mind's eye, it is not so obtained — nor from the sea-serpent either. Colza is a harmless plant, springing from a kindly German root, which root is neither more nor less than cole, kale, *kohl*, or cabbage. Whenever the French resolve to kidnap a foreign word, they generally contrive to lay hold of it by the wrong end. And so, the English *coleseed*, or the German *kohlsaat* — it is not altogether indisputable which — has been pressed into the service of representing the entire vegetable Colza, or *brassica campestris* as the scientific call it, with the additional surname of *oleifera*, or oil-bearing. Coleworts, moreover, are not entirely unknown to horticulturists in the British Isles.

Olive oil is the peculiar pro-

duce of the South of France, whilst oil-giving seeds are the objects of culture in other portions of that vast empire; for an Englishman has no notion what a large country France is, till he begins to travel from one corner of it to another. The extremes of north and south agree in being lands both abundantly flowing with oil. Colza is grown in the eastern and in the central provinces; but it is more especially cultivated in the northern departments, and pre-eminently so in the rich one known as the Department du Nord. In the environs of Lille, there are oil-mills by hundreds, exactly like the one I am about to describe. Yet one English advertisement states that Messrs. Suchones, of Provence, in the south of France — the address being just as precise as that of Mr. Smith, of East Anglia, Great Britain — Messrs. Suchones beg to inform their numerous customers, that they have no other agent in England for their genuine French lamp oil than Messrs. Someoneelse, who favour the public with a more distinct reference to their whereabouts. It is far from impossible that Colza oil may be exported from Provence to London; for a portion of that manufactured in the Department du Nord is shipped from Dunkirk for Marseilles, where, however, they mostly use it in making soap. And even then they have not enough. France does not grow a sufficiency of greasy matters for her own consumption. The soaperies of the south, and of Marseilles especially, obtain a portion of their oils from Spain and Italy.

Colza is sown for the purpose of serving three distinct purposes: to be ploughed into the land as green manure in the early stage of its growth; to fatten cattle upon the land, or to feed milch cows, at a more advenced period; and to ripen its seeds for the production of oil. The two former styles of cropping you will not witness except during summer and autumn; but were you to take a country walk in the north of France in winter or in early spring, you could hardly fail to notice a number of fields planted with what, at the first glance, you might mistake for Swede turnips; only, on looking closer, you would say they were very bad and stunted turnips; being deficient in the great essential of a globular root, and having merely a stalk leaning on one side, and inclined to be what gardeners call "run up o' legs." Their previous history has been this. At mid June, or thereabouts, the seed is sown in a separate plot of ground, where the plants remain undisturbed until the autumn.

In October, the field in which the seedlings are to be planted is heavily manured. Colza thrives best in a light, deep, hazel loam, permeable to the genial influence of the rains, the atmosphere, and the sunshine; and is all the bet-

ter for a liberal artificial enrichment of the soil. Showery weather is desirable at the time; but the planting is nevertheless performed under bright sunshine, in confident anticipation of the autumnal rains. Nothing can be easier than the way in which the little Colzas are settled in life, after their expatriation from their nursery. They are brought to their new home tied up in large bundles, and are respectfully received by sundry ploughmen already in attendance on the ground. To each ploughman is attached a small suite of women and children. The farmer himself, or perhaps only his labourer, turns up a furrow with his plough, from one end of the field to the other. In this long furrow the ladies and *demoiselles* lay the Colza plants, at the proper distances. With another stroke of the plough the roots of the plants are covered up, the manure on the surface being likewise turned in next them. Then another stroke of the plough, without plants, to leave the necessary interval; and then another furrow, with them. And so on, till the field is finished. At the first word, a farmer will have understood all this. It is a nice healthy amusement for the women and children, not unlike our Christmas game, "I sent a letter to my love; I dripped it, I dropped it;" only it is a pity they do not earn a little better wages as the consequence of their day's diversion.

The crop receives no further culture. The thickness of its growth chokes almost every weed. Its success is precarious, if the young shoots or blossoms are frost-bitten in spring. Ordinarily, the glaucous-leaved plant sends up its flower-stem, and the whole field is soon covered with a bright yellow garment. Although a rather faint and sickly odour is emitted, it is not unpleasant to follow the foot-path through a Colza field, and listen to the quail as it calls, ever invisibly, beneath its thickset covert. Innumerable busy bees, and a rabble of big, bouncing, buzzing cockchafers likewise take the liberty of disporting themselves therein; while earth and sun are combining to brew the oil which shall cheer and enlighten your hours of wintry darkness.

When the fall of the withered lower leaves, and the yellow tinge of the bending stalk announce that nature has completed the great work of maturing the seed, not a moment must be lost in completing the harvest, if the weather be but fine. For the sparrows and the linnets will come in to take their tithe in kind, without agreeing to any sort of commutation, and the more they taste the seed, the better they find that it suits their palates. So, haste ye, my hard-working dames of France! Hither hasten with your reaping-hooks. Lay the Colzas prostrate, bear them gently to the sail-cloth spread out in one corner of the

field, for fear you lose a single black, round, plump, precious, unctuous grain of seed. If the men won't thresh it, you will; and winnow it, and sift it, and carry it home, and spread it out thin on the granary floor to dry and ripen a little more perfectly, and store it in sacks, and sell it at market, or take it to the oil-mill and hand it over to your own oiler. It is not the absence of male assistance which will make you leave matters to take their course, still less to let them remain at a stand-still.

All this holds good of ordinary winter Colza, or, as it is called sometimes, *Colza froid*, or cold Colza. There is, however, a variety of Colza which may be sown in spring, and harvested the same year, and which is distinguished by the title of *Colza chaud*, or *de Mars;* in other words, as warm, or March Colza. It is less productive than the former kind, but is useful for land which there has been no opportunity of planting in autumn, as well as to replace the winter Colza when it has been irreparably injured by frost.

We have grown and housed our Colza seed. What remains is a simple affair, offering fewer impediments to the practitioner than either of those highly popular difficulties of skinning a flint, or drawing blood from a gate-post. All that is required is simply brute force. It is true there are here and there grand establishments, with their cylinders, to play with the seed a little while before pounding it; with their steam *chauffoirs*, or warming-pans; their magnified copies of vertical coffee-mills, their miniature imitations of flour and wheat-mills, little iron grind-stones, and other what-nots. In short, there are fancy oil-mills in France. But we will be content to-day with the general and popular method of seed-squeezing, by which oil is extracted, by and for the million, in innumerable wind and water-mills to the south of the English Channel.

The other bright sunshiny morning (and we have not had too many such of late), I found myself in the midst of a constellation of mills that were whirling their arms round, and twinkling their cloth and wooden beams, as much unlike celestial stars as possible, and emitting anything but the music of the spheres, "Bang, bing, bong, bung!" "Thamp, thimp, thomp, thump!" I tried hard to recognise in it something like the measured rhythm of our dear old melody, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," but utterly failed to catch a single phrase. The noise was exactly that which the giant made when he "wopped" about with his great thick club, trying to hit poor little mischievous Hop-o'-my-Thumb as he lay asleep, and knocking his own monstrous children's brains out instead. The succession of sounds from the whole of this grand mill orchestra, were similar in kind, but not exactly the same

in pitch. Some, too, vibrated more clear and gong-like than the muffled beats which were sent forth by the others. Just before me was a very fine-toned mill; so, deciding to make my invasion upon that, I drove slap past the miller's cottage, and drew up at the very foot of his temple of — Macassar? Out came the lubricated man of Colza, in blue clothes and with a smiling countenance. "*Bon jour!*" and "*Bon jour!*" Why shouldn't he let me poke about his mill, if that gave me the least of pleasure? So I mount the ricketty wooden steps, bounding at every blow of the internal machinery, like a fly caught napping on the parchment of a kettle-drum. Luckily, it is a windy day, or I should not have seen one quarter of the fun.

The whole thing is a question of pestle and mortar power. On entering, you behold to the left a goodly range of half-a-dozen mortars, cut out of strong solid timber, and lined at bottom with thick copper. In each of these is pounding, a pestle — a long beam of stout oak — twenty feet high, or a trifle more, perhaps; for it reaches almost to the very top of the mill. The end of the pestle is shod with an ugly-looking piece of iron, channelled and cut in the way to make it do most mischief. It is not unlike a frightful molar tooth, with a single ugly, endless fang. Motion is communicated to the entire set in the most unsophisticated way possible, and each tooth can chew independently according to its own devices. A catch on the axle of every individual pestle can be stopped, or re-continued at pleasure. Suppose the miller has given a feed of Colza seed to one of these devouring monsters. Thump! thump! pestle and mortar, till the meal is reduced to a pasty mass, called *marc*. That one grinder is stopped for a while. He takes the masticated quid away, carries it to another snuggery beyond the apartment into which we first entered, and with it fills some small woollen sacks, or bags, made of a coarse stuff, which is known as *morfil*. If you have ever seen a sample of foreign oil-cake, it will give you an idea of the actual size of the *morfil* sack. The sack thus filled is wrapped in a leather case, which covers both the sides, but is open at the edges. So that the sack exactly occupies the place which would be filled by a slice of tongue in a sandwich. Again, to the left you observe two other pestles, somewhat slenderer, but of equal length with those that pound. Beneath them is a box, or oblong hole. This hole is filled with *marc*-and-*morfil* sandwiches, set upright, like books on a bookshelf. The miller has at hand a variety of wedges, of long rather than stout proportions. He inserts the point of one of these into the

midst of his packet of sandwiches, and then sets the pestle overhead in motion. Thump! thump! thump! again, exactly like a pile-driving machine. The wedge is driven home; and then, another; till he thinks he has squeezed his subjects enough. The oil thus expressed runs out at a hole in the bottom, the bags are taken out of their den of oppression, and from each of them is removed a cake.

But whatever may be the mode of milling, it takes at least two acts of pressure to obtain a respectable yield of oil. The cakes are again put into the mortar, and are once more pounded as fine as may be. They are again carried into the little back chamber. But before a second entrance into the bags, they have first to take a turn over a slow fire, in a flat and shallow warming-pan of iron. Inside the pan, a piece of machinery connected with the mill-work, and crookedly resembling the hand of a clock, which indicates the hours only, keeps moving slowly round and round, stirring the powdered oil-cake, and preventing it from burning. The powder, when sufficiently warmed throughout, is again bagged, wedged, and squeezed, till it has parted with every drop of oil that can be extorted from it, by foul means or fair. The cakes are then mostly troubled no further; but are set up to dry, to be subsequently sold to fatten cattle, though they now and then return to their mother earth in the humble guise of powdery manure.

You must have heard of "cold drawn castor-oil;" you now a little understand what it means. The heat employed to aid in liberating the oil from the seeds containing it, also sets loose some other particles, which, for either medicinal or culinary purposes, it is desirable to leave behind. Hence the advantage of "drawing it mild."

The final treatment of the oil is its clarification, which is more generally performed by the oil-merchant than by the miller. Seed-oils, on escaping from their troubles of the press, always contain a portion of mucilage, colouring matter, and resinous principles, which are all native to and latent in the seed, and which cause it to have a particular smell, taste, and appearance. These are partially got rid of, by keeping the oil for a considerable time in cool cellars, and so allowing the foreign matter, in suspension, to be precipitated. But this period of mere repose is insufficient to complete the object in view; the oil is still charged with a variety of ingredients which render it unfit for many purposes, and especially for burning in lamps.

M. Thénard made known a successful method of purifying Colza oil. Having put the oil into a cask that would contain double the quantity, he then pours in very gradually, stirring it well up at the same time, con-

centrated sulphuric acid, to the amount of two hundredth-parts of the oil measured *by weight*. The agitation of the fluid is continued, till the whole liquid mass acquires a greenish tint. After standing for four-and-twenty hours, during which the sulphuric acid lays hold of all the foreign matter, pure water equal *in bulk* to two-thirds the quantity of oil, is then added. The whole is violently stirred together, till the combined liquids have a milky appearance. Two or three weeks' rest, in a chamber of moderate and equable temperature, are requisite for the clarification of the oil, and for the formation of a dark deposit at the bottom of the cask. The oil, which floats uppermost, is then drawn off by means of a tap, and runs into tubs that have their bottoms pierced with holes lightly plugged with tufts of cotton or carded wool. After this last filtration, the oil is perfectly clarified, and is fit for the service of the fashionable lamp-man, or even of the more fastidious lighthouse-keeper.

Colza-oil lamps may be all very well; but they by no means supersede what *I* (individually) hold to be the only unobjectionable mode of private-room illumination — a pair, or more, of brilliant wax-lights. Lamps, as yet, are far from perfect.

GENTLEMAN CADET.

I DO not know by what process it came about that my widowed mother obtained for me a nomination to the Royal Military Academy of Woolhurst. Ill health has since caused me to forsake the path of military glory, but I vividly remember Woolhurst as it used to be when I, a Gentleman Cadet, was told by my proud friends that "I was a very lucky young fellow, with my path cut out before me; that it was my own fault if I went wrong again; and that the Duke of Wellington had worked his way up as I might." Some reforms have been forced upon the Academy of Woolhurst since my day; but the inner life of a great national establishment is always slow to change, and while I travel through my story of the past, I may tread now and then upon a place or two in which the gout still lingers.

I was about fifteen years old, when I accompanied my mother to the great military office in London (whence generals as well as cadets derive their dignity) to pay a call of gratitude to my exalted patron. I recollect finding it impossible to take affectionately to the tall white warrior in the splendid uniform, who could not altogether drop his habit of severe command even in giving well-meant counsel to a boy in presence of his mother.

I was to join the Academy, prepared to pass the entrance examination, in a month. That inter-

val I employed in rubbing up the subjects upon which I should be questioned — French, German, printing, mathematics, and a little Latin — to the highest state of polish in my power; and, at the end of the month, I was so crammed with information that I was afraid to talk or walk about lest I should spill any. A night had to be passed in a hotel at Woolhurst before the day of trial. In the hotel were fellow candidates, but I avoided them; keeping my body still and my mouth shut, as became a boy who had a load upon his mind.

The knowledge swallowed in a rude heap by one of the other young gentlemen, a Mr. Pontoon, acted differently on his constitution; in a way that, in fact, closely resembled a severe fit of indigestion. He slept in the next room to mine, and kept me awake all night by broken jabbering. In the morning I ascertained that he had been repeating his *memoria technica* for about five hundred dates of principal occurrences; whereof, I am delighted to say, not one was subsequently asked of him. Certainly some erring youths employ more labour on those roundabout and complicated roads to learning, than would suffice to perform the journey two or three times over by the beaten track. Why a horse and a raven under a cucumber frame should instantly direct attention to the fourth chapter of St. John; or why a salmon leaping over a wall should be the year of the Spanish armada is rather unintelligible to me. And yet I possess a Help to the Memory, (price six shillings and sixpence) which asserts them among much other distracting matter to be clear analogies. The same youth, Mr. Pontoon, was exceedingly near-sighted; and, in addition to the doubt about his literary qualifications, there was a source of dread — scarcely a doubt at all, pretty certain he said — that he could not pass the medical ordeal. He would have been "spun" certainly, had not the senior Æsculapius been sick, and a too good-natured assistant surgeon acted as his substitute. I was a little blind; but had a specific from my late schoolmaster, a shrewd Scotchman, of this sort — "They 'll be sure, lad, to ask you the colour of the horses on the common; if they are too far off, say grey. All horses are grey or bay, and if you 're quick, you can just make a sound that will do well for either of them."

While youth after youth was being examined as to the objects visible upon the horizon, poor Pontoon, whose time was not yet come, took anxious note of their responses. A waggon and horses having been reported by the Cadet before him to be going up the opposite hill, Pontoon, after he had been tapped on the chest and punched in the ribs, and finally asked what he could see, promptly answered, "A blue waggon, Sir, with red wheels, and a piebald horse, Sir, and two

black horses, and the carter has got a short pipe in his mouth, Sir." "Well, Sir," said the jolly doctor, "I shan't ask you any more questions, because all the things you mention have been over the hill these five minutes; and, if you can see *through* the hill, I 'm sure there can't be much the matter with your eyesight." So Pontoon was passed.

It was necessary upon admittance into the Academy for each Cadet to write down in a book, kept for that purpose, the names of two respectable references. Of course, every young gentleman put down the grandest of his friends, and the entrance calendar glowed with titles like a Lodge's Peerage. Macarthy, however, an Irish Cadet, belonging to the same batch as myself, declared to the official, that "sure there was nobody respectable belonging to him, small blame to them." After that declaration, and being still compelled to conform to the regulations, he wrote down unwillingly the names of the Lord Beeswax, who at that time commanded the garrison, and the Earl of Moira. He knew them, he told me, very intimately as the signs of two public-houses in the town at which the beer was excellent.

During the first two or three weeks after admission — that is to say until our regimentals were completed — those of our batch of candidates who were so fortunate as to become Gentlemen Cadets were compelled to wear "mufti." A very singular and edifying sight it was to see us drilling in civilian dresses. Fat little Trueman, four feet high, practising the goose step, differs entirely from that martial youth, as he will appear when "keeping time" in uniform. His mensuration round the waist will be decreased by at least two inches, his chin will not be permitted to repose itself, as now it does, in oily folds. Finally there will be added half a cubit to his statute by the aggregate influences of regimental boots, a shako and a plume. From what beast or bird that last ornament emanates, was to me always the great problem. Why nature (if it be a natural production), why art (if it be artificial) should have first constructed it is, to me, now a mystery. One office — but that could scarcely have been its original mission — which it fulfilled at the Royal Military Academy at Woolhurst among the senior Cadets was that of a shaving brush.

The government of Woolhurst seemed, when I knew it, to have been carefully compounded of the worst features of an oligarchy and of a military despotism. The age of the Cadets (from fifteen upwards) is certainly a difficult one to manage; but the authorities must have gone a good deal out of their way to construct a system of perfect inutility.

Lack of authorities in office certainly was not the cause of failure. There was a Governor; who was a great military star shi-

ning upon us from his abode a long way off. He gave swords away upon prize-days, and expelled unruly Cadets by his sign manual. Then there was a Lieutenant-Governor, who lived in a great house hard by, and went about with an orderly. He was brilliantly visible on review-days without being too familiar to us at other times, and sent up the lists of the swords-men and the convicts to the aforesaid Governor, who gave swords away upon prize-days, and expelled Cadets by his sign manual. Then there was a "Second-Captain of the Cadet company," who found out the men for the swords and for the expulsions for the Lieutenant-Governor to put down in a list to send to the Governor who gave swords away upon prize-days, and expelled Cadets by his sign manual — and so forth, like the House that Jack built. The Second-Captain's abode was not so big as the Lieutenant-Governor's abode, and he had no orderly, and was visible from twelve to one o'clock in the library. Then there were two Lieutenants of the Cadet company. These officers saw that the Cadets' uniforms were properly brushed about twelve times a day, and inquired whether the military choking stocks were really put on and buckled behind, not being in any case a slip of leather fashioned out of the original misery by the Cadet himself into a machine that offered no impediment to breathing. One of these officers was also to be present in the hall when the "old Cadets" had their dinners and the "neuxes" hungered; because the messes being good for eight and the legs of mutton catable by four, the four oldsters cut off all the handy meat, the two of middle standing picked the bone, and the remaining two "last joined" were cheerfully employed in pouring out the beer and water for their elders. Of this fact, however — patent enough amongst a hundred others — the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Captain and the two Lieutenants of the Cadet company were or pretended to be profoundly ignorant.

These were the commissioned officers; but there were also non-commissioned officers, sergeants, and corporals, marching and counter-marching, quick marching, and double quick marching the Cadet company from seven in the morning until sunset; moreover, there were half commissioned officers — old Cadets themselves — who had all kinds of delegated authority, to the end of the Cadet company's improvement and their own perfection as commissioned officers that shall hereafter be. Their duty was to check injustice and to promote discipline by a more detailed investigation of the stocks before the Lieutenants' arrival, and their practice was to abuse every individual power with which they were unhappily entrusted. One of the pleasant — and, compared with some others — even com-

mendable amusements of these gentry, was not only to maltreat the bodies of the "last joined," but to destroy some items of their property. Our hats were all crushed to a crown, except those which had crape round them. I make glad mention of this delicacy, and only regret that the manifestation of a like feeling was so rare. Upon a young gentleman's donning His majesty's uniform, receiving nominal pay, and becoming subject to the articles of war, it may perhaps be supposed that he comports himself and is treated by others as a respectability. The Eton boy may have been "swished" in May, and be a guardsman in July, when if insulted he will not fight "after eleven to-morrow" with a pair of fists, but will desire to shoot or horse-whip his antagonist. The transition is rapid, but it is complete. Now it appears to me, that however healthy and elevating an occupation brushing clothes for his seniors may be for the British school-boy, this task better becomes the valet than the Gentleman Cadet; and when associated, as it was in my time at Woolhurst, with much punishment from missile weapons hurled at the valet-cadet by seniors who are lolling on their beds, it grows to be degrading. To be obliged to put yourself in a convenient position to be kicked by a "fifth form," may at the public school be "roughing it" (it *is* that); perhaps it may "make a man of you;" but to be compelled to lift up those tails conferred by Majesty, that an old Cadet (an individual who founds his despotism on the fact that he has held up his own tails for about two years) may project you into space with his right foot, is only slavish. There used to occur cases of opposition to this tyranny; few enough, for they were useless. In such cases it has been made necessary for the authorities by interference to protect some Woolhurst Hampden, after he had been brutally and dangerously beaten, set upon at times when his aggressors could not be recognised, sent down to hospital again and again. Such a youth has been made sometimes a "cadet-corporal" while yet a junior (an otherwise unprecedented occurrence) in order to put him out of harm's way; because the person of a corporal is sacred, and an outrage on it is punished by expulsion. Finally, after all pains, such Cadets have been recommended "to be withdrawn" by the officials themselves, who were obliged to give up their own contest with that system of bullying which they themselves had so long indirectly favoured or permitted.

What "fagging" is at the public school — carried to an inordinate and almost incredible extent — such was "neuxing" at the Royal Military Academy at Woolhurst. The most savage brutality was but too often exercised by those young and irresponsible despots, into whose

hands the cadet-corporals themselves were ever ready enough to play. A demand for a victim to torment was commonly made to one or other of those on duty, and a "last joined" was thereupon remitted from his place of study to undergo the triumphs of their ingenuity. To have to stand on one leg upon a high stool; and, having attained that position, to be pelted with clothes-brushes and dirty boots is bad; but, when high stool was piled upon high stool — for the rooms are very lofty — and a neux was set upon the topmost one to take his shower-bath; when finally, the bottom stool was plucked away, the sport became extremely perilous. "An angle of forty-five degrees" is in the abstract neither pleasant nor unpleasant; but, for a boy to be placed with his head at the top of a line formed by a row of very small open cupboards, one below another, and then, his feet being gradually drawn away, to have that small head bumped as many times as there are doors, in its descent, is not the way to make him eager or capable in the science of his mathematics. To carry a "baby" for a mile or so uphill is, though unpleasant, a domestic act; but when that baby happens to be a stone bottle of ardent spirits called baby for shortness and secresy, carried for others, it is, indeed, a weary burthen. At night, and after the gates were closed, many and many a wretched neux used to be compelled to fetch the baby from a public-house at least a mile away — often through rain or snow — descending and ascending, as he went or came, a ha-ha wall which was no laughing matter; it being ten feet high. And the excitement of each trip was pleasantly enhanced by the knowledge that the trespasser if discovered would, in all likelihood, be expelled.

I have only mentioned expulsion; but there were many minor punishments. There was the Black Hole; a horrible place, wherein, as our legend ran, it was necessary to contest with rats for the bare life. Culprits went into it treble their usual size, with seven pairs of stockings on, and layers of waistcoats, as though furnished for a winter at the North Pole. Very violent some of these culprits were. Daring Hauty being offered consolation by the sergeant, cast it at that official's teeth, and ceased not to howl while in durance, for about nine hours out of the allotted twenty-four, his hatred and defiance of authority. Muddles, a broken corporal, began his imprisonment recklessly drunk, and was hauled out at its close, a still more pitiable object. He had concealed a brandy-flask about his person, and strengthened himself further with it during his affliction. Arrests too, of various degrees, were of frequent occurrence; they entailed confinement to the offender's own apartment — if that is one's own

which is shared by three others — and attendance at all extra drills.

Certainly the regular, without the extra drills, might have been thought severe enough already. Gentlemen Cadets could not have their breakfast, or dinner, or tea, or get up, or go to bed, or enter their respective academies, without "falling into line," and "dressing," and "standing at ease," and "breaking." It would vex the heart of any man of business to know the frightful amount of time that was wasted at the Royal Military Academy at Woolhurst, in simply assembling and getting into a perfectly straight line simply that we might be dismissed. The time absorbed in raising the hand by a semicircular wave to the cap-front, when in any sort of communication with any kind of superior officer, was almost incalculable. No request, report, answer, explanation, or announcement, could be made without at least four salutations; two of the appellant, and two of the recipient. It was as if all the courtesies (not to say all the sympathy and kindness) of the Gentlemen Cadets and their Governors, had crystallised themselves into those forms.

"Giving step" to the Cadet company in their imposing march to church or other duty, was a greatness not without its peril. Trueman, a very morbid, nervous character, was put under arrest for seven days, while in enjoyment of this post, because he could not resist gratifying an insane desire that he was always haunted with — of treading once on every paving-stone; the effect of each irregular step being to set a column of two hundred "men" scraping and galling one another's ancles.

Arrests restricted leave of absence; therein lay their greatest punishment. Leave was granted from Saturday in the afternoon, until late on Sunday night — at first, on the application of the Cadets themselves; next, on the written invitations of friends; and finally, upon the understanding that a certificate should be brought back with them of their having gone to the places to which they had been invited. This last precaution would have been effectual if the original invitations had been always genuine; but, as there was a decayed gentleman in the vicinity who used to invite a great many of us in divers disguises of handwriting to sundry family firesides in London, from which he was supposed to date — charging per letter, as coming from parent, uncle, or cousin, according to the affectionate nature of the summons — it was easy for that scribe to forge certificates corresponding to the invitations; and the Gentlemen Cadets went up to town on the Saturday with post-dated proofs in their pockets that they had been there eight-and-twenty hours already.

Money was essential to those Gentlemen Cadets who were am-

bitious to keep up their high rank and honourable position while in the metropolis on these occasions. The Government did not consider cash "a regimental necessary;" at all events they made no provision for our wants in that particular. Money was therefore often raised of pawn-brokers. When a certain new captain was appointed — strict, severe, and soldier-like — his first acquaintance with our manners and customs was made, awkwardly enough, by his picking up a dirty piece of paper on the parade ground, inscribed with "John Smith, gold watch, four pounds ten shillings." The bugle instantly sounded, the Cadet company "fell in," "dressed," were attentive, and physically stood at ease; but the majority were mentally uneasy. "I regret," said the captain, "to have to mention a circumstance inflicting the greatest degradation upon the Cadet company, one that I could not have credited, save for the evidence of my own senses, but the fact comes to me distinctly proved." ("He has nabbed a 'baby!'" whispered one. "He couldn't have seen me hang Butt up by the legs," pondered another. "I 'm expelled!" thought more than half-a-dozen.) "Gentlemen, I have found a pawn ticket" (general and intense sensation of relief throughout the whole of the Cadet company); "the name is Smith" (here a dozen hands were to be seen secretly feeling for square pieces of card); "of course an assumed name: but, if the offender will come forward, he shall not be punished. I desire to reason with him only. I will get his watch out of pawn; nay, I will advance him any reasonable sum of money that will keep him from again falling into so humiliating a position: only, I say, let that Cadet who owns a pawn-ticket bearing the name of Smith come forward." About fifteen young gentlemen, headed by Macarthy, at once presented themselves; so favourite was that particular surname as an alias with the Cadets of the Royal Military Academy at Woolhurst.

During my residence at the Royal Military Academy, leader after leader fulminated from the office of the Thunderer against the abuses of that institution, and more and more sourly flowed the milk of human kindness in our officers. To write a letter to the Times or to the United Service Gazette, was to break every article of war in one offence. Again and again did the company fall in, and again and again was the Cadet — not gentleman — commanded to fall out, who had been detected in perpetrating this or that scandalous paragraph. Although we were starved; though we were beaten; though we existed in an atmosphere of blasphemy, and might be as brutal and debauched as we pleased, was all the world to hear of it? Were we aware of what we became when we put on

the Gentleman Cadet uniform? Still the letters continued to be written; for I suppose some of us were not properly sensitive upon this point. To the authors of those letters, however, and to the gentlemen who wrote the leaders, the service (of which the Military Academy is a principal branch) owes very much. I had good reason to be grateful to them; because in my own time there were attempts made at improvement, tyranny for a while was checked, and I had something to eat at dinner.

Many things are now changed for the better. Cadets are admitted at an earlier age; but this holds out greater temptations to the seniors for bullying; yet there is at least a nominal limit to neuxing. With that last abuse I associate every disgrace that has occurred at the Royal Military Academy. Although Government has established a training school, every candidate for Woolhurst is not bound to pass through it; and, those who do, are no match against cramming and the *memoria technica*.

For my own part, I may add that I got through my probation in the usual way, and wore corporal's swabs before I left Woolhurst, besides an embroidered collar of magnificence: — distinctions due to some plan-drawings of wonderful minuteness; in one of the woods of which could be counted five-and-sixty distinct trees, and in which all the houses were quite square, all the roads quite straight, and all the rivers tortuous. I managed also to remain unhurt amidst the swoops which the official eagles used to make periodically upon the lambs of the Cadet Company; for I was not expelled, but was presented with a regulation sword.

A DIGGER'S DIARY.

IN OCCASIONAL CHAPTERS.

July 5th. — I have been obliged to drop a week of my Diary (indeed I see no chance of keeping it regularly) in consequence of taking my turn to attend to the serving out of provisions for our mess, the cooking, the washing up, and other pleasing occupations. Hitherto, Waits had goodnaturedly taken my turn in addition to his own, in consequence of my indisposition. The duties I was now called upon to perform, were of a kind that were very near to reducing me again to my late prostration. I was in so delicate and touchy a state after the Bay, that I think I should never have recovered the tone of my stomach, if I had not suddenly bethought me of my kind aunt's last present — the bottle of cherry-brandy. A brandy-cherry was the first thing that re-assured me I was a man. For some days previous to that restorative I had the impression that I was only an empty pump — a miserable tube of gutta-percha.

I entered upon my new duties with the proper amount of apparent alacrity, and the natural degree of inward surprise and disgust at the trick that had been put upon me by Messrs. Saltash and Pincher in keeping all this drudgery a profound secret. First, then, I had to be up at six, when the hatches were opened by the third mate at the main, and the fourth mate at the forward hold; unless they overslept themselves, or had other duties elsewhere, in which case I had to wait half-an-hour or an hour, as the case might be. The fourth mate served out the allotted portions of fresh water for each mess, while the third mate served out biscuit, salt beef, pork, or something else. As it was impossible to be in both places at once, if it happened that the number of my mess was called for beef when I was at water, it generally followed that for that day our mess was minus either water or beef, and I had to bear the blame. So, with biscuits and preserved herrings; soup and bouilli and salt pork; chloride of lime and pickles or flour; one or other was always liable to be lost. As there were no stated hours and system in the serving out, an immense quantity of time was wasted. Mr. Swasher, the fourth mate, professed to serve out the water the first thing in the morning, and we accordingly attended round the fore-hold at half-past six, when the hatches were taken off; but it frequently happened, either that he had something else to do, or else he had to broach a fresh cask, and could not get it up, or get himself down to it without great labour and a good many hands. We therefore did not receive the water till perhaps three o'clock, having had to wait round about all the time, or risk losing it. The waiting at both hatchways was constantly prolonged by the sale of tobacco, bottled porter, and ardent spirits on the captain's private account—a sort of tap and chandlery in the dark, which the second and third mates managed for Captain Pennysage. The regular serving out of provisions was always stopped to meet any of these customers. By these means, from five to seven or eight hours were occupied in the course of the day by those whose turn it was to get the provisions, and obtain the cooked dishes from the cook-house, where there was considerable disorder.

What a life it was for those two young men, the mates, who ought to have been learning seamanship! In the fore-hold, where Mr. Swasher remained nearly the whole day, his life was spent among water-casks, bottled-beer casks, cases of wine (execrable Cape, called pale Sherry), and cases of brandy, gin, and rum, with champagne that resembled stale lemonade. The wet, torn, and besmutched appearance of Mr. Swasher, when he came on deck for a little fresh air in the even-

ing, or for ten minutes in the course of the day, gave him very much the look of a hunted water-rat. Mr. Rokeby lived in the suffocating obscurity of a chandlery in a low-roofed cellar, in which he was constantly bumping his head against beams, and jamming his feet between boxes, kegs, casks, and broken cases full of nail-points. Scales, weights, and measures were strewed around; and he occasionally sat on a fallen sack of flour to rest himself, with the mouth of the sack vomiting whiteness, as he wiped his reeking forehead with his bespattered and bedaubed shirt-sleeves, and turned a fatigued and worried face upwards — all yellow with mustard and gleaming with lamp oil.

A word about the cooks. They were all three the dirtiest beasts ever seen, and the intermediate passengers' cook, in particular, was like a man made of kettle-smut and grease. Clothes, hands, feet (naked), and face were all alike; and out of the head of this thing there looked a pair of prominent bright eyes which gave him a sort of devilish appearance, equally ridiculous and horrid. This grim object had rather a predilection for me, in consequence, I think, of my having given him, by Arrowsmith's advice, half a tumbler of rum on the first day of entering upon my new office. It was unfortunate that on this very day he should happen to spoil all the soup; but I saw that he felt grateful to me; because he smiled upon me, and, holding up his two filthy paws with the pantomime of "pat-a-cake," said he should be happy to make and cook for me any "nice little thing."

I should be very glad to pass over my own performances in cookery, but a few words must be said on public grounds. I knew nothing of the art. I had never, to the best of my recollection, even made a dirt-pie when a child. Not a word was said on this subject in any of the public advertisements and announcements of the dietary and other domestic arrangements, if I may so express myself, of the Rodneyrig, nor was a word breathed on the subject by Messrs. Saltash and Pincher. Of course I thought, as every other intermediate passenger thought, that we should have stewards in the ship for duties in the way of preparing eatables for the cook — quite as much a work requiring skill and practice as the cooking them by the fire. Yet here, all at once, one was required to be a proficient, or at any rate to be able to manage a few simple dishes. In brief, I disgraced myself in my new occupation — spoiling everything I touched, except the biscuits, and subjecting myself to innumerable unpleasant remarks, and some threats; which but for Waits, who behaved very well, and as a "tower of strength" to me, would probably have been carried into condign execution.

July 6th. — Asked Arrowsmith how he found the provisions provided for the cuddy passengers. He said "Pretty well, considering." He had fared much worse in some voyages he had been. I said that was no rule. He admitted this, and asked me what I thought of the fare of the intermediates. I told him just the fact. A few things were tolerably good, and all the rest bad — some things abominable. Biscuits were good; salt pork was bad; salt fish abominable. Rice was good, and flour and raisins; preserved meat was bad, so were butter, and pickles, and cheese, and coffee, and preserved herrings and salt beef were abominable. The salt beef that had been provided for the sailors by the owners of the ship, was far better than that provided for the intermediates by the vile agents Saltash and Pincher. Besides this, as bone was reckoned in our weight, it often happened that a mess of six persons did not receive above ten or twelve ounces of meat among the whole of them; the remainder being bone, fat, gristle, or sinew — in short, the very worst parts of the beef had been carefully selected for our use. I told Arrowsmith I felt convinced this had been done just because they got it cheaper. He said that was rather a shrewd remark.

July 7th. — A sailor had a bad fall this morning, by which he broke his head — the back part of it, I mean — in consequence of the rope he was pulling suddenly coming in two. In the afternoon another sailor had a still worse fall and injury from precisely the same cause. Heard several sailors and passengers agreeing that it was in consequence of the rotten state of the ropes. Waits said that the rigging, both below and aloft, was rotten, and not fit for men to trust their lives to; but that Captain Pennysage would never allow the "boason" to give out a new piece of rope so long as an old one could be spliced, even though certain to break again the very next time there was any strain upon it. Isaac said that the captain no doubt thought to stand well with the owners of the Rodneyrig for this economy; or else he must be a great rogue, and sold the new rope for his own profit, while he made the old rope last twice as long as it ought. He inclined, however, to the former opinion.

July 8th. — A squall — not at all alarming. I felt pleased to think I was in a squall and able to remain on deck, looking about, or sitting upon the head of a cask with my arms folded. But presently there was a very strange kind of sound up above, quite different from the wind, and this was quickly followed by a loud flapping and flanking noise. One of the large sails had split right across. Heard the second mate say in the evening, that it was entirely owing to a rotten rope which had been spliced ten or eleven times, and

that twenty pounds' worth of canvas had been torn to rags by a saving of a few shillingsworth of new rope. I mentioned this to Arrowsmith. He said it was just like Captain Pennysage; and that only yesterday morning he, Arrowsmith, had counted seventeen splices in the main-top-gallant halliards.

Arrowsmith said that as we had so many children running about the decks, there ought to be a moveable rope railing, or some such protection round the open hatchways, since a fall down one of them — especially if the hold were open at the time — would probably be attended with fatal consequences. The life-boat, which lay inverted over the sheep in the launch, had been overlaid by a number of coils of rope and new tackles, but to this hour had never been properly lashed fast to the boats beneath, and to the deck. It was therefore a wonder it had never rolled off during some of the lurches the ship had given in the Bay of Biscay; and if this occurred in the day-time, the fall of such a weight might have killed half-a-dozen passengers. Arrowsmith said he had pointed this out to Captain Pennysage, who answered that it would all be done in good time — meaning, Arrowsmith supposed, after somebody had been killed. Then he had found out that by some carelessness in the arrangements, while the ship was lying in the East India Docks, instead of the freight, the passengers' luggage, the captain's private stores, and the passengers' provision stores, being all stowed in separate compartments, they had all been lowered down and stowed together just as they arrived, with the "medical comforts" into the bargain; out of which all sorts of inconvenience, waste of labour, and confusion, was sure to arise during the voyage, and on arriving at our destination. As for the Rodneyrig, he said, she was a very good ship for cargo, and so forth, but she had never been built as a passenger ship, and even what could have been done to remedy this had not been attempted. I told him that only half, at most of the cabins below had scuttles to them, and these were so near to the water, that they could only be opened to admit air in smoothish weather, or only at times on one side of the ship, and still at the mercy of a deluge from an accidental wave splashing up or running higher than the rest. He said "Shameful!" I quite dreaded the tropics, expecting to be suffocated.

July 9th.—A horrid stench from the after hatchway about twelve o'clock. Mr. Rokeby below serving out preserved meat in tin cases, which emitted this effluvia directly they were opened. Twenty or thirty in succession being found alike; and the captain with Dr. Bannister having been to inspect them (of course they hadn't a word to say), Mr. Rokeby was directed to throw them overboard.

This was done, to the great delight of the intermediates; not, apparently, so much on account of getting rid of the nuisance, as from the excitement of seeing something condemned and executed. Mr. Rokeby was directed to get out some cases of preserved herrings instead. He did so, but on the first incision of his iron instrument in the top of the case there was a hissing sound, with a spurt-up of juice, and one of the most disgusting fumes imaginable. The next case was the same — and the next half-dozen — and the next score. It was shocking. All the time the hatchways were crowded by the intermediate passengers, eagerly inhaling it, and crying out "Oh! pah! pheu!" while Mr. Rokeby continued to accommodate them with the fumes of case after case, the same being diffused on its way up from the hold wherein he opened them, all through the between decks. He stopped at the sixty-eighth case, being of a sickly yellow in the face; and then it occurred to somebody to cry out that it would be better for himself and everybody else below if he would open such cases on the upper deck, and have them thrown overboard the instant the effluvia told their condition. The captain and Dr. Bannister saw the sense of this. The delight of the intermediates was considerably enhanced by forty more six-pound cases of herrings being examined and handed over to them to throw overboard. "Ah," said the captain, as he walked away, "that 's a sad waste of provisions; Messrs. Saltash and Pincher had better have paid a trifle more to the contractors. Penny wise and pound foolish." For this sentiment the intermediates cheered him.

July 10th. — A sailor fell overboard, and was drowned before a boat could be cleared of the lumber in her, and lowered down. He was hauling upon a rope, which gave way suddenly. It was suggested that, perhaps, he was drunk; and Captain Pennysage said, he was afraid poor Tom had been often in that state. The carpenter inquired of Dr. Bannister, if so be that Tom had been drunk, how that should make a rope break? He must have been very drunk indeed to "give it" to the rope.

Sunday, July 11th. — Passed the island of Madeira. Thought I could feel the beauty of the climate from the soft hues and tints of the mountains. It looked a place for oranges in the open air. Dr. Bannister read prayers on deck. Captain Pennysage was very devout. Often heard a little buzz of voices from the 'tween decks during the service. Found afterwards that Mr. Rokeby had been carrying on a very brisk trade in rum and tobacco on the captain's private account nearly the whole time; but that his weights and measures were now and then the subject of a little dispute.

July 12th. — The ship "lying her course" they said. Was ex-

tremely glad to hear this, as she had been lying with her head nearly the opposite way we wanted to go, on several occasions, I had heard, since we left Plymouth. It did not strike me that we should make a very quick passage. I was very sick of it. Everything so salt.

July 13th. — The self-resources of the passengers for passing their tedious hours, were at the lowest ebb, and the means they adopted to amuse each other were not very much better. On the poop deck the gentlemen smoked cigars and tried to read, and the ladies did fancy work and tried to read a little too. They inquired the ship's course since yesterday at twelve o'clock, and how long it wanted to dinner. In the evening they walked up and down — got up a little very queer singing, came and looked over the rail to see how we were amusing ourselves, then descended to tea, and sometimes a rubber of whist, after which they disappeared till next morning when the bell rang for breakfast. As for the intermediates, their occupations and amusements were limited to smoking, spitting, and lounging about all day, during the time they were not eating or drinking. The eating and drinking were the only great points of interest with them, *viz.*, from meal to meal, and from day to day, and from week to week. In the evening there was occasionally an attempt to be genial, and a few songs were sung with choruses, and there was some dancing. The choruses showed manifest signs of rapid improvement, as there were some good voices, and one or two who knew how to drill them; the dancing also got better each time, and especially after a sailor had made a tambourine out of one of the sheepskins, cleared of its wool, dried in the sun, and stretched across the lid of a flour cask. But half-a-dozen blackguards in the ship took delight in spoiling everything, and as there was no order in the ship and no "public spirit," they were allowed to spoil everything. In vain had Arrowsmith declared aloud on the poop deck, in the hearing of all around, that the ship was in a most disorderly and unsafe condition, to say nothing of discomfort, from the want of all systematic arrangements; and that all these arrangements, together with the requisite authority, devolved, so far as the passengers were concerned, upon Dr. Bannister and not upon the captain. All the good he effected was to make an enemy of Captain Pennysage, for the doctor's long period of sea-sickness had rendered him totally unable to assume any authority; until the captain, having taken all upon himself, would allow of no interference in his management. But as he had no sort of head to devise, or skill or firmness to carry out anything beyond the sailing of the ship on the most slow and economical principles, we were constantly in a scene of discomfort and confu-

sion. Dr. Bannister made one or two attempts to take his proper position, but it was too late. Not only was the captain averse to resigning any claim to authority, but all the intermediates now resisted it, as an unjustifiable interference. They said his duty was only to attend to those who were ill, and not to meddle with those who were well and hearty: — so they all refused to obey his directions, as to getting up in the morning and taking their bedding on deck to be aired; as to ranging themselves for their proper turns at the serving out of provisions; as to leaving their hot and fuming cabins and coming up, one and all, from the 'tween decks or to the upper deck, while the sailors scraped and scrubbed and cleansed their place of abode below; as to extinguishing all private candles and lamps in cabins at ten o'clock. The consequences were, that many who were well made themselves ill in various ways; the berths and cabins were in a most dirty, close, and unaired state, and the lower decks filthy with the mud of trodden biscuits, fat and gristle and skin of salt beef and pork, carelessly dropped, or recklessly thrown down, cooking refuse, slush-buckets, foul swabs, brimming pails, dishcloths, and broken candles, with the froth and suds from attempts to wash with marine soap, and a running leeward gutter-stream from the occasional shipping of seas, and the frequent upset of water-kegs or fall of rain down the open hatchways. The obtaining provisions for the messes was often a scene of brutal selfish scrambling, and it seldom happened that anybody got his proper weight, his sugar free from sticks and straws, his butter without a plentiful sprinkling of loose tea and tobacco shreds, his coffee without sand and stones from the hold, his flour without an ounce or two of incidental mustard, or his mustard without being speckled with chloride of lime. This latter article Dr. Bannister ordered to be given to everybody who asked for it, and in abundance; but scarcely three of the passengers in the 'tween decks took any of it, and with the exception of those three, (Arrowsmith, myself, and Mrs. Cowthorne, who had a large family) nobody could be induced to make use of it in any shape or way, unless with the unavoidable mustard medium.

July 14th. — Two children, one of five years of age, and the other of seven, playing at chasing each other about the deck, fell down the fore hatchway, and down through the open hatchway of the hold. The youngest was killed on the spot, and the elder child was taken up insensible, and with both legs broken. The only wonder was, as there was no sort of protection round these open abysses, that among so many children, and with crowded and lumbered up deck, that something of the kind didn't happen every day.

July 15*th.*—Passed the Canary Isles. Was very anxious to see Teneriffe. Don't exactly know why, but rather think it was on account of the Peak. The day very fine and clear. Wind fair and fresh, so that we went along much faster than we had almost ever done before. A bright blueish greyish cone was pointed out to me in the distance, rising above the clouds, and this being, of course, the celebrated Peak, a great many of us were anxious to contemplate it, both with and without glasses, but were disturbed, and indeed put to the rout by the ejaculations and hurryings to and fro of the mothers of the two poor children who had been killed by the fall yesterday, and were ordered by Dr. Bannister to be buried this evening, which the mothers vehemently opposed. They said they only wished no more harm would come to the health of the ship than what would happen by keeping those two sweet innocents aboard. The babes had been murdered, they said, by the want of proper protection and fenders, and insisted that they should be kept till we touched at some place where they could be buried properly, like in a Christian country. As this could not be listened to, a shocking scene took place — the mothers had to be taken down below by force, where they continued to scream — the husband of one of them collared Dr. Bannister as he was reading a bit of the burial service — and one of the mothers made her way by force on deck with her hair all flying in the wind, just as the dead body of her child was launched over the side, when she gave a loud scream with a leap upwards, and fell flat upon the deck without further motion.

July 16*th.* — The weather getting hotter and hotter. Begin to think of the tropics. Anxious to know if there were not certain ceremonies often performed at sea on crossing the Line, some of which, if I had been correctly informed, were extremely disagreeable. Heard Captain Pennysage say that he would not allow anything of the kind to take place in the Rodneyrig; these pranks of crossing the Line were sometimes the cause of one or two buckets being thrown overboard, with other losses, for which he did not choose to be responsible to the owners of the ship: in addition to which it sometimes happened that a passenger fell overboard, and was lost.

About one o'clock in the morning I was awoke by a loud hooting, and clattering, and yelling, intermingled with long guttural screams, and short panting grunts; and then a rush of many feet, with shouts and laughter all along the between decks. "What 's that, Isaac?" cried I. — "It 's only a pig hunt," said he; "one of the pigs has got out, or somebody has pulled him out, and now a lot o' fellows are having a good hunt." Presently the voice of

Captain Pennysage was heard, and suddenly he appeared in the 'tween decks with a dark lanthorn, the bull's-eye of which he turned right into our cabin, so that I fell back in my berth as if shot, crying out, "It wasn't us, Sir!" At this Isaac laughed like a fool for several minutes. Everybody had safely regained his cabin before the captain showed his light; he therefore declared aloud that he would put the three ringleaders of the disturbance in irons the next morning, and named three of the quietest men in the ship, who had certainly never stirred out of their cabins all night.

July 17th. — Wind blowing fresh — ship running ten knots an hour — very quick for us. Wind rising, men ordered to take in a flying-jib. In consequence of many splices in a rope, one of them got entangled, or would not run through a block, or something of that kind, and five men went out to clear the rigging, when a sudden gust struck the flapping sail and crash went the jib-boom, which instantly fell into the sea, carrying with it, of course, the flying jib-boom, and both sails, together with the five men. In an instant all was confusion on deck. Ropes were thrown over the side for the men to catch at — the life buoy was cut adrift, but was so jammed that it would not fall down — some ran to lower the quarter boats — others called out for the life-boat to be got out — and Captain Pennysage ran about giving all sort of orders, and not attending to any one of them being put into execution. Meantime the ship had been hove to — three of the men were clinging to the wreck of ropes and spars in the sea — and Arrowsmith and the second mate, both first-rate swimmers, jumped overboard, and swam to their assistance. Just as they had helped the third man up the side, a loud shriek was heard to leeward, followed by a cry from the deck of "Shark! Shark!" and a rush of all the passengers to the leeward side. One of the poor fellows had been taken down by a shark. Mr. Pounderby and Mrs. Pyke both saw it. The remaining sailor was still swimming for his life, and crying out for a boat. Arrowsmith and the second mate, with excited gestures and large eyes, came scrambling up the ship's side. A loud cry, swelling into a combined scream, from all the passengers! I looked over the side, and was just in time to see the sailor, with a face as white as a ghost, swung backwards and disappear beneath the wave. His mouth was wide open — I think with horror — some said he gave a scream, but I never heard it.

Sunday, 18th. — Waits brought into the cabin a small piece of dry touchwood. He asked me to guess what it was. I said, "Stuff to light a pipe with, to be sure." He said, "Yes, it was; but what had it lately been, or

what had it been part of?" — "Of the inside of some old rotten tree or branch," said I. Waits folded it up in paper, and put it in his box. "Part of the jib-boom of the Rodneyrig!" said he, "just at the place where it broke. No wonder it broke. Two men's lives lost by a rotten spar, and a narrow escape for five others. That 's the way to fit out ships to make money by passengers!" I was glad to find Isaac had so much public spirit. "I suppose you don't object," said I, "to my inserting what you have just said in my Diary." He thought a little, and then said "No."

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SILKEN CHEMISTRY.

The assay of gold and silver has already been described in this miscellany, and most persons are familiar with analyses of various minerals and vegetables, made with a view of ascertaining and determining their relative degrees of purity. But a method by which such a delicate fabric as silk is capable of being assayed; of being put through a fire and water ordeal, flung into a crucible, and brought out free from all impurities, is a novelty of a rather startling nature; for who ever dreamt that silk is adulterated?

Silk is, from its nature, more susceptible of absorbing moisture than any other fibrous article. In fact, it approaches in this respect to the quality of sponge: well-dried silk, when placed in a damp situation, will very rapidly absorb five or six per cent. of moisture; and, being very dear and being always sold by weight, this property gives large opportunity for fraud; yet it is not the only channel for mal-practices. Silk, as spun by the silk-worm, contains amongst its fibres, in very minute portions, a quantity of resin, sugar, salt, &c., to the extent generally of twenty-four per cent. of the entire weight.

This peculiarity leads to the fraudulent admixture of further quantities of gum, sugar, and even of fatty substances, to give weight to the article; consequently when a dealer or manufacturer sends a quantity of raw silk to a throwster to be spun into silk thread, it is no unusual thing to find it heavily charged with adulterate matters. When he sends that silk to be dyed he will find out the loss, provided the dyer does not follow up the system by further adulteration.

The presence of foreign substances in the silk, is fatal to proper dyeing; hence the dyer proceeds to get rid of them by means of boiling the silk in soap and water. As silk thread becomes charged with foreign matters to various degrees, given weights of several samples will contain very different lengths. In this way manufacturers are often deceived in the produce of various parcels

of thrown silks after coming from the loom.

In our own country, great as have been the strides made by most branches of manufacture, the silk spinner or weaver has quietly borne all these evils and disappointments in deepest ignorance of the Chemistry of Silk, and perhaps believing that "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise." He, alone, of all the workers, has neglected to seek the friendly aid of the chemist.

Possibly it is this indifference to science, which has left the silk manufacturer so far behind every other son of industry. It is notorious that, whilst our cotton, linen, and woolen manufactories have been multiplied ten-fold during the last score of years, those of silk goods have made scarcely any progress. The manufacturers are themselves perfectly aware of this startling fact, and it was but a few months since that a memorial was presented from them to the legislature, praying that all remaining protection on their goods might be removed, as the only hope of giving a new vitality to their slumbering trade.

The truth is, that Frenchmen are more keenly alive to the value of science in connexion with manufacture than ourselves. Whilst our silk manufacturers have gone on upon the old well-beaten track, those of France have enlisted in their behalf the services of the chemist, who has brought their raw material as completely under his analytical control as subtle gas or ponderous ore. He has demonstrated to a nicety that its relative purity, its strength, its elasticity, its durability, its structure, the very size and weight of each separate fibre, may be shown and registered with precision and certainty. He tells the manufacturer the actual amount of latent moisture contained in a pound of silk; he shows him how much natural gum, resin, and sugar, every bale comprises: he points out how much lighter his thread should be after the processes of spinning and dyeing; and, more valuable still, he indicates the most profitable use to which every bale of raw silk is applicable: that whilst one parcel is best adapted for the manufacture of satin, another may be better employed for plain silk, another for velvet, and so on to the end.

In France, Italy, and other parts of continental Europe, the assaying, or, as it is there technically termed, the "conditioning of silk," is carried on under the sanction of the municipal authorities, in establishments called Conditioning Houses. The quantity thus assayed is published weekly for the information of the trade with as much regularity as a Price Current. In this way we may find it publicly notified that, in the Conditioning House at Lyons there were during last year five millions, thirty-seven thousand, six hundred and twenty-eight pounds of silk assayed;

at Milan, three millions, four hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and ninety-one pounds, and other large quantities at St. Etienne, Turin, Zurich, Elberfeld, and other places.

Of so much importance has this process been deemed in France that, in 1841, a royal *ordonnance* was passed, setting forth the ascertained weight which silk loses by the conditioning process, and which is eleven per cent. This eleven per cent., added to the weight of the silk after the ordeal it has gone through, makes up what is termed its merchantable weight.

The French have brought to our doors the means of accomplishing what they have practised during the last twenty years, with so much advantage. These means are no further removed from us than Broad Street Buildings, in the City, in premises lately occupied by one of the many Colonial bubble Companies which have so multiplied during the past half century. Science has established herself where humbug so recently sat enthroned.

We have paid a visit to these premises. The first operation we beheld was that of determining the humidity of silk. Eleven per cent. is the natural quantity in all silk, but from various causes this is nearly always much exceeded. Several samples of the articles having been taken from a bale, they are weighed in scales, capable of being turned by half a grain. Two of these samples are then placed in other scales, equally delicate and true; one end of which, containing the sample, being immersed in a copper cylinder heated by steam to two hundred and thirty degrees of Fahrenheit, the other, with the weights, being enclosed within a glass case. The effect of this hot-air bath is rapidly seen; the silk soon throws off its moisture, becomes lighter, and the scale with the weights begins to sink. In this condition it is kept until no further loss of weight is perceived; — the weight which the silk is found to have lost being the exact degree of its humidity. The natural eleven per cent. of humidity being allowed for, any loss beyond that shows the degree of artificial moisture which the silk contains.

To determine the amount of foreign matters contained in a sample of silk, the parcels — after a most mathematical weighing — are boiled in soap and water, for several hours. They are then conveyed to the hot-air chambers, subjected to two hundred and thirty degrees of heat, and finally weighed. It will be found now that silk of the greatest purity has lost not only its eleven per cent. of moisture, but a further twenty-four per cent. in the various foreign matters boiled out of it. But should the article have been in any way tampered with, the loss is not unusually as much as thirty or thirty-two per cent.

The assaying the lengths of silk is done by ruling off four hundred yards of the fibre, and weighing that quantity; the finer the silk, the lighter will these four hundred yards be. But as this gossamer fibre is liable to break, a beautiful contrivance exists for instantly arresting the reel on which it is being wound off, in order that it may be joined and the reeling continued. Another means exists for stopping the reel immediately the four hundred yards are obtained.

The degree of elasticity is shown by a delicate apparatus which stretches one thread of the silk until it breaks, a tell-tale dial and hand marking the point of fracture. Equally ingenious and precise is the apparatus for testing what is termed the "spin" of the silk; — its capability of being twisted round with great velocity without in any way being damaged in tenacity or strength.

The last process is also purely mechanical. A hank of the silk, on its removal from the boiling-off cistern, is placed upon a hook; and, by means of a smooth round stick passed through it, a rapid jerking motion is given to it, which after some little time, throws up a certain degree of glossy brightness. This power of testing its lustre is employed to ascertain its suitability for particular purposes. Should it come up very brilliantly, the article will be pronounced adapted for a fine satin; with less lustre upon it, it may be set aside for gros de Naples, or velvet, and in this way the manufacturer can determine beforehand to what purpose he shall apply his silk, and so avoid frequent disappointment and loss. In short, instead of working in the dark and by chance, he works by chemical rules of undeviating correctness.

After each of the above assays, or conditionings, the owner of the silk is supplied for a small fee with an authenticated certificate of its various qualities.

JANE MARKLAND.

A TALE.

IT needs not beauty to adorn the face,
Nor flexile limbs to give the motions grace.
As from the shapeless block Apollo broke
And glowed with lovelier life at every stroke,
So glows with freshening charms the homeliest maid,
When warm Affection plies the sculptor's trade.

When young Jane Markland came to teach our school
The village children loved her gentle rule;
So mild the mistress learning won the child,
And hardest words grew easy when she smiled.
But not all smiles; the teacher knew to frown
And keep disorder by a whisper down;
Heavy her brows when idlesse mocked her reign,
And, half by chance, her hand would touch the cane;
So ermined judges thrill the crowd with awe
By useless mace, and sword they never draw.

Our curate — white his hair and warm his heart —
By merit fitted for a loftier part,
But pleased and happy 'mid the flock he tends,
Unmarked by bishops — rich in humbler friends —
Our curate ne'er grew tired of lauding Jane,
And soared at once to Ciceronian strain:
"Since first," he says, "to teach our school she came
I scarce believe the village is the same;
A neatness now pervades our cottage rooms;
Our cottage walls are sweet with summer blooms;
I find a book on every table spread,
Where morn and eve the word of God is read;
Neat prints — the fruit of gathered pence — bestow
Refinement never dreamt of long ago;
The school-boys sweep the road before the door,
The weather's self seems better than of yore;
And then, in all she does she's so sincere,
'T is pity she 's so very plain, my dear."

Yes; Jane was plain; in truth, I've often heard
A stranger paint her by a harsher word.
For coarse she was in feature, dull her eyes,
Her gait ungainly and enlarged her size;
Yet ne'er came child of Eve bereft of all
The charms, Eve 's only dowry since the fall;
Some link remains by which the bond we trace
Between the loveliest and the plainest face.
Some one expression that, with instant thrill,
Tells us the ugliest is a woman still;
White teeth had Jane, and lips that well exprest
Each thought, fear, feeling of her gentle breast.

One night, when winds that had been loud all day
Beneath the troubled moonlight died away,
And left the trees unmoved, while overhead
Large jagged clouds o'er all the blue were spread;
Swiftly across the sky their squadrons passed
As if for safety flying from the blast;
You seemed to hear the tempest as it swept
Though sound was none, and calm the village slept.

To Jane's low casement came a stealthy tread:
A voice was heard. "Are you still up?" it said.
Jane laid the iron down. "Who 's here so late?
What, Widow Snow! Come in."
"I may not wait —
The moon is hid; a piping gust I hear
That shows too well a storm is drawing near;
The boats are all returned, save only one,
An that — oh, Jane! I tremble for my son;
Heedless and bold he is, nor used to guide
The boat in darkness to our jetty's side."
Jane heard the widow and no word she spoke;
But struck the lanthorn's light and pinned her cloak;
"'T is a wild night; I hear the sea," she said,
And swiftly to the shore the way she led.

A dreadful scene! With unresisted sway
Wave rushed on wave, as howling for their prey,
And dashing from their heads the blinding spray.
High o'er the pier they swept as if in pride,
And fell in thunder on the leaward side;
Then, as in wrath, they struck the rocks, and tore
Deep furrows in the sand and shook the shore.
"Can you see nothing, Jane?" the widow cried.
"There is no boat in motion far or wide;
There 's nothing to be seen but the tall crest
Of the land breakers; blackness hides the rest.
Stop! there was something dark, a moment seen,
Now sunk in the deep trough, the seas between;
Again! it is a boat! Heaven help the crew!

Through all this coil I heard a wild halloo.
Go, dearest widow! to the bay below.
Hold forth the lanthorn, it their course will show;
If they hold on there may be safety yet.
See — see — they come — oh God! the boat's upset."
Loud screamed the widow and the lanthorn shook;
With steadier fingers Jane the burden took;
And raised it high in air its light to show,
And, anxious hoping, waved it to and fro.
On a long shoreward swell that rushed in might
From the black, weltering distance into light
An upturned keel she sees; with hideous roar
The wave repulsed ejects it on the shore;
And on the fragments, drenched, insensate, cold,
Two human forms still keep their deadly hold.
The lanthorn's light their features gave to view,
But Hope expired to mark their pallid hue.
Prone lay the widow on that fatal sand,
Her dead hand closed upon her son's dead hand.

Within a garden from our street withdrawn,
With twenty feet in front by way of lawn,
Our Doctor's house — three-storied, roofed with slate —
Retired, yet public, keeps manorial state.
A gabled stable helps its airs of pride,
The surgery window decks the other side.
Thither hied Jane; in language clear though fast
Summoned his aid, and shoreward quickly passed;
Knocked at some doors, her tale of grief displayed,
And half the village rose to give her aid.

John Dire, the roughest, kindest man alive,
Was sixty years, and owned to forty-five;
A Navy surgeon, thirty years afloat,
The anchor-button still adorned his coat;
M. D. his rank, but little squared his rules
With tedious lessons learned in musty schools;
Sharp and decisive was his word; his hand
Had knife, pill, bolus ever at command;
His language rough, adorned with words so queer
That even our curate sometimes smiled to hear;
Storm-beat his cheeks, as if his days had past
Howling defiance to the northern blast,
Yet warm his feelings, though his words uncouth,
Unchilled by age and generous as in youth.

Meantime the crowd had gathered on the strand,
And round the three the mourning neighbours stand.
"Is there no hope?" said Jane, and felt the skin
Of the drowned youth. "Yes! yet there's warmth within.
Fly for a blanket; still my parlour fire
Burns clear and bright; but here comes Doctor Dire."
Back drew the crowd. With careful hand he press'd
The boatman's wrist, and felt within his breast;
Jane drew the widow off, who slowly woke,
And while the leech was silent, no one spoke.
To see the other sufferer next he went,
And uttered various grunts that spoke content.
"Bill Bosford has no *watery* death to dread,
Give him some grog and put the dog to bed.
Unsling the main-sail of that boat; with care
Lay Snow within —" and then, with threatening air,
He bade the crowd go — but I can't say where.
Jane hurried homeward, stirred the fire, and spread
Before its blaze her choicest feather-bed.
When footsteps sounded at her garden gate
She oped the door, and in was borne the weight.
Oh! strange the ease that use and skill supply!
'Neath Dire's quick hand all difficulties fly;
Soon on the cheek a languid colour glows,

Slow beats the pulse; the eyelids half unclose;
With many a muttered oath — which Heaven forgive! —
The doctor swears at last the boy will live,
Puts to his lips a flask; and, with a strain,
Snow lifts his eyes and gazes first on Jane.
"Let the dog lie," says Dire; "here let him lie;
If you disturb the scoundrel's rest he'll die."
Then sat he down, and to the listening few
Who close and closer round his arm-chair drew,
Told he such tales, as filled them with affright,
Of all his doings after Algiers' fight;
The bones he sawed, the wounds he staunched, the gore
That filled the cockpit-boards a foot or more;
Such were the sights on board the Bossentore.*
Then changed the theme; and next the surgeon told
Of ten feet water settling in the hold;
The store-room swampt, while water-logged they lay,
And starving watched the sunset day by day,
Till on the fourth, just when the lots they threw
That doomed the doctor's self to feed the crew,
A sail drew near that food and safety bore.
They watched the ship, that soon lurched wholly o'er;
Such the sad ending of the Bossentore!
Delighted listeners looked on him with dread,
As if whole histories in his face they read —
So rough, so weather-beat, so gnarled and old,
More wild and awful than the tales he told.
Snow lay asleep; above his breath he bends,
Then turns — with words uncourteous — to his friends,

Bids them go home; but speaks with honour due
To watchful Jane, and tells her what to do.
Then, muttering many curses, for display,
Goes homeward, shivering timbers all the way.
His are no curses; even our priest declares
They 're but a topsy-turvey kind of prayers;
A sort of enmity that fires no lead,
But vollies on its starving foes — with bread.

Jane and the widow watched the youth's repose
And helped him home when earliest morn arose.
His was the farm that close and sheltered lay
'Neath the tall Downs that guard our tiny bay;
A rock-strewn farm, with many a deep ravine,
Where babbling runlets run their course unseen,
Till 'tween split rocks they sparkle into day,
Or soar in jets and noiseless glide away.
Humble the home where widow Snow abode,
But picturesque and lovely from the road;
For climbing creepers hid the mouldering wall,
And clustered roses made amends for all;
A leasehold farm, with such a term to run,
It might outlast, she said, her grandson's son.
By favourite names each little field was known,
And save in name the fields were all her own;
And scarce more pride can fill an emperor's breast,
When countless armies march at his behest,
Than filled poor Widow Snow when she surveyed
Her twelve fat cows beneath the elm-trees' shade.
But pride — unblest with riches — is a snare;
And many a grief had Widow Snow to bear.
A farmer she; a pew at church her own;
Yet ne'er aspired to silk or satin gown,

* This is supposed to be the medical pronunciation of the "Bucentaur."

While tradesmen's wives, ev'n nursemaids out of place,
Rustled in silk and veiled themselves in lace.
But pride had heavier falls; for, as he grew,
The hopes she cherished in her son were few.
Loving to her he was: but idle, wild —
He tired of home, and revelled while she toiled;
He scorned the land that filled her heart with pride,
But cast his net; the tireless oar he plied,
Mixed with the common crew, half-shared a boat,
And ne'er was happy saving when afloat.

A change came o'er his life since that dread hour
When harsh experience showed the tempest's power.
No more he sought his comrades on the shore,
Nor scorned the home that had been dull before.
When Jane walked up at evenings there was he,
Kind host, to hand her countless cups of tea,
To press the muffin while it yet was warm,
And all the rural dainties of the farm;
Nor this alone, but books he tried to read;
If dark the sense Jane helped him at his need.
A slate he bought, and toiled with many a fret,
Through sums, and weights, and measures dry and wet.
The maid still aided when a puzzler came,
And joy at her assistance drowned the shame.
Once said his mother, "What a girl is Jane!
How good her heart! Alas, that she's so plain!"
John oped his eyes as if he scarcely heard
Or strove to attain the meaning of the word.
"Plain?" he exclaimed; "I know not what you mean,
A smile like hers no mortal man has seen."
"Have you e'er told her so?" the mother said.
"What right have I, stained name and empty head,
To speak to such a scholar as Miss Jane?"
The son replied. "Indeed, I'm not so vain."

That night Jane sought the farm when school was done;
The mother archly smiled, and blushed the son.
When first they saw her at the Whitefield stile,
Said Widow Snow, "Just tell her of her smile."
But silent sat the youth the evening through,
And never hours before so swiftly flew.
When Jane rose up to take her homeward way,
"John," said the mother, "has a word to say;
He'll see you through the yard and past the stile,
He wants to tell you, Jane, about your smile."
No smile had Jane; so well her face she knew,
How many its defects, its charms how few,
She felt offence; her voice grew sharp and clear:
"I did not fancy John was so severe."
Quickly she went; abashed the young man stood,
And couldn't have o'erta'en her if he would.

A week passed on; John Snow was nowhere found,
They searched the village, tried each nook of ground.
A herd had seen him take the upland track,
With stick in hand and bundle on his back;
But none had heard him tell his journey's end,
Nor on what day his coming to attend.
Poor Widow Snow was all o'ercome with grief,
But Jane came up once more and brought relief;
Whispered her hopes that he would soon return:
"The post will bring a letter — cease to mourn;
Perhaps our curate knows — *I'll go inquire* —
Perhaps he told his plans to Doctor Dire.

I'll ask him, too; rest happy." So she went,
And left the widow wretched but content.

Our curate and the doctor — generous twain —
Walked up to aid the comfortings of Jane.
"An idle freak," our mild-eyed curate cried;
"He staid away three days last Whitsuntide."
"He's a changed man since then," said Widow Snow.
"And hates the Whitsun ales and all their show."
"I think — Heaven bless him!" thus the leech began,
"He's caught at last some little spark of man.
No molly-coddle now with bulls and cows,
And such live lumber pressing down his bows,
But —" here his eyes were mentioned — "he's now bore
An A. B. seaman in a ship of war;
Some fighting dragon like the Bossentore.
God save the Queen! if *that* would get him free —"
He cracked his hand — "he'd not get *that* from me."
Small comfort this; but, when some days went by,
A broken slate the widow chanced to spy,
And on the fragment this short line appears,
"Tell Jane she's not to marry for three years."
Harsh pangs on this through Jane a minute passed,
"The man!" she said, "he mocks me to the last!"
But, in long nights of talk with Widow Snow,
And tears that did not fail at times to flow,
She learned what thoughts his bashfulness confin'd,
And strange, sweet fancies filled her wondering mind;
Content and pleasure gave each action grace,
And fixed their own calm beauty in her face.
So sunshine, when it warms neglected ground,
Calls flower-seeds forth and scatters perfume round.

One wintry night, when scarce two years were gone,
The two sad mourners sat and talked of John.
The glimmering fire sent forth a cheery light,
And — all without a cause — their hopes grew bright.
"I feel as if some happiness were near,"
The widow said, and wiped th' unconscious tear.
Jane smiled to hear. — But sudden, from the sea,
A gun was heard. "What can the signal be?"
They looked across the bay — but nothing saw.
A flash again! far off — and then, with awe,
They watched the coming sound, they heard its roar —
And lights grew frequent on the startled shore.
A third report came booming o'er the tide:
"They want a boat," the saddened mother sighed;
"If John were here!" dear memories awoke,
One thought possessing both though neither spoke.

A heavy footstep sounded at the door,
The handle turned, and who stood on the floor?
Toil-worn he seemed, like common sailor drest,
Blue jacket, shining hat, and hairy vest;
Across his neck two wooden boxes hung,
These at his feet with heavy sound he flung,
"You do not know me, mother?" — Yes, the tone
Of the loved voice revealed him all her own;
And in his arms she lay! — but still his eye
Was fixed on Jane who sat in silence by.
She helped the widow on a chair to place,
And both sat gazing in the stranger's face.
He went to Jane, he took her willing hand,
"For you," he said, "my life's great change I planned,
Crossed the wide seas — a man before the mast —
And, armed and eager, to the gold world past.

There week by week I added to my store,
Heaped grains on grains till I required no more,
And here I'm landed on my native shore."
Then with a kick he showed the boxes' weight —
"Five hundred ounces is my golden freight,
Enough," he cried, "to crown my best design,
Oh, Jane! oh, mother! what a bliss is mine!"

What wonders quickly on the farm we see:
Three hundred pounds turned leasehold into fee —
Some wise repairs made every fence complete;
The cottage walls grew clean, the chambers neat.
And when our doctor gave the bride away —
Rough were his words that hailed the wedding-day —
Our curate, Jane's meek virtues pondering o'er,
Quite changed his taste and thought her plain no more.
"A maid so good must make a charming wife,
A very pretty girl, too, on my life!"

SIX YEARS AMONG CANNIBALS.

I AM physician to a hospital in a large seaport town. My curiosity was aroused lately by the face of a man, which, as it lay upon the pillow of a hospital bed, looked singularly savage. It was marked by a broad blue line extending from the lower level of his nose to an inch below the lips, and from the back of one whisker to the back of the other. Evidently such a tattoo-mark was not one with which any white man would have been willingly disfigured. On the patient's recovery I put some questions to him, and obtained the substance of the following account. For several reasons I believe the tale to be a true one. It was not volunteered; the man appeared to be ashamed of his own story, and required a steady cross-examination before he would yield up half of what he had to say. The cross-questioning produced no inconsistent statements; no published accounts contradict anything that he states; and he mentions many facts known in this country through books which it is not likely that he ever read.

David or Daniel Dash, native of the state of Virginia, embarked on board a whaling ship as a common seaman, at the age of nineteen. His ship sailed round Cape Horn, and had been cruising about for perhaps nineteen months, when she was overtaken by a storm near the Marquesas; there she was driven ashore in spite of all exertions, and soon went to pieces. The crew consisted of thirty persons. The captain and twenty-four men took to the boats, and he believes escaped. He and four others swam to land. As soon as they arrived on shore they were surrounded by the natives, made prisoners, and carried a few miles into the interior. Being then placed in a long hut, the prince or chief came to them and arranged them in a line. Without any delay the choice was offered to them — whether they would be tattooed or killed. The chief easily made his meaning understood; he pro-

duced first the usual tattooing implements, pointed to the marks on his own person, and then to the bodies of his prisoners. Presenting next a knife, he made a feint of cutting off their heads.

After this dumb-show, the chief offered to each man in succession dagger or bowl, that is to say, knife or tattooing apparatus. Would they be dead men or savages? Dash's four companions being his seniors, polled first at this election, and they chose the knife. He was, however, young to die, and willing to do anything to save his life. He chose to be tattooed. As soon as the decision of the five men had been ascertained, the four who had disdained to be made comrades by the cannibals were killed. They lost their heads. Without the least delay, their bodies were cut up, and preparations made for a feast. The large bones were cut out to make fish-hooks, spear-heads, tattoo instruments; particular parts were cut off to be given as offerings to the Gods, and the rest of the flesh was cooked. Holes were then dug in the earth, and filled with dry wood, some large stones being placed here and there among the wood, to be heated when the pile was fired. After ignition, fresh wood was heaped on, and the fire kept up until the ground had been made thoroughly hot. The ashes being then raked out, the flesh was put into the holes, and covered with the stones and embers. It was so left for about half an hour, and at the end of that time taken out, and eaten by perhaps two hundred men. Before the feast was ready, the men had begun to drink an intoxicating liquor, which resembled soaps suds in appearance, and soon took effect. This was the Cava cup, of which travellers have written, and Lord Byron has sung. Having no rum or other spirit, and not understanding the way to prepare any ordinary fermented liquors, the islanders had been led to the discovery of a strange substitute. They procure a root called Cava root (which appears, by the bye, to be very rich in starch); they cut it up, and chew it thoroughly; they then wash it in water, strain it through tappa cloth; and, throwing the fibrous part away, retain the washings. These are allowed to stand for a short time, during which they ferment, and acquire intoxicating power. This drink appears to act as slow poison; for indulgence in it reduces men often to a miserable state of nervousness and blindness.

These natives seem from Daniel's account to be epicures in cannibalism; and it is rather agreeable to white men, to know that they do not think so much of white men as they do of black. Black men's flesh is greatly preferred to pork, and their fondness for it is so decided that no man of that colour would ever have a choice given him for his life. The whites on the contrary usually meet with the same treat-

ment that Dash and his companions had experienced. The feast being over, tattooing operations were commenced upon him. The instruments employed were pieces of bone filed into the shape of very fine saws; they were about three inches long and varied from a pen-knife's or two fingers' breadth; these were set in cane handles, and when used were placed upon the skin and struck by a sort of wooden mallet till blood spirted out. Burnt human bones were then rubbed in over the wounds. The process was exceedingly painful, so much so that only small portions of the skin were painted at a sitting. Three months elapsed before the whole tattooing was complete. Dash was marked on the face, on the breast, on the back, and from the toe nails to the ancles. All the natives of this island and the neighbouring ones are tattooed. The process seems to be compulsory, like some of the initiations practised by the North-American Indians. It has to be undergone alike by men and women. The priests or doctors, called "Vahanna," are the operators. The usual age for the operation is eighteen. The father hands over his children to the operator as they reach that age, with a certain sum, either of goods, money, or land. In case of his death before the children are sufficiently mature he leaves some of his land for the same purpose. The men are usually tattooed in patterns, women more plainly. In women the lips are marked by small spots, the ears are bored, and round the hole, faint blue concentric lines are drawn. The hands are marked as far as the wrists, looking as if they were gloved. The feet are marked in a similar way as far as the ancle, and there extend stripes from the upper margin of this tattooed shoe to the knee joint.

When the process of tattooing had been properly completed, Dash was adopted by the chief into the tribe. This man "changed places with him," "gave up his seat to him," and "they exchanged names;" Dash became Coonooai (Coonooy) or "the great chief," and the chief David or Daniel Dash. The chief could pronounce Daniel better than David, and so adopted that one of the two names which the sailor claims a right to use at option. The chief also gave him his daughter to wife, a well-built, handsome woman of nineteen years of age. He "had to marry" also four-and-twenty others, who expected to be treated as his lawful spouses, but who were in some degree inferior to the princess.

The brothers and friends of these wives soon built for their new associate a hut of bamboo, in which the entire family resided. A small compartment was made for the princess and her spouse — a sort of state-room — to mark their superiority. He was in every way treated as a chief; the brothers of his wives prepared

his victuals; a pig was killed every second day for the use of his household, and they had as many boiled potatoes as they could eat. He had four children only during the time he remained on the island, three of whom died in their infancy. He was about ten months before he could speak the language perfectly, but he could make himself understood much earlier.

The women, he says, have, on the whole, few children. They suffer scarcely anything at a confinement: and do not usually nurse their children very long; they feed them with cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and raw fish, all these being finely chewed before they are given to the infant. None of the people like cooked fish; they all prefer it raw. Few die in infancy; the great majority of children born are reared. They seem almost to have an instinct for the water. As soon as they can walk to the edge of the stream they walk into it, and they can swim as soon as or even before they have learnt to run. I may observe that all children appear to have a particular fondness for the water; but those only can indulge it who go constantly either quite naked, or in clothes not liable to be injured, who at the same time have access to water mild and genial as our summer air.

The natives of the Marquesas keep up their swimming powers throughout their lives, and attain extraordinary faculties. They have no fear of sharks; when one appears in the bay the natives singly or in numbers "go out to attack it" in its own element with their knives. They have canoes which they manage cleverly, and use in trading excursions to other islands, or in fishing.

The colour of the islanders is similar to that of many a tawny Spaniard — a light mahogany. The men and women are of a medium height, well made, and often very good-looking. Their dress consists of a piece of tappa cloth round the loins, concerning which they are as careful and proud as we are in reference to the quality and fashion of our more numerous and costly garments. This tappa cloth is made by beating a part of the bark of the bread-fruit tree with a sort of wooden mall, which breaks up its fibres so that they may be stretched out, like the lace bark of the West Indies. This is carefully washed and bleached until it becomes as white and as fine as linen. It is never woven.

In disposition the islanders are, by Daniel's account, true savages. They are constantly at war with neighbouring tribes. The country is full of mountains and woods, the former being very steep and difficult, the latter dense and extensive. The valleys and bays are the parts in and about which the inhabitants are chiefly clustered. A distance of four miles is frequently all the interspace between the lands belonging to two hostile tribes. The men are con-

stantly at war, and have the Dyak fondness for heads. Scarcely a moonlight night elapses but one man or other goes on a head-hunting excursion. They often go alone, but usually hunt in twos or threes. They start before night-fall so as to arrive in the neighbourhood of the intended victim shortly after dark; they then either lie in ambush for a lone man, or go to a hut disguising their voices, ask for shelter, or a light for their pipes. When the door is opened, they rush in; and if they can succeed in overpowering the inmates, they kill them, cut off their heads and return. The bodies are too heavy to be dragged over the mountains. The trophy or trophies being thus secured, are cut into as many parts as possible, and given to the numerous gods to propitiate them and to procure from them good luck. These gods are usually uncouth figures, but by oversight I omitted to examine Daniel on this subject. He spoke contemptuously of the people for believing just what their doctor priests told them — said that they told them all sorts of things — but did not, of his own will, particularise any.

As his account of the Taboo agreed completely with that made familiar by many writers, not forgetting Herman Melville, I did not ask many questions about it. In these midnight expeditions the knife is used; in larger battles, however, the musket supersedes all other arms. Great battles are very numerous, a fortnight never elapses without one. My informant said "He could not rightly tell what they fought for — he did not think they knew themselves — they could not be at peace." In these fights, between two and three hundred will engage on either side; the scene of the battle is usually laid in the woods, and the combatants dodge to and fro among the trees. None like to expose themselves fully, the whiz of a bullet immediately frightens them, and causes them to drop upon the ground. In consequence of all this caution, the contests are often prolonged over from one to three days, and it rarely happens that more than four or five are killed on either side. They sometimes, but seldom, come to close quarters, when they fight with their muskets clubbed. As soon as a few men are killed, the losing side withdraws, the victims are then conveyed to their village by the conquerors, the "fancy" parts of their bodies are devoted to the gods, the rest is cooked and eaten by the men. The warriors do not appear to have much sense of honour; for the strong tribes constantly make war upon the weak, and two or three tribes now and then suspend their own quarrels to make more effective war upon a fourth. In consequence of this spirit, many tribes are now almost exterminated and do not include more than twenty or thirty men. All the people speak one language, so

that an union might be easily effected if the temper of the people changed.

As they are savage in their war with hostile tribes, so they are rude and brutal in their peace amongst themselves. From some cause or another Daniel was constantly attacked by the women of the tribe who, half in savage fun and half in earnest, used to seize him by the beard and hair and shake him; this they could often do without fear of his wrath, as more than two or three would set on him at once. He considered that the attention was paid chiefly in fun, but he had often to thrash the ladies vigorously before they would set him free. The men are not commonly savage amongst themselves, as man to man — rather as man to woman. He had seen men thrashing women with the butt end of a musket, and had known limbs to be broken in this way. In such cases it would be of no use for the wife to go home to her father; he would only thrash her again and send her back. It is not often that actual murder takes place; when it does, atonement is made to the friends of the deceased by presents, or the murderer is driven out into another tribe.

The islanders have enough regard for their friends to show the delicate abstinence of not eating them — whether killed in battle or by chance. They never inter their dead, but take them out to a distance in the woods, where a rude cane hut is built to protect each corpse from the sun and rain; a sort of trough is made for the dead man's bed, in which his body is left. Two days afterwards a hog is killed, cooked, and deposited by the bedside. This is done under the impression that the dead require food like the living, and the supply is continued long after the flesh has crumbled into dust; in fact, until the family of the defunct has itself become extinct. It forms one of the chief occupations of the life of the living to convey food to the dead. Unlike some other savage nations, they keep the old people during the helplessness of age with assiduous care; the younger members of the family, or of the tribe, supply them regularly with provisions.

The climate is warm, genial, and healthy; sickness is rare; nevertheless, from the causes before mentioned, the population is on the decrease. Daniel was not aware that any European diseases had been introduced, nor were the people habitually given to intoxication.

There are numerous feasts held in the course of the year — usually one every two months. The occasion of such a feast is most commonly the reception of some recently tattooed individuals, male or female, among the adult members of a tribe. The chief entertainment then is dancing. When all is prepared, the men of the tribe arrange themselves on one side of an open space — the women in a line opposite and

parallel to them — between these opposed sides there are placed four men whose duty it is to keep time by beating drums. The drums are made by scooping the interior from a piece of wood and stretching a shark skin over it, which is tightened by cords made of cocoa nut fibre. The musicians produce on them only discordant notes — but the rest of the people somewhat improve the effect by clapping their hands and singing.

Near the musicians the recently tattooed youths are placed "yellowed off," said Daniel, "with curry and cocoa nut, until they shine like burnished mahogany." They take no active part in the proceedings. The dancers are women, who are chosen for their good looks from amongst the wives and maidens indiscriminately, — they are usually six in number, and are dressed very handsomely; their head-dress consists of tortoiseshell, pearl, and feathers, their other clothing is a long robe of tappa cloth, open in front, and reaching to the ancles like a dressing gown. It is ornamented as far down as the hips, with bright feathers, hair, &c. The fingers of the women when they dance are ornamented with long feathers, which are fastened to them in such a way as to give to the hands somewhat the appearance of wings. The motions are not by any means vivacious — the women move their hands, pretending to be birds; they wriggle their bodies about also in imitation of eels, and approach each other gradually in this way on one heel. Successive sets of dancers thus present themselves, and the feast is kept up usually for three days; pork and potatoes being eaten, and cava drunk; the singing of native songs is often added to increase and vary the enjoyment.

All the natives of the Marquesas have numerous names. Daniel himself had thirty, which belonged, in fact, to a graver class of nicknames. His most common title (I write it from the sound), was Touanahheematehoei, or (Tou-an-â-e-mâ-te-o-ey), which meant "the great chief."

There was no lack of food. The people cultivated the (sweet) potato with success, and had plenty of yams and bread-fruit. They caught numbers of fish, and kept a great many swine.

The savages were very fond of talking. When he knew their language, a number of them would come to Daniel, set him in the midst, and call upon him to tell them stories, to which they would sit and listen quietly for hours. "They wanted to know all about America, and white people; whether he had a wife at home, and the like." On one occasion they asked whether he would take them with him to America. — "Yes," he said, "but you would cry if I did." — "Ah, yes," they answered, "that is true, we should cry after our fathers and mothers — we should cry to come back to our lands.

The whites," they said," "must surely think very little of their fathers and mothers; or must leave them when they are very young, or they never could go sailing all over the world as they do. If we attempted it, we should be always crying either after our parents or our children."

Such conversations made the young white chief a great favourite with his tribe, and he obtained such influence among them, that he believes he could have prevented them from again attacking other whites. He never went to war with them, however, "he had too much respect for his own safety; he never knew what might happen." His wives "thought a very great deal about him, and if they fancied he had ever thought of going out to fight, they would have set on him, and bound him fast in his own house." He always told them, that if he went away, he would come back again; and he believes, therefore, that they are still expecting him. He lived very happily with his house-full of wives, dividing his attentions very equally among them, and allowing due rank to "the princess." He was well treated by the men.

The natives do a little trading among themselves; the articles of barter being chiefly pigs and tappa cloth, fish-hooks, muskets, powder, and things of that kind. Their surgical skill is small; but they have good constitutions upon which to practise, and seem to have learned certain good principles. The chief demand for the doctor's art is in the cure of musket wounds, in which the treatment is to keep the track of the ball as clean as possible.

The tribe with which Daniel herded was, if I recollect rightly, named the Cauachas, and his residence was on the island called by the natives Motâni. He gave me, however, the names of the surrounding islands at the same time, and I am not quite sure that I have retained the proper one; but it was either Mat or Magdalena. The others are Magdalena, Fatuiva, Toowata, Domenique, Rahuga, and Nukuhiva.

In answer to a question as to the possibility of civilising his old friends, he said that the French had established a settlement on Rahuga (I think) where they had remained during five years. They built a small fort, European houses, and churches; but finding the place too expensive, or for some other reason, they then abandoned it. During the night after their departure, all the natives who had been friendly with the French were either killed or taken prisoners, and on the next day all the houses and other edifices that could be destroyed were pulled to pieces, and the prisoners were landed on another island; so the place became again as wild as it was before the French had it in charge. There are some French still in Ruhiva, and some French missionaries in Ruapo.

Having in my remembrance

Herman Melville's story of adventures in the Marquesas, I asked my patient about Typee or Happar. He informed me that there was a Typee Bay in Nuhiva (Nukuhiva?) where the people were very savage, and that he had heard of Happa in Domenique. He had heard also of Hanapa Bay, where a white man named Brown had been killed who had left his vessel there.

After Daniel had been on the island about six years, he and another white from another island began, with the assistance of the natives, to build a schooner with which they hoped to trade with California, and the west coast of America. When they had been at work for about six months, Daniel, attacked with dysentery, became very low and weak. At that time an American ship passed the island, and a boat came ashore (the men being well armed) in search of wood and water. Daniel went on board the ship, telling the natives that he should return. Had they thought him anxious to escape from them they would, no doubt, have kept him prisoner until the ship was gone. He went on board, the captain promised fair to him, and so he left the island; not, he says, without some regret. It is now nineteen months since he escaped.

The man is a well-looking fellow (barring the marks upon his face), and it is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that he has a peculiarly soft voice; which, I cannot help thinking, must have been formed or improved by his long residence amongst a people whose language is without harsh sounds or gutturals.

RECEIPT OF FERN-SEED.

Shops destined for the sale of vegetable curiosities, sometimes display a little ugly dried-up flower, labelled the "Rose of Jericho," which, it is boasted, revives when dipped in water, although its dried-up condition may have lasted for any length of time. The experiment is attended with success, though not with what may be called brilliant success. The dingy flower does indeed open its leaves; but it would be ridiculous to apply any synonyme of the verb "to bloom" to the phenomenon that presents itself. It is a dingy affair altogether.

We, of this great incredulous metropolis, when we grudgingly expend our sixpence on the floral wonder, which the East is kind enough to send us, pour a little water into a wine-glass, insert the stalk therein, contemplate the dull miracle, and then throw the rose away, grudging the sixpence more than ever. But when, turning away from great disbelieving London, we look for instruction to that German Bœotia, called Suabia (our classical friends need not be reminded that ancient Bœotia, notwithstanding the slights of Attican

neighbours, was no such very stupid place after all), we discern the value of the treasure we have slighted. We have not tested half its marvels. The good people in the vicinity of Rotenburg, near Tübingen, tell us, that a rose of Jericho, however dried-up, will bloom every year, of its own accord, on the nineteenth of March (that day being the festival of St. Joseph), and that if it be kept in a box, it will burst it open with the force of its expansion. It seems to us, that our Suabian friends must have roses of greater vigour than those which we so unwillingly purchase. Flimsy, indeed, would be the box which *our* poor little roses of Jericho could burst open.

Let us not, however, be too hasty in despising the gift, which is wafted to us from the borders of the Red Sea. Our Rotenburg advisers tell us, that Christmas Day and New Year's Day are the only two occasions on which their flower will blossom, besides the said nineteenth of March, and then they generally use holy water to elicit its mystic properties. Our shabby plant, on the contrary, will thrive in its own unsatisfactory way, even though it be inserted in the unsanctified water of our own dirty Thames, and one day is just as good and just as bad as another for its purpose. Or is there something superior in the Suabian method of blooming? This may be the case, after all; for when the rose of Jericho blooms at Rotenburg the admiring bystanders are enabled to prognosticate from the shape it assumes how fruit, corn, and chestnut will thrive in the ensuing year. If the Suabian could discern the particular form assumed by *our* rose of Jericho, Suabia must indeed be the land of sharp discernment.

And this latter may be the right hypothesis, as far as the vegetable world is concerned; for the deeper we plunge into Suabian tradition, the more we become convinced of the great acuteness of the Suabian people in botanical matters. It was a day-labourer in the same Rotenburg, who once obtained a supply of fern-seed, and this, we are enabled to state, is no such easy affair.

He who would obtain fern-seed (we learn) must not utter a single prayer during the four weeks before Christmas; but must occupy himself as much as possible with diabolical thoughts — the worse the better. On Christmas night, he must go to that old place of horrors — a cross-way; but every cross-way will not do. Corpses must have been carried along each of the crossing roads to render the point of junction fitting for the operation. The experimentalist will not want company. His deceased friends and relations will all appear to him, and ask him what he is about; a question which he may feel not at all inclined to answer. Living friends will come also, and try

to make him speak; and little ugly imps will jump about, and endeavour to make him laugh. One word, or one guffaw, even so much as an incipient smile, will be fatal, for the unlucky experimentalist will be immediately torn to pieces by fiends. If, however, he remain firm, and neither speak to his friends, nor laugh at his entertainers, they will all retire at last, and a man will present himself in the guise of a hunter. Who *he* is, we need not say; but we need say, that he presents the grave inquirer with a neat little cornet — such as grocers make — filled with the desired fern-seed.

The connexion between wickedness and abstinence from laughter, here set forth, is worth a moment's consideration. Popular tradition is generally in favour of good fellowship, and want of mirth is esteemed a sign of something not altogether agreeable. Thus, in the puppet-play of Faust, on which Göthe founded his immortal work, Faustus himself is represented as a gloomy individual, and thus his ultimate lot is prepared. Casperle, on the other hand, the comic character or clown of the piece, though he is, like the learned doctor, exposed to fiendish machinations, wears his mirth about him as a shield, and lives on in the humble though comfortable capacity of a town-watchman, after Faustus has descended to regions invisible. "Hence, loathed melancholy," is the maxim of the unsophisticated; and, although we find that gravity is essential to obtain the wonderful fern-seed, we learn, on further investigation, that it is but a doubtful possession at last.

This we find in the case of a journeyman weaver of Rotenburg. The great virtue of the fern-seed is this, that it enables any workman who possesses it to do the work of twenty without inconvenience. Now, the weaver in question amused himself with drinking and such like pursuits for six days in the week; but on the seventh, by virtue of the fern-seed, he produced a longer web than was achieved by any of the craft who worked the whole week through. However, one day, unfortunately, the journeyman's mistress, taking the cloth home to a purchaser, stopped at a church to pray: no sooner was the benediction pronounced than the good woman found all her cloth reduced to yarn.

Those who live in the practical life of the nineteenth century, and moisten the path of that life with coffee, need not be told that chicory possesses miraculous properties. In Suabia, chicory assumes a grave, solemn, and awful character. It should only be gathered on Saint James's day (July the twenty-fifth), and then only between eleven and twelve o'clock, and even then it should not be picked off with a mere vulgar thumb and finger, but should be daintily cut off with

the edge of a gold coin. Indeed, there is such a high art in chicory cutting, that, according to Doctor Ernst Meier (professor of oriental languages in the University of Tübingen, and our great authority in Suabian matters) there is an old woman in Pfullingen who devotes the whole energies of her life to this one pursuit. The prudent man, who will not rashly trust his own manipulative skill, no sooner finds a sign of the presence of the root, than he marks the spot with a stick, and hastens to inform the sage old lady of the discovery. She accepts the office of cutting, but she does not descend from her lofty artistical position. Great sculptors, as we know, having completed their models, allow their pupils to rough-hew the marble, while they reserve to themselves the last finishing touch of the chisel. So our old woman. When the festival of Saint James arrives — for even she must wait until then — she allows any ignorant uninitiated wretch to make the first incision with his miserable knife, but the final operation with the gold coin is performed with her own venerable hands.

The great quality required for cutting chicory is the power of keeping silence; and hence we can anticipate that a number of those empty wits, who exult over woman's alleged inability to keep a secret, and who retail old epigrams that liken the movement of the female tongue to a clock, a smoke-jack, and so forth, will marvel that a person of the fair sex is selected to perform the delicate operation. It is indeed a very serious matter to speak while cutting chicory, and all sorts of temptations are employed to lure the operator into danger. One unhappy man, when he was just about to give the decisive slice, saw a millstone in the air, floating directly over his head. Being of a taciturn disposition, even when under strong emotions, he ran away without saying a word, and therefore underwent no further punishment than the negative one of taking all his trouble for nothing. If however, say the wise, he had uttered so much as a monosyllabic interjection, the millstone would have been no longer a vision in the air, like Macbeth's dagger, but would have smashed him.

The explanation of the origin of chicory is most satisfactory. The roots, we are informed by the sages of Pfullingen, were once human beings. When the flower is blue, bad men are at the bottom of it; when the flower is white, the root has been a very virtuous individual. The fact that the blue flower is much the commoner of the two, proves that there is a good deal of satire mixed up with the superstition. The statement that two white flowers are usually found together, is pleasant — the doctrine that sociality and virtue go hand in hand being once more agreeably illustrated.

But what is the use of the chicory after the employment of these singular contrivances to get it? Its chief utility seems to be that if we take (exhibit internally) only so much as a shaving, it will cause all thorns and splinters which may have run into our flesh to fly out with the greatest celerity.

When we reflect that a young English lady with her needle can perform the same office as the old German lady with her gold coin, we will not run the risk of being crushed by imaginary millstones in our endeavours to gather chicory.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Duke of Northumberland was very anxious to keep the young King's death a secret, in order that he might get the two Princesses into his power. But, the Princess Mary, being informed of that event as she was on her way to London to see her sick brother, turned her horse's head, and rode away into Norfolk. The Earl of Arundel was her friend, and it was he who sent her warning of what had happened.

As the secret could not be kept, the Duke of Northumberland and the Council sent for the Lord Mayor of London and some of the aldermen and made a merit of telling it to them. Then, they made it known to the people, and set off to inform Lady Jane Grey that she was to be Queen.

She was a pretty girl of only sixteen, and was amiable, learned, and clever. When the lords who came to her, fell on their knees before her, and told her what tidings they brought, she was so astonished that she fainted. On recovering, she expressed her sorrow for the young King's death, and said that she knew she was unfit to govern the kingdom, but, that if she must be Queen, she prayed God to direct her. She was then at Sion House, near Brentford, and the lords took her down the river in state to the Tower, that she might remain there (as the custom was) until she was crowned. But the people were not at all favourable to Lady Jane, considering that the right to be Queen was Mary's, and greatly disliking the Duke of Northumberland. They were not put into a better humour by the Duke's causing a vintner's servant, one Gabriel Pot, to be taken up for expressing his dissatisfaction among the crowd, and to have his ears nailed to the pillory, and cut off. Some powerful men among the nobility declared on Mary's side. They raised troops to support her cause, had her proclaimed Queen at Norwich, and gathered around her at the castle of Framlingham, which belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. For she was not considered so safe as yet, but that

it was best to keep her in a castle on the sea-coast, from whence she might be sent abroad, if necessary.

The Council would have dispatched Lady Jane's father, the Duke of Suffolk, as the general of the army against this force; but as Lady Jane implored that her father might remain with her, and as he was known to be but a weak man, they told the Duke of Northumberland that he must take the command himself. He was not very ready to do so, as he mistrusted the Council much, but there was no help for it, and he set forth with a heavy heart: observing to a lord who rode beside him through Shoreditch at the head of the troops, that, although the people pressed in great numbers to look at them, they were terribly silent.

And his fears for himself turned out to be true. While he was waiting at Cambridge for further help from the Council, the Council took it in their heads to turn their backs on Lady Jane's cause, and to take up the Princess Mary's. This was chiefly owing to the before-mentioned Earl of Arundel, who represented to the Lord Mayor and aldermen, in a second interview with those sagacious persons, that, as for himself, he did not perceive the Reformed religion to be in much danger — which Lord Pembroke backed by flourishing his sword as another kind of persuasion. The Lord Mayor and aldermen, thus enlightened, said, there could be no doubt that the Princess Mary ought to be Queen. So, she was proclaimed at the Cross by St. Paul's, and barrels of wine were given to the people, and they got very drunk, and danced round blazing bonfires — little thinking, poor wretches, what other bonfires would soon be blazing in Queen Mary's name!

After a ten days' dream of royalty, Lady Jane Grey resigned the Crown with great willingness, saying that she had only accepted it in obedience to her father and mother; and went gladly back to her pleasant house by the river, and her books. Mary then came on towards London; and at Wanstead, in Essex, was joined by her half sister, the Princess Elizabeth. They passed through the streets of London to the Tower, and there the new Queen met some eminent prisoners then confined in it, kissed them, and gave them their liberty. Among these were that Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who had been imprisoned in the last reign for holding to the unreformed religion. Him she soon made chancellor.

The Duke of Northumberland had been taken prisoner, and, together with his son and five others, was quickly brought before the Council. He, not unnaturally, asked that Council, in his defence, whether it was treason to obey orders that had been issued under the great seal, and if it were, whether they, who had obeyed them too, ought to be his

judges? But they made light of these points, and, being resolved to have him out of the way, soon sentenced him to death. He had risen into power upon the death of another man, and made but a poor show (as might be expected) when he himself lay low. He entreated Gardiner to let him live, if it were only in a mouse's hole; and when he ascended the scaffold to be beheaded on Tower Hill, addressed the people in a miserable way, saying that he had been incited by others, and exhorting them to return to the unreformed religion, which he told them was his faith. There seems reason to suppose that he expected a pardon even then, in return for this confession; but it matters little whether he did or not. His head was struck off, and Sir John Gates and Sir Thomas Palmer, two better and more manly gentlemen, suffered with him.

Mary was now crowned Queen. She was thirty-seven years of age, short and thin, wrinkled in the face, and very unhealthy. But she had a great liking for show and for bright colours, and all the ladies of her Court were magnificently dressed. She had a great liking too for old customs, without much sense in them; and she was oiled in the oldest way, and blessed in the oldest way, and done all manner of things to in the oldest way, at her coronation. I hope th y did her good.

She soon began to show her desire to put down the Reformed religion, and put up the unreformed one: though it was dangerous work as yet, the people being something wiser than they used to be. They even cast a shower of stones — and among them a dagger — at one of the royal chaplains, who attacked the Reformed religion in a public sermon. But, the Queen and her priests went steadily on. Ridley, the powerful bishop of the last reign, was seized and sent to the Tower. LATIMER, also a celebrated prelate of the last reign, was likewise sent to the Tower, and Cranmer speedily followed. Latimer was an aged man; and as his guards took him through Smithfield, he looked round it, and said, "This is a place that hath long groaned for me." For he knew well, what kind of bonfires would soon be burning. Nor was the knowledge confined to him. The prisons were fast filled with the chief Protestants, who were there left rotting in darkness, hunger, dirt, and separation from their friends; many, who had time left them for escape, fled from the kingdom; and the dullest of the people began, now, to see what was coming.

It came on fast. A Parliament was got together, not without strong suspicion of unfairness, and they annulled the divorce, formerly pronounced by Cranmer between the Queen's mother and King Henry the Eighth, and unmade all the laws on the subject of religion that had been made in

the last King Edward's reign. They began their proceedings in violation of the law, by having the old mass said before them in Latin, and by turning out a bishop who would not kneel down. They also declared guilty of treason Lady Jane Grey, for aspiring to the Crown, her husband, for being her husband, and Cranmer for not believing in the mass aforesaid. They then prayed the Queen graciously to choose a husband for herself, as soon as might be.

Now, the question who should be the Queen's husband had given rise to a great deal of discussion, and to several contending parties. Some said Cardinal Pole was the man — but the Queen was of opinion that he was *not* the man, being too old and too much of a student. Others said that the gallant young COURTENAY, whom the Queen had made Earl of Devonshire, was the man — and the Queen thought so too, for a while, but she changed her mind. At last it appeared that PHILIP, PRINCE OF SPAIN, was certainly the man — though certainly not the people's man, for they detested the idea of such a marriage from the beginning to the end, and murmured that the Spaniard would establish in England, by the aid of foreign soldiers, the worst abuses of the Popish religion, and even the terrible Inquisition itself.

These discontents gave rise to a conspiracy for marrying young Courtenay to the Princess Elizabeth, and setting them up, with popular tumults all over the kingdom, against the Queen. This was discovered in time by Gardiner; but in Kent, the old bold county, the people rose in their old bold way. SIR THOMAS WYAT, a man of great daring, was their leader. He raised his standard at Maidstone, marched on to Rochester, established himself in the old castle there, and prepared to hold out against the Duke of Norfolk, who came against him with a part of the Queen's guards and a body of five hundred London men. The London men, however, were all for Elizabeth, and not at all for Mary. They declared, under the castle walls, for Wyat; the Duke retreated; and Wyat came on to Deptford, at the head of fifteen thousand men.

But these, in their turn, fell away. When he came to Southwark, there were only two thousand left. Not dismayed by finding the London citizens in arms, and the guns at the Tower ready to oppose his crossing the river there, Wyat led them off to Kingston-upon-Thames, intending to cross the bridge that he knew to be in that place, and so to work his way round to Ludgate, one of the old gates of the City. He found the bridge broken down, but mended it, and came across, and bravely fought his way up Fleet Street to Ludgate Hill. Finding the gate closed against him, he fought his way back again, sword in hand, to

Temple Bar. Here, being overpowered, he surrendered himself, and three or four hundred of his men were taken, besides a hundred killed. Wyat, in a moment of weakness (and perhaps of torture) was afterwards made to accuse the Princess Elizabeth as his accomplice to some very small extent. But his manhood soon returned to him, and he refused to save his life by making any more false confessions. He was quartered and distributed in the usual brutal way, and from fifty to a hundred of his followers were hanged. The rest were led out, with halters round their necks, to be pardoned, and to make a parade of crying out, "God save Queen Mary!"

In the danger of this rebellion, the Queen showed herself to be a woman of courage and spirit. She disdained to retreat to any place of safety, and went down to the Guildhall, sceptre in hand, and made a gallant speech to the Lord Mayor and citizens. But on the day after Wyat's defeat, she did the most cruel act, even of her cruel reign, in signing the warrant for the execution of Lady Jane Grey.

They tried to persuade Lady Jane to accept the unreformed religion, but she steadily refused. On the morning when she was to die, she saw from her window the bleeding and headless body of her husband, brought back in a cart from the scaffold on Tower Hill where he had laid down his life. But, as she had declined to see him before his execution, lest she should be overpowered and not make a good end, so, she even now showed a constancy and calmness that will never be forgotten. She came up to the scaffold with a firm step and a quiet face, and addressed the bystanders in a steady voice. They were not numerous, for she was too young, too innocent and fair, to be murdered before the people on Tower Hill, as her husband had just been: so, the place of her execution was within the Tower itself. She said that she had done an unlawful act in taking what was Queen Mary's right, but that she had done so with no bad intent, and that she died a humble Christian. She begged the executioner to despatch her quickly, and she asked him "Will you take my head off before I lay me down?" He answered, "No, Madam," and then she was very quiet while they bandaged her eyes. Being blinded, and unable to see the block on which she was to lay her young head, she was seen to feel about for it with her hands, and was heard to say, confused, "O what shall I do! Where is it?" Then they guided her to the right place, and the executioner struck off her head. You know too well, now, what dreadful deeds the executioner did in England, through many, many years, and how his axe descended on the hateful block through the necks of some of the bravest, wisest, and best in the land. But it never struck

so cruel and so vile a blow as this.

The father of Lady Jane soon followed, but was little pitied. Queen Mary's next object was to lay hold of Elizabeth, and this was pursued with great eagerness. Five hundred men were sent to her retired house at Ashridge, by Berkhampstead, with orders to bring her up, alive or dead. They got there at ten at night, when she was sick in bed. But, their leaders followed her lady into her bedchamber, whence she was brought out betimes next morning, and put into a litter to be conveyed to London. She was so weak and ill, that she was five days on the road; still, she was so resolved to be seen by the people that she had the curtains of the litter opened, and so, very pale and sickly, passed through the streets. She wrote to her sister, saying she was innocent of any crime, and asking why she was made a prisoner; but she got no answer and was ordered to the Tower. They took her in by the Traitor's Gate, to which she objected, but in vain. One of the lords who conveyed her offered to cover her with his cloak, as it was raining, but she put it away from her, proudly and scornfully, and passed into the Tower, and sat down in a court-yard on a stone. They besought her to come in out of the wet, but she answered that it was better sitting there, than in a worse place. At length she went to her apartment, where she was kept a prisoner, though not so close a prisoner as at Woodstock, whither she was afterwards removed, and where she is said to have one day envied a milkmaid whom she heard singing in the sunshine as she went through the green fields. Gardiner, than whom there were not many worse men among the fierce and sullen priests, cared little to keep secret his stern desire for her death: being used to say that it was of little service to shake off the leaves, and lop the branches of the tree of heresy, if its root, the hope of heretics, were left. He failed, however, in his benevolent design. Elizabeth was, at length, released, and Hatfield House was assigned to her as a residence, under the care of one Sir Thomas Pope.

It would seem that Philip, the Prince of Spain, was a main cause of this change in Elizabeth's fortunes. He was not an amiable man, being, on the contrary, proud, overbearing and gloomy, but he and the Spanish lords who came over with him, assuredly did discountenance the idea of doing any violence to the Princess. It may have been prudent, but we will hope it was manly and honourable. The Queen had been expecting her husband with great impatience, and at length he came, to her great joy, though he never cared much for her. They were married by Gardiner, at Winchester, and there was more holiday-making among the people; but they had their old distrust of this Spanish marriage,

in which even the Parliament shared. Though they were far from honest, and were strongly suspected to have been bought with Spanish money, they would pass no bill to enable the Queen to set aside the Princess Elizabeth and appoint her own successor.

Although Gardiner failed in this object, as well as in the darker one of bringing the Princess to the scaffold, he went on, at a great pace, in the revival of the unreformed religion. A new Parliament was packed, in which there were no Protestants. Preparations were made to receive Cardinal Pole in England as the Pope's messenger, bringing his holy declaration that all the nobility who had acquired Church property, should keep it — which was done to enlist their selfish interest on the Pope's side. Then a great scene was enacted, which was the triumph of the Queen's plans. Cardinal Pole arrived with great splendour and dignity, and was received with great pomp. The Parliament joined in a petition expressive of their sorrow at the change in the national religion, and praying him to receive the country again into the Popish Church. With the Queen sitting on her throne, and the King on one side of her, and the Cardinal on the other, and the Parliament present, Gardiner read the petition aloud. The Cardinal then made a great speech, and was so obliging as to say that all was forgotten and forgiven, and that the kingdom was solemnly made Roman Catholic again.

Everything was now ready for the lighting of the terrible bonfires. The Queen having declared to the Council, in writing, that she would wish none of her subjects to be burnt without some of the Council being present, and that she would particularly wish there to be good sermons at all burnings, the Council knew pretty well what was to be done next. So, after the Cardinal had blessed all the bishops as a preface to the burnings, the Chancellor Gardiner opened a High Court at Saint Mary Overy, on the Southwark side of London Bridge, for the trial of heretics. Here, two of the late bishops, HOOPER and ROGERS, who had been already unjustly and violently examined before the Council, were brought to be tried. Hooper was tried first for being married, though a priest, and for not believing in the mass. He admitted both of these accusations, and said that the mass was a wicked imposition. Then they tried Rogers, who said the same. Next morning the two were brought up to be sentenced, and then Rogers said that, his poor wife being a German woman and a stranger in the land, he hoped she might be allowed to come to speak to him before he died. To this the inhuman Gardiner replied, that she was not his wife. "Yea, but she is, my lord," said Rogers, "and she hath been my wife these eighteen

years." His request was still refused, and they were both sent to Newgate; all those who stood in the streets to sell things, being ordered to put out their lights that the people might not see them. But, the people stood at their doors with candles in their hands, and prayed for them as they went by. Soon afterwards, Rogers was taken out of jail to be burnt in Smithfield; and, in the crowd as he went along, he saw his poor wife and his ten children, of whom the youngest was a little baby. And so he was burnt to death.

The next day, Hooper, who was to be burnt at Gloucester, was brought out to take his last journey, and was made to wear a hood over his face that he might not be known by the people. But, they did know him for all that, down in his own part of the country, and when he came near Gloucester they lined the road, making prayers and lamentations. His guards took him to a lodging, where he slept soundly all night, and at nine o'clock next morning was brought forth, leaning on a staff; for he had taken cold in prison and was infirm. The iron stake, and the iron chain which was to bind him to it, were fixed up near a great elm-tree in a pleasant open place before the cathedral, where, on peaceful Sundays, he had been accustomed to preach and to pray, when he was Bishop of Gloucester. This tree, which had no leaves then, it being February, was filled with people; and the priests of Gloucester College were looking complacently on from a window, and there was a great concourse of spectators in every spot from which a glimpse of the dreadful sight could be beheld. When the old man kneeled down on the small platform at the foot of the stake, and prayed aloud, the nearest people were observed to be so attentive to his prayers that they were ordered to stand further back; for it did not suit the Romish Church to have those Protestant words heard. His prayers concluded, he went up to the stake and was stripped to his shirt, and chained ready for the fire. One of his guards had such compassion on him that, to shorten his agonies, he tied some packets of gunpowder about him. Then they heaped up wood and straw and reeds, and set them all alight. But, unhappily, the wood was green and damp, and there was a wind blowing that blew what flame there was, away. Thus, through three quarters of an hour, the good old man was scorched and roasted and smoked, as the fire rose and sank; and all that time they saw him, as he burned, moving his lips in prayer, and beating his breast with one hand, even after the other, was burnt away and had fallen off.

Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were taken to Oxford to dispute with a commission of priests and doctors about the mass. They were shamefully treated, and it

is recorded that the Oxford scholars hissed and howled and groaned, and misconducted themselves in an anything but scholarly way — which, of course, they have never done, on any public occasion, since. The prisoners were taken back to jail, and afterwards tried in St. Mary's Church. They were all found guilty. On the sixteenth of the month of October, Ridley and Latimer were brought out, to make another of the dreadful bonfires.

The scene of the suffering of these two good Protestant men was in the City ditch, near Baliol College. On coming to the dreadful spot, they kissed the stakes, and then embraced each other. And then a learned doctor got up into a pulpit which was placed there, and preached a sermon from the text "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." When you think of the charity of burning men alive, you may imagine that this learned doctor had a rather brazen face. Ridley would have answered his sermon when it came to an end, but was not allowed. When Latimer was stripped, it appeared that he had dressed himself, under his other clothes, in a new shroud; and, as he stood in it before all the people, it was noted of him, and long remembered, that, whereas he had been stooping and feeble but a few minutes before, he now stood upright and handsome, in the knowledge that he was dying for a just and a great cause. Ridley's brother-in-law was there, with bags of gunpowder; and when they were both chained up, he tied them round their bodies. Then, a light was thrown upon the pile to fire it. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," said Latimer, at that awful moment, "and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." And then he was seen to make motions with his hands as if he were washing them in the flames, and to stroke his aged face with them, and was heard to cry: "Father of Heaven, receive my soul!" He died quickly, but the fire, after having burned the legs of Ridley, sunk. There he lingered chained to the iron post, and crying, "O! I cannot burn! O! For Christ's sake let the fire come unto me!" And still when his brother-in-law had heaped on more wood, he was heard through the blinding smoke, still dismally crying: "O! I cannot burn, I cannot burn!" At last, the gunpowder caught fire, and ended his miseries.

Five days after this fearful scene, Gardiner went to his tremendous account before God, for the cruelties he had so much assisted in comitting.

Cranmer remained still alive and in prison. He was brought out again in February, for more examining and trying, by Bonner, bishop of London: another man of blood, who had succeeded to Gardiner's work, even in his

life-time, when Gardiner was tired of it. Cranmer was now degraded as a priest, and left for death; but, if the Queen hated any one on earth, she hated him, and it was resolved that he should be ruined and disgraced to the utmost. There is no doubt that the Queen and her husband personally urged on these deeds, because they wrote to the Council, urging them to be active in the kindling of the fearful fires. As Cranmer was known not to be a firm man, a plan was laid for surrounding him with artful people, and inducing him to recant to the unreformed religion. Deans and friars visited him, played at bowls with him, showed him various attentions, talked persuasively with him, gave him money for his prison comforts, and induced him to sign, I fear, as many as six recantations. But when, after all, he was taken out to be burnt, he was nobly true to his better self, and made a glorious end.

After prayers and a sermon, Dr. Cole, the preacher of the day (who had been one of the artful priests about Cranmer in prison) required him to make a public confession of his faith before the people. This Cole did, expecting that he would declare himself a Roman Catholic. "I *will* make a profession of my faith," said Cranmer, "and with a good will too."

Then, he arose before them all, and took from the sleeve of his robe a written prayer and read it aloud. That done, he kneeled and said the Lord's Prayer, all the people joining; and then he arose again and told them that he believed in the Bible, and that in what he had lately written, he had written what was not the truth, and because his hand had signed those papers, he would burn his right hand first when he came to the fire. As for the Pope he did refuse him and denounce him as the enemy of Heaven. Hereupon the pious Dr. Cole cried out to the guards to stop that heretic's mouth and take him away.

So, they took him away, and chained him to the stake, where he hastily took off his own clothes to make ready for the flames, and stood before them with a bald head and a white and flowing beard. He was so firm now, when the worst was come, that he again declared against his recantation, and was so impressive and so undismayed, that a certain lord, who was one of the directors of the execution, called out to the men to make haste! When the fire was lighted, Cranmer, true to his latest words, stretched out his right hand, and crying out "This hand hath offended!" held it out among the flames, until it blazed and burned away. His heart was found entire among his ashes, and he left at last a memorable name in English history. Cardinal Pole celebrated the day by saying his first mass, and next day he was

made Archbishop of Canterbury in Cranmer's place.

The Queen's husband, who was now mostly abroad in his own dominions, and generally made a coarse jest of her to his more familiar courtiers, was at war with France, and came over to seek the assistance of England. England was very unwilling to engage in a French war for his sake; but it happened that the King of France at this very time, aided a descent upon the English coast. Hence, war was declared, greatly to Philip's satisfaction; and the Queen raised a sum of money with which to carry it on, by every unjustifiable means in her power. It met with no profitable return, for the French Duke of Guise surprised Calais, and the English sustained a complete defeat. The losses they met with in France greatly mortified the national pride, and the Queen never recovered the blow.

There was a bad fever raging in England at this time, and I am glad to write that the Queen took it, and the hour of her death came. "When I am dead and my body is opened," she said to those around her, "ye shall find CALAIS written on my heart." I should have thought, if anything were written on it, they would have found the words: — JANE GREY, HOOPER, ROGERS, RIDLEY, LATIMER, CRANMER, AND THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE BURNT ALIVE WITHIN FOUR YEARS OF MY WICKED REIGN, INCLUDING SIXTY WOMEN, AND FORTY LITTLE CHILDREN. But it is enough that their deaths were written in Heaven.

The Queen died on the seventeenth of November, Fifteen hundred and fifty-eight, after reigning not quite five years and a half, and in the forty-fourth year of her age. Cardinal Pole died of the same fever next day.

As BLOODY QUEEN MARY, this woman has become famous, and as BLOODY QUEEN MARY, she will ever be justly remembered with horror and detestation in Great Britain. Her memory has been held in such abhorrence that some writers have arisen in later years to take her part, and to show that she was, upon the whole, quite an amiable and cheerful sovereign! "By their fruits ye shall know them," said OUR SAVIOUR. The stake and the fire were the fruits of this reign, and you will judge this Queen by nothing else.

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. — CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ONE night, during the period of the first French Revolution, the family of François Sarzeau, a fisherman of Brittany, were all waking and watching at an unusually late hour in their cottage on the peninsula Quiberon. François had gone out in his boat that evening, as usual, to fish. Shortly after his departure, the wind had risen, the clouds had gather-

ed; and the storm, which had been threatening at intervals throughout the whole day, burst forth furiously about nine o'clock. It was now eleven; and the raging of the wind over the barren, heathy peninsula still seemed to increase with each fresh blast that tore its way out upon the open sea; the crashing of the waves on the beach was awful to hear; the dreary blackness of the sky terrible to behold. The longer they listened to the storm, the oftener they looked out at it, the fainter grew the hopes which the fisherman's family still strove to cherish for the safety of François Sarzeau and of his younger son who had gone with him in the boat.

There was something impressive in the simplicity of the scene that was now passing within the cottage. On one side of the great rugged black fire-place crouched two little girls; the younger half asleep, with her head in her sister's lap. These were the daughters of the fisherman; and opposite to them sat their eldest brother, Gabriel. His right arm had been badly wounded in a recent encounter at the national game of the *Soule*, a sport resembling our English football; but played on both sides in such savage earnest by the people of Brittany as to end always in bloodshed, often in mutilation, sometimes even in loss of life. On the same bench with Gabriel sat his betrothed wife — a girl of eighteen — clothed in the plain, almost monastic black and white costume of her native district. She was the daughter of a small farmer living at some little distance from the coast. Between the groups formed on either side of the fireplace, the vacant space was occupied by the foot of a truckle bed. In this bed lay a very old man, the father of François Sarzeau. His haggard face was covered with deep wrinkles; his long white hair flowed over the coarse lump of sacking which served him for a pillow, and his light grey eyes wandered incessantly, with a strange expression of terror and suspicion, from person to person, and from object to object, in all parts of the room. Every time when the wind and sea whistled and roared at their loudest, he muttered to himself and tossed his hands fretfully on his wretched coverlid. On these occasions, his eyes always fixed themselves intently on a little delf image of the Virgin placed in a niche over the fireplace. Whenever they saw him look in this direction Gabriel and the young girl shuddered and crossed themselves; and even the child who still kept awake imitated their example. There was one bond of feeling at least between the old man and his grandchildren, which connected his age and their youth unnaturally and closely together. This feeling was reverence for the superstitions which had been handed down to them by their ancestors from centuries and centuries back, as far even as the age of

the Druids. The spirit-warnings of disaster and death which the old man heard in the wailing of the wind, in the crashing of the waves, in the dreary monotonous rattling of the casement, the young man and his affianced wife and the little child who cowered by the fire-side, heard too. All differences in sex, in temperament, in years, Superstition was strong enough to strike down to its own dread level, in the fisherman's cottage, on that stormy night.

Besides the benches by the fire-side and the bed, the only piece of furniture in the room was a coarse wooden table, with a loaf of black bread, a knife, and a pitcher of cider placed on it. Old nets, coils of rope, tattered sails, hung about the walls and over the wooden partition which separated the room into two compartments. Wisps of straw and ears of barley drooped down through the rotten rafters and gaping boards that made the floor of the granary above.

These different objects and the persons in the cottage, who composed the only surviving members of the fisherman's family, were strangely and wildly lit up by the blaze of the fire and by the still brighter glare of a resin torch stuck into a block of wood in the chimney corner. The red and yellow light played full on the weird face of the old man as he lay opposite to it, and glanced fitfully on the figures of Rose, Gabriel, and the two children; the great gloomy shadows rose and fell, and grew and lessened in bulk about the walls like visions of darkness, animated by a supernatural spectre-life, while the dense obscurity outside spreading before the curtainless window seemed as a wall of solid darkness that had closed in for ever around the fisherman's house. The night-scene within the cottage was almost as wild and as dreary to look upon as the night scene without.

For a long time the different persons in the room sat together without speaking, even without looking at each other. At last, the girl turned and whispered something into Gabriel's ear.

"Rose, what were you saying to Gabriel?" asked the child opposite, seizing the first opportunity of breaking the desolate silence — doubly desolate at her age — which was preserved by all around her.

"I was telling him," answered Rose simply, "that it was time to change the bandages on his arm; and I also said to him, what I have often said before, that he must never play at that terrible game of the *Soule* again."

The old man had been looking intently at Rose and his grandchild as they spoke. His harsh, hollow voice mingled with the last soft tones of the young girl, repeating over and over again the same terrible words: "Drowned! drowned! Son and grandson, both drowned! both drowned!"

"Hush! Grandfather," said Gabriel, "we must not lose all hope for them yet. God and the Blessed Virgin protect them!" He looked at the little delf image, and crossed himself; the others imitated him, except the old man. He still tossed his hands over the coverlid, and still repeated "Drowned! drowned!"

"Oh that accursed *Soule!*" groaned the young man. "But for this wound I should have been with my father. The poor boy's life might at least have been saved; for we should then have left him here."

"Silence!" exclaimed the harsh voice from the bed. "The wail of dying men rises louder than the loud sea; the devil's psalm-singing roars higher than the roaring wind! Be silent, and listen! François drowned! Pierre drowned! Hark! Hark!"

A terrific blast of wind burst over the house, as he spoke, shaking it to its centre, overpowering all other sounds, even to the deafening crash of the waves. The slumbering child awoke, and uttered a scream of fear. Rose, who had been kneeling before her lover binding the fresh bandages on his wounded arm, paused in her occupation, trembling from head to foot. Gabriel looked towards the window: his experience told him what must be the hurricane fury of that blast of wind out at sea, and he sighed bitterly as he murmured to himself "God help them both — man's help will be as nothing to them now!"

"Gabriel!" cried the voice from the bed in altered tones — very faint and trembling.

He did not hear, or did not attend to the old man. He was trying to soothe and encourage the trembling girl at his feet. "Don't be frightened, love," he said, kissing her very gently and tenderly on the forehead. "You are as safe here as anywhere. Was I not right in saying that it would be madness to attempt taking you back to the farm-house this evening? You can sleep in that room, Rose, when you are tired — you can sleep with the two girls."

"Gabriel! brother Gabriel!" cried one of the children. "O! look at grandfather!"

Gabriel ran to the bedside. The old man had raised himself into a sitting position; his eyes were dilated, his whole face was rigid with terror, his hands were stretched out convulsively towards his grandson. "The White Women!" he screamed. "The White Women; the grave-diggers of the drowned are out on the sea!" The children, with cries of terror, flung themselves into Rose's arms; even Gabriel uttered an exclamation of horror, and started back from the bedside. Still the old man reiterated, "The White Women! The White Women! Open the door, Gabriel! look out westward, where the ebb tide has left the sand dry. You'll see them bright as lightning in the darkness, mighty as the angels in stature, sweeping like the wind over the sea, in

their long white garments, with their white hair trailing far behind them! Open the door, Gabriel! You'll see them stop and hover over the place where your father and your brother have been drowned; you'll see them come on till they reach the sand; you'll see them dig in it with their naked feet, and beckon awfully to the raging sea to give up its dead. Open the door, Gabriel — or though it should be the death of me, I will get up and open it myself!"

Gabriel's face whitened even to his lips, but he made a sign that he would obey. It required the exertion of his whole strength to keep the door open against the wind, while he looked out.

"Do you see them, grandson Gabriel? Speak the truth, and tell me if you see them," cried the old man.

"I see nothing but darkness — pitch darkness," answered Gabriel, letting the door close again.

"Ah! woe! woe!" groaned his grandfather, sinking back exhausted on the pillow. "Darkness to *you;* but bright as lightning to the eyes that are allowed to see them. Drowned! drowned! Pray for their souls, Gabriel — *I* see the White Women even where I lie, and dare not pray for them. Son and grandson drowned! both drowned!"

The young man went back to Rose and the children. "Grandfather is very ill to-night," he whispered, "You had better all go into the bedroom, and leave me alone to watch by him."

They rose as he spoke, crossed themselves before the image of the Virgin, kissed him one by one, and without uttering a word, softly entered the little room on the other side of the partition. Gabriel looked at his grandfather, and saw that he lay quiet now, with his eyes closed as if he were already dropping asleep. The young man then heaped some fresh logs on the fire, and sat down by it to watch till morning. Very dreary was the moaning of the night-storm; but it was not more dreary than the thoughts which now occupied him in his solitude — thoughts darkened and distorted by the terrible superstitions of his country and his race. Ever since the period of his mother's death he had been oppressed by the conviction that some curse hung over the family. At first they had been prosperous, they had got money, a little legacy had been left them. But this good fortune had availed only for a time; disaster on disaster strangely and suddenly succeeded. Losses, misfortunes, poverty, want itself had overwhelmed them; his father's temper had become so soured, that the oldest friends of François Sarzeau declared he was changed beyond recognition. And now, all this past misfortune — the steady, withering, household blight of many years — had ended in the last worst misery of all — in death. The fate of his

father and his brother admitted no longer of a doubt — he knew it, as he listened to the storm, as he reflected on his grandfather's words, as he called to mind his own experience of the perils of the sea. And this double bereavement had fallen on him just as the time was approaching for his marriage with Rose; just when misfortune was most ominous of evil, just when it was hardest to bear! Forebodings which he dared not realise began now to mingle with the bitterness of his grief, whenever his thoughts wandered from the present to the future; and as he sat by the lonely fireside, murmuring from time to time the Church prayer for the repose of the dead, he almost involuntarily mingled with it another prayer, expressed only in his own simple words, for the safety of the living — for the young girl whose love was his sole earthly treasure; for the motherless children who must now look for protection to him alone.

He had sat by the hearth a long, long time, absorbed in his thoughts, not once looking round towards the bed, when he was startled by hearing the sound of his grandfather's voice once more. "Gabriel," whispered the old man, trembling and shrinking as he spoke. "Gabriel, do you hear a dripping of water — now slow, now quick again — on the floor at the foot of my bed?"

"I hear nothing, grandfather, but the crackling of the fire, and the roaring of the storm outside."

"Drip, drip, drip! Faster and faster; plainer and plainer. Take the torch, Gabriel; look down on the floor — look with all your eyes. Is the place wet there? Is it God's rain that is dropping through the roof?"

Gabriel took the torch with trembling fingers, and knelt down on the floor to examine it closely. He started back from the place, as he saw that it was quite dry — the torch dropped upon the hearth — he fell on his knees before the statue of the Virgin and hid his face.

"Is the floor wet? Answer me, I command you! — Is the floor wet?" — asked the old man quickly and breathlessly. Gabriel rose, went back to the bedside, and whispered to him that no drop of rain had fallen inside the cottage. As he spoke the words, he saw a change pass over his grandfather's face — the sharp features seemed to wither up on a sudden; the eager expression to grow vacant and death-like in an instant. The voice too altered; it was harsh and querulous no more; its tones became strangely soft, slow, and solemn, when the old man spoke again.

"I hear it still," he said, "drip! drip! faster and plainer than ever. That ghostly dropping of water is the last and the surest of the fatal signs which have told of your father's and your brother's deaths to-night, and I know from

the place where I hear it — the foot of the bed I lie on — that it is a warning to me of my own approaching end. I am called where my son and my grandson have gone before me: my weary time in this world is over at last. Don't let Rose and the children come in here, if they should awake — they are too young to look at death."

Gabriel's blood curdled, when he heard these words — when he touched his grandfather's hand, and felt the chill that it struck to his own — when he listened to the raging wind, and knew that all help was miles and miles away from the cottage. Still, in spite of the storm, the darkness, and the distance, he thought not for a moment of neglecting the duty that had been taught him from his childhood — the duty of summoning the Priest to the bedside of the dying. "I must call Rose," he said, "to watch by you while I am away."

"Stop!" cried the old man, "stop, Gabriel, I implore, I command you not to leave me!"

"The priest, grandfather — your confession —"

"It must be made to you. In this darkness and this hurricane no man can keep the path across the heath. Gabriel! I am dying — I should be dead before you got back. Gabriel! for the love of the Blessed Virgin, stop here with me till I die — my time is short — I have a terrible secret that I must tell to somebody before I draw my last breath! Your ear to my mouth! — quick! quick!"

As he spoke the last words, a slight noise was audible on the other side of the partition, the door half opened; and Rose appeared at it, looking affrightedly into the room. The vigilant eyes of the old man — suspicious even in death — caught sight of her directly. "Go back!" he exclaimed faintly, before she could utter a word, "go back — push her back, Gabriel, and nail down the latch in the door, if she won't shut if of herself!"

"Dear Rose! go in again," implored Gabriel. "Go in and keep the children from disturbing us. You will only make him worse — you can be of no use here!"

She obeyed without speaking, and shut the door again. While the old man clutched him by the arm, and repeated, "Quick! quick! — your ear close to my mouth," Gabriel heard her say to the children (who were both awake), "Let us pray for grandfather." And as he knelt down by the bedside, there stole on his ear the sweet, childish tones of his little sisters and the soft, subdued voice of the young girl who was teaching them the prayer, mingling divinely with the solemn wailing of wind and sea; rising in a still and awful purity over the hoarse, gasping whispers of the dying man.

"I took an oath not to tell it, Gabriel — lean down closer! I'm weak, and they mustn't hear a word in that room — I took an

oath not to tell it; but death is a warrant to all men for breaking such an oath as that. Listen; don't lose a word I 'm saying! Don't look away into the room: the stain of blood-guilt has defiled it for ever! — Hush! Hush! Hush! Let me speak. Now your father 's dead, I can't carry the horrid secret with me into the grave. Just remember, Gabriel — try if you can't remember the time before I was bed-ridden — ten years ago and more — it was about six weeks, you know, before your mother's death; you can remember it by that. You and all the children were in that room with your mother; you were all asleep, I think; it was night, not very late — only nine o'clock. Your father and I were standing at the door, looking out at the heath in the moonlight. He was so poor at that time, he had been obliged to sell his own boat, and none of the neighbours would take him out fishing with them — your father wasn't liked by any of the neighbours. Well; we saw a stranger coming towards us; a very young man, with a knapsack on his back. He looked like a gentleman, though he was but poorly dressed. He came up, and told us he was dead tired, and didn't think he could reach the town that night, and asked if we would give him shelter till morning. And your father said yes, if he would make no noise, because the wife was ill and the children were asleep. So he said all he wanted was to go to sleep himself before the fire. We had nothing to give him, but black bread. He had better food with him than that, and undid his knapsack to get at it — and — and — Gabriel! I 'm sinking — drink! something do drink — I 'm parched with thirst!"

Silent and deadly pale, Gabriel poured some of the cider from the pitcher on the table into a drinking cup, and gave it to the old man. Slight as the stimulant was, its effect on him was almost instantaneous. His dull eyes brightened a little, and he went on in the same whispering tones as before.

"He pulled the food out of his knapsack rather in a hurry, so that some of the other small things in it fell on the floor. Among these was a pocket-book, which your father picked up and gave him back; and he put it in his coat pocket — there was a tear in one of the sides of the book, and through the hole some bank-notes bulged out. I saw them, and so did your father (don't move away, Gabriel; keep close, there 's nothing in me to shrink from). Well, he shared his food, like an honest fellow, with us; and then put his hand in his pocket, and gave me four or five livres, and then lay down before the fire to go to sleep. As he shut his eyes, your father looked at me in a way I didn't like. He 'd been behaving very bitterly and desperately towards us for some time past; being soured about poverty, and your

mother's illness, and the constant crying out of you children for more to eat. So when he told me to go and buy some wood, some bread, and some wine with the money I had got, I didn't like, somehow, to leave him alone with the stranger; and so made excuses, saying (which was true) that it was too late to buy things in the village that night. But he told me in a rage to go and do as he bid me, and knock the people up if the shop was shut. So I went out, being dreadfully afraid of your father — as indeed we all were at that time — but I couldn't make up my mind to go far from the house: I was afraid of something happening, though I didn't dare to think what. I don't know how it was; but I stole back in about ten minutes on tip-toe, to the cottage; and looked in at the window; and saw — O! God forgive him! O, God forgive me! — I saw — I — more to drink, Gabriel! I can't speak again — more to drink!"

The voices in the next room had ceased; but in the minute of silence which now ensued, Gabriel heard his sisters kissing Rose, and wishing her good night. They were all three trying to go to sleep again.

"Gabriel, pray yourself, and teach your children after you to pray, that your father may find forgiveness where he is now gone. I saw him, as plainly as I now see you, kneeling with his knife in one hand over the sleeping man. He was taking the little book with the notes in it out of the stranger's pocket. He got the book into his possession, and held it quite still in his hand for an instant, thinking. I believe — oh, no! no! — I 'm sure, he was repenting; I 'm sure he was going to put the book back; but just at that moment the stranger moved, and raised one of his arms, as if he was waking up. Then, the temptation of the devil grew too strong for your father — I saw him lift the hand with the knife in it — but saw nothing more. I couldn't look in at the window — I couldn't move away — I couldn't cry out; I stood with my back turned towards the house, shivering all over, though it was a warm summer-time, and hearing no cries, no noises at all, from the room behind me. I was too frightened to know how long it was before the opening of the cottage door made me turn round; but when I did, I saw your father standing before me in the yellow moonlight, carrying in his arms the bleeding body of the poor lad who had shared his food with us, and slept on our hearth. Hush! hush! Don't groan and sob in that way! Stifle it with the bedclothes. Hush! you 'll wake them in the next room!"

"Gabriel — Gabriel!" exclaimed a voice from behind the partition. "What has happened? Gabriel! let me come out and be with you?

"No! no!" cried the old man, collecting the last remains of his

strength in the attempt to speak above the wind, which was just then howling at the loudest. "Stay where you are — don't speak — don't come out, I command you! Gabriel," (his voice dropped to a faint whisper) "raise me up in bed — you must hear the whole of it, now — raise me; I'm choking so that I can hardly speak. Keep close and listen — I can't say much more. Where was I? — Ah, your father! He threatened to kill me if I didn't swear to keep it secret; and in terror of my life I swore. He made me help him to carry the body — we took it all across the heath — oh! horrible, horrible, under the bright moon — (lift me higher, Gabriel). You know the great stones yonder, set up by the heathens; you know the hollow place under the stones they call 'The Merchant's Table' — we had plenty of room to lay him in that, and hide him so; and then we ran back to the cottage. I never dared go near the place afterwards; no, nor your father either! (Higher, Gabriel! I'm choking again). We burnt the pocket-book and the knapsack — never knew his name — we kept the money to spend. (You're not lifting me! you're not listening close enough!) Your father said it was a legacy, when you and your mother asked about the money. (You hurt me, you shake me to pieces, Gabriel, when you sob like that). It brought a curse on us, the money; the curse has drowned your father and your brother; the curse is killing me; but I've confessed — tell the priest I confessed before I died. Stop her; stop Rose! I hear her getting up. Take his bones away from The Merchant's Table, and bury them for the love of God! — and tell the priest — (lift me higher: lift me till I'm on my knees) — if your father was alive, he'd murder me — but tell the priest — because of my guilty soul — to pray — and remember The Merchant's Table — to bury, and to pray — to pray always for —"

As long as Rose heard faintly the whispering of the old man — though no word that he said reached her ear — she shrank from opening the door in the partition. But, when the whispering sounds — which terrified her she knew not how or why — first faltered, then ceased altogether; when she heard the sobs that followed them; and when her heart told her who was weeping in the next room — then, she began to be influenced by a new feeling which was stronger than the strongest fear, and she opened the door without hesitating — almost without trembling.

The coverlid was drawn up over the old man; Gabriel was kneeling by the bedside, with his face hidden. When she spoke to him, he neither answered nor looked at her. After a while, the sobs that shook him ceased; but still he never moved — except once when she touched him, and

then he shuddered — shuddered under *her* hand! She called in his little sisters, and they spoke to him, and still he uttered no word in reply. They wept. One by one, often and often, they entreated him with loving words; but the stupor of grief which held him speechless and motionless was beyond the power of human tears, stronger even than the strength of human love.

It was near daybreak, and the storm was lulling — but still no change occurred at the bedside. Once or twice, as Rose knelt near Gabriel, still vainly endeavouring to arouse him to a sense of her presence, she thought she heard the old man breathing feebly, and stretched out her hand towards the coverlid; but she could not summon courage to touch him or to look at him. This was the first time she had ever been present at a deathbed; the stillness in the room, the stupor of despair that had seized on Gabriel, so horrified her, that she was almost as helpless as the two children by her side. It was not till the dawn looked in at the cottage window — so coldly, so drearily, and yet so re-assuringly — that she began to recover her self-possession at all. Then she knew that her best resource would be to summon assistance immediately from the nearest house. While she was trying to persuade the two children to remain alone in the cottage with Gabriel, during her temporary absence, she was startled by the sound of footsteps outside the door. It opened; and a man appeared on the threshold, standing still there for a moment in the dim uncertain light. She looked closer — looked intently at him. It was François Sarzeau himself!

He was dripping with wet; but his face — always pale and inflexible — seemed to be but little altered in expression by the perils through which he must have passed during the night. Young Pierre lay almost insensible in his arms. In the astonishment and fright of the first moment, Rose screamed as she recognised him.

"There! there! there!" he said, peevishly, advancing straight to the hearth with his burden, "don't make a noise. You never expected to see us alive again, I dare say. We gave ourselves up as lost, and only escaped after all by a miracle." He laid the boy down where he could get the full warmth of the fire; and then, turning round, took a wicker-covered bottle from his pocket, and said, "If it hadn't been for the brandy! —" He stopped suddenly — started — put down the bottle on the bench near him — and advanced quickly to the bedside.

Rose looked after him as he went; and saw Gabriel, who had risen when the door was opened, moving back from the bed as François approached. The young man's face seemed to have been suddenly struck to stone — its blank ghastly whiteness was aw-

ful to look at. He moved slowly backward and backward till he came to the cottage wall — then stood quite still, staring on his father with wild vacant eyes, moving his hands to and fro before him, muttering; but never pronouncing one audible word.

François did not appear to notice his son; he had the coverlid of the bed in his hand. "Anything the matter here?" he asked, as he drew it down.

Still Gabriel could not speak. Rose saw it, and answered for him. "Gabriel is afraid that his poor grandfather is dead," she whispered nervously.

"Dead!" There was no sorrow in the tone, as he echoed the word. "Was he very bad in the night before his death happened? Did he wander in his mind? He has been rather light-headed lately."

"He was very restless, and spoke of the ghostly warnings that we all know of: he said he saw and heard many things which told him from the other world that you and Pierre — Gabriel!" she screamed, suddenly interrupting herself. "Look at him! Look at his face! Your grandfather is not dead!"

At that moment, François was raising his father's head to look closely at him. A faint spasm had indeed passed over the deathly face; the lips quivered, the jaw dropped. François shuddered as he looked, and moved away hastily from the bed. At the same instant Gabriel started from the wall; his expression altered, his pale cheeks flushed suddenly, as he snatched up the wicker-cased bottle, and poured all the little brandy that was left in it down his grandfather's throat. The effect was nearly instantaneous; the sinking vital forces rallied desperately. The old man's eyes opened again, wandered round the room, then fixed themselves intently on François, as he stood near the fire. Trying and terrible as his position was at that moment, Gabriel still retained self-possession enough to whisper a few words in Rose's ear. "Go back again into the bedroom, and take the children with you," he said. "We may have something to speak about which you had better not hear."

"Son Gabriel, your grandfather is trembling all over," said François. "If he is dying at all, he is dying of cold: help me to lift him, bed and all, to the hearth."

"No, no! don't let him touch me!" gasped the old man. "Don't let him look at me in that way! Don't let him come near me, Gabriel! Is it his ghost? or is it himself?"

As Gabriel answered, he heard a knocking at the door. His father opened it, and disclosed to view some people from the neighbouring fishing village, who had come — more out of curiosity than sympathy — to inquire whether François and the boy, Pierre, had survived the night. Without asking any one to enter, the

fisherman surlily and shortly answered the various questions addressed to him, standing in his own doorway. While he was thus engaged, Gabriel heard his grandfather muttering vacantly to himself — "Last night — how about last night, grandson? What was I talking about last night? Did I say your father was drowned? Very foolish to say he was drowned, and then see him come back alive again! But it wasn't that — I'm so weak in my head, I can't remember! What was it, Gabriel? Something too horrible to speak of? Is that what you're whispering and trembling about? I said nothing horrible. A crime? Bloodshed? I know nothing of any crime or bloodshed here — I must have been frightened out of my wits to talk in that way! The Merchant's Table? Only a big heap of old stones! What with the storm, and thinking I was going to die, and being afraid about your father, I must have been light-headed. Don't give another thought to that nonsense, Gabriel! I'm better now. We shall all live to laugh at poor grandfather for talking nonsense about crime and bloodshed in his sleep. Ah! poor old man — last night — light-headed — fancies and nonsense of an old man — why don't you laugh at it? I'm laughing — so light-headed — so light —!"

He stopped suddenly. A low cry, partly of terror and partly of pain, escaped him; the look of pining anxiety and imbecile cunning which had distorted his face while he had been speaking, faded from it for ever. He shivered a little — breathed heavily once or twice — then became quite still. Had he died with a falsehood on his lips?

Gabriel looked round, and saw that the cottage-door was closed, and that his father was standing against it. How long he had occupied that position, how many of the old man's last words he had heard, it was impossible to conjecture, but there was a lowering suspicion in his harsh face as he now looked away from the corpse to his son, which made Gabriel shudder; and the first question that he asked, on once more approaching the bedside, was expressed in tones which, quiet as they were, had a fearful meaning in them. "What did your grandfather talk about, last night?" he asked.

Gabriel did not answer. All that he had heard, all that he had seen, all the misery and horror that might yet be to come, had stunned his mind. The unspeakable dangers of his present position were too tremendous to be realised. He could only feel them vaguely as yet in the weary torpor that oppressed his heart: while in every other direction the use of his faculties, physical and mental, seemed to have suddenly and totally abandoned him.

"Is your tongue wounded, son Gabriel, as well as your arm?" his father went on, with a bitter laugh. "I come back to you,

saved by a miracle; and you never speak to me. Would you rather I had died than the old man there? He can't hear you now — why shouldn't you tell me what nonsense he was talking last night? — You won't? I say, you shall!" (He crossed the room and put his back to the door.) "Before either of us leave this place, you shall confess it! You know that my duty to the Church bids me go at once, and tell the priest of your grandfather's death. If I leave that duty unfulfilled, remember it is through your fault! *You* keep me here — for here I stop till I am obeyed. Do you hear that, idiot! Speak! Speak instantly, or you shall repent it to the day of your death! I ask again — what did your grandfather say to you when he was wandering in his mind, last night?"

"He spoke of a crime, committed by another, and guiltily kept secret by him," answered Gabriel slowly and sternly. "And this morning he denied his own words with his last living breath. But last night, if he spoke the truth —"

"The truth!" echoed François. "What truth?" He stopped, his eyes fell, then turned towards the corpse. For a few minutes he stood steadily contemplating it; breathing quickly, and drawing his hand several times across his forehead. Then he faced his son once more. In that short interval he had become in outward appearance a changed man: expression, voice, and manner, all were altered. "Heaven forgive me!" he said, "but I could almost laugh at myself, at this solemn moment, for having spoken and acted just now so much like a fool! Denied his words, did he? Poor old man! they say sense often comes back to light-headed people just before death; and he is a proof of it. The fact is, Gabriel, my own wits must have been a little shaken — and no wonder: — by what I went through last night and what I have come home to this morning. As if you, or anybody, could ever really give serious credit to the wandering speeches of a dying old man! (Where is Rose? Why did you send her away?) I don't wonder at your still looking a little startled, and feeling low in your mind, and all that — for you 've had a trying night of it; trying in every way. He must have been a good deal shaken in his wits, last night, between fears about himself, and fears about me. (To think of my being angry with you, Gabriel, for being a little alarmed — very naturally — by an old man's queer fancies!) Come out, Rose — come out of the bedroom whenever you are tired of it: you must learn sooner or later to look at death calmly. Shake hands, Gabriel; and let us make it up, and say no more about what has passed. You won't? Still angry with me for what I said to you just now? — Ah! you 'll think better about it, by the time I

return. Come out, Rose, we 've no secrets here."

"Where are you going to?" asked Gabriel, as he saw his father hastily open the door.

"To tell the priest that one of his congregation is dead, and to have the death registered," answered François. "These are *my* duties, and must be performed before I take any rest."

He went out hurriedly, as he said these words. Gabriel almost trembled at himself, when he found that he breathed more freely, that he felt less horribly oppressed both in mind and body, the moment his father's back was turned. Fearful as thought was now, it was still a change for the better even to be capable of thinking at all. Was the behaviour of his father compatible with innocence? Could the old man's confused denial of his own words in the morning and in the presence of his son, be set for one instant against the circumstantial confession that he had made during the night, alone with his grandson? These were the terrible questions which Gabriel now asked himself; and which he shrank involuntarily from answering. And yet, that doubt, the solution of which would one way or the other irrevocably affect the whole future of his life, must sooner or later be solved at any hazard! There was but one way of setting it at rest — to go instantly, while his father was absent, and examine the hollow place under "The Merchant's Table." If his grandfather's confession had really been made while he was in possession of his senses, this place (which Gabriel knew to be covered in from wind and weather) had never been visited since the commission of the crime by the perpetrator, or by his unwilling accomplice: though time had destroyed all besides, the hair and the bones of the victim would still be left to bear witness to the truth — if truth had indeed been spoken. As this conviction grew on him, the young man's cheek paled; and he stopped irresolute, half way between the hearth and the door. Then he looked down doubtfully at the corpse on the bed; and then there came upon him, suddenly, a revulsion of feeling. A wild feverish impatience to know the worst without another instant of delay possessed him. Only telling Rose that he should be back soon, and that she must watch by the dead in his absence, he left the cottage at once, without waiting to hear her reply, even without looking back as he closed the door behind him.

There were two tracks to The Merchant's Table. One, the longer of the two, by the coast cliffs; the other across the heath. But this latter path was also, for some little distance, the path which led to the village and the church. He was afraid of attracting his father's attention here, so he took the direction of the coast. At one spot, the track

trended inland, winding round some of the many Druid monuments scattered over the country. This place was on high ground, and commanded a view, at no great distance, of the path leading to the village, just where it branched off from the heathy ridge which ran in the direction of The Merchant's Table. Here Gabriel descried the figure of a man standing with his back towards the coast. This figure was too far off to be identified with absolute certainty; but it looked like, and might well be, François Sarzeau. Whoever he was, the man was evidently uncertain which way he should proceed. When he moved forward it was first to advance several paces towards The Merchant's Table—then he went back again towards the distant cottages and the church. Twice he hesitated thus; the second time pausing long before he appeared finally to take the way that led to the village. Leaving the post of observation among the stones, at which he had instinctively halted for some minutes past, Gabriel now proceeded in his own path. Could this man really be his father? And if it were so, why did François Sarzeau only determine to go to the village where his business lay, after having twice vainly attempted to persevere in taking the exactly opposite direction of The Merchant's Table? Did he really desire to go there? Had he heard the name mentioned, when the old man referred to it in his dying words? And had he failed to summon courage enough to make all safe by removing—? This last question was too horrible to be pursued: Gabriel stifled it affrightedly in his own heart, as he went on.

He reached the great Druid monument, without meeting a living soul on his way. The sun was rising, and the mighty storm-clouds of the night were parting asunder wildly over the whole eastward horizon. The waves still leapt and foamed gloriously; but the gale had sunk to a keen, fresh breeze. As Gabriel looked up, and saw how brightly the promise of a lovely day was written in the heavens, he trembled as he thought of the search which he was now about to make. The sight of the fair fresh sunrise jarred horribly with the suspicions of committed murder that were rankling foully in his heart. But he knew that his errand must be performed, and he nerved himself to go through with it; for he dared not return to the cottage until the mystery had been cleared up at once and for ever.

The Merchant's Table was formed by two huge stones resting horizontally on three others. In the troubled times of more than half a century ago, regular tourists were unknown among the Druid monuments of Brittany; and the entrance to the hollow place under the stones—since often visited by strangers

—was at this time nearly choked up by brambles and weeds. Gabriel's first look at this tangled nook of briars, convinced him that the place had not been entered—perhaps for years by any living being. Without allowing himself to hesitate (for he felt that the slightest delay might be fatal to his resolution) he passed as gently as possible through the brambles, and knelt down at the low, dusky, irregular entrance of the hollow place under the stones.

His heart throbbed violently, his breath almost failed him; but he forced himself to crawl a few feet into the cavity, and then groped with his hand on the ground about him. He touched something! Something which it made his flesh creep to handle; something which he would fain have dropped, but which he grasped tight in spite of himself. He drew back into the outer air and sunshine. Was it a human bone? No! he had been the dupe of his own morbid terror—he had only taken up a fragment of dried wood!

Feeling shame at such self-deception as this, he was about to throw the wood from him before he re-entered the place, when another idea occurred to him. Though it was dimly lighted through one or two chinks in the stones, the far part of the interior of the cavity was still too dusky to admit of perfect examination by the eye, even on a bright sunshiny morning. Observing this, he took out the tinder box and matches, which—like the other inhabitants of the district—he always carried about with him for the purpose of lighting his pipe, determining to use the piece of wood as a torch which might illuminate the darkest corner of the place when he next entered it. Fortunately, the wood had remained so long and had been preserved so dry in its sheltered position, that it caught fire almost as easily as a piece of paper. The moment it was fairly aflame Gabriel went into the cavity—penetrating at once, this time, to its farthest extremity.

He remained among the stones long enough for the wood to burn down nearly to his hand. When he came out, and flung the burning fragment from him, his face was flushed deeply, his eyes sparkled. He leapt carelessly on to the heath, over the bushes through which he had threaded his way so warily but a few minutes before, exclaiming, "I may marry Rose with a clear conscience now—ay, I am the son of as honest a man as there is in Brittany!" He had closely examined the cavity in every corner, and not the slightest sign that any dead body had ever been laid there was visible in the hollow place under The Merchant's Table.

DIRGE.

A FALLEN angel here doth rest:
Deal gently with her, Memory! lest
In after years thou com'st to know
God was more merciful than thou!

She cannot feel the timid peeping
Of loving flowers — the small moss creeping
Over her grave — the quiet weeping
Of saltless dews;
She hears not — she that lies there sleeping,
Whoe'er accuse!

She hears not how the wild winds crave
An entrance to her sheltered grave;
Nor heeds how they bewail and moan,
That one door closed to them alone;

She nothing recks the cold rains' beating,
The swathed turf-sod's icy sheeting,
Nor hears, nor answers she the greeting
Of such cold friends!
Nor more, of summer suns unweeting,
To them attends.

Alas! no season now has power
To charm her for one little hour!
Each change and chance that men oppress
Pass o'er her now impressionless.

She cannot note the gradual merging
Of Night in Day, the Days' quick urging
To longer Weeks; the Weeks' converging
In Months — Months, Years!
On Time's wide sea for ever surging,
Till Heaven nears.

The light is parted from her eye,
The moisture on her lips is dry;
No smile can part them now; no glow
Ever again those cheeks can know.

Harsh world! oh, then, be not thou slow'r
The ugly Past to bury o'er!
Time yet may have some sweets in store
For our poor sister;
Life cast her off; that self-same hour
Death took, and kissed her!

SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

THE American loyalist of seventy-eight years ago, setting out from London in search of a temporary abiding-place or home among the country towns of England, had not proposed to himself an easy task. But he was bent on going through with his enterprise. Reduced from affluence to the practice of a strict economy, he yet imagined that not a few of the social enjoyments of London, without their extravagant cost, might be obtainable in one of our large provincial cities. He thought thus to sweeten that bread of exile which Dante tells us must be always bitter bread; and cheerfully enough, therefore, at four o'clock on a July morning of 1776, took his seat in the early and fast coach for Salisbury, which, after performing the gallant feat of eighty-three miles in fifteen hours, deposited him at the Red Lion in the ancient city at seven o'clock on that July evening.

Dear to every American loyalist in those days had been the old country, and its Church and State; and Mr. Curwen was no exception to the rule. But it is a piece of truth, as well as a line of poetry, that distance lends enchantment to the view; and it happened, on the occasion of this journey to Salisbury, that the ex-Admiralty Judge of New England got so near a view of two very remarkable types or examples of the Church and State of Old England as then existing, that their enchantment passed clean out of them, then and there. He strolled into the fine old cathedral the

morning after his arrival, and heard the dean, with five or six surpliced followers and eight singing boys, mumbling the service to a congregation of "eight as miserable looking wretches as ever entered the doors of a hospital." Yet, wretched as this audience was, it had been *hired to attend;* and on closer examination of the condition of the cathedral itself, was found not at all out of harmony with it. The walls seemed mouldering, the ceiling rotting with centuries of decay, the seats and woodwork everywhere tumbling down. Mr. Curwen bethought him of the English Church militant of old; compared what he now saw to a neglected old soldier out of service, with his regimentals worn threadbare and soiled; and turned on his heel with the indignant remark that "this whole church is so slovenly and dirtily kept that a stranger would judge that these stewards of the Lord's inheritance regarded the revenues more than the repairs of the mansion house." But if such was the shock conveyed to him by want of due repairs in the Church, it was at least equalled by the impression which waited him next morning of repairs as cryingly wanted in the State. He had started early on a visit to Stonehenge, when, about three miles from the city on the right hand, an eminence apparently of an oval figure including about sixty acres was pointed out to him, without a sign upon it of a habitation fit for man; and he was told that while the most populous manufacturing cities had no voice in the legislature of England, the possessor of this mound of grass and ruin had the power to send two members to represent and protect his mere breeches-pocket in that dignified assembly. It was the fine ancient borough of Old Sarum.

But Old Sarum paled an ineffectual fire before the exciting scene that awaited this admirer of English institutions at the last resting point in his journey. He arrived at Exeter, after another spirited ride of ninety miles in seventeen hours, in the midst of a contested election. The seat had been vacated by Mr. Waters; Mr. Baring and Mr. Cholwich were the new competitors for it, in the interests respectively of Church and Corporation; and to the innocent inexperience of Mr. Curwen an astounding scene presented itself. All the public-houses were open to the partizans of either candidate. In some of them were voters locked up, secured by bolts and bars, and watched zealously day and night to secure their free and independent presence at the polling booths. From others, in the very teeth of bars and bolts, voters fetched and secured from great distances by one party had yet been secretly and suddenly "spirited away" by the other, whether or not to re-appear on polling day remained an inscrutable mystery. From morn to dewy eve, corporation-

clerks were creating voters. As the election approached, the constituency had mounted up to fourteen hundred; but of these, two hundred held themselves honourably aloof from the general disgrace, unconcerned whether "Baring or Cholwich be the tool of Administration"; while, secure alike of either tool, the Administration was under pledge, as Mr. Curwen heard on all sides, to contribute five thousand pounds to the expenses of the successful man. In other words, in the sole person of the leading Minister were concentrated, with much saving of trouble and perhaps some of expense, the Coppock, Brown, Beresford, Flewker, and Frail, of those more primitive and less complicated days of corruption. And so the scene went on — "the contest fierce, some wounds and broken heads, but no deaths, and enough to convince me of the deplorable venality of the nation." The winners in this particular venal race, it may be added, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Cholwich and the Corporation, turned out to be Baring and the Church, who came in first by no less than a hundred and one votes; and on the morning of his departure, Mr. Curwen left the whole city of Exeter decked out in blue and purple favours, displaying the Baring device, and actually, as well as metaphorically, drunk with joy. Nor could anything have been happier than that Baring device, whether as an expression of the nature as well as name of the fortunate candidate, or as a compliment of exquisite delicacy at once to the member secured and the minister who had secured him. Enamelled pendant on a blue ribbon appeared a bear with a ring in his nose.

It is not matter of surprise, then, that Mr. Curwen should have carried away with him no very agreeable impression of Exeter. He computes the population as scarcely seven-eighths as numerous as that of his native Boston, but finds as little resemblance in the buildings of the two cities as in the wrinkled features of fourscore and the florid complexion of thirty. He pronounces the streets narrow, ill-paved, and dirty enough to pass into a proverb; if there were any good buildings, they were crowded in a corner, out of sight, — as perhaps the good people were also; for such of them in private as Mr. Curwen saw, he thought proud, unsocial, and solitary, neither conversible nor hospitable. Still there was something to set off against all this, for a man of sociable tastes; as for example, "a theatre, concerts, a coffee-house called Moll's, and an hotel, both in the church-yard, where the London papers are brought four days in the week"; — and such was afterwards the scant success of Mr. Curwen's persevering search for his temporary home, that the day soon came when even Exeter, with all its faults, was "a very Paradise

to Manchester" or any town in the North that he had seen.

Not yet, however, has he seen the North, for, after a brief stay with a friend at Sidmouth, he is next to be found at Bristol. His impression of Bristol was not immediately formed, yet appears to have had sufficient promise in it to bring him back for another trial, on the recommendation of certain friends who had settled there, after a couple of visits to some of the northern towns. For, after brief stay, he went from Bristol, through Newport, Gloucester, Upton, and Worcester, to Birmingham; of which he said at once, as the best observers familiar with both places have since repeatedly said, "it looks more like Boston in its general appearance than any place in England." This disposes him to like Birmingham, though it will not suit him to live there; and what he sees of its manufacturers is also agreeable enough. At the workshops where he went to examine the first rifle he had ever beheld, "and many other pieces of peculiar construction I was a stranger to," he found the master of the concern under contract to supply Government with six hundred rifles for use against the Americans; yet "in principle an anti-ministerialist, as is the whole town." This has a relish of independence that tastes well after Exeter; and he records conversations with Quakers and other residents, whom he declares to be not only "sensible," but "warm Americans, as most of the middling classes are through the kingdom, as far as my experience reaches." And so already the mind of our loyalist friend, purged by the "euphrasy and rue" of its English experience, finds itself so far divested of those violent partialities and likings which had compelled his exile, that he is now quite able, as he describes himself when entertained by "that friendly stranger Mr. Cornelius Fry of Bristol," to pass his time not at all disagreeably in listening to people "talking treason, and justifying American independence."

He returned by way of Tewkesbury to Bristol, which he reached after a nine hours' drive; but it was not till the following year he took up a brief abode there, having first, without success, pursued and completed his search through the northern towns. He tried Lichfield, Derby, Sheffield, Wakefield, Leeds, Huddersfield, and Halifax, taking a post-chaise at the latter, and passing through Rochdale to Manchester. The various trades and manufactures interest and occupy him chiefly in these various towns, and in many instances they are skilfully described; but he makes a general complaint against all the inhabitants that they show a jealousy and suspicion of strangers, and that acquaintance with one manufacturer proved always enough effectually to debar him from intercourse with a second in the same business; while the

difficulty he everywhere experienced in getting admitted to see their works (often quite impracticable, "express prohibition being issued by the masters") appears to have reached its height in Manchester, and to have turned his wrath especially against that thriving and bustling community. He characterises the disposition and manners of this Manchester people as, by their own showing, inhospitable and boorish; says further, that they are remarkable for coarseness of feature, and a quite unintelligible dialect; and, of their dress, that it "savours not much of the London mode in general." What surprised him greatly, moreover, was to find the extraordinary prevalence of Jacobite opinions in the town. His landlady was a Jacobite; he heard Jacobite doctrines everywhere openly professed; and, happening to be there on the twenty-ninth of May, he saw hoisted over numbers of doors at the most respectable houses, large oak boughs to express hopes for another Stuart restoration. Still, amid all that he thus thought ungenial and strange, he perceived also such intimations of energetic movement and self-satisfied activity, that the place seemed actually changing and enlarging before his very eyes. He saw (what nowhere else he saw), "great additions of buildings and streets *daily making*"; in contact everywhere with the old, narrow, irregularly built streets, he saw noble houses in process of erection; and when, a few months later, the disastrous news of Burgoyne's surrender fell like a thunder-clap on England, Mr. Curwen puts it down in his journal, without an expression of surprise, that Manchester was the town that first started up from the blow, offered to raise a thousand men at its own expense to be ready in two months for service in America, and thus lighted up that spirit to which Liverpool next gave eager response, and which in a very few weeks was seen "spreading like a flame from north to south."

Of Liverpool, the commercial character and fame had raised higher expectation than of its neighbour, and the disappointment seems to have been extreme. The docks he admired immensely, thinking them "stupendously grand"; but he has no better phrase than "disgustful" for everything else in the place. He speaks of the houses, as by a great majority in middling and lower style, few rising above that mark; of the streets, as long, narrow, crooked, and amazingly dirty; of the shops, as inferior to those in other great towns; and of the dress and looks of the people, as more like the inhabitants of Wapping, Shadwell, and Rotherhithe, than those in the neighbourhood of the Exchange or any part of London above the Tower. "During our short abode here," says Mr. Curwen, "we scarcely saw a well-dressed per-

son, nor half-a-dozen gentlemen's carriages." In short, the whole complexion of Liverpool appeared to him nautical and common, "and infinitely below expectation."

Undaunted, notwithstanding, by all his failures hitherto, and hoping still "the reward of a cheap plentiful country to reside in for some time," the American wanderer now proposed to turn his steps to York; but a fellow exile induced him to change his plan, on representation of the number of their fellow countrymen who had already pitched tents in the West; and to the West, with his compatriot, he consented to go back. They passed through Stockport, Macclesfield, Leek, and were very "quietly and genteelly supped and lodged" in the Dog and Duck at Sandon. Thence through Stafford and Wolverhampton, by Bromsgrove and Stourbridge (which instead of a mean, pitiful place, as its avenues seemed to threaten, they describe as a well-built, large, lively, and rich town, having a noble, wide, and convenient street a mile long, with cross streets well paved), they reached Worcester, which Mr. Curwen finds to be a very handsome, well-built city, lively and full of business, having spacious, airy streets, a noble cathedral and elegant modern houses, its shops large and well-filled, and its inhabitants polite and genteel, with "more the air of Londoners than at any place I have seen." Then, from Worcester, travelling by way of Tewkesbury where they stayed the night, past apple orchards of uncommon height and bigness, through fields, pastures, and enclosures singular for their richness and verdure, and with fruit and forest trees on either hand, "in greater abundance, and larger girth and greater height than are to be seen elsewhere in England,"—the American exiles, stopping to dine and see the cathedral at Gloucester (a city which, after Worcester, sorely disappointed them), resumed their drive through roads dirty and rough—past farmers' houses wonderful for their look of slovenliness, and over a soil whose richness they could never sufficiently admire—till they arrived at Bristol.

The welcome that here waited them, their first salute in their temporarily selected home, was hardly complimentary or cordial; for it proceeded from the "virulent tongue of a vixen" in the streets, excited by something that displeased her in their manner or dress, and it "saluted us by the names of *damned American rebels*." They walked on, however, not much moved; and soon after, in the same streets, passed one who seemed a humble pedestrian like themselves, yet who well deserved the interest with which they stopped, turned, and looked earnestly after him. This was "a person dressed in green, with a small round hat flapped

before, very like an English country *gentleman*"; and the Americans knew, from what already they had heard, that under that green dress, small round flapped hat, and country gentleman's bearing, walked quietly along those Bristol streets no less a potentate than the Emperor of Austria, Joseph the Second, not simply interesting to them for his rank, or because he was the son of Maria Theresa and brother to Marie Antoinette, but for many high and striking qualities of his own. He was at this time (1777) performing *incog* the grand tour, including England.

And now, having seen the working of Old England's institutions in a borough contest, the New Englander had the opportunity of observing how these things were managed in the counties; for on the morning after his arrival in Bristol he beheld a triumphant entry of the member just elected for the county of Gloucester; and this proved to be "*the Duke of Beaufort's man*" (his grace's footman it might have been, though it was not), Mr. Chester, who burst into the huzzaing town, amid the ringing of bells and discharging of cannon, attended by a body-guard of some couple of hundred horsemen "clad in new blue coats and breeches, with buff waistcoats, the Duke of Beaufort's hunting garb." The duke himself, touched apparently by a not unbecoming modesty, had privately left the liveried procession just before its arrival in town, and was content with an out-of-the-way corner in a private house, whence himself and his duchess could see the parade and "enjoy his triumph without observation." After which second notable instance of a free election, and of that independence of the Lower House from all influence of the Upper which is so cardinal a theory of the English constitution, Mr. Curwen must not be thought wholly unreasonable or unjust for a belief recorded in the next page of his diary, to the effect that if anything destroys this devoted English people it will be "venality"; — or for an opinion subsequently expressed, that "in the corrupt state of this people, the wheels of Government cannot move an inch without money to grease them"; — or for gravely recording in his journal what he had heard from the owner of a wine vault, that of port wine alone a general election always consumed six thousand hogs heads extra, in addition to the ordinary annual consumption of twenty-four thousand hogsheads; — or even, at last, for pleasantly proposing to write a book that should make confession of his New England visions of Old England and English institutions which daylight had broken and dissolved, under the title of "The Perils and Peregrinations of a Tory or Refugee in quest of Civil Liberty, which the Author fondly imagined was to be enjoyed in higher perfec-

"tion in the Land he travelled "through, than in That he pre-"cipitately abandoned."

But this peregrinations, if not his perils, are drawn for the present to a close; and he has but to sit down and record the result of his "dearly bought experience," his "long, expensive, and not very pleasing tour." It is, briefly, that manufacturing towns are not proper places of residence for idle people, either on account of pleasure or profit; the expenses of living in every such town, however distant from London, being as high almost as in London itself; the spirit of bargaining, moreover, and of taking advantage, running through every line of life in those places; and having especially reached a cruel predominance in the North. Not that the good old gentleman felt he should escape all this, by settling in the West; but he had satisfied himself on the whole that the West was "a quarter of greater plenty and less expense," and a majority of his fellow refugees had already taken up residence there. As many as eighteen were in Bristol alone; and that he counted upon these as his chief society may be inferred from the fact, that he notes as worthy of record the circumstance of his having had "an hour's conversation with a stranger on 'Change, a rare event, people in England being greatly indisposed to join with unknown persons." He goes on to make certain exceptions, indeed, which it is evident do not include himself, in the observation that the Bristolians are notorious for early enquiries in the character of all strangers, from commercial motives; and for soon fastening on everybody worth making a property of, if practicable; all others, of how great estimation soever, being in general neglected. In short, says Mr. Curwen plainly, "This city is remarkable for sharp dealings; and hence the proverb, *One Jew is equal to two Genoese, one Bristolian to two Jews.*" To all which it may be well to add, at the same time, that in the matter of himself and his real or fancied sufferings and wrongs, the diarist's authority is not to be taken more implicitly than the common understanding in such a case would suggest. Nothing is so frequent in the diary, for instance, as lamentations for old age, whose infirmities every day would appear to be increasing, and making more and more hard to bear; yet in close connexion with one of the most pathetic of these complaints, uttered in most doleful strain soon after the writer was lodged in Bristol, and when he was sixty-three years old, the reader's spirits are suddenly raised by the following memorandum. "*Oct.* 21. Rose at six o'clock, and went a coursing with two greyhounds and a spaniel for hares. Started one, and left her in a turnip-field; returned about two o'clock, not greatly fatigued, after a ramble of fif-

teen miles over hedge-fences, ditches, &c."

Nor is this a mere casual indication of activity and the power of bearing fatigue. It expresses the habit of the man. During the long journeyings to which reference has been made, the mere movement from place to place has been the least part of the fatigue undergone. Whatever any place contains, he must see; if there be any object of interest in the neighbourhood, off he starts on a visit to it. He is never willingly at rest, never comes to a positive stand-still, is still pushing forward where something more may be seen or known. With the passion of a dweller in a new country for all that makes memory and association so pleasant in an old one, he is honourably anxious to examine every spot consecrated by genius or made illustrious by heroism or worth. He goes out of his way to see Redclyffe church at Bristol, not because Chatterton has yet become a name (poor fellow! the earth is still fresh above him in the Shoe Lane pauper burial-ground), but because it contains paintings by Hogarth and the monument of Admiral Penn. After crossing Salisbury Plain to Stonehenge, he takes a turn of seven miles that he may see the classical remains at Lord Pembroke's seat, admire the handy-work of Inigo Jones, and touch with reverence the urn alleged to have held the ashes of Horace. [illegible] he passes through Upton he does not fail to think of Sophia Western, and the little muff that turned Tom Jones's head; and nothing occupies him so much in Wakefield as enquiries after Goldsmith's vicar, a somewhat spurious original for that delightful creation being imposed on him by the worthy inhabitants, who protested it was their own "Parson Johnson" put into a book. Of course he went to Cambridge, and to Oxford; he visited Blenheim and Stowe; and from Birmingham he made rapid diversions to Hagley, with its memories of Pope, and to the Leasowes, still fragrant with Shenstone's homely and kindly poetry. He finds out the house where Marlborough was born, on the road to Axminster; makes a pilgrimage from Exeter to Sir Francis Drake's birthplace; and pleasantly persuades himself that he has seen in Dovedale "the very spot in which Chaucer wrote many of his pieces." Nor has he been in Bristol many hours, after the long and tedious journey which has finally lodged him there, before he sets forth to hear the famous Wesley preach to an immense concourse, "having the heavens for his canopy," when the ungraceful, but plain, intelligible, and earnest speech, the weak and harsh, but passionate voice, of the grand old Methodist, suggest to him an instructive contrast to "the insipid coldness prevalent among the preferment-seeking, amusement-hunting, macaroni parsons, who, to the shame

and dishonour of this age and nation, constitute the bulk of those of the established clergy who possess valuable livings."

Yet, a few evenings later, it was his chance to meet one of the dignitaries of the Establishment deserving a quite different character, from whom he heard opinions of the dispute now raging with America, such as never before had he heard expressed on either side, or in either country. Mr. Curwen drily describes him, as well as the opinions he heard expressed by him, in the remark that he has been sitting in company with "a famous political divine and anti-colonist, who judges the colonies a burden to Great Britain, and presses Administration to cast them off."

The man who held these eccentric opinions was the Dean of Gloucester, Doctor Josiah Tucker; and the reason for his holding them was, that he alone, among the public writers of that day, correctly reasoned on the causes of colonial as well as home prosperity, and what obstructed their further development. He did not dispute the right of England to tax America, and he held the colonists to have been wrong at the outset of the dispute; but he had the courage and foresight to warn his countrymen to desist from any farther struggle, for that political power was not to be increased by the cumbrous and unwieldy retention of ill-governed territory, but by energetic and judicious cultivation of physical resources, commercial interchanges, and intellectual acquirements. He exploded the fallacy of the advantage supposed to be implied in the monopoly of a distant market. A far other and greater market we had created in America, a market of the raw material from which prosperous empires are made; for we had supplied that vast continent with *man*, and with institutions that strengthen and develope manhood, — nor could the inevitable tendency of such be stayed by any human power. Let the separation be only prompt and amicable, and all would be well.

For this, as we see, our intelligent American loyalist denounces him as an "anti-colonist;" and much harder words were applied to him in those days by men who had less excuse for the error. Burke himself, in his impetuous advocacy of America, refused to believe that any man could have formed an opinion in favour of separation except with the dishonest motive of secretly helping the hostility of the court, by making the colonies unpopular with the people. He denounced the Dean of Gloucester, therefore, "as one of those court vermin who would do anything for the sake of a bishoprick;" and was not moved to retract the coarse insinuation even by Tucker's calm and dignified reproof declaring his independence of both parties, and that his opinions had been equally unpalatable to both. Burke's attack,

however, passionate and unthinking as it was, was not, like Bishop Warburton's, treacherous. The bishop assailed the dean through the side of their common calling, and, referring to the commercial arguments by which the case for separation had been urged, described him as a divine with whom religion was a trade, and with whom trade was a religion. "The bishop affects to consider me with contempt," replied the dean, calmly; "to which I say nothing. He has sometimes spoken coarsely of me; to which I replied nothing. He has said that religion is my trade, and trade is my religion. It is quite true that commerce and its connexions have been favourite objects of my attention; and where is the crime? As for religion, I have attended carefully to the duties of my parish; nor have I neglected my cathedral. The world knows something of me as a writer on religious subjects; and I will add, what the world does not know, that I have written near three hundred sermons, and preached them all again and again. My heart is at ease on that score; and my conscience, thank God! does not accuse me."

Such were the penalties then, as they have ever been, and will probably continue to be, attendant on having outstripped contemporary opinion. There was hardly a question on which Dean Tucker was not distinctly in advance of his time. Though a strenuous defender of religion against the infidel attacks which were then so common, he was not less the eager advocate of universal toleration. He wrote against drunkenness, against sports involving cruelty to the brute creation, and against war. Nothing was too grand, nothing too mean, if it affected a single human interest, for the wise word he had to utter. His great argument for trade against territory, in which he warned the sovereigns of Europe that the proper cultivation of the land of their own countries inappreciably exceeded in importance any amount of acquisition of waste land in other countries, was followed by his "earnest and affectionate address to the common people of England on their barbarous custom of cock-throwing on Shrove Tuesday." He was the first to defend the naturalisation of foreigners, to point out the necessity of a union with Ireland, to denounce the impolicy of the existing restraints against interchanges with that country, to resist the taxation which then fell so heavily on the industrious and the poor, to oppose every kind of monopoly whether of corporations or trading companies, to declare the navigation laws a clog upon commerce, to propose a plan for getting rid of slavery, to call for the opening of canals, to point out what advantages would result from the establishment of a warehousing system, to urge the necessity of improvement in the high roads, to cry out against that East India Company in which we

only now begin to detect an injustice too monstrous for continuance or sufficiently ripe for redress, to insist on the wisdom of permitting the free exportation and importation of grain, and to advocate perseveringly in its largest sense free trade among all the nations of the earth. "Ah!" exclaimed Doctor Johnson one day at Thrale's; "another pamphlet by Tucker. The Dean always tells me something which I did not know before." Yet it was but a short time after, that the Dean was burnt in effigy in his native town of Bristol, because something in one of his pamphlets (it was an argument for the naturalisation of the Jew) had given high offence on 'Change, where less tolerance for originality prevailed than in the large heart of Samuel Johnson.

Nevertheless Doctor Tucker lived to see his townsmen make something better than a Guy of him, though of themselves perhaps something worse; for he lived to see a shouting mob unyoke the horses from his carriage, against his remonstrance yoke themselves instead, and draw him into Bristol in triumph. It was a wonderful change, and brought about in a curious way. In those days, the reader will hardly require to be told, there existed in full force a great many egregiously foolish acts of parliament, called diversely acts against *Forestalling, Regrating, Badgering*, and *Engrossing*, but all passed with the same silly purpose of putting senseless restraints on trade, by preventing the merchant or speculator from purchasing corn or other provisions, in market or on their way to market, and selling them again in the same place, or within four miles of it. The professed object was to prevent any unfair enhancement of the prices of provisions; the almost invariable result was to empty the markets of provisions altogether; and never were the magistrates, in their fullness of ignorance, so bent on putting in force the law against Forestalling, as at those times of pinch and pressure when nothing but that very law obstructed relief. A crisis of this kind occurred, and happened to be sorely felt in Bristol, where a scarcity of corn was threatened; whereupon straightway assembled the sapient justices to give immediate effect to the legislation described, and were surprised to see Doctor Tucker assume for the first time his privilege of magistrate, and take his seat on the bench beside them. "Why, gentlemen," said the Dean, "what are you going to do? How can you expect to have any corn at all, *if you mean to punish the only persons perhaps that will bring you any?*" This home-thrust had its effect; and, says a contemporary account of the incident, "the markets were immediately supplied with corn." For the Dean's great principle, pursues the same authority (a writer in a magazine of the time) about trade and commerce is, "that

they will ever find their level; that what commodities are wanted, and can be paid for, will always be had; that a nation will always go to the best and cheapest market for what they have occasion for; and that neither political friendship nor enmity have anything to do with these matters, but that they are regulated by utility and convenience." A very simple and sufficient creed, which it took nearly a hundred years more to make manifest to English statesmen.

Happily the Dean had not to wait so long before his view of the American quarrel received its ample justification. He did not live, indeed, to see that country enlarged and raised by Independence from thirteen colonies to thirty-one, and from three millions to thirty-five millions of population; but his life was spared till sixteen years after the treaty of Paris; and when, on the Duke of Portland's installation at Oxford in the summer of 1793, the Dean of Gloucester, then between eighty and ninety years of age, entered the theatre with his brother doctors, the whole assemblage welcomed with acclamation, on each of the three days of the ceremony, the venerable man whose advice, if timely taken, would have saved the useless bloodshed of more than a hundred thousand of the Saxon race, and an addition to the English debt of more than eighty millions sterling.

And as Mr. Curwen himself was still living at the time, in his native town of Salem, we may perhaps presume that even *he* had grown to be much more tolerant of Dean Tucker and his opinions, as a citizen of the American Republic, than when he first heard them in Bristol as a Loyalist exile and refugee.

THE NORFOLK GRIDIRON.

The palace of the Escurial in Spain is said to have been contrived on the model of a gridiron — the lines of building representing the bars — in honour of St. Lawrence; for, as yet, Cobbet and *his* gridiron were not. St. Nicholas, the patron of fishermen and children in general, and of Great Yarmouth in particular, has no special or legendary connexion with gridirons; and yet Great Yarmouth is one vast gridiron, of which the bars are represented by "Rows," to the number of one hundred and fifty-six. Repel the recollection of a Chester Row, a Paradise Row, or a Rotten Row. A Yarmouth Row is none of these. A row is a long narrow lane or alley, quite straight, or as nearly so as may be, with houses on each side, both of which you can sometimes touch at once with the finger-tips of each hand, by stretching out your arms to their full extent. Now and then the houses overhang, and even join above your head, converting the row, so far, into a sort of tunnel,

or tubular passage. Many and many a picturesque old bit of domestic architecture is to be hunted up amongst the rows. In some rows there is little more than a blank wall for the double boundary. In others, the houses retreat into tiny square courts, where washing and clear-starching are done, and wonderful nasturtiums and scarlet-runners are reared from green boxes, filled with that scarce commodity, vegetable mould. Most of the rows are paved with pebbles from the beach; and, strange to say, these narrow gangways are traversed by horses and carts which are built for this special service, and which have been the cause of serious misunderstandings amongst antiquaries, as to whether they were, or were not, modelled after the chariots of Roman invaders. Of course, if two carts were to meet in the middle of a row, one of the two must either go back to the end again, or pass over the other one, like goats upon a single-file ledge of precipice. The straightness of the passage usually obviates this alternative. A few rows are well paved throughout with flagstone; carts are not allowed to enter them, and foot passengers prefer them to the pebbly pathways. Hence they are the chosen locality of numerous little shopkeepers. If you want a stout pair of hob-nailed shoes, or a scientifically-oiled dreadnought, or a dozen of bloaters, or a quadrant or compass, or a bunch of turnips the best in the world, or a woollen comforter and nightcap for one end of your person, and worsted overall stockings for the other, or a plate of cold boiled leg of pork stuffed with parsley, or a ready-made waistcoat, with blazing pattern and bright glass buttons — with any of these you can soon be accommodated in one or other of the paved rows. Here, you have a board announcing the luxurious interval during which hot joints are offered to the satisfaction of a salt-water appetite; from twelve till two no one need suffer hunger. There, you behold a valuable oil-painting representing a gentleman taking off his hat to a lady in a row, to intimate how happy he shall be to cut her corns. Elsewhere is the notice over the door that, within, "Live and Boil'd Shrimps are sold BY THE CATCHER." Shrimps unadulterated, caught and sold by the very catcher himself; the original article, and no mistake! Many are the pints of shrimps we have had from thy shrimp-net, O hard-faring catcher, with the motherly wife and chubby-cheeked child, and long may the winds and the waves spare thy cockle-shell boat, to catch thy daily bread and thy quarterly rent!

Some few of the most distinguished and fashionable rows have names to them, but the vulgar multitude are known simply by their numbers — and that only since 1804. Before, it

was Jumbers's Row and Mopus's Row, when Jumbers and Mopus had moved into the street or passed into the churchyard. It was the Rising Sun Row for many a year after the Rising Sun, and all belonging to it, had long since gone to the dogs. From time immemorial there has been a Market Row, in which two people *can* walk arm in arm as they stare at the *élite* of Yarmouth shop windows; and there is a Broad Row, across which, if an Adelphi harlequin could not skip from first floor to first floor, he would get from the management very significant hints about his abilities.

The entire gridiron which constitutes Great Yarmouth is an irregular long square, stretching from north to south. The oddity is, that till 1813 there were no streets across it, namely from east to west, although there are several along it, and no carriage-way through the town, except by cart through the little rows. A cross street at each end of the parallelogram — Fuller's Hill on the north, and Friar's Lane on the south — were both wide apart and inconvenient, causing this goodly watering-place to be more like a rabbit warren or an ant-hill, than a city of men. If otters lived in society, an otter's hole would have been a better comparison, seeing that Yarmouth people take to the water and prey upon fish, as a matter of natural instinct.

A little piece of superstition still prevails amongst these Ichthyophagi — or herring-eaters which can be nothing else than a remnant of the evil eye. On one occasion I purchased of a fish-woman on the beach the first fresh herrings she had sold that season. Their cost amounted to that respectable coin, a shilling, which she considered a much better omen for her than if their equivalent had been merely a few dirty copper penny-pieces. The lady's eyes twinkled; with extreme rapidity she spat on both sides of the pure metal — which of the Georges was thus insulted I cannot say, but am nearly sure it was not Victoria — and hastily concealed it beneath the thick folds of her gown, through the intricacies of which it may be supposed to have at last arrived at the lowest depths, the fourth stomach, of an omnivorous pocket.

And so, in an Arab tent, the favourite child is hidden, and perhaps its face purposely dirtied by the anxious mother, to avert the dangers of the evil eye. The prudential feeling is perfectly intelligible in the midst of the envious world we dwell in. The French maxim *cacher son bonheur*, to conceal one's good fortune, expresses the same apprehension with practical forethought. Boast how lucky you are, how successful you have been, what a happy life you and yours are likely to lead, and a whole gang of less fortunate folks will soon come and throw stones at your happi-

ness. But if you chance to be in the midst of comfort, leading the very life which pleases you best, and fearing nothing so much as a change, give out to the world that you are wretched, and heart-broken, and miserable, and good-for-nothing, and they will leave you quiet, and cease troubling you with their attentions. It is a wise thing now and then to hide one's own advantages, and to spit upon one's self "for luck."

The foundations of Great Yarmouth are built upon herrings. It is they which have enabled the town to stand firm upon the sterile sands. And herrings, if we think of it, are of the greatest importance to this part of England, now that salmon no longer exist there to rival them. The great attention which the Scottish monarchs for a long time directed to the salmon fishery only made fresh-water sailors; whereas the herring fishery has ever been one of the best schools in which to train the genuine British tar and pilot. The grant of various bounties from the British Government have showed its appreciation of this admirable marine discipline. The exploits of Yarmouth beachmen, fishermen, and sailors, the result of nursing in so rude a cradle, would make an interesting volume full of that class of adventure. One instance of courage and promptitude must suffice us here.

On the morning of September 4th, 1852, although the sea did not appear to be very rough at the distance of three or four hundred yards from the shore, the billows which broke over the jetty and the sands were nevertheless very huge and frightful, and unusually heavy. At about ten o'clock, a ship's boat, with three men in her, rowed towards the jetty, for the purpose of landing; but she was suddenly struck by the breakers, lifted up as high as the jetty railing, and in a moment overturned with the men under her. The next wave removed the boat, and discovered the men struggling for life amidst the boiling waters. It was soon apparent that only one of them could swim, though swimming would be of little avail in such a foaming sea as that; and it was impossible for any boat to get to their assistance, because it would be sure to be overturned in a moment, exactly as their own had been. Soon the boat came to the surface, floating bottom upwards, with one man clinging to her; the other two men seemed to be grasping each other in the death struggle. The one who could not swim entangled the other who could, while the waves were buffeting the overturned boat, and the sailor who still was holding fast to it. The bystanders were ejaculating that there was no earthly hope for them, and thought only to aid them by their prayers, when suddenly twenty or thirty brave beachmen ran down, with ropes in their hands, to a spot on the

beach to which they knew the wind and tide would probably drift the drowning men. Instantly five or six of them fastened the ropes round themselves, the others holding on firmly; and although frequently struck down by the waves, they still ran courageously into the sea to the rescue. At the very first dash they grasped and held fast the two men who were clinging together. The other beachmen, who held the ropes, drew them *all* safely to the shore. These two were the captain of the ship, who could not swim, and a stout lad, who could. The beachmen, speedily disengaging themselves from the ropes, and leaving the two men whom they had saved to the care of the others, who assisted their recovery by no very gentle treatment, ran towards the sailor who was still kept up by the boat, which, although repeatedly struck by the waves, fortunately maintained its position, bottom upwards. The boat had now drifted to a considerable distance from the shore; but the beachmen, with great strength and courage, at once reached the poor fellow, who secured the rope round his body, and was finally dragged through the surf, and landed safe and sound. Feats like these are continually performed by the Yarmouth beachmen, without their seeming to think they have done anything very extraordinary.

Such are the works which they constantly do; now judge of the sights which they are ever liable to see, as mementos of the fate which may one day await themselves. During the gales at the beginning of October, 1851, a captain of a steamer encountered, somewhere between Yarmouth and Holland, a vessel which, from its ungainly movements, he knew must be waterlogged, and likely to sink. He therefore steered towards it, for the purpose of saving those on board. On approaching, he observed the master pacing to and fro on his quarter-deck, in apparent unconcern. He took no notice of the shouts that were addressed to him, and seemed quite unconscious of the close neighbourhood of the steamer. None of the crew were visible. They were, perhaps, worn out with pumping, and might have lain down, giving up all further effort as useless; or, in their despair, they might have got to the spirits and made themselves dead drunk, fearing to meet death in a state of consciousness. As the master gave no sign of wishing to accept the assistance offered, the captain of the steamer turned away, intending to leave the vessel to her fate. When he had reached the distance of a quarter of a mile or so, he gave one more look at the sinking craft; and feeling sure, from some awkward and unmistakeable movements, that she must soon founder, he resolved to make a second trial, and turned back again, getting as near to the vessel as he dared.

As before, no notice whatever was taken of the presence of the steamer; but the master continued pacing backwards and forwards, as one might do quietly and idly in one's study. In a few minutes the ship gave a shiver and a struggle, and went down headforemost, like a duck taking a dip and a dive, as foundering ships mostly do. It is nothing very strange to tell, but must have been strange indeed to witness! It must have been frightful; far more so than the inevitable loss of life. If the master and crew were prevented from using the opportunity of a rescue, in consequence of having yielded to the intoxication suggested by despair, it shows the folly (the immorality — say, wickedness — is acknowledged) of such cowardice. While there is life, there is hope; and there ought to be a battle for life, to the last gasp. Let those who think this sentence harsh, read the account of the Wreck of the Tweed, published by the Christian Knowledge Society; or let them refer to the Norfolk newspapers for the record of the heroic exertions of a Yarmouth man, who was seventeen hours, I think, floating and swimming in the sea, till at last he was safely stranded on Corton beach, and restored to his dispairing family. The ordinary annual rate of deaths at sea is fearful enough; the extraordinary cases are overwhelming to the mind. "In 1554 was a dreadful gale of wind. Fifty sail of ships lost on this coast in one day and night, and their crews perished!" Such are the calamities that sometimes happen "off" the Norfolk Gridiron.

AGROUND UP THE GANGES.

During the annual overflow of the Ganges, in the year 1838, one of the East India Company's steam vessels grounded at the village of Damadapore, a little beyond Dinapore, on her passage from Calcutta to Allahabad, with a flat in tow.

The manner of her grounding: — She was a victim to the thirst after "short cuts" by which so many noble vessels have been led to destruction. At Damadapore the river Ganges bends considerably, and when the Megna (that was the name of the vessel) reached that place, the land was flooded by the rains. Although the water had begun then to subside, the Captain thought that he could make a short cut across, by the overland route, to avoid following the twist of the river. So he tried his luck at a quick passage; and, luck failing him, when he had got about a mile and a quarter from the river bed the vessel struck. The water was then falling very fast, the flat in tow had cast off where the steamer grounded, and found her way back again to the river without getting aground. Three days after this the water had fallen so much, that the ship was

high and dry. She had struck upon a rising mound of earth, the only bit of danger in her way, for if she had avoided this she would have made her short cut safely.

What was to be done? Fearing that they should have to remain in the same spot till the next year's overflow, the people of the ship sent the flat down to Dinapore, to communicate with the resident engineer of that place, who shortly afterwards went on a visit to the scene of the disaster. He thought it possible to launch the vessel by means of placing her in a cradle on ways. The captain coincided. They both went down again to Dinapore. When there they wrote to the authorities at Calcutta for permission to attempt the enterprise. Permission soon arrived, and they had power to proceed as they thought best.

How I came to be mixed up in this business: — In consequence of the above, I gave up the charge of the Honourable Company's steamer Soanso, to which vessel I had been attached for sixteen months, and proceeded to the scene of action on board the Honourable Company's "flat" Soorena, in which boat I had been ordered a passage to Damadapore. I took with me twenty Lascars, some good Europe eight-inch hawsers (or stout rope), purchase blocks, and other apparatus, and I went for the purpose of assisting in getting the Honourable Company's steamer Megna afloat, which had been left aground in the manner hereinbefore stated, mentioned, and set down.

The flats are built expressly for this service, by Maudsley, Field, and Son, the engineers in London. Their shells are of iron plate; in length they are about one hundred and twenty feet, with fifteen feet beam, and depth of hold about six feet. They are sharp at both ends, with a good run abaft, and steer with a very broad rudder, like the rudders of our barges on the Thames. They are flat bottomed. Beams are placed over the shell for the lower deck, and stout wooden stanchions are fixed upright all round the vessel. Over these beams are placed for the upper deck. The sides, instead of being flanked, are formed of Venetian windows, one in each cabin, and two in the dining cabin, which is in the centre of the vessel, and extends from side to side. There are glass windows, which can be put in when required. They are always in use during the wet and cold seasons, so that the cabins are then made as warm as if the sides were planked.

The flats are steered forward by a wheel, the tiller ropes being led along the sides on the upper deck. On the same deck are placed cow-house, hen-coops, cook-house, &c. Finally, each flat has three slight masts fixed in a trunk to lower down when required, and carries lug sails.

The steamers are constructed

on nearly the same plan; and these flats and steamers are, in my opinion, very comfortable vessels; well adapted to the purpose for which they are built. When I left Calcutta some years ago, there were six of each running between that place and Allahabad, starting from Calcutta twice a month, and several more were setting up in the dockyard. They perform the passage (which is about eight hundred miles, following the course of the river) during the "freshes," in about twenty-eight or thirty days; and, during the other parts of the year, when the rapids are not so violent, in much less time. They are officered by Englishmen, with a crew of twelve Lascars. The steamers, in addition, carry two engine-drivers, and four stokers. The passage money is moderate, and the accommodation to the public is very great; for, by a native boat, it takes between two and three months to go by water to Allahabad. At the present time there are many such vessels running over all the navigable Indian rivers.

My journey to the scene of the disaster: — At noon we started from the Bankshall Ghaut, in tow of the steamer Jumna, and proceeded down the river Hoogly, to go *viâ* the Sunderbunds (a tract of country consisting of that part of the Delta of the Ganges which borders on the sea), between the main-land and the island of Sangor. In this part of the Sunderbunds some of the creeks are so narrow, that the paddle-boxes brush the jungle on each side. Tigers and alligators here abound, and many native wood-cutters are yearly carried off whilst at work at a distance from their boats. Not far from the place where we anchored, a Lascar of one of the steamers was killed by a tiger that swam off in the night from shore, and scrambled up into the vessel. The man had the watch in the forepart of the ship, and went to sleep — so that I dare say the occasion could be improved into a judgment upon him. The poor fellow was destroyed before any assistance could arrive; the captain or mate — I forget which — being awake, heard strange sounds on deck, jumped out immediately, and whilst in the act of going up the companion ladder, was struck down by the paw of the invader. By that time, however, the alarm had become general, the tiger taking fright at the great outcry in the ship, jumped overboard and swam safely ashore.

We kept a good look out that night, and the next morning at daylight we up anchor and steamed on. It is customary always to weigh at daylight and cast anchor at dusk, as the navigation of the river, in many parts, is very intricate; and fresh native pilots are engaged at every station. The first station we arrived at, after a few days, was Commercolly. We also stopped and coaled, and landed pas-

sengers at Rajmahal, Monghyr, Patna, and Dinapore. At Dinapore is stationed a European engineer, who always comes on board the steamers to examine their engines and take care that all is right. When we arrived, however, he was gone up to the Megna. After the due amount of steaming between low lands cultivated with rice, cotton, and indigo, of which the sameness was relieved only by the Rajmahal Hills, on the morning of the twenty-first of November, we arrived in sight of the Megna, high and dry, at Damadapore.

How we launched the Megna: — At about ten A. M. I landed with my men and stores at the bottom of a small creek, running up about a quarter of a mile towards the vessel; there was a high bank on the left completely shutting out the view of the river. I walked up to the vessel, and was introduced to the commander and officers, who expected and were glad to see me, because the assistance I had brought was much required.

A cradle had been already constructed of teak, and there had been prepared four hundred feet of ways, in pieces of from twenty to twenty-five feet in length, besides cross pieces and blocks of wood for laying the ways on. Over this preparation some time had of course been spent; when ready everything had been shipped in native boats and towed up to the Megna by one of the steamers that had arrived from Calcutta.

In about a month from the date of the disaster all the materials were got up, but there was a dearth of ropes to reeve for tackles. The flood had by that time quite retired, and the Ganges had resumed its natural appearance. There remained only a narrow creek that ran up to the spot where the Megna was lying; the ground here being rather hollow, the water had remained. It was at the entrance of the creek five feet in depth, shoaling to nothing, and decreasing daily. The ship was distant from the river not more than a quarter of a mile on her lar-board side, but as she could not be slewed round to launch in that direction, and lay also in a hollow, there was nothing for it but to hand her back by the same way that she had come. After a great deal of difficulty, the ground being very soft, the men had succeeded in lifting the steamer, by means of jack screws and levers, blocking her up as they hove. The ground had then been levelled under her, and the ways laid; on them a cradle had been placed, and the vessel had been lowered down on it. When she first took the cradle her weight sunk her down several inches, the ways not being sufficiently blocked up. This of course made it very difficult afterwards to get her off, as it became necessary to drag her up hill into the rest of the ways. However, when I arrived, the Honourable Company's engineer, officers and men had succeeded

in getting the Megna back towards the river some three hundred feet; they had, in fact, made one launch.

By that time the ground had become quite dry, and the weather cold; the vessel had been ashore nearly two months. At first it had been difficult to procure labourers, because very few of the natives would come out to work; but, through the kindness of a native prince named Bucter Pondee, who lived at a short distance from the launch, we soon procured as many workmen as were necessary. The vessel appeared to be quite straight, not at all turned or altered in her form, although much strain had been used in raising her, and none of the machinery had been taken out, the paddle-boards only being taken off and put out of the way. Our party of heads consisted of the captain, mate, and myself, who with two engineers in alliance lived on board; but the hands were encamped near the vessel in tents made out of her sails.

The way we launched the steamer: — She stood in the cradle on ways to her own length, and we had in addition three hundred feet more, thus moving her every launch a little more than three hundred feet. The ground being uneven, we frequently had either to cut through it to the height of her paddle-box, or to raise the ways to the proper level by filling up the hollows with mould taken from the cuttings. These ways were laid in the same manner as those used in shipwrights' yards, on a very gentle slope. We could not afford much, for we should have made bad worse, if we had brought the vessel down to a point below the surface of the river. When all the ways were laid, well greased, and black-leaded, the launch was performed by passing the chain-cable round the vessel, triced up to her sides. Her two anchors were buried in a trench, with a large beam laid in it for the lower arms to take. The stocks lying level on the ground, the upper arms, being partly above ground, were backed by another anchor, a chain passing from both the foremost anchor's arms diagonally to the ring of the after anchor. To the chain-cable at the stern of the vessel (for we were launching stern-foremost) two large three-fold purchase blocks were lashed, and one to each of the rings of the large anchors. Through these we rove eight-inch Europe hawsers, with three-inch luffs on them, hooked to the aftermost anchor; then a large jack screw was placed up under the stem. When all was ready the falls were manned by about two hundred men on each, and the screw hove on to a joist in starting her; the men hauling at the same time the screw was turned. The steamer would start on end from ten to fifteen feet each time, sometimes more, and the screw was always shifted

every time she was moved. When during each launch we had got half way down the whole length of the ways, all the anchors were taken up and removed further down and reburied. After overhauling the tackles, &c., we proceeded as before. It generally took us four hours to launch her the whole three hundred yards. The next day all the ways she had passed over were taken up again, to be laid down astern. We generally, when the ground was pretty level, laid the ways, launched, and took them up again in six or seven days. When we had to cut through high ground it took us more than twice that time. On launching days we employed about four hundred men, and on the other days, while preparing, about half the number.

How the men were paid: — The method of paying the people (which we had to do every evening) was as follows: In the morning when they came they were formed into four lines, and the captain and I took each of us a basket filled with small paper tickets, with the ship's name written on them. We then passed through the lines, giving each man a ticket, and if this ticket was not produced in the evening he lost his pay. They were then all set to work, and overlooked by the captain, mate, and myself. The engineers, having left everything to us, a few days after my arrival had returned to Dinapore. The men had an hour at noon for their dinner, and at dusk assembled to be paid. The captain then took his chair close by the vessel, with a large basket of copper coin before him. I sat opposite, holding my basket ready to take tickets, and we had a guard about us to keep off the pressure of the crowd. The first man being let into the circle came to me, and having given me his ticket, went over to the captain, who handed him six pice — about twopence halfpenny in English money. In this manner all in turn received their pay. We generally found it more than an hour's work to pay all, and sometimes after working later than usual, on launching days, when the number of men was doubled, the rush of the people attempting to get first within the circle was tremendous. Guard, captain, and ticket-taker were then frequently capsized, and rolled into a heap.

Our comforts: — We were very badly off for provisions up the Ganges (I speak gastronomically) for the natives either could not or would not supply us. We occasionally purchased a pig, fattened him up for a week or so, and then killed and corned him for our future use. We also made churpatties from flour, and eat them instead of bread, of which we could get none. We occasionally got a fowl or two, and shot game, which abounded, when we got a leisure hour. The weather being cold, and the nights frosty, we did not greatly

care about it. The country in our neighbourhood was flat, with large cotton plantations close to us; in fact, we had to cut through one of them.

By way of evening amusement we shot the jackalls and hyænas, that after a launch, came in great numbers from the adjacent jungles, to lick up the grease left on the ways. On Christmas Day our work was nearly over, and we hoped to get the ship afloat by the New Year. On that day we had a visit from the officers and passengers of one of the flats on their way down to Calcutta; and, during the whole of the time of our stay, we were frequently visited by passengers passing up and down the river in boats, who wondered duly at the undertaking. Our friend, Prince Bucter Pondee, generally paid us a visit once a week, always coming on his elephant, attended by a princely suite. He was a stout, powerful man — a proper man to ride an elephant — and very good-natured. He made a picturesque addition to our busy group.

We did not end our work on New Year's Day. I think it was on the twenty-eighth of January that all was prepared for the last launch; the Megna was then distant about two hundred feet from the water in the creek. The ground being in that part of her course particularly soft and muddy, it was not able to support the weight of the vessel; so we cut, and laid down a great quantity of green bamboos as level as possible, to help to support the ways up. The anchors were then laid down on the opposite side of the creek, as during the whole progress of launching. We had gradually brought the vessel to a suitable position, by slightly curving the ways, for if we had launched in a straight line, the vessel's stern would have looked right down the creek; and consequently we should not have been able to have laid our anchors down in the solid ground, our small anchors would have come home in the mud of the river, without starting her an inch, and all our labour would have been lost. At about three P. M. on the above-mentioned day we launched the Megna once more into the river Ganges without any trouble, and then tracked her down the stream about a quarter of a mile below the creek, and secured her alongside the shore in safety for the night. During the next week we were busily engaged in collecting the materials, and stowing them away in native boats, ready for starting. On the morning of the first of February Prince Bucter Pondee came on board to pay his farewell visit. At noon, all being ready, we cast off from the bank of the river, and with three native boats in tow, put on the engines at full speed for Dinapore, on the way to Calcutta, heartily saluted by the cheers of our late workmen and of all the natives who had come to see us

off. So Government was spared the trouble of laying up the steamer for a year, till the next flood; and in three months the launching of the Megna was completed by the force of Saxon heads and Indian hands.

Moral. — When any man — young man, or old man — gets his ship, no matter what ship, grounded — as we all have ships that run aground sometimes, especially when we attempt short cuts — let him not wait for the next flood, like a lazy fellow, but set himself to work at once, and persevere until he hauls her back by his own strength of wit and will into deep water.

HOME FOR HOMELESS WOMEN.

Five years and a half ago, certain ladies, grieved to think that numbers of their own sex were wandering about the streets in degradation, passing through and through the prisons all their lives, or hopelessly perishing in other ways, resolved to try the experiment on a limited scale of a Home for the reclamation and emigration of women. As it was clear to them that there could be little or no hope in this country for the greater part of those who might become the objects of their charity, they determined to receive into their Home, only those who distinctly accepted this condition: That they came there to be ultimately sent abroad, (whither, was at the discretion of the ladies); and that they also came there, to remain for such length of time as might, according to the circumstances of each individual case, be considered necessary as a term of probation, and for instruction in the means of obtaining an honest livelihood. The object of the Home was twofold. First, to replace young women who had already lost their characters and lapsed into guilt, in a situation of hope. Secondly, to save other young women who were in danger of falling into the like condition, and give them an opportunity of flying from crime when they and it stood face to face.

The projectors of this establishment, in undertaking it, were sustained by nothing but the high object of making some unhappy women a blessing to themselves and others instead of a curse, and raising up among the solitudes of a new world some virtuous homes, much needed there, from the sorrow and ruin of the old. They had no romantic visions or extravagant expectations. They were prepared for many failures and disappointments, and to consider their enterprise rewarded, if they in time succeeded with one third or one half of the cases they received.

As the experience of this small Institution, even under the many disadvantages of a beginning, may be useful and interesting, this article will contain an exact

account of its progress and results.

It was (and is) established in a detached house with a garden. The house was never designed for any such purpose, and is only adapted to it, in being retired and not immediately overlooked. It is capable of containing thirteen inmates besides two Superintendents. Excluding from consideration ten young women now in the house, there have been received in all, since November eighteen hundred and forty seven, fifty-six inmates. They have belonged to no particular class, but have been starving needlewomen of good character, poor needlewomen who have robbed their furnished lodgings, violent girls committed to prison for disturbances in ill-conducted workhouses, poor girls from Ragged Schools, destitute girls who have applied at Police offices for relief, young women from the streets: young women of the same class taken from the prisons after undergoing punishment there as disorderly characters, or for shoplifting, or for thefts from the person: domestic servants who have been seduced, and two young women held to bail for attempting suicide. No class has been favoured more than another; and misfortune and distress are a sufficient introduction. It is not usual to receive women of more than five or six-and-twenty; the average age in the fifty-six cases would probably be about twenty. In some instances there have been great personal attractions; in others, the girls have been very homely and plain. The reception has been wholly irrespective of such sources of interest. Nearly all have been extremely ignorant.

Of these fifty-six cases, seven went away by their own desire during their probation; ten were sent away for misconduct in the Home; seven ran away; three emigrated and relapsed on the passage out; thirty (of whom seven are now married) on their arrival in Australia or elsewhere, entered into good service, acquired a good character, and have done so well ever since as to establish a strong prepossession in favour of others sent out from the same quarter. It will be seen from these figures that the failures are generally discovered in the Home itself, and that the amount of misconduct after the training and emigration, is remarkably small. And it is to be taken into consideration that many cases are admitted into the Home, of which there is, in the outset, very little hope, but which it is not deemed right to exclude from the experiment.

The Home is managed by two Superintendents. The second in order acts under the first, who has from day to day the supreme direction of the family. On the cheerfulness, quickness, good-temper, firmness, and vigilance of these ladies, and on their never

bickering, the successful working of the establishment in a great degree depends. Their position is one of high trust and responsibility, and requires not only an always accumulating experience, but an accurate observation of every character about them. The ladies who established the Home, hold little confidential communication with the inmates, thinking the system better administered when it is undisturbed by individuals. A committee, composed of a few gentlemen of experience, meets once a month to audit the accounts, receive the principal Superintendent's reports, investigate any unusual occurrence, and see all the inmates separately. None but the committee are present as they enter one by one, in order that they may be under no restraint in anything they wish to say. A complaint from any of them is exceedingly uncommon. The history of every inmate, taken down from her own mouth — usually after she has been some little time in the Home — is preserved in a book. She is shown that what she relates of herself she relates in confidence, and does not even communicate to the Superintendents. She is particularly admonished by no means to communicate her history to any of the other inmates: all of whom have in their turns received a similar admonition. And she is encouraged to tell the truth, by having it explained to her that nothing in her story but falsehood, can possibly affect her position in the Home after she has been once admitted.

The work of the Home is thus divided. They rise, both in summer and winter, at six o'clock. Morning prayers and scripture reading take place at a quarter before eight. Breakfast is had immediately afterwards. Dinner at one. Tea at six. Evening prayers are said at half-past eight. The hour of going to bed is nine. Supposing the Home to be full, ten are employed upon the household work; two in the bed-rooms; two in the general living room; two in the Superintendents' rooms; two in the kitchen (who cook); two in the scullery; three at needle-work. Straw-plaiting has been occasionally taught besides. On washing-days, five are employed in the laundry, three of whom are taken from the needle-work, and two are told off from the household work. The nature and order of each girl's work is changed every week, so that she may become practically acquainted with the whole routine of household duties. They take it in turns to bake the bread which is eaten in the house. In every room, every Monday morning, there is hung up, framed and glazed, the names of the girls who are in charge there for the week and who are, consequently, responsible for its neat condition and the proper execution of the work belonging to it. This is found to inspire them with a greater pride in good housewifery, and

a greater sense of shame in the reverse.

The book-education is of a very plain kind, as they have generally much to learn in the commonest domestic duties, and are often singularly inexpert in acquiring them. They read and write, and cypher. School is held every morning at half-past ten (Saturday excepted) for two hours. The Superintendents are the teachers. The times for recreation are half an hour between school-time and dinner, and an hour after dinner; half an hour before tea, and an hour after tea. In the winter, these intervals are usually employed in light fancy work, the making of little presents for their friends, &c. In the fine summer weather they are passed in the garden, where they take exercise, and have their little flower-beds. In the afternoon and evening, they sit all together at needle-work, and some one reads aloud. The books are carefully chosen, but are always interesting.

Saturday is devoted to an extraordinary cleaning up and polishing of the whole establishment, and to the distribution of clean clothes; every inmate arranging and preparing her own. Each girl also takes a bath on Saturday.

On Sundays they go to church in the neighbourhood, some to morning service, some to afternoon service, some to both. They are invariably accompanied by one of the Superintendents. Wearing no uniform and not being dressed alike, they attract little notice out of doors. Their attire is that of respectable plain servants. On Sunday evenings they receive religious instruction from the principal Superintendent. They also receive regular religious instruction from a clergyman on one day in every week, and on two days in every alternate week. They are constantly employed, and always overlooked

They are allowed to be visited under the following restrictions; if by their parents, once in a month; if by other relatives or friends, once in three months. The principal Superintendent is present at all such interviews, and hears the conversation. It is not often found that the girls and their friends have much to say to one another; any display of feeling on these occasions is rare. It is generally observed that the inmates seem rather relieved than otherwise when the interviews are over.

They can write to relatives, or old teachers, or persons known to have been kind to them, once a month on application to the committee. It seldom happens that a girl who has any person in the world to correspond with, fails to take advantage of this opportunity. All letters dispatched from the Home are read and posted by the principal Superintendent. All letters received, are likewise read by the Superintendent; but she does

not open them. Every such letter is opened by the girl to whom it is addressed, who reads it first, in the Superintendent's presence. It never happens that they wish to reserve the contents; they are always anxious to impart them to her immediately. This seems to be one of their chief pleasures in receiving letters.

They make and mend their own clothes, but do not keep them. In many cases they are not for some time to be trusted with such a charge; in other cases, when temper is awakened, the possession of a shawl and bonnet would often lead to an abrupt departure which the unfortunate creature would ever afterwards regret. To distinguish between these cases and others of a more promising nature, would be to make invidious distinctions, than which nothing could be more prejudicial to the Home, as the objects of its care are invariably sensitive and jealous. For these various reasons their clothes are kept under lock and key in a wardrobe room. They have a great pride in the state of their clothes, and the neatness of their persons. Those who have no such pride on their admission, are sure to acquire it.

Formerly, when a girl accepted for admission had clothes of her own to wear, she was allowed to be admitted in them, and they were put by for her; though within the Institution she always wore the clothing it provides. It was found, however, that a girl with a hankering after old companions rather relied on these reserved clothes, and that she put them on with an air, if she went away or were dismissed. They now invariably come, therefore, in clothes belonging to the Home, and bring no other clothing with them. A suit of the commonest apparel has been provided for the next inmate who may leave during her probation, or be sent away; and it is thought that the sight of a girl departing so disgraced, will have a good effect on those who remain. Cases of dismissal or departure are becoming more rare, however, as the Home increases in experience, and no occasion for making the experiment has yet arisen.

When the Home had been opened for some time, it was resolved to adopt a modification of Captain Macconnochie's mark system: so arranging the mark table as to render it difficult for a girl to lose marks under any one of its heads, without also losing under nearly all the others. The mark table is divided into the nine following heads. Truthfulness, Industry, Temper, Propriety of Conduct and Conversation, Temperance, Order, Punctuality, Economy, Cleanliness. The word Temperance is not used in the modern slang acceptation, but in its enlarged meaning as defined by Johnson, from the English of Spenser: "Moderation, patience, calmness, sedateness, moderation of passion."

A separate account for every day is kept with every girl as to each of these items. If her conduct be without objection, she is marked in each column, three — excepting the truthfulness and temperance columns in which, saving under extraordinary circumstances, she is only marked two: the temptation to err in those particulars, being considered low under the circumstances of the life she leads in the Home. If she be particularly deserving under any of the other heads, she is marked the highest number — four. If her deserts be low, she is marked only one, or not marked at all. If her conduct under any head have been, during the day, particularly objectionable, she receives a bad mark (marked in red ink, to distinguish it at a glance from the others) which destroys forty good marks. The value of the good marks is six shillings and sixpence per thousand; the earnings of each girl are withheld until she emigrates, in order to form a little fund for her first subsistence on her disembarkation. The inmates are found, without an exception, to value their marks highly. A bad mark is very infrequent, and occasions great distress in the recipient and great excitement in the community. In case of dismissal or premature departure from the Home, all the previous gain in marks is forfeited. If a girl be ill through no fault of her own, she is marked, during her illness, according to her average marking. But, if she be ill through her own act (as in a recent case, where a girl set herself on fire, through carelessness and a violation of the rules of the house) she is credited with no marks until she is again in a condition to earn them. The usual earnings in a year are about equal to the average wages of the commoner class of domestic servant.

They are usually brought to the Home by the principal Superintendent in a coach. From wheresoever they come, they generally weep on the road, and are silent and depressed. The average term of probation is about a year; longer when the girl is very slow to learn what she is taught. When the time of her emigration arrives, the same lady accompanies her on board ship. They usually go out, three or four together, with a letter of recommendation to some influential person at their destination; sometimes they are placed under the charge of a respectable family of emigrants; sometimes they act as nurses or as servants to individual ladies with children, on board. In these capacities they have given great satisfaction. Their grief at parting from the Superintendent is always strong, and frequently of a heart-rending kind. They are also exceedingly affected by their separation from the Home; usually going round and round the garden first, as if they clung to every tree and shrub in it.

Nevertheless, individual attachments among them are rare, though strong affections have arisen when they have afterwards encountered in distant solitudes. Some touching circumstances have occurred, where unexpected recognitions of this kind have taken place on Sundays in lonely churches to which the various members of the little congregations have repaired from great distances. Some of the girls now married have chosen old companions thus encountered for their bridesmaids, and in their letters have described their delight very pathetically.

A considerable part of the needle-work done in the Home is necessary to its own internal neatness, and the preparation of outfits for the emigrants; especially as many of the inmates know little or nothing of such work, and have it all to learn. But, as they become more dexterous, plain work is taken in, and the proceeds are applied as a fund to defray the cost of outfits. The outfits are always of the simplest kind. Nothing is allowed to be wasted or thrown away in the Home. From the bones, and remnants of food, the girls are taught to make soup for the poor and sick. This at once extends their domestic knowledge, and preserves their sympathy for the distressed.

Some of the experiences, not already mentioned, that have been acquired in the management of the Home are curious, and perhaps deserving of consideration in prisons and other institutions. It has been observed, in taking the histories — especially of the more artful cases — that nothing is so likely to elicit the truth as a perfectly imperturbable face, and an avoidance of any leading question or expression of opinion. Give the narrator the least idea what tone will make her an object of interest, and she will take it directly. Give her none, and she will be driven on the truth, and in most cases will tell it. For similar reasons it is found desirable always to repress stock religious professions and religious phrases; to discourage shows of sentiment, and to make their lives practical and active. "Don't talk about it — do it!" is the motto of the place. The inmates find everywhere about them the same kind discriminating firmness, and the same determination to have no favourite subjects, or favourite objects, of interest! Girls from Ragged Schools are not generally so impressible as reduced girls who have failed to support themselves by hard work, or as women from the streets — probably, because they have suffered less. The poorest of the Ragged School condition, who are odious to approach when first picked up, invariably affect afterwards that their friends are "well off." This psychological curiosity is considered inexplicable. Most of the inmates are depressed at first. At holiday times the more doubt-

ful part of them usually become restless and uncertain; there would also appear to be, usually, a time of considerable restlessness after six or eight months. In any little difficulty, the general feeling is invariably with the establishment and never with the offender. When a girl is discharged for misconduct, she is generally in deep distress, and goes away miserably. The rest will sometimes intercede for her with tears; but it is found that firmness on this and every point, when a decision is once taken, is the most humane course as having a wholesome influence on the greatest number. For this reason, a mere threat of discharge is never on any account resorted to. Two points of management are extremely important; the first, to refer very sparingly to the past; the second, never to treat the inmates as children. They must never be allowed to suppose it possible that they can get the better of the management. Judicious commendation, when it is deserved, has a very salutary influence. It is also found that a serious and urgent entreaty to a girl, to exercise her self-restraint on some point (generally temper) on which her mark-table shows her to be deficient, often has an excellent effect when it is accompanied with such encouragement as, "You know how changed you are since you have been here; you know we have begun to entertain great hopes of you. For God's sake consider! Do not throw away this great chance of your life, by making yourself and everybody around you unhappy — which will oblige us to send you away — but conquer this. Now, try hard for a month, and pray let us have no fault to find with you at the end of that time." Many will make great and successful efforts to control themselves, after such remonstrance. In all cases, the fewest and plainest words are the best. When new to the place, they are found to break and spoil through great carelessness. Patience, and the strictest attention to order and punctuality, will in most cases overcome these discouragements. Nothing else will. They are often rather disposed to quarrel among themselves, particularly in bad weather when their lives are necessarily monotonous and confined; but, on the whole, allowing for their different breeding, they perhaps quarrel less than the average of passengers in the state cabin on a voyage out to India.

As some of the inmates of the Home have to be saved and guarded from themselves more than from any other people, they can scarcely be defended by too many precautions. These precautions are not obtruded upon them, but are strictly observed. Keys are never left about. The garden gate is always kept locked; but the girls take it in turn to act as porteress, overlooked by the second Superintendent. They are proud of

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this trust. Any inmate missing from her usual place for ten minutes would be looked after. Any suspicious circumstance would be quickly and quietly investigated. As no girl makes her own bed, no girl has the opportunity of safely hiding any secret correspondence, or anything else, in it. Each inmate has a separate bed, but there are several beds in a room. The occupants of each room are always arranged with a reference to their several characters and counteracting influences. A girl declaring that she wishes to leave, is not allowed to do so hastily, but is locked in a chamber by herself, to consider of it until next day: when, if she still persist, she is formally discharged. It has never once happened that a girl, however excited, has refused to submit to this restraint.

One of the most remarkable effects of the Home, even in many of the cases where it does not ultimately succeed, is the extraordinary change it produces in the appearance of its inmates. Putting out of the question their look of cleanliness and health (which may be regarded as a physical consequence of their treatment) a refining and humanising alteration is wrought in the expression of the features, and in the whole air of the person, which can scarcely be imagined. Teachers in Ragged Schools have made the observation in reference to young women whom they had previously known well, and for a long time. A very sagacious and observant police magistrate, visiting a girl before her emigration who had been taken from his bar, could detect no likeness in her to the girl he remembered. It is considered doubtful whether, in the majority of the worst cases, the subject would easily be known again at a year's end, among a dozen, by an old companion.

The moral influence of the Home, still applying the remark even to cases of failure, is illustrated in a no less remarkable manner. It has never had any violence done to a chair or a stool. It has never been asked to render any aid to the one lady and her assistant, who are shut up with the thirteen the year round. Bad language is so uncommon, that its utterance is an event. The committee have never heard the least approach to it, or seen anything but submission; though it has often been their task to reprove and dismiss women who have been violently agitated, and unquestionably (for the time) incensed against them. Four of the fugitives have robbed the Institution of some clothes. The rest had no reason on earth for running away in preference to asking to be dismissed, but shame in not remaining.

A specimen or two of cases of success may be interesting.

Case number twenty-seven, was a girl supposed to be of about eighteen, but who had

none but supposititious knowledge of her age, and no knowledge at all of her birth-day. Both her parents had died in her infancy. She had been brought up in the establishment of that amiable victim of popular prejudice, the late Mr. Drouet, of Tooting. It did not appear that she was naturally stupid, but her intellect had been so dulled by neglect that she was in the Home many months before she could be imbued with a thorough understanding that Christmas Day was so called as the birthday of Jesus Christ. But when she acquired this piece of learning, she was amazingly proud of it. She had been apprenticed to a small artificial flower maker with three others. They were all ill-treated, and all seemed to have run away at different times: this girl last: who absconded with an old man, a hawker, who brought "combs and things" to the door for sale. She took what she called "some old clothes" of her mistress with her, and was apprehended with the old man, and they were tried together. He was acquitted; she was found guilty. Her sentence was six months' imprisonment, and, on its expiration, she was received into the Home. She was appallingly ignorant, but most anxious to learn, and contended against her blunted faculties with a consciously slow perseverance. She showed a remarkable capacity for copying writing by the eye alone, without having the least idea of its sound, or what it meant. There seemed to be some analogy between her making letters and her making artificial flowers. She remained in the Home, bearing an excellent character, about a year. On her passage out, she made artificial flowers for the ladies on board, earned money, and was much liked. She obtained a comfortable service as soon as she landed, and is happy and respected. This girl had not a friend in the world, and had never known a natural affection, or formed a natural tie, upon the face of this earth.

Case number thirteen was a half-starved girl of eighteen whose father had died soon after her birth, and who had long eked out a miserable subsistence for herself and a sick mother by doing plain needle-work. At last her mother died in a workhouse, and the needle-work "falling off bit by bit," this girl suffered, for nine months, every extremity of dire distress. Being one night without any food or shelter from the weather, she went to the lodging of a woman who had once lived in the same house with herself and her mother, and asked to be allowed to lie down on the stairs. She was refused, and stole a shawl which she sold for a penny. A fortnight afterwards, being still in a starving and houseless state, she went back to the same woman's, and preferred the same request. Again refused she stole a bible from her, which she sold for

twopence. The theft was immediately discovered, and she was taken as she lay asleep in the casual ward of a workhouse. These facts were distinctly proved upon her trial. She was sentenced to three months imprisonment, and was then admitted into the Home. She had never been corrupted. She remained in the Home, bearing an excellent character, a little more than a year; emigrated; conducted herself uniformly well in a good situation; and is now married.

Case number forty-one was a pretty girl of a quiet and good manner, aged nineteen. She came from a watering place where she had lived with her mother until within a couple of years, when her mother married again and she was considered an incumbrance at a very bad home. She became apprenticed to a dressmaker, who, on account of her staying out beyond the prescribed hours one night when she went with some other young people to a Circus, positively refused to admit her or give her any shelter from the streets. The natural consequences of this unjustifiable behaviour followed. She came to the Home on the recommendation of a clergyman to whom she fortunately applied, when in a state of sickness and misery too deplorable to be even suggested to the reader's imagination. She remained in the Home (with an interval of hospital treatment) upwards of a year and a half, when she was sent abroad. Her character is irreproachable, and she is industrious, happy and full of gratitude.

Case number fifty was a very homely, clumsy, ignorant girl, supposed to be about nineteen, but who again had no knowledge of her birthday. She was taken from a Ragged School; her mother had died when she was a little girl; and her father, marrying again, had turned her out of doors, though her mother-in-law had been kind to her. She had been once in prison for breaking some windows near the Mansion House, "having nowheres as you can think of, to go to." She had never gone wrong otherwise, and particularly wished that "to be wrote down." She was in as dirty and unwholesome a condition, on her admission, as she could well be, but was inconsolable at the idea of losing her hair, until the fortunate suggestion was made that it would grow more luxuriantly after shaving. She then consented, with many tears, to that (in her case) indispensable operation. This deserted and unfortunate creature, after a short period of depression began to brighten, uniformly showed a very honest and truthful nature, and after remaining in the Home a year, has recently emigrated; a thoroughly good plain servant, with every susceptibility for forming a faithful and affectionate attachment to her employers.

Case number fifty-eight was a

girl of nineteen, all but starved through inability to live by needle-work. She had never gone wrong, was gradually brought into a good bodily condition, invariably conducted herself well, and went abroad, rescued and happy.

Case number fifty-one, was a little ragged girl of sixteen or seventeen, as she said; but of very juvenile appearance. She was put to the bar at a Police Office, with two much older women, regular vagrants, for making a disturbance at the workhouse gate on the previous night on being refused relief. She had been a professed tramp for six or seven years, knew of no relation, and had had no friends but one old woman, whose very name she did not appear to be sure of. Her father, a scaffold builder, she had "lost" on London Bridge when she was ten or eleven years old. There appeared little doubt that he had purposely abandoned her, but she had no suspicion of it. She had long been hop-picking in the hop season, and wandering about the country at all seasons, and was unaccustomed to shoes, and had seldom slept in a bed. She answered some searching questions without the least reserve, and not at all in her own favour. Her appearance of destitution was in perfect keeping with her story. This girl was received into the Home. Within a year, there was clinging round the principal Superintendent's neck, on board a ship bound for Australia — in a state of grief at parting that moved the bystanders to tears — a pretty little neat modest useful girl, against whom not a moment's complaint had been made, and who had diligently learnt everything that had been set before her.

Case number fifty-four, a good-looking young woman of two-and-twenty, was first seen in prison under remand on a charge of attempting to commit suicide. Her mother had died before she was two years old, and her father had married again; but she spoke in high and affectionate terms both of her father and her mother-in-law. She had been a travelling maid with an elderly lady, and, on her mistress going to Russia, had returned home to her father's. She had stayed out late one night, in company with a "commissioner" whom she had known abroad, was afraid or ashamed to go home, and so went wrong. Falling lower, and becoming poorer, she became at last acquainted with a ticket-taker at a railway station, who tired of the acquaintance. One night when he had made an appointment (as he had often done before) and, on the plea of inability to leave his duties, had put this girl in a cab, that she might be taken safely home (she seemed to have inspired him with that much enduring regard), she pulled up the window and swallowed two shillings' worth of the essential oil of almonds which she had bought

at a chemist's an hour before. The driver happened to look round when she still had the bottle to her lips, immediately made out the whole story, and had the presence of mind to drive her straight to a hospital, where she remained a month before she was cured. She was in that state of depression in the prison, that it was a matter for grave consideration whether it would be safe to take her into the Home, where, if she were bent upon committing suicide, it would be almost impossible to prevent her. After some talk with her, however, it was decided to receive her. She proved one of the best inmates it has ever had, and remained in it seven months before she emigrated. Her father, who had never seen her since the night of her staying out late, came to see her in the Home, and confirmed these particulars. It is doubtful whether any treatment but that pursued in such an institution would have restored this girl.

Case number fourteen was an extremely pretty girl of twenty, whose mother was married to a second husband—a drunken man who ill-treated his step-daughter. She had been engaged to be married, but had been deceived, and had run away from home in shame, and had been away three years. Within that period, however, she had twice returned home; the first time for six months; the second time for a few days. She had also been in a London hospital. She had also been in the Magdalen: which institution her father-in-law, with a drunkard's inconsistency, had induced her to leave, to attend her mother's funeral—and then ill-treated her as before. She had been once in prison as a disorderly character, and was received from the prison into the Home. Her health was impaired and her experiences had been of a bad kind in a bad quarter of London, but she was still a girl of remarkably engaging and delicate appearance. She remained in the Home, improving rapidly, thirteen months. She was never complained of, and her general deportment was unusually quiet and modest. She emigrated, and is a good, industrious, happy wife.

This article can scarcely be better closed than by the following pretty passage from a letter of one of the married young women.

HONNOURED LADIES,

I have again taken the liberty of writing to you to let you know how I am going on since I last wrote Home for I can never forget that name that still comes fresh to my mind, Honnoured Ladies I received your most kind letter on Tuesday the 21st of May my Mistress was kind enough to bring it over to me she told me that she also had a letter from you and that she should write Home and give you a good account of us. Honnoured Ladies I cannot describe the feelings which I felt on receiving your most kind letter, I first read my letter then I cried but it was with tears of joy, to think you was so kind to write to us Honnoured Ladies I have seen Jane and I showed my letter and she is going write Home, she is living about 36 miles from where I live and her and her

husband are very happy together she has been down to our Town this week and it is the first that we have seen of her since a week after they were married. My Husband is very kind to me and we live very happy and comfortable together we have a nice garden where we grow all that we want we have sown some peas turnips and I helped to do some we have three such nice pigs and we killed one last week he was so fat that he could not see out of his eyes he used to have to sit down to eat and I have got such a nice cat — she peeps over me while I am writing this. My Husband was going out one day, and he heard that cat cry and he fetched her in she was so thin. My tow little birds are gone — one dide and the other flew away now I have got none, get down Cat do. My Husband has built a shed at the side of the house to do any thing for hisself when he coms home from work of a night he tells me that I shall every 9 years com Home if we live so long please God, but I think that he is only making game of me. Honnoured Ladies I can never feel grateful enough for your kindness to me and the kind indulgences which I received at my happy Home, I often wish that I could come Home and see that happy place again once more and all my kind friends which I hope I may one day please God.

No comments or arguments shall be added to swell the length this account has already attained. Our readers will judge for themselves what some of these cases must have soon become, but for the timely interposition of the Home established by the Ladies whose charity is so discreet and so impartial.

RED-HOT BUBBLE-BLOWING.

Noon-and-a-half, or half-past twelve, was much too early an hour to dine. But I had driven eight leagues, seated not in the inside of a carriage, that sharp snowy February morning, and was therefore able to do justice to the long procession of excellent viands which are sure to march deliberately across every French *table d'hôte* which enjoys the patronage of that cruelly and unjustly calumniated class — commercial travellers.

The great puzzle after eating heartily in the middle of the day is, what are you to do with yourself while the bodily man is weighed down with indolence, during the pleasant process of easy digestion? A grand resource is, to look out at the window; so out at the window I began to look. The first object that caught my eye was a cart laden with queer-looking sand. Being an amateur in sand, my curiosity was excited. For I had seen green sands, white sands, blue sands, yellow sands, coarse sands, fine sands, light sands, and heavy sands. But this sand, at the same time that it was not of vulgar texture, was of extraordinary colour. Figure to yourself the thick residue settled at the bottom of a tureen of pea-soup, and you have a sample of the sand in that cart; only you could not for the life of you tell whether the soup had been made with green peas, or with grey peas.

"Tell me, if you please, what is that load of sand for?" was the question which I put to a *commis-voyageur*, whom a fashionable tourist would have disdained to

notice; but who, nevertheless, might be as well-conducted as himself. "What do they do with all that curious sand?"

"Monsieur, they do several things with it; amongst others, you will see, if you look down to your feet, that they use it for the purpose of carpeting this dining-room. But it is employed for a much more important service than that; and I should like you to amuse yourself by trying to guess it."

"Where does the sand come from?"

"From the hills close by, and — if you have a mind for an afternoon walk — by passing hence through the Little Place, stepping down the street of Swordmakers, and then out at the gate of this good town of Arras, merely taking the trouble to follow the path, you will at last discover not only the quarries whence this sand is dug, but also the very satisfactory use which they contrive to make of it."

"I cannot imagine," I replied, musingly, at the same time filling myself a glass of vin de grave from my pint bottle, and tossing it off with a sincere appreciation of its merits.

"You burn, nevertheless," said the provoking bagman, (the French expression in such cases, *vous brulez*, being exactly the same as our own).

"It cannot be possible that the natives of those parts drink one another's healths in glasses full of sand? However, I will go and see."

By this time, the mid-day meal had comfortably settled itself; I started on my pilgrimage, not alone, and the gate of Arras was soon behind me. Next I had to pass through a formidable outwork, which appears on the maps as the Fort de Grace; as if there were anything particularly gracious in either the aspect or performances of bombs and cannon. Emerging out of the Fort de Grace, I found myself proceeding along one of those paved roads, on which, in France, if you once happen to set foot, you never know when you will get off again. This one, decidedly, has no known termination; for, after mounting mysterious hills in which the quarries of sand are hollowed out it darts off straight into the distant space of an endless perspective.

The paved road, bordered by elms planted at regular distances, and lopped into naked poles up to the broom-head which crowns their summits, leads me, before long, to a droll little village, which successively offers to my inspection a church with a short stubby well-crocketed spire, a flour mill, a rushing stream, a flax mill, and a long straight street, in which the inns are as numerous as their signs are strange. There is no fault to be found with "The Descent of the Good Farmer," for it does not imply any depression of the agricultural interest, but simply in-

dicates the hospitable shelter at which the farmer, good or bad, will be welcomed, on getting down or descending from cart or horseback; but think of stopping to eat or drink at "The Double-quick Step," or "*A la Fanfare des Pompiers*," "The Fireman's Flourish!" "*A la bonne Femme*," to call at "The Good Woman," is undoubtedly a considerable temptation to the wayfarer, did not the sign most ungallantly illustrate the name by a horrible portrait of a lady without any head. "*Au point du jour*," or "The Break of Day," suggests the duty of early rising, and equally so of early dram-drinking.

The signs are disregarded and left unvisited, and before me lies a rising ground in which the sand pits are distinctly visible. Downhill, from them, comes a cart laden with their yellow-green produce; and which, turning to the left of the *pavé*, enters a couple of dingy portals. These sombre gates occupy the centre of a long uniform row of cottages, whose principal external feature is soot and grime.

The cart is an omen that the enigma will be solved, and I follow it through the clear obscure of the entrance-way. Once in, I gaze around me, and find that I have wandered into a large open square, the centre of which is occupied by a huge oblong thoroughly-blacked building, from one of the two cupolas on the summit of whose roof, colossal wreaths of smoke are majestically rolling away. The cart disappears in a subterranean passage beneath the mystic edifice, and I hesitate to track it further, without a little assurance that all is right within. For — though not a soul is to be seen passing in and out, and scarcely a sound is to be heard proceeding from it — there are yet some half-closed shutters in front, through which I can see brilliant points of light flashing backwards and forwards, strange shadows flitting hither and thither; and, through whose openings, there escapes a slight, sharp, crackling din, just sufficient to testify that busy life is hard at work behind all this tranquil outside shell.

A trifle of information would be extremely convenient at this crisis. Yonder lies a huge pile of glass bottles, of singular shape and considerable capacity; but whether they are intended to contain imprisoned genii, or are already well-stored with "black spirits and white, red spirits and grey," it is impossible for a foreigner like myself to guess. All I know is, that they are, hereabouts, called *dames-jeannes*, or "Ladies Jane." A couple of mutes are abstractedly surveying them. Can those silent figures speak? Suppose we try.

"I beg of you, Messieurs, tell me how I can contrive to obtain admittance to that great building?"

"Monsieur can obtain admittance by walking along that slope

and opening the door at the end of it. There is no prohibition; and even if there were, a foreigner would not be ill received."

I made a low bow, and proceeded on my way with both surprise and pleasure. Droll!—isn't it? — that the straightforward manner of attaining any end is not always the first which enters one's head! It is most commonly taken for granted that there *must* be all sorts of bush-beatings and round-abouts, if you want the simplest thing in the world. It struck me therefore as a grand discovery, that in cases like this we have only to follow our noses and open a door; instead of intriguing for the favour and permission of some one, or some three or four, who might, perhaps, take care to show what great obligation we were laying ourselves under.

I did open the door; and beheld a spectacle. A band of devotees were holding an excited orgy, in which a considerable amount of method was mingled with a very suspicious state of madness. Were they celebrating an act of fire-worship? Or were they reviving some secret pagan rites in honour of what were once supposed the Four and only Elements of the World? — for fire, air, earth, and water were all conspicuously represented in the ceremony. The performers were exactly a dozen men and boys, alike simply and uniformly clad; a blue cotton jacket and trousers, the everlasting French cap or *casquette*, and a light pair of wooden shoes, being their only garments. Shirts, stockings, and other superfluities were dispensed with. "Did you ever see such a lean set of fellows?" was the first remark I could make to my astonished companion. "Never!" was the prompt reply. "They are as lean as cuckoos;" which is the acmé of French imaginable leanness.

Besides ourselves (who were mere interloping nobodies) and these pale, blue-clad, active, fleshless men, the only other visible figure was a very pretty girl, some twenty years of age, carefully and neatly dressed in peasant costume, with health and good-nature sparkling from her eyes and blushing on her cheeks. She looked like a Hebe that had tripped downstairs into the bowels of Ætna, to have a peep at the labours of the Cyclops, and who was paying for the privilege of her visit by the assuaging of their toil. Such, too, was her office here. What her nectar might be, I cannot tell, as I did not taste it; nor had she the politeness to offer any. But to those who did want it her attentions were assiduous, giving a sip to one, a draught to another, and answering to the appealing eye of a third panting perspiring mortal, by fetching him some liquid of extra-coolness, which she had purposely placed to catch the air rushing in from the half-open shutters. And it was little more than a taste they took each

time. None went to her; but it was she who dispensed the welcome refreshment to them, as they plied their various tasks uninterruptedly. Then she vanished for a quarter of an hour, as if she had started on some other benevolent mission, disappearing in the shade round a dark and dingy corner. And then she tripped back again once more, all fresh and smiling, to convey a drop of cooling fluid to the lips of these lean and thirsty living skeletons.

It requires a little close attention and a quick eye to catch the leading idea of such a scene of orderly confusion and methodised bustle; but, after watching them for an unreasonable time, I think I hit upon the secret of their doings. Before the half-closed shutters, and facing them, stood what seemed to be four altars. Each altar consisted of three parts; to the left, a small table, supporting a large bucket of clear cold water; in the middle, a lower table, with a smooth flat iron top; and to the right, a small square hole, dug in the floor, containing a vase of incombustible earth, or pipe-clay, and edged by an iron pavement, like the top of the mid-altar. Behind the altars, and not far from them, rose a vast shapeless mass of brickwork, whose objects and contents would have been inexplicable, had it not been pierced with four peering window-like holes (corresponding to, and serving for, each one of the four altars), through which a vast mass of fierce and concentrated fire could be discovered to be dreadfully raging within. The rays which darted out from those loop-holes were the double-distilled essence of light and heat. The one which answered to the altar nearest to me, shot forth such a piercing pricking glow and glare, as to parch my skin and blind my eyes with the overpowering whiteness of its intensity. Lucky wert thou, good Fridolin, to escape being thrust into such a burning fiercy hole as that! The torments of thy substitute, however, could not have been of long duration. In one single instant, his vile envious carcase would burst, and blaze, and become a mass of living coal.

In the midst of this detailed apparatus, the rites proceeded unremittingly, ever repeated, and constantly the same. Each altar was served by three persons; — first, the officiating high-priest, or *souffleur*, which may be translated as the blower; next, the *grand garçon*, or big attendant; and lastly, the *gamin*, a Parisian title of honour, which may be rendered as the blackguard boy, or scamp, *blackguard* and *scamp* being understood in a good, rather than in a bad sense; just as it is well known that there exist in France good devils, as well as bad ones.

And now for a revolution; — his mysterious hot-blast establishment is a *verrerie*, or bottle-glass-house. The gamin, taking

the lead in mischief, seizes a bar of iron five or six feet long, and of the thickness of a walking stick, and first, perhaps, dipping his fingers into the bucket-full of water, runs with it to his own proper window in the burning fiery furnace, dips it in, twists it about, and then trips back with a lump of molten fire at its end. He quickly lays the iron rod across the water-bucket, and bathes it, at some distance from the lump of fire, to cool it. A drop or two had fallen into the water with a hiss and a splash. He then respectfully hands the wand, so charged, to his superior, the souffleur. The souffleur rolls the bit of fire on his iron table, till he has brought it to a shape intermediate between a sausage and a pear. Then, clapping one end of the rod to his mouth, he blows fiercely, as if his cheeks would crack, like those of poor King Lear's inhospitable winds. The rod is pierced, and is called a *canne*, being known in England by the denomination of *blow-pipe;* a mouthful of air therefore enters the lump of fire. He rolls and turns it a few times more, and then returns it to the ready gamin. The gamin darts to the fiery wicket, pushes his charge into the blazing interior, withdraws it, and redelivers it to the souffleur. The souffleur throws himself into an energetic attitude, thrusts his red-hot plaything into the earthen pot, or mould, which is fast fixed in one corner of his hole, blows and rolls it till the result satisfies him, raises it aloft in the air in sign of triumph, and with an iron punch pushes down the soft yielding top, till it bears a vast resemblance to the bottom of a wine-bottle. He then, with dignity, hands it to his grand garçon, and has never afterwards anything to do with it, but receives from the gamin a fresh lump of fire to dally with.

The grand garçon proceeds to the furnace; and, with a tap on a shelf, there detaches the would-be bottle from the blow-pipe. The place at which it is broken is very like a neck. The bottle is gently slipped into a little round iron cage at the end of an iron wand, and is once more shown into the inside of the furnace. With another stick of iron the grand garçon picks up a little bit of fire, or red-hot treacle, and with it makes a rim, or band, or cord round the neck. A twist with a pair of pincers finishes the whole; and it actually is at last a real claret bottle, like those that stood upon our dinner-table to-day, with the simple difference of being at a slightly higher temperature. The big attendant delivers his finished article to the gamin, who bears it on high, like a shining cresset, and cuts away with it round the same dark dingy corner, behind which our Hebe makes her exits and her entrances.

A souffleur glaring upon me with an eye which was not malevolent, put the question, in plain French, whether I should like to

have a blow at his pipe. Why not? By all means. So I had the honour of officiating at his altar, and at last produced a specimen of black bottle, which would be refused admission at many fashionable tables. "Try again, monsieur. Better next time." I did try again, and did improve; though, even the improved bottle was a bit of a curiosity, which ought to have a place in some very select bin. But it still remains hidden in the book of fate, what *bon-vivant* is destined to be astonished by that elegant pair of *bourdelaises;* for the gamin carried them straight away with the rest.

And why didn't I set them by to cool, to be brought home in my pocket as souvenirs of the *verrerie?* I might have set them by to cool, but as to bringing them home, that would have been by no means an easy matter — unless you can suggest some method of keeping the inside of the pocket of my paletot, in which they were to travel, at a red heat for four successive days and nights. Every individual bottle is obliged to remain that time in the annealing oven, or it will fly and crack at the least touch and look exactly like a bit of glass gone mad. Only observe how careful the gamins are to warm their iron cage, before they venture to receive a red-hot bottle in it.

This necessity that glass utensils should be subjected to a long and gradual cooling, is a curious fact whose explanation has not, as far as I know, been demonstrated. The fragility of suddenly cooled glass shall be exhibited to you in one single minute. The gamin of the souffleur of whom we have been taking a lesson in glass-blowing, dips his hand into the pail, and fishes out what he calls some *larmes de verre*, or tears of glass, very like the painted tears which you saw on the gravestones in the cemetery, and which (the glass, not the painted tears) are known in England as Prince Rupert's drops. They are small pear-shaped lumps, with a long fine hair-like tail. These drops the gamin presents to us as a mark of friendship. Take the bulb of one of them in your hand; do not be afraid, it will not hurt you. I seize the neck part, break it off short; and snap! — you now hold nothing but a few pinches of greenish powder. The tear of glass has exploded into dust!

We may suppose that this is the result of the shape and arrangement of the elementary atoms, or ultimate crystals of which glass is composed. Suppose them to be cubical, or like so many dice. If they were packed together side by side, and symmetrically, they would bear carriage and retain their places quietly enough. But a box full of dice nicely balanced upon and against each other, corner to corner, or edge to edge, would be disarranged with a rattle at the merest touch. We know that

expansion and contraction, and therefore different arrangements of the component atoms, are produced by heat and cold in all the bodies; and it is possible that the respective position of the atoms of red-hot semi-fluid glass may be something like that of dice placed edge to edge. At most, I only presume to guess.

It is not easy to tire of watching this bold and dexterous industry, although we must own that it makes the eyes ache. We would have staid from that time to this, gazing away without interruption; for fires like the one which was glowing there are not put out, or lighted again, in a violent hurry. The production of bottles goes on continually, throughout the whole twenty-four hours that make up the natural day. There are night souffleurs, grand garçons, and gamins, just as there are members of the same profession with diurnal habits; and we may assume, without great fear of error, that a nice little night Hebe is also there, to fulfil her charitable office of giving drink to the thirsty. But other matters invite our attention, and we are tempted to peep round the mysterious corner.

Whether in tracking a mountain valley, or in wandering through the streets of an unknown city; whether in following the incidents of a truthlike romance, or in looking out for the still stranger events that successively chequer the course of real life — the unseen something which lurks beyond the nearest turning is always that which attracts us onwards. Here, a few steps beyond the row of altars show the solid squareness of the central furnace; and a few paces still further in advance conduct us to a scene the exact duplicate of that we have just quitted. Four more altars, four more triple knots of men, four more peep-holes into the burning abyss, are again vigorously working to the utmost of their strength. The cause of Hebe's disappearances is now explained. She oscillates, with equal swing, between two similar groups of desiccated labourers. Her cooling presence refreshes in turn the opposite hemispheres of a hard-working and fast-perspiring little world.

So, good-day, or good-night to you, my bold band of bottle-glass blowers! Farewell, probably for ever, to Hebe the beneficent. Talk about subjects for pictures out of the heathen and other mythologies! Here is one that beats them all, by its artistic combination of strength, and energy, and earnest purpose, and brilliant light, and strange obscurity of darkness, each element contrasting with the other, and yet bringing into higher relief one single figure of active youth and beauty.

We emerge into the cold blue outer air, the very antithesis of the red glare within. The snow is falling fast, and never did it look so white, as after our eyes

had been wearied with the dull luminosity of the gradually cooling bottles. The communicative mutes waylay us on our exit, and are anxious to know whether they can further increase our stock of knowledge, of course with the understanding that the Englishman has always a franc or two to spare, in return for a little civil attention. We are taken to a house where a horse is grinding away at a single upright millstone, preparing the burnt pipe-clay of which the crucibles are made, and with which the whole interior of the furnace is lined. We are shown the stores of bottles, in numbers which I will not venture to mention; of shades from light sea-green to dark green-black; of sizes from the huge carboy and portly *dame-jeanne* to the *demi-bouteille*, or pint, whose vin-de-grave I finished at dinner; and of shapes representative of two great and enterprising nations, *anglaises* and *bordelaises*, ranged quietly against two opposite walls, without exhibiting the least symptoms of an intention to invade each other's prerogatives. We are shown another busy apartment, where the larger of these hollow vitrifactions are covered with wickerwork from top to toe, to be filled with *genièvre* at the distilleries close by, and then expedited for "America and the Isles;" "the Isles" meaning, in French acceptation, the utmost ends, or Thules of the world.

The mutes then enter a subterranean passage, similar to that in which the sand-cart vanished. We thread its symmetrical intricacies, sometimes in darkness, sometimes in light, sometimes beneath the very shower of fire which rains from the bottom grate of the awful furnace. It is as good as worming discoveries out of the inside of the great pyramid, — and considerably more cheerful work. In one alley is a throng of children come to warm themselves this inclement evening, and to gather their perquisite of fallen cinders. Soon, we stumble on a collection of the materials of which bottle glass is made. Our droll pea-soup sand is, after all, but a minor portion of the mixture. For we have yellow-white sand from Compiègne, cinder ashes, broken glass, kelp, potter's earth, and so on. Further advanced, is a winnowing machine, to dust the ashes into a proper state of fineness. In other respects, the manufacturers are not nice; bottle glass seems all the better for being made of impure matters. Coloured sands are even preferable to white ones, the oxide of iron which tinges them acting most conveniently as a flux. All that need be got rid of from them, are foreign bodies of decided magnitude, as pyrites, stones, and such-like disagreeables. In bottle-glass making, the great thing to be remembered is to make the bottles thick enough and strong enough. France is the land of sparkling wines and effervescent

drinks; and the vessels which contain them must be able to support a considerable outward pressure. Champagne bottles, it appears by experiment, are worthless unless they will bear the weight of a dozen atmospheres imprisoned within them.

The time at last arrives to take a real and final leave. The long one-streeted village is passed; its inviting inns are stoically despised — with the certainty of finding something better in the end; the Fort de Grace is left to repel the enemy, who doesn't come; the gate of Arras entered, the street of Swordmakers traversed, the Little Place diagonally crossed, and the day's amusement comfortably closed by an eight-o'clock supper at the *table-d'hôte*, in company with the suggestive *commis-voyageur;* the crown of the whole being a slumber so sound as not even to be disturbed by dreams of Hebe.

CHLOROFORM.

The recent occurrence of a case of sudden death after the administration of Chloroform in a London hospital reminds us that we are now fairly entitled by the lapse of time to pass a very distinct judgment on the value of this drug as an anæsthetic agent. Since we last gave an account of Chloroform — at a time when the whole subject was comparatively new — a vast mass of experience has been acquired. The case to which we have just referred was the first fatal issue within the practice of the Hospital in which it occurred, although Chloroform had been administered in the establishment to sixteen hundred patients. We propose now to add a few memoranda to our former notice of the subject, in order that the leading facts connected with it may be placed, pretty completely, in the possession of our readers.

The importance of the discovery being placed beyond all chance of dispute, it is worth while to bear in mind the names of those to whom we are indebted for it. From very early times substances have now and then been used to produce sleep and a state of insensibility to pain during operations. Dioscorides and Pliny state that mandrake-root was used by the ancients for that purpose. Augustus II. of Poland was put to sleep by the use of some secret agent, in order that he might the better bear a painful operation, probably upon his foot. It was suggested by Sir Humphrey Davey that the inhalation of nitrous oxide might be used for the destruction of pain during surgical operations. In 1832, a M. Dauriol had operated upon persons made insensible by the use of ether containing sedative substances, hemlock, henbane or stramony. In the spring of 1844, Dr. Smilie operated after the use of ether combined with tincture of opium, but laid

aside the practice through fear of injurious consequences. In the same year, 1844, Mr. Horace Wells, of Connecticut, revived Sir Humphrey Davey's notion of the use of nitrous oxide, and applied it to the extraction of a tooth. It is to be observed, however, that nitrous oxide is by no means a good anæsthetic agent. Mr. Wells says: "Being a resident of Hartford, Connecticut, I proceeded to Boston in December of the same year, in order to present my discovery to the medical faculty." He made known his idea, he says, to Drs. Jackson and Morton, and applying before his experiment to Dr. Jackson for some gas received from Dr. Jackson, not nitrous oxide gas, but ether. In the meantime, Dr. Morton had tried the effects of ether on himself, and on the 30th September 1846, extracted a tooth from a person placed under its influence. Afterwards, at the suggestion of the same gentleman, an arm was amputated under the same circumstances at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

The discovery was communicated to England in a letter from Dr. Bigelow of Boston to Dr. Booth of London, bearing date November 28, 1846. On the nineteenth of the succeeding month, ether was used by Mr. Robinson in the extraction of a tooth, and on the twenty-first of the same month it was first used by Mr. Liston in two more serious cases — the amputation of a thigh, and the extraction of a toe-nail.

The use of ether became general; the instrument-makers tried to strike out a new branch of business (as in such cases they always do) by inventing elaborate, troublesome, and costly machines, full of pipes and stop-cocks; none of which were half so well adapted to the purpose of inhalation as a simple pocket-handkerchief or piece of sponge.

Under an indiscriminate use of ether, several deaths followed: not many months had elapsed before there were nine cases on record of death from the effects of ether, so applied by the surgeon, without reckoning two or three accidents. A reaction began to set in; some gave up the use of the new agent; others attempted to discover the substances that should be as efficient and less dangerous. Many substances were found to be more or less available (all containing carbon), but none were capable of superseding ether until Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, in November, 1847, published the merits of Chloroform to the profession. Experiments had been made with that substance by M. Flourens, the French physiologist, upon animals in the preceding March; but Professor Simpson stands alone as the establisher of Chloroform in the position which it now holds in the medical profession. Its use spread rapidly; no doubt the more rapidly, because Dr. Simpson taught that

it should be applied upon a handkerchief without the use of any apparatus, and his invention was, therefore, spared the heavy clog which had been attached to the use of ether by the instrument makers. Ether as little required machinery of brass and glass as Chloroform; but people fancied that it did. Chloroform was, therefore, at once highly recommended by the ease with which it was to be administered.

The death of Hannah Greener at Newcastle, who had been in great fear of Chloroform, and died in two minutes after its use, first impressed people with the idea that even Chloroform was not to be respired without great precaution. Accidents were however few, and instances of striking benefit almost innumerable: the use of Chloroform spread therefore over Europe, and in the five and a half years that have elapsed since its introduction, the whole number of cases in which it has produced death does not amount to more than fifty, while the number of cases in which life has been saved, by sparing to the system of a sick person the shock often attendant upon a painful operation, are to be numbered certainly by thousands.

This we are now able to prove by tables furnished during the last five years from private and hospital experience. A few figures, however, will suffice. [illegible] deaths after great amputations of the ordinary kind (not painless), calculated for the half-century, were found in the tables collected by Mr. Phillips, relating to hospital and private practice, to be thirty-five per cent. In Dr. Simpson's estimate, calculated from hospitals alone, they were twenty-nine per cent. The per centage, computed from all cases in which an anæsthetic agent had been used, was found to be reduced to twenty-three. After amputations of the thigh the deaths used to be in Paris, according to Malgaigne, sixty-nine in a hundred; in the Edinburgh Infirmary, according to Peacock, forty-nine per cent.; in all practice, according to the general tables of Phillips, forty-four in a hundred; at Glasgow, according to Laurie, thirty-six; in all English and Scottish hospitals, according to Simpson, thirty-eight, while by the use of painless operations, the per centage of mortality has been reduced to twenty-five.

A few deaths directly occasioned by the use of Chloroform or ether are, therefore, no more to be adduced as arguments against the employment of those agents, than a few — or a great many — deaths by railway, are arguments for the complete abolition of the railway system. Chloroform and railways are both blessings to humanity; but it is requisite that they should both be managed carefully. It is a fact very much to the credit of the medical profession that instances of accident by Chloro-

form are so much rarer than railway accidents.

When we before discussed this subject, we mentioned those cases in which especially Chloroform or ether should not be employed; but, we repeat — as it is a kind of information which it is advantageous for the Chloroform-inhaling public to bear well in mind — that the use of such agents is rarely safe in the case of persons suffering under disease of the brain or spinal marrow; of the heart or lungs, having an intermittent pulse; or when they are in a weak and pallid bodily condition. Experience also shows that fatal results have often followed the administration of Chloroform to persons who had exhibited a decisive and unaccountable dread of it. This is a curious fact which we may account for as we please, either by some theory of instinct, or by some superstition of the fore-cast shadow of approaching fate.

THE SECERT OF THE STREAM.

WHEN the silver stars looked down from Heaven
To smile the world to rest,
A woman, from all refuge driven,
Her little babe caress'd,
And thus she sang:

"Sleep within thy mother's arms,
Folded to thy mother's heart,
Folded to the breast that warms
Only from its inward smart,
Only from the pent up flame
Burning fiercely at its core,
Cherished by my loss and shame:
Shall I live to suffer more?
Shall I live to bear the pangs
Of the world's neglect and scorn?
Hark! the distant belfry clangs
Welcome to the coming morn.
Shall I live to see it rise?
Is 't not better far to die?
Shall I gaze upon the skies —
Gaze upon them shamelessly?
Clasp me, babe, around my neck,
Do not fear me for the sobs
That I cannot, cannot check.
Oh! another moment robs
Life of all its painful breath,
Waking us from this sad dream,
E'en the wretched rest in death.
Hark! the murmur of the stream.
Nestle closely, cheek to cheek;
Let us hasten to the wave,
Where is found what we would seek,
Death, oblivion, and a grave."

And the tide rolls on for ever
Of that dark and silent river;
And beneath the wave from sparkling,
'Mid the weeds embowered and darkling,
There they lie near one another,
Youthful child and youthful mother;
And the tide rolls on for ever
Of that swift and silent river.

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"I MAY marry Rose with a clear conscience now!" There are some parts of the world, where it would be drawing no natural picture of human nature to represent a son as believing conscientiously that an offence against life and the laws of hospitality, secretly committed by his father, rendered him, though innocent of all participation in it, unworthy to fulfil his engagement with his affianced wife. Among the simple inhabitants of Gabriel's province, however, such acuteness of con-

scientious sensibility as this was no extraordinary exception to all general rules. Ignorant and superstitious as they might be, the people of Brittany practised the duties of hospitality as devoutly as they practised the duties of the national religion. The presence of the stranger-guest, rich or poor, was a sacred presence at their hearths. His safety was their especial charge — his property their especial responsibility. They might be half-starved, but they were ready to share the last crust with him nevertheless, as they would share it with their own children. Any outrage on the virtue of hospitality, thus born and bred in the people, was viewed by them with universal disgust, and punished by universal execration. This ignominy was uppermost in Gabriel's thoughts by the side of his grandfather's bed; the dread of this worst dishonour, which there was no wiping out, held him speechless before Rose, shamed and horrified him so that he felt unworthy to look her in the face; and when the result of his search at the Merchant's Table proved the absence there of all evidence of the crime spoken of by the old man, the blessed relief, the absorbing triumph of that discovery was expressed entirely in the one thought which had prompted his first joyful words: — He could marry Rose with a clear conscience, for he was the son of an honest man!

When he returned to the cottage, François had not come back. Rose was astonished at the change in Gabriel's manner; even Pierre and the children remarked it. Rest and warmth had by this time so far recovered the younger brother, that he was able to give some account of the perilous adventures of the night at sea. They were still listening to the boy's narrative when François at last returned. It was now Gabriel who held out his hand, and made the first advances towards reconciliation.

To his utter amazement, his father recoiled from him. The variable temper of François had evidently changed completely during his absence at the village. A settled scowl of distrust darkened his face, as he looked at his son. "I never shake hands with people who have once doubted me," he said loudly and irritably; "for I always doubt them for ever after. You are a bad son! You have suspected your father of some infamy that you dare not openly charge him with, on no other testimony than the rambling nonsense of a half-witted, dying old man. Don't speak to me! I won't hear you! An innocent man and a spy are bad company. Go and denounce me, you Judas in disguise! I don't care for your secret or for you. What 's that girl Rose doing here still? Why hasn't she gone home long ago? The priest's coming; we don't want strangers in the house of death. Take her back to the farm-house, and stop

there with her, if you like: nobody wants you here!"

There was something in the manner and look of the speaker, as he uttered these words, so strange, so sinister, so indescribably suggestive of his meaning much more than he said, that Gabriel felt his heart sink within him instantly; and almost at the same moment this fearful question forced itself irresistibly on his mind — might not his father have followed him to The Merchant's Table? Even if he had been desired to speak, he could not have spoken now, while that question and the suspicion that it brought with it were utterly destroying all the re-assuring hopes and convictions of the morning. The mental suffering produced by the sudden change from pleasure to pain in all his thoughts, reacted on him physically. He felt as if he were stifling in the air of the cottage, in the presence of his father; and when Rose hurried on her walking attire, and with a face which alternately flushed and turned pale with every moment, approached the door, he went out with her as hastily as if he had been flying from his home. Never had the fresh air and the free daylight felt like heavenly and guardian influences to him until now!

He could comfort Rose under his father's harshness, he could assure her of his own affection that no earthly influence could change, while they walked together towards the farm-house; but he could do no more. He durst not confide to her the subject that was uppermost in his mind: of all human beings she was the last to whom he could reveal the terrible secret that was festering at his heart. As soon as they got within sight of the farm-house, Gabriel stopped; and, promising to see her again soon, took leave of Rose with assumed ease in his manner and with real despair in his heart. Whatever the poor girl might think of it, he felt, at that moment, that he had not courage to face her father, and hear him talk happily and pleasantly, as his custom was, of Rose's approaching marriage.

Left to himself, Gabriel wandered hither and thither over the open heath, neither knowing nor caring in what direction he turned his steps. The doubts about his father's innocence which had been dissipated by his visit to The Merchant's Table, that father's own language and manner had now revived — had even confirmed, though he dared not yet acknowledge so much to himself. It was terrible enough to be obliged to admit that the result of his morning's search was, after all, not conclusive — that the mystery was in very truth not yet cleared up. The violence of his father's last words of distrust; the extraordinary and indescribable changes in his father's manner while uttering them — what did these things

mean? Guilt or innocence? Again, was it any longer reasonable to doubt the death-bed confession made by his grandfather? Was it not, on the contrary, far more probable that the old man's denial in the morning of his own words at night, had been made under the influence of a panic terror, when his moral consciousness was bewildered, and his intellectual faculties were sinking? — The longer Gabriel thought of these questions, the less competent — possibly also the less willing — he felt to answer them. Should he seek advice from others wiser than he? No: not while the thousandth part of a chance remained that his father was innocent. This thought was still in his mind, when he found himself once more in sight of his home. He was still hesitating near the door, when he saw it opened cautiously. His brother Pierre looked out, and then came running towards him. "Come in, Gabriel; oh, do come in!" said the boy earnestly. "We are afraid to be alone with father. He 's been beating us for talking of you."

Gabriel went in. His father looked up from the hearth where he was sitting, muttered the word "Spy!" and made a gesture of contempt — but did not address a word directly to his son. The hours passed on in silence; afternoon waned into evening, and evening into night; and still he never spoke to any of his children. Soon after it was dark, he went out, and took his net with him — saying that it was better to be alone on the sea than in the house with a spy. When he returned the next morning, there was no change in him. Days passed — weeks, months even elapsed — and still, though his manner insensibly became what it used to be towards his other children, it never altered towards his eldest son. At the rare periods when they now met, except when absolutely obliged to speak, he preserved total silence in his intercourse with Gabriel. He would never take Gabriel out with him in the boat; he would never sit alone with Gabriel in the house; he would never eat a meal with Gabriel; he would never let the other children talk to him about Gabriel; and he would never hear a word in expostulation, a word in reference to anything his dead father had said or done on the night of the storm, from Gabriel himself.

The young man pined and changed so that even Rose hardly knew him again, under this cruel system of domestic excommunication; under the wearing influence of the one unchanging doubt which never left him; and, more than all, under the incessant reproaches of his own conscience, aroused by the sense that he was evading a responsibility which it was his solemn, his immediate duty to undertake. But no sting of conscience, no ill-treatment at home, and no self-reproaches for

failing in his duty of confession, as a good Catholic, were powerful enough in their influence over Gabriel to make him disclose the secret, under the oppression of which his very life was wasting away. He knew that if he once revealed it, whether his father was ultimately proved to be guilty or innocent, there would remain a slur and a suspicion on the family, and on Rose besides from her approaching connexion with it, which in their time and in their generation could never be removed. The reproach of the world is terrible even in the crowded city, where many of the dwellers in our abiding-place are strangers to us — but it is far more terrible in the country, where none near us are strangers, where all talk of us and know of us, where nothing intervenes between us and the tyranny of the evil tongue. Gabriel had not courage to face this, and dare the fearful chance of life-long ignominy — no, not even to serve the sacred interests of justice, of atonement, and of truth.

While he still remained prostrated under the affliction that was wasting his energies of body and mind, Brittany was visited by a great public calamity in which all private misfortunes were overwhelmed for a while. It was now the time when the ever-gathering storm of the French Revolution had risen to its hurricane climax. Those chiefs of the new republic were now in power, whose last, worst madness it was to decree the extinction of religion and the overthrow of everything that outwardly symbolized it, throughout the whole of the country that they governed. Already this decree had been executed to the letter in and around Paris; and now the soldiers of the republic were on their way to Brittany, headed by commanders whose commission was to root out the Christian religion in the last and the surest of the strongholds still left to it in France.

These men began their work in a spirit worthy of the worst of their superiors who had sent them to do it. They gutted churches, they demolished chapels, they overthrew roadside crosses wherever they found them. The terrible guillotine devoured human lives in the villages of Brittany, as it had devoured them in the streets of Paris; the musket and the sword, in highway and byeway, wreaked havoc on the people — even on women and children kneeling in the act of prayer; the priests were tracked night and day from one hiding place where they still offered up worship to another, and were killed as soon as overtaken — every atrocity was committed in every district; but the Christian religion still spread wider than the widest bloodshed; still sprang up with ever-renewed vitality from under the very feet of the men whose vain fury was powerless to trample it down. Everywhere the people remained true to their Faith; everywhere

the priests stood firm by them in their sorest need. The executioners of the republic had been sent to make Brittany a country of apostates: they did their worst, and left it a country of martyrs.

One evening while this frightful persecution was still raging, Gabriel happened to be detained unusually late at the cottage of Rose's father. He had lately spent much of his time at the farm-house: it was his only refuge now from that place of suffering, of silence, and of secret shame, which he had once called home! Just as he had taken leave of Rose for the night, and was about to open the farm-house door, her father stopped him, and pointed to a chair in the chimney corner. "Leave us alone, my dear," said the old man to his daughter; "I want to speak to Gabriel. You can go to your mother, in the next room."

The words which Père Bonan — as he was called by the neighbours — had now to say in private, were destined to lead to very unexpected events. After referring to the alteration which had appeared of late in Gabriel's manner, the old man began by asking him, sorrowfully but not suspiciously, whether he still preserved his old affection for Rose. On receiving an eager answer in the affirmative, Père Bonan then referred to the persecution still raging through the country, and to the consequent possibility that he, like others of his countrymen, might yet be called to suffer and perhaps to die for the cause of his religion. If this last act of self-sacrifice were required of him, Rose would be left unprotected, unless her affianced husband performed his promise to her, and assumed, without delay, the position of her lawful guardian. "Let me know that you will do this," concluded the old man. "I shall be resigned to all that may be required of me, if I can only know that I shall not die leaving Rose unprotected." Gabriel gave the promise — gave it with his whole heart. As he took leave of Père Bonan, the old man said to him: —

"Come here to-morrow; I shall know more then, than I know now — I shall be able to fix with certainty the day for the fulfilment of your engagement with Rose."

Why did Gabriel hesitate at the farm-house door, looking back on Père Bonan as though he would fain say something, and yet not speaking a word? Why, after he had gone out and had walked onward several paces, did he suddenly stop, return quickly to the farm-house, stand irresolute before the gate, and then retrace his steps sighing heavily as he went, but never pausing again on his homeward way? Because the torment of his horrible secret had grown harder to bear than ever, since he had given the promise that had been required of him. Because,

while a strong impulse moved him frankly to lay bare his hidden dread and doubt to the father whose beloved daughter was soon to be his wife, there was a yet stronger passive influence which paralysed on his lips the terrible confession that he knew not whether he was the son of an honest man, or the son of an assassin and a robber. Made desperate by his situation, he determined, while he hastened homeward, to risk the worst and ask that fatal question of his father in plain words. But this supreme trial for parent and child was not to be. When he entered the cottage, François was absent. He had told the younger children that he should not be home again before noon on the next day.

Early in the morning Gabriel repaired to the farm-house, as he had been bidden. Influenced by his love for Rose, blindly confiding in the faint hope (which in despite of heart and conscience he still forced himself to cherish) that his father might be innocent, he now preserved the appearance at least of perfect calmness. "If I tell my secret to Rose's father, I risk disturbing in him that confidence in the future safety of his child, for which I am his present and only warrant" — Something like this thought was in Gabriel's mind, as he took the hand of Père Bonan, and waited anxiously to hear what was required of him on that day.

"We have a short respite from danger, Gabriel," said the old man. "News has come to me that the spoilers of our churches and the murderers of our congregations, have been stopped on their way hitherward by tidings which have reached them from another district. This interval of peace and safety will be a short one — we must take advantage of it while it is yet ours. My name is among the names on the list of the denounced; if the soldiers of the Republic find me here! — but we will say nothing more of this: it is of Rose and of you that I must now speak. On this very evening, your marriage may be solemnised with all the wonted rites of our holy religion, and the blessing may be pronounced over you by the lips of a priest. This evening, therefore, Gabriel, you must become the husband and the protector of Rose. Listen to me attentively, and I will tell you how."

This was the substance of what Gabriel now heard from Père Bonan: —

Not very long before the persecutions broke out in Brittany, a priest, known generally by the name of Father Paul, was appointed to a curacy in one of the northern districts of the province. He fulfilled all the duties of his station in such a manner as to win the confidence and affection of every member of his congregation, and was often spoken of with respect, even in parts of the country distant from the scene of his labours. It was

not, however, until the troubles broke out, and the destruction and bloodshed began, that he became renowned far and wide, from one end of Brittany to another. From the date of the very first persecutions the name of Father Paul was a rallying cry of the hunted peasantry: he was their great encouragement under oppression, their example in danger, their last and only consoler in the hour of death. Wherever havoc and ruin raged most fiercely, wherever the pursuit was hottest and the slaughter most cruel, there the intrepid priest was sure to be seen pursuing his sacred duties in defiance of every peril. His hair-breadth escapes from death; his extraordinary re-appearances in parts of the country where no one ever expected to see him again, were regarded by the poorer classes with superstitious awe. Wherever Father Paul appeared, with his black dress, his calm face, and the ivory crucifix which he always carried in his hand, the people reverenced him as more than mortal; and grew at last to believe that, single-handed, he would successfully defend his religion against the armies of the republic. But their simple confidence in his powers of resistance was soon destined to be shaken. Fresh reinforcements arrived in Brittany, and overran the whole province from one end to the other. One morning, after celebrating service in a dismantled church, and after narrowly escaping with his life from those who pursued him, the priest disappeared. Secret inquiries were made after him in all directions; but he was heard of no more.

Many weary days had passed, and the dispirited peasantry had already mourned him as dead, when some fishermen on the northern coast observed a ship of light burden in the offing, making signals to the shore. They put off to her in their boats; and on reaching the deck saw standing before them the well-remembered figure of Father Paul. He had returned to his congregations; and had founded the new altar that they were to worship at, on the deck of a ship! Razed from the face of the earth, their Church had not been destroyed — for Father Paul and the priests who acted with him had given that Church a refuge on the sea. Henceforth, their children could still be baptized, their sons and daughters could still be married, the burial of their dead could still be solemnized, under the sanction of the old religion for which, not vainly, they had suffered so patiently and so long. Throughout the remaining time of trouble, the services were uninterrupted on board the ship. A code of signals was established by which those on shore were always enabled to direct their brethren at sea towards such parts of the coast as happened to be uninfested by the enemies of their worship.

On the morning of Gabriel's visit to the farm-house, these signals had shaped the course of the ship towards the extremity of the peninsula of Quiberon. The people of the district were all prepared to expect the appearance of the vessel some time in the evening, and had their boats ready at a moment's notice to put off and attend the service. At the conclusion of this service Père Bonan had arranged that the marriage of his daughter and Gabriel was to take place.

They waited for evening at the farm-house. A little before sunset the ship was signalled as in sight; and then Père Bonan and his wife, followed by Gabriel and Rose, set forth over the heath to the beach. With the solitary exception of François Sarzeau, the whole population of the neighbourhood was already assembled there; Gabriel's brother and sisters being among the number. It was the calmest evening that had been known for months. There was not a cloud in the lustrous sky — not a ripple on the still surface of the sea. The smallest children were suffered by their mothers to stray down on the beach as they pleased; for the waves of the great ocean slept as tenderly and noiselessly on their sandy bed, as if they had been changed into the waters of an inland lake. Slow, almost imperceptible, was the approach of the ship — there was hardly a breath of wind to carry her on — she was just drifting gently with the landward set of the tide at that hour, while her sails hung idly against the masts. Long after the sun had gone down, the congregation still waited and watched on the beach. The moon and stars were arrayed in their glory of the night, before the ship dropped anchor. Then the muffled tolling of a bell came solemnly across the quiet waters; and then, from every creek along the shore, as far as the eye could reach, the black forms of the fishermen's boats shot out swift and stealthy into the shining sea.

By the time the boats had arrived alongside of the ship, the lamp had been kindled before the altar, and its flame was gleaming red and dull in the radiant moonlight. Two of the priests on board were clothed in their robes of office, and were waiting in their appointed places to begin the service. But there was a third, dressed only in the ordinary attire of his calling, who mingled with the congregation, and spoke a few words to each of the persons composing it, as, one by one, they mounted the sides of the ship. Those who had never seen him before knew by the famous ivory crucifix in his hand that the priest who received them was Father Paul. Gabriel looked at this man, whom he now beheld for the first time, with a mixture of astonishment and awe; for he saw that the renowned chief of the Christians of Brittany was, to all appearance, but little

older than himself. The expression on the pale calm face of the priest was so gentle and kind, that children just able to walk tottered up to him, and held familiarly by the skirts of his black gown, whenever his clear blue eyes rested on theirs, while he beckoned them to his side. No one would ever have guessed from the countenance of Father Paul what deadly perils he had confronted, but for the scar of a sabre-wound, as yet hardly healed, which ran across his forehead. That wound had been dealt while he was kneeling before the altar, in the last church in Brittany which had escaped spoliation. He would have died where he knelt, but for the peasants who were praying with him, and who, unarmed as they were, threw themselves like tigers on the soldiery, and at awful sacrifice of their own lives saved the life of their priest. There was not a man now on board the ship who would have hesitated, had the occasion called for it again, to have rescued him in the same way.

The service began. Since the days when the primitive Christians worshipped amid the caverns of the earth, can any service be imagined nobler in itself, or sublimer in the circumstances surrounding it, than that which was now offered up? Here was no artificial pomp, no gaudy profusion of ornament, no attendant grandeur of man's creation. All around this church spread the hushed and awful majesty of the tranquil sea. The roof of this cathedral was the immeasurable heaven, the pure moon its one great light, the countless glories of the stars its only adornment. Here were no hired singers or rich priest-princes; no curious sight-seers, or careless lovers of sweet sounds. This congregation and they who had gathered it together, were all poor alike, all persecuted alike, all worshipping alike to the overthrow of their worldly interests, and at the imminent peril of their lives. How brightly and tenderly the moonlight shone upon the altar and the people before it! — how solemnly and divinely the deep harmonies, as they chanted the penitential Psalms, mingled with the hoarse singing of the freshening night-breeze in the rigging of the ship! — how sweetly the still, rushing murmur of many voices, as they uttered the responses together, now died away and now rose again softly into the mysterious night!

Of all the members of the congregation — young or old — there was but one over whom that impressive service exercised no influence of consolation or of peace: that one was Gabriel. Often, throughout the day, his reproaching conscience had spoken within him again and again. Often, when he joined the little assembly on the beach, he turned away his face in secret shame and apprehension from Rose and her father. Vainly, after gaining the

deck of the ship, did he try to meet the eye of Father Paul as frankly, as readily, and as affectionately as others met it. The burden of concealment seemed too heavy to be borne in the presence of the priest — and yet, torment as it was, he still bore it! But when he knelt with the rest of the congregation and saw Rose kneeling by his side — when he felt the calmness of the solemn night and the still sea filling his heart — when the sounds of the first prayers spoke with a dread spiritual language of their own to his soul — then, the remembrance of the confession which he had neglected, and the terror of receiving unprepared the sacrament which he knew would be offered to him — grew too vivid to be endured: the sense that he merited no longer, though once worthy of it, the confidence in his perfect truth and candour placed in him by the woman with whom he was soon to stand before the altar, overwhelmed him with shame: the mere act of kneeling among that congregation, the passive accomplice by his silence and secresy, for aught he knew to the contrary, of a crime which it was his bounden duty to denounce, appalled him as if he had already committed sacrilege that could never be forgiven. Tears flowed down his cheeks, though he strove to repress them: sobs burst from him, though he tried to stifle them. He knew that others besides Rose were looking at him in astonishment and alarm; but he could neither control himself, nor move to leave his place, nor raise his eyes even — until suddenly he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. That touch, slight as it was, ran through him instantly. He looked up, and saw Father Paul standing by his side.

Beckoning to him to follow, and signing to the congregation not to suspend their devotions, he led Gabriel out of the assembly — then paused for a moment, reflecting — then beckoning again, took him into the cabin of the ship, and closed the door carefully.

"You have something on your mind," he said simply and quietly, taking the young man by the hand. "I may be able to relieve you, if you tell me what it is."

As Gabriel heard these gentle words, and saw, by the light of a lamp which burnt before a cross fixed against the wall, the sad kindness of expression with which the priest was regarding him, the oppression that had lain so long on his heart seemed to leave it in an instant. The haunting fear of ever divulging his fatal suspicions and his fatal secret had vanished, as it were, at the touch of Father Paul's hand. For the first time, he now repeated to another ear — the sounds of prayer and praise rising grandly the while from the congregation above — his grandfather's death-bed confession, word for word almost, as he had heard it in

the cottage on the night of the storm.

Once, and once only, did Father Paul interrupt the narrative, which in whispers was addressed to him. Gabriel had hardly repeated the first two or three sentences of his grandfather's confession, when the priest, in quick altered tones, abruptly asked him his name and place of abode. As the question was answered, Father Paul's calm face became suddenly agitated; but the next moment, resolutely resuming his self-possession, he bowed his head, as a sign that Gabriel was to continue; clasped his trembling hands, and raising them as if in silent prayer, fixed his eyes intently on the cross. He never looked away from it while the terrible narrative proceeded. But when Gabriel described his search at The Merchant's Table; and, referring to his father's behaviour since that time, appealed to the priest to know whether he might, even yet, in defiance of appearances, be still filially justified in doubting whether the crime had really been perpetrated — then Father Paul moved near to him once more, and spoke again.

"Compose yourself, and look at me," he said, with all and more than all his former sad kindness of voice and manner. "I can end your doubts for ever. Gabriel, your father was guilty in intention and in act; but the victim of his crime still lives. I can prove it."

Gabriel's heart beat wildly; a deadly coldness crept over him, as he saw Father Paul loosen the fastening of his cassock round the throat. At that instant the chanting of the congregation above ceased; and then, the sudden and awful stillness was deepened rather than interrupted by the faint sound of one voice praying. Slowly and with trembling fingers the priest removed the band round his neck—paused a little — sighed heavily — and pointed to a scar which was now plainly visible on one side of his throat. He said something, at the same time; but the bell above tolled while he spoke. It was the signal of the elevation of the Host. Gabriel felt an arm passed round him, guiding him to his knees, and sustaining him from sinking to the floor. For one moment longer he was conscious that the bell had stopped, that there was dead silence, that Father Paul was kneeling by him beneath the cross, with bowed head — then all objects around vanished; and he saw and knew nothing more.

When he recovered his senses, he was still in the cabin — the man whose life his father had attempted was bending over him, and sprinkling water on his face — and the clear voices of the women and children of the congregation were joining the voices of the men in singing the *Agnus Dei*.

"Look up at me without fear, Gabriel," said the priest. "I

desire not to avenge injuries: I visit not the sins of the father on the child. Look up, and listen! I have strange things to speak of; and I have a sacred mission to fulfil before the morning, in which you must be my guide."

Gabriel attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, but Father Paul stopped him, and said, pointing to the cross: "Kneel to that — not to me: not to your fellow-mortal, and your friend — for I will be your friend, Gabriel; believing that God's mercy has ordered it so. And now listen to me," he proceeded, with a brotherly tenderness in his manner which went to Gabriel's heart. "The service is nearly ended. What I have to tell you must be told at once; the errand on which you will guide me must be performed before to-morrow dawns. Sit here near me; and attend to what I now say!"

Gabriel obeyed: Father Paul then proceeded thus: —

"I believe the confession made to you by your grandfather to have been true in every particular. On the evening to which he referred you, I approached your cottage, as he said, for the purpose of asking shelter for the night. At that period, I had been studying hard to qualify myself for the holy calling which I now pursue; and, on the completion of my studies, had indulged in the recreation of a tour on foot through Brittany, by way of innocently and agreeably occupying the leisure time then at my disposal, before I entered the priesthood. When I accosted your father, I had lost my way, had been walking for many hours, and was glad of any rest that I could get for the night. It is unnecessary to pain you now, by reference to the events which followed my entrance under your father's roof. I remember nothing that happened from the time when I laid down to sleep before the fire, until the time when I recovered my senses at the place which you call The Merchant's Table. My first sensation was that of being moved into the cold air: when I opened my eyes I saw the great Druid stones rising close above me, and two men on either side of me rifling my pockets. They found nothing valuable there, and were about to leave me where I lay, when I gathered strength enough to appeal to their mercy through their cupidity. Money was not scarce with me then, and I was able to offer them a rich reward (which they ultimately received as I had promised) if they would take me to any place where I could get shelter and medical help. I suppose they inferred by my language and accent — perhaps also by the linen I wore, which they examined closely — that I belonged to the higher ranks of the community, in spite of the plainness of my outer garments; and might therefore be in a position to make good my promise to them. I heard one say to the other,

'Let us risk it;' and then they took me in their arms, carried me down to a boat on the beach, and rowed to a vessel in the offing. The next day they disembarked me at Paimbœuf, where I got the assistance which I so much needed. I learnt through the confidence they were obliged to place in me, in order to give me the means of sending them their promised reward, that these men were smugglers, and that they were in the habit of using the cavity in which I had been laid, as a place of concealment for goods, and for letters of advice to their accomplices. This accounted for their finding me. As to my wound, I was informed by the surgeon who attended me, that it had missed being inflicted in a mortal part by less than a quarter of an inch, and that, as it was, nothing but the action of the night air in cogulating the blood over the place had, in the first instance, saved my life. To be brief, I recovered after a long illness, returned to Paris, and was called to the priesthood. The will of my superiors obliged me to perform the first duties of my vocation in the great city; but my own wish was to be appointed to a cure of souls in your province, Gabriel. Can you imagine why?"

The answer to this question was in Gabriel's heart; but he was still too deeply awed and affected by what he had heard to give it utterance.

"I must tell you then what my motive was," said Father Paul. "You must know first that I uniformly abstained from disclosing to any one where and by whom my life had been attempted. I kept this a secret from the men who rescued me — from the surgeon — from my own friends even. My reason for such a proceeding was, I would fain believe, a Christian reason. I hope I had always felt a sincere and humble desire to prove myself, by the help of God, worthy of the sacred vocation to which I was destined. But my miraculous escape from death made an impression on my mind, which gave me another and an infinitely higher view of this vocation — the view which I have since striven, and shall always strive for the future to maintain. As I lay, during the first days of my recovery, examining my own heart, and considering in what manner it would be my duty to act towards your father, when I was restored to health, a thought came into my mind which calmed, comforted, and resolved all my doubts. I said within myself — 'In a few months more I shall be called to be one of the chosen ministers of God. If I am worthy of my vocation, my first desire towards this man who has attempted to take my life, should be, not to know that human justice has overtaken him, but to know that he has truly and religiously repented and made atonement for his guilt. To such repentance and atonement let it be my duty to call

him; if he reject that appeal, and be hardened only the more against me because I have forgiven him my injuries, then it will be time enough to denounce him for his crimes to his fellow men. Surely it must be well for me here and hereafter, if I begin my career in the holy priesthood by helping to save from hell the soul of the man who, of all others, has most cruelly wronged me.' It was for this reason, Gabriel — it was because I desired to go straightway to your father's cottage, and reclaim him after he had believed me to be dead — that I kept the secret and entreated of my superiors that I might be sent to Brittany. But this, as I have said, was not to be at first, and when my desire was granted, my place was assigned me in a far district. The persecution under which we still suffer broke out; the designs of my life were changed; my own will became no longer mine to guide me. But, through sorrow and suffering, and danger and bloodshed, I am now led after many days to the execution of that first purpose which I formed on entering the priesthood. Gabriel! when the service is over, and the congregation are dispersed, you must guide me to the door of your father's cottage."

He held up his hand, in sign of silence, as Gabriel was about to answer. Just then, the officiating priests above were pronouncing the final benediction. When it was over, Father Paul opened the cabin-door. As he ascended the steps, followed by Gabriel, Père Bonan met them. The old man looked doubtfully and searchingly on his future son-in-law, as he respectfully whispered a few words in the ear of the priest. Father Paul listened attentively, answered in a whisper, and then turned to Gabriel, first telling the few people near them to withdraw a little. "I have been asked whether there is any impediment to your marriage," he said, "and have answered that there is none. What you have said to me has been said in confession, and is a secret between us two. Remember that; and forget not, at the same time, the service which I shall require of you to-night, after the marriage ceremony is over. Where is Rose Bonan?" he added aloud, looking round him. Rose came forward. Father Paul took her hand, and placed it in Gabriel's. "Lead her to the altar steps," he said, "and wait there for me."

It was more than an hour later; the boats had left the ship's side; the congregation had dispersed over the face of the country — but still the vessel remained at anchor. Those who were left in her watched the land more anxiously than usual; for they knew that Father Paul had risked meeting the soldiers of the republic by trusting himself on shore. A boat was awaiting his return on the beach; half of the crew, armed, being posted as

scouts in various directions on the high land of the heath. They would have followed and guarded the priest to the place of his destination; but he forbade it; and, leaving them abruptly, walked swiftly onward with one young man only for his companion.

Gabriel had committed his brother and his sisters to the charge of Rose. They were to go to the farm-house that night with his newly-married wife and her father and mother. Father Paul had desired that this might be done. When Gabriel and he were left alone to follow the path which led to the fisherman's cottage, the priest never spoke while they walked on — never looked aside either to the right or the left — always held his ivory crucifix clasped to his breast. They arrived at the door. "Knock," whispered Father Paul to Gabriel, "and then wait here with me."

The door was opened. On a lovely moonlight night François Sarzeau had stood on that threshold, years since, with a bleeding body in his arms: on a lovely moonlight night, he now stood there again, confronting the very man whose life he had attempted, and knowing him not.

Father Paul advanced a few paces, so that the moonlight fell fuller on his features, and removed his hat. François Sarzeau looked, started, moved one step back, then stood motionless and perfectly silent, while all traces of expression of any kind suddenly vanished from his face. Then the calm, clear tones of the priest stole gently on the dead silence. "I bring a message of peace and forgiveness from a guest of former years," he said; and pointed, as he spoke, to the place where he had been wounded in the neck. For one moment, Gabriel saw his father trembling violently from head to foot — then, his limbs steadied again — stiffened suddenly, as if struck by catalepsy. His lips parted, but without quivering; his eyes glared, but without moving in their orbits. The lovely moonlight itself looked ghastly and horrible, shining on the supernatural panic-deformity of that face! Gabriel turned away his head in terror. He heard the voice of Father Paul saying to him: "Wait here till I come back," — then, there was an instant of silence again — then a low groaning sound, that seemed to articulate the name of God; a sound unlike his father's voice, unlike any human voice he had ever heard — and then the noise of a closing door. He looked up, and saw that he was standing alone before the cottage.

Once, after an interval, he approached the window. He just saw through it the hand of the priest holding on high the ivory crucifix; but stopped not to see more, for he heard such words, such sounds, as drove him back to his former place. There he stayed, until the noise of some-

thing falling heavily within the cottage, struck on his ear. Again he advanced towards the door; heard Father Paul praying; listened for several minutes; then heard a moaning voice, now joining itself to the voice of the priest, now choked in sobs and bitter wailing. Once more he went back out of hearing, and stirred not again from his place. He waited a long and a weary time there — so long that one of the scouts on the look-out came towards him, evidently suspicious of the delay in the priest's return. He waved the man back, and then looked again towards the door. At last, he saw it open — saw Father Paul approach him, leading François Sarzeau by the hand.

The fisherman never raised his downcast eyes to his son's face: tears trickled silently over his cheeks; he followed the hand that led him, as a little child might have followed it, listening anxiously and humbly at the priest's side to every word that he spoke. "Gabriel," said Father Paul, in a voice which trembled a little, for the first time that night — "Gabriel, it has pleased God to grant the perfect fulfilment of the purpose which brought me to this place; I tell you this, as all that you need — as all, I believe, that you would wish — to know of what has passed while you have been left waiting for me here. Such words as I have now to speak to you, are spoken by your father's earnest desire. It is his own wish that I should communicate to you his confession of having secretly followed you to The Merchant's Table, and of having discovered (as you discovered) that no evidence of his guilt remained there. This admission he thinks will be enough to account for his conduct towards yourself, from that time to this. I have next to tell you (also at your father's desire) that he has promised in my presence, and now promises again in yours, sincerity of repentance in this manner: — When the persecution of our religion has ceased — as cease it will, and that speedily, be assured of it! — he solemnly pledges himself henceforth to devote his life, his strength, and what worldly possessions he may have, or may acquire, to the task of re-erecting and restoring the roadside crosses which have been sacrilegiously overthrown and destroyed in his native province, and to doing good, good where he may. I have now said all that is required of me, and may bid you farewell — bearing with me the happy remembrance that I have left a father and son reconciled and restored to each other. May God bless and prosper you, and those dear to you, Gabriel! May God accept your father's repentance, and bless him also throughout his future life!"

He took their hands, pressed them long and warmly, then turned and walked quickly down the path which led to the beach.

Gabriel dared not trust himself yet to speak; but he raised his arm, and put it gently round his father's neck. The two stood together so, looking out dimly through the tears that filled their eyes, to the sea. They saw the boat put off in the bright track of the moonlight, and reach the vessel's side; they watched the spreading of the sails, and followed the slow course of the ship till she disappeared past a distant headland from sight. After that, they went into the cottage together. They knew it not then; but they had seen the last, in this world, of Father Paul.

* * *

The events foretold by the good priest happened sooner than even he had anticipated. A new government ruled the destinies of France, and the persecution ceased in Brittany. Among other propositions which were then submitted to the parliament, was one advocating the restoration of the roadside crosses throughout the province. It was found, however, on inquiry, that these crosses were to be counted by thousands, and that the mere cost of the wood required to re-erect them necessitated an expenditure of money which the bankrupt nation could ill afford to spare. While this project was under discussion, and before it was finally rejected, one man had undertaken the task which the government shrank from attempting. When Gabriel left the cottage, taking his brother and sisters to live with his wife and himself at the farm-house, François Sarzeau left it also, to perform in highway and byeway his promise to Father Paul. For months and months he laboured without intermission at his task; still, always doing good, and rendering help and kindness and true charity to all whom he could serve. He walked many a weary mile, toiled through many a hard day's work, humbled himself even to beg of others, to get wood enough to restore a single cross. No one ever heard him complain, ever saw him impatient, ever detected him in faltering at his task. The shelter in an outhouse, the crust of bread and drink of water, which he could always get from the peasantry, seemed to suffice him. Among the people who watched his perseverance, a belief began to gain ground that his life would be miraculously prolonged until he had completed his undertaking from one end of Brittany to the other. But this was not to be. He was seen one cold autumn evening, silently and steadily at work as usual, setting up a new cross on the site of one which had been shattered to splinters in the troubled times. In the morning he was found lying dead beneath the sacred symbol which his own hands had completed and erected in its place during the night. They buried him where he lay; and the priest who consecrated the ground allowed Gabriel to engrave his father's

epitaph in the wood of the cross. It was simply the initial letters of the dead man's name, followed by this inscription: — "*Pray for the repose of his soul: he died penitent, and the doer of good works.*"

Once, and once only, did Gabriel hear anything of Father Paul. The good priest showed, by writing to the farm-house, that he had not forgotten the family so largely indebted to him for their happiness. The letter was dated "Rome." Father Paul said, that such services as he had been permitted to render to the Church in Brittany, had obtained for him a new and a far more glorious trust than any he had yet held. He had been recalled from his curacy, and appointed to be at the head of a mission which was shortly to be despatched to convert the inhabitants of a savage and a far distant land to the Christian faith. He now wrote, as his brethren with him were writing, to take leave of all friends for ever in this world, before setting out — for it was well known to the chosen persons entrusted with the new mission, that they could only hope to advance its object by cheerfully risking their own lives for the sake of their religion. He gave his blessing to François Sarzeau, to Gabriel, and to his family; and bade them affectionately farewell for the last time. There was a postscript in the letter, which was addressed to Rose, and which she often read afterwards with tearful eyes. The writer begged that, if she should have any children, she would show her friendly and Christian remembrance of him by teaching them to pray (as he hoped she herself would pray) that a blessing might attend Father Paul's labours in the distant land. The priest's loving petition was never forgotten. When Rose taught its first prayer to her first child, the little creature was instructed to end the few simple words pronounced at its mother's knees, with: — "God bless Father Paul!"

ABD-EL-KADER ON HORSEBACK.

Some curious particulars respecting Arabian horses have lately been given to the world, from no less an authoritative a source than Abd-el-Kader himself. General Daumas has published a work, intitled *Les Chevaux du Sahara*, and it contains the answers furnished by the Arab chief to a list of inquiries that had been expressly addressed to him. The Emir's letter was translated into French by M. Boissonnet, its original form being scrupulously retained; and many of our readers may be gratified by the sight of an English version of the document, even if it be not likely to afford them any very great practical instruction.

November 8, 1851 (*the 23rd of Moharrem, the first month of* 1268).

Glory to the One God. His reign alone is eternal.

Health to him who equals in good qualities all the men of his time, who seeks only after good, whose heart is pure and his discourse accomplished, the wise, the intelligent Lord, General Daumas, on the part of your friend, Sid-el-Hadi Abd-el-Kader, son of Mahi-Eddin.

Behold the answer to your questions.

I. You ask how many days an Arabian horse can travel without resting, and without being made to suffer too much.

Know that a horse, who is sound in all his members, who eats barley which his stomach requires, can do whatever his rider wishes him. On this subject the Arabs say *Allef ou amnef*, "Give barley, and overwork." But without overworking the horse, he may be made to travel sixteen parasanges every day, (a parasange is a measure of distance — originally Persian — equal to a French league and a half, or three and three-quarters English miles, as near as may be); that is the distance from Mascara to Koudiah-Aghelizan, on the Oued-Mina: it has been measured in *drâa* (cubits). A horse performing this distance (of sixty miles English) daily, and eating as much barley as he likes, can go on without fatigue for three, or even for four months, without resting a single day.

II. You ask what distance a horse can travel in one day.

I cannot tell you precisely; but the distance ought to be not much less than fifty parasanges (one hundred and eighty-seven miles and a half), as from Tlemcen to Mascara. We have seen a very great number of horses perform in one day the distance from Tlemcen to Mascara. Nevertheless, a horse which has completed that journey, ought to be spared the following day, and ought only to be ridden a much shorter distance. Most of our horses could go from Osran to Mascara in one day, and would perform the same journey for two or three successive days. We started from Saïda towards eight in the morning (*au dohha*) in order to fall upon the Arbâa, who encamped at Aïan-Toukria (among the Oulad-Aïad, near Taza), and we reached them by break of day (*fedjer*). You know the country, and are acquainted with the road which we had to traverse.

III. You ask me for instances of abstinence in the Arabian horse, and for proofs of his power of enduring hunger and thirst.

Know that when we were stationed at the mouth of the Mélouïa, we made *razzias* in the Djebel-Amour, following the route of the Desert. On the day of attack, we pushed our horses on for a gallop of five or six hours without taking breath, completing our excursion thither and back in twenty, or at most

in five-and-twenty days. During this interval of time, our horses had no barley to eat, except what their riders were able to carry with them, — about eight ordinary feeds. Our horses found no straw to eat, but only *alfa*, and *chiehh*, or besides that, in spring-time, grass. Notwithstanding which, on returning home again, we performed our games on horseback the day of our arrival, and we shot with a certain number of them. Many which were unable to go through with this last exercise, were still in good travelling condition. Our horses went without drinking, either for one day, or for two; once, no water was to be found for three days. The horses of the Desert do much more than that; they remain about three months without eating a single grain of barley; they have no acquaintance with straw, except on the days when they go to buy corn in the Teli, and in general have nothing to eat but *alfa* and *chiehh*, and sometimes *guetof*. *Chiehh* is better than *alfa*, and *guetof* is better than *chiehh*. The Arabs say, "*Alfa* makes a horse go, *chiehh* makes him fit for battle." And, "*Guetof* is better than barley." Certain years occur in which the horses of the Desert go without tasting a single grain of barley during the whole twelvemonth, when the tribes have not been received in the Teli. They then sometimes give dates to their horses; this food fattens them. Their horses are then capable both of travelling and of going to battle.

IV. You ask me why, when the French do not mount their horses till they are four years old, the Arabs mount theirs at an early age.

Know that the Arabs say that horses, like men, can learn quickly only in their childhood. These are their proverbs on that subject: "The lessons of infancy are engraved on stone; the lessons of mature age disappear like birds' nests." They also say, "The young branch rises up straight again without great difficulty; but the timber tree never rises up again."

In the first year, the Arabs teach the horse to be led with the *réseau*, a sort of bridle. They call him then *djeda*, and begin to bridle him and to tie him up. When he is become *teni* — that is to say, in his second year — they ride him for a mile, then two, then a parasange; and when he is turned of eighteen months old, they are not afraid of fatiguing him. When he is become *rebâa telata* — that is to say, when he enters his third year — they tie him up, cease to ride him, cover him with a good *djelale* (horse-cloth), and make him fat. On this subject they say: "In the first year (*djeda*) tie him up for fear any accident should happen to him. In the second year (*teni*) ride him till his back bends. In the third year (*rebâa telata*) tie him up again. Then, if he does not suit you, sell him."

If a horse is not ridden before the third year, it is certain that he will be good-for-nothing but for running, at most, which there is no occasion for him to learn; it is his original faculty. The Arabs thus express the thought: *El djouad idjri be aaselouh;* "The *djouad* runs according to his breeding." (The noble horse has no need to be taught to run.)

V. You ask me why, if the offspring partakes more of the qualities of the male than of the female parent, the mares, notwithstanding, sell for higher prices than the horses.

The reason is this; he who purchases a mare hopes that all the while he is making use of her, he will obtain from her a numerous progeny; but he who buys a horse, derives from it no other benefit than its services for the saddle, as the Arabs never take money for the use of their horses, but lend them gratuitously.

VI. You ask whether the Arabs of the Desert keep registers to record the descent of their horses?

Know that the people of the Algerian Desert do not trouble themselves about such registers, any more than the people of Teli. The notoriety of the facts is quite sufficient; for the genealogy of the blood-horses is as universally known as that of their masters. I have heard say that some families had these written genealogies, but I am unable to quote them. But books of the kind are in the East, as I have mentioned in the little treatise which I am shortly about to address to you.

VII. You ask which of the Algerian tribes are the most celebrated for the purity of race of their horses.

Know that the horses of the Hamyan are the best horses of the Desert, without exception. They have none but excellent horses, because they never employ them either for tillage or for carrying burdens. They use them only for travelling and for battle. These are the horses which are best able to endure hunger, thirst, and fatigue. The horses of the Arbâa and of the Oulad-Nayl, come next after those of the Hamyan. In the Teli, the best horses in respect to purity of race, stature, and beauty of form, are those of the people of Chelif, particularly those of the Oulad-Sidi-Ben-Abd-Allah (Sidi-el-Aaribi), near the Mina, and also those of the Oulad-Sidi-Hassan, a branch of the Oulad-Sidi-Dahhou, who inhabit the mountains of Mascara. The most rapid in the Hippodrome, and also of beautiful shape, are of the tribe of Flitas, of the Oulad-Cherif and the Oulad-Lekreud. The best to travel over stony ground, without being shod, are those of the tribe of Assassena, in the Yakoubia. This saying is attributed to Moulaye Ismaïl, the celebrated Sultan of Morocco; "May my horse have been brought up in the Mâz, and led to water in the Biaz!" The Mâz is a place in the country of the Assassena, and the Biaz is the

brook, known by the name of Toufet, which runs through their territory. The horses of the Ouled-Khaled are also renowned for the same qualities. Sidi-Amed-Ben-Youssef has said on the subject of this tribe, "Long tresses and long *djelaïs* will be seen amongst you till the day of resurrection," praising thus at the same time both their women and their horses.

VIII. You tell me that people have assured you that the horses of Algeria are not Arabian horses, but Barbs.

This is an opinion which falls back again upon its authors. The people of Barbary are of Arab origin. A celebrated author has said; "The people of Barbary inhabit the Mogheb; they are all sons of Kaïs-Ben-Ghilan. It is also asserted that they are descended from the two great Hémiatrites tribes, the Senahdja and the Kettama, who came into the country at the time of the invasion of Ifrikech-el-Malik."

According to these two opinions, the people of Barbary are really Arabs. Moreover, historians have established the kindred of the majority of the tribes of Barbary, and their descent from the Senahdja and the Kettama. The arrival of these tribes is anterior to Islamism; the number of emigrated Arabs in the Mogheb is incalculable. When the Obeidin (the Fatémites) were masters of Egypt, immense tribes passed into Africa, and amongst others the Riahh. They spread from Kaïrouan to Merrakech (Marocco). It is from these tribes that are descended, in Algeria, the Douaouda, the Aïad, the Mâdid, the Oulad-Mad, the Galad-Jakoub-Zerara, the Djendal, the Attaf, the Hamis, the Braze, the Sbéba, and many others. No one doubts that the Arabian horses have spread in the Mogheb, in the same way as the Arabian families. In the time of Ifrikech-ben-Kaïf, the empire of the Arabs was all-powerful; it extended towards the west as far as the boundaries of the Mogheb, as in the time of Chamar the Hémiarite, it extended towards the east as far as China, according to the statement of Ben-Kouteïba in his book entitled *El Mârif*.

It is perfectly true, that if the Algerian horses are of Arab race, many of them have fallen from their nobility, because they are only too frequently employed in tillage, in carrying burdens, and in doing other similar hard work; and also because some of the mares have been associated with asses, which never happened under the Arabs of old. So much so, that according to their ideas, it is sufficient for a horse to have trodden upon ploughed land, to diminish his value. On this subject, the following story is told:

A man was riding upon a horse of pure race. He was met by his enemy, also mounted upon a noble courser. One pursued the other, and he who gave chace was distanced by him who fled. Despairing to reach him, he then

shouted out, "I ask you, in the name of God, has your horse ever worked on the land?"

"He has worked on the land, for four days."

"Very well! mine has never worked. By the head of the Prophet, I am sure of catching you."

He continued the chase. Towards the end of the day, the fugitive began to lose ground, and the pursuer to gain it. He soon succeeded in fighting with the man whom he had given up all hopes of reaching.

My father — may God receive him in mercy! — was accustomed to say, "No blessing upon our country, ever since we have changed our coursers into beasts of burden and tillage. Has not God made the horse for the race, the ox for the plough, and the camel for the transport of merchandize? There is nothing gained by changing the ways of God."

IX. You ask me, besides, for our maxims as to the manner of keeping and feeding our horses.

Know that the master of a horse gives him at first but little barley, successively increasing his ration by small quantities, and then diminishing it again a trifle, as soon as he leaves any, and continuing to supply it at that rate. The best time to give barley, is the evening. Except on the road, there is no profit in giving it in the morning. On this point, they say, "Morning barley is found again on the dunghill, evening barley in the croup." The best way of giving barley is to offer it to the horse ready saddled and girthed; as the best way of watering a horse, is to make him drink with his bridle on. On this point it is said, "The water with the bridle, and the barley with the saddle." The Arabs especially prefer those horses which are moderate eaters, provided they are not weakened by their abstinence. "Such a one," they say, "is a priceless treasure." "To give drink at sunrise, makes the horse lean: to give him drink in the evening, makes him fat: to give him drink in the middle of the day, keeps him in his present condition."

During the great heats which last forty days (*semaïme*), the Arabs give their horses drink, only every other day. It is said that this custom has the best effects. In the summer, in the autumn, and in the winter, they give an armful of straw to their horses, but the ground-work of their diet is barley, in preference to every other sort of food. On this subject the Arabs say; "If we had not seen that horses are foaled by horses, we should have said that barley produces them." They say,

Ghelid ou chetrih,
Ou chair idjerrih —
"Look for a large one, and buy him,
Barley will make him run."

They say; "Of forbidden meats, choose the lightest." That is to say, choose a light horse;

the flesh of the horse is forbidden to Musselmen.

They say; "It takes many a breakage to make a good rider."

They say; "Horses of pure race have no vice."

They say; "The horse at the halter is the honour of the master."

They say; "Horses are birds which have no wings."

"For horses, nothing is distant."

They say; "Nothing is at a distance, for horses."

They say; "He who forgets the beauty of horses for the beauty of women, will never prosper."

They say; "The horse knows his rider."

The Saint Ben-el-Abbas — may God take him into favour, — has also said;

"Love horses, care for them,
Spare no trouble for them,
By them comes honour, by them comes beauty.
If horses are abandoned by men,
I make them enter into my family,
I share with them the bread of my children,
My wives dress them in their own veils,
And cover themselves with their horse-cloths.
I lead them every day
On the field of adventure,
I fight with the bravest."

I have finished the letter which our brother and companion, the friend of all, the Commandant Sidi-Bou-Senna, will forward to you. — Health.

ABD-EL-KADER.

MYSELF AND MY FAMILY.

My uncle was a lawyer, and a money-lender. His name was Beecham. He is dead and gone, but I must confess he was a hard-hearted old man. He had scraped together a good deal of money, and was considered one of the richest men in our town. My father hated him, and he hated my father: in fact, he liked none of my family except my brother Lionel. Why he liked him I never knew. Lionel was a wild young fellow, and would take such liberties in my uncle's house, that I expected every day that he would offend him. But it went on for some time. He paid for Lionel's education at the Grammar School; and when he left there, he took him into his house, and articled him to himself. I was left to shift: nobody helped me. I might choose between slaving in my father's yard as a boatbuilder, or wearing out my elbows at a merchant's desk. I preferred the latter; and there I toiled, early and late for four years.

My father's was a low, white house, with green wooden screens, or persiennes, outside every window, and covered with a vine in front and at the back. The garden behind ran alongside a creek, where vessels came up from sea and moored. My bedroom, when I was at home, was at the back, on the upper floor, but a man might reach the window-sill with a stick. One

night, as I was going to bed, rather later than usual, I heard a tapping at my window, and a moment after, some one call me by name. I thought I recognised my brother's voice, and I was surprised; for I had not seen him for nearly a twelvemonth.

"Is that you, Lionel?" I said.

"Creep down and open the door quietly — that 's a good fellow, John," said he.

"Oh! oh!" thought I: "he wants something of me." I went down stairs in my stockings, shading the light with my hand, as I passed the door of my father's room: Lionel came in, and followed me quietly upstairs. I could read in his face that something unusual had happened; for it took a great deal to make him thoughtful.

"It has come to a rupture at last," he said, as soon as I had closed the door.

"With Uncle Beecham and yourself?" I asked.

Lionel nodded. "I am not sorry for it," said he, "in some respects. We were not made to live together. Better would it be that I should starve, than become the kind of man that he would make me."

"Gently, Lionel!" said I — "gently! Your head is hot to-night." I knew Lionel's headstrong way, however; and that to dissuade him was only to confirm him in his determination.

"It is of no use, John," said he, walking to and fro in the room. "A year's thinking wouldn't alter the matter. My mind is made up."

"Very good," said I; "but never say I advised you to any rash step."

"John," said he, stopping suddenly. "I know we have not been such good friends as brothers should be."

"Whose fault is that?" said I.

"It is no use to talk about that to-night," he replied, "perhaps I was overhasty, and though I thought the fault was all on your side; however, here is my hand. If I have hurt you, at any time, I ask your forgiveness." He put his handkerchief to his eyes; but I saw no sign of any tears there.

"I forgive you," said I. "I bear no malice against any one. I knew you would be sorry for it one day."

"And now, John," said my brother, "I have a favour to ask of you."

I knew he was coming to this. "You are pinched for money," said I.

His face flushed crimson. I rather think his conscience touched him.

"I would sooner come to borrow of you," said he, "a thousand times, than keep a penny that had belonged to Uncle Beecham. I want ten pounds, just to set me going; and I know you can lend me this, if you choose."

I had a great mind to fling in his teeth the very words he used the last time we parted; and I don't know that I should have been wrong, if I had. He had

never before thought of coming to me, crying and offering to shake hands, and it was rather remarkable that he should just then want to borrow money. But I was never revengeful.

"Ten pounds," said I, considering whether I could spare so much. "What do you want to do with them?"

"It is a secret," he said, "but I don't mind telling you. Ridley goes up to London with the smack to-night, and I go with him."

"And what do you mean to do in London?"

"Oh! never fear. I shall do very well, if once I get there."

"Ay! ay!" thought I. "You may find it different to what you expect, Master Lionel." But I would not say anything to discourage him.

"I can't refuse you this, of course," said I, "though it will leave me rather straightened" (which was true).

"Give me only five, if you can't spare more," said my brother, in his off hand way. "I dare say I shall get some employment before these are gone."

So I gave him the five pounds, in gold. I took no acknowledgment from him. I never thought of asking my own brother for such a thing, for a trifling sum of five pounds. I lent them cheerfully, though I never thought to see them again. Not that Lionel had not good principles — I will give him his due — but principles are nothing. Those who can pay their way do, and take credit to themselves for their honesty: those who find they can't are soon content to remain in debt.

"Not a word of this," said my brother; "I stay to bid no one farewell. As to my father, I know what he would say. He would advise me to submit; to go back and ask pardon, and live on charity again."

"Then," said I, as he was about to leave me; "if I understand you rightly, you are determined never to go back?"

"Never, John, never. I am glad that the breach is so wide between us; though I am sorry that I should have struck him. He is an old man, but he exasperated me, and tried to detain me by force, and my temper was up.

"I know Uncle Beecham," said I. "If you came to blows, I am afraid it would be, as you say, of little use to go back. But never say I advised you to this step; that is all." (I was particularly careful to say this, for I know how prone some people are to misrepresent.)

"Good bye, John," said he; "and many thanks for the money." I grasped his hand cordially, and he went down the garden and got aboard a little boat, in charge of a man who had been waiting for him. This is exactly what passed between us at this interview. I have put it all down. My memory is very good, and I could swear to that. I don't know what account my brother gave of it.

I never told any one in our

house what had occurred; but I thought it right, the next day, to go to Uncle Beecham, just to see if there was any chance of making peace again between them. But I soon saw there was not. My uncle called him "a scoundrel, a base ungrateful scoundrel (I use his very words), an idle villain, that would sooner go out and rob on the highways, than settle down into an honest profession." I never saw him so angry before; I was afraid to say much in Lionel's favour. I knew it would only irritate him — perhaps make him think I was in league with him, and that he had sent me there to sound him. However, I did say, "I dare say he repents of it, uncle, by this time. He doesn't know the world. When he finds how harsh strangers are, he will think of all your kindness, and return to ask forgiveness."

"Ask my forgiveness," said my uncle, rubbing his hands at the fire as if the idea pleased him. "Yes, I dare say he will."

"I hope you have received no serious injury, uncle," said I.

"No," replied my uncle, "but he shall never enter my household again. His place shall be filled up immediately. That 's his seat by the window. If you would like to take it, say so?"

"You forget, uncle," said I; "that I could not possibly leave Cobb and Dawkey's without a month's notice."

"Very well," said my uncle, "come in a month. I'll make shift."

"But, uncle," said I; "though, of course, I am deeply sensible of your kindness, I shouldn't —"

"Shouldn't what?"

"I shouldn't like to take Lionel's place, unless I thought I was keeping it open for him, against a day of reconciliation." (I particularly remember saying this).

"John," said my uncle; "say whether you accept my offer, but never mention Lionel's name, or talk about reconciliation again."

So, of course, I did accept his offer. And this is the simple history of my "supplanting my own brother," of which some of my family (I don't say Lionel) have made so much. I hope those who have believed their slanders will in future determine to hear both sides, in all things, before they form a judgment.

I got on very well at my uncle's. My new profession suited me: I had always thought it would, and I was not mistaken. My uncle was very well satisfied with me, and I served my articles to him. I never once quarrelled with him during the whole five years. It would have been very easy to quarrel with him, if I had wished; but I thought it better to humour him a little, than run the risk of having words. When my time was up, he talked of taking me into partnership with him. One afternoon — it was in the winter-time — I was sitting at my desk, when I suddenly heard a groan in the adjoining room, in which my uncle sat. I opened

the door, and looking in, found him sitting in his chair, his face fallen almost flat upon the table. I thought he must be dead at first; but, on raising him, I found that he was in a fit. I rang the bell, and my uncle's housekeeper came, and we loosened his neck-cloth together. He revived before the doctor arrived — but he was very weak. I never saw a man so changed, in a short time, as he was after that. All his old self seemed to have left him. Everybody remarked it. He crawled about the house and gave orders childishly. His old clients saw he was not the same man, and always asked to see me now. He would talk of retiring in the spring — of taking a little house, at a watering-place near. But a month after, he had a second fit, and took to his bed; and everybody saw he was going except himself. He continued to talk of what he would do when he got up — till one day he was seized with a strong shivering, followed alternately by heats. I believe that day he began to think he should never get better. When the doctor had left him, and he grew calmer, he asked me, "What I was going to do in Palmer's matter." This was a mortgage of some land to my uncle.

"I suppose we file a bill to foreclose, uncle," said I.

"No," said my uncle; "not for my right hand. Palmer's an honest man, but he has had some losses lately. I will not be hard upon him. His father, old Joe Palmer, and I were schoolmates."

I did not remind him that he had himself told me to proceed against him, only the day before. I saw his mind was wandering, and I thought it best to take no heed of what he said.

I sat up with him that night. I felt a little out of spirits. I led a dull life there at the best of times, and watching all night in a sick chamber was not calculated to make me cheerful. Our house stood alone, just where the houses began to appear here and there to travellers coming into the town by the highway. It was a kind of mansion, built of red brick, with a double row of attic windows in the sloping tiled roof. A high wall hid it from the road. It had been a school, and afterwards a madhouse before my uncle bought it. It was a comfortless place, with not a room in it but smelt close, or was full of draughts. I never knew why my uncle choose to live there. Half the rooms were empty, and others he never occupied — their furniture being regularly dusted now and then and then shut up again, till the carpet and coverings of chairs, without being worn, were faded and patternless. I hated the place as it was, and had been thinking that night of having certain alterations in the event of anything happening to my uncle.

Our old housekeeper bade me good night, a little before twelve. She promised to come and relieve me, as soon as she had had some

rest; for she had been sitting up the night before, and my uncle did not like strangers there. I could not have been very well myself that night. I tried to read, but I couldn't; I was too restless. A room door had been left open below, and its creaking annoyed me so much that I was compelled to go down and fasten it. I shut the door quickly and hastened upstairs again. I was getting heartily tired of my watch, and I resolved to remonstrate with my uncle on the morrow, upon his whim of making his own household attend upon him all night. I locked myself in, and sat down by the fire again. I do not know how it was that I came to think of Lionel that night. He had not behaved well to me at all; and when any one has not behaved well to me, I generally shut him as much out of my thoughts as if he had never existed. For four years he had never taken the trouble to write even to let me know that he was alive. The last time I had heard from him he had sent me back the five pounds he had borrowed, saying he was sorry to hear of the differences between myself and my father (which were no business of his). I knew well enough that he was in communication with home, and who it was who had poisoned his mind against me: though that mattered very little. I was not bound to write defending myself to him; and I didn't, and perhaps, that was his grievance.

My uncle breathing heavily, and moaning, aroused me from my reflections. I asked him if he wanted anything, but he did not answer; he seemed asleep. A moment after, I heard him muttering, and was much surprised to hear him pronounce the name of Lionel. During all the six years that I had now been there, he had never once alluded to him. I listened, but could not distinguish any other words, though I caught the name of Lionel several times. I stood up, and leaning over the bed with the lamp in my hand, listened again and watched the expression of his features. He looked as if he were in a bad dream; but I think he was only wandering, for a moment afterwards his eyes opened wide.

"I am afraid you are in pain, uncle," said I. "You have been moaning in your sleep."

"Yes, yes!" said my uncle, "I am in pain; but tell me something of my nephew Lionel."

"What of Lionel, uncle?" I asked.

"Some one told me he was not doing well. Didn't he go abroad?"

"I know nothing about him," said I. "He doesn't condescend to let me know what he is doing."

"I did much for him; but he treated me with ingratitude," said my uncle.

"And me also, uncle," said I.

"And yet," continued my uncle (dropping into a childish tone quite painful to hear, from a man who had always been known — whatever his faults — for a certain

strength of character), "and yet, if he had come back — if he had only come back and just acknowledged he had done wrong, I would have thought no more of it — indeed I wouldn't. I liked the lad and missed him sorely. He was like my own child to me. I am an old man, and he is but a boy. It was not my duty to send for him; was it, John?"

"By no means, uncle," said I.

"He had a high spirit," said my uncle. "I used to tell him that we must bend sometimes in this life; but he did not heed me. And so, at last, he quarrelled with his best friend, and threw up everything."

"A great pity," said I.

My uncle did not speak again for some time. I thought he had forgotten the subject; but it was still working in his mind; for he said to me, at last, "I sould not like to know that he was poor, and not to help him. I never meant that. Come nearer to me. It pains me to talk loud." I drew my chair close up beside the bed, and he continued, almost in a whisper. "All that I have in the world, John, I have given to you."

I grasped his hand, but I made no answer; for I was affected by this proof of his regard for me.

"But Lionel must have something," continued my uncle. "I meant to give him Palmer's money. He must have this. I cannot abandon him; though he has behaved very ill to me. You will still be rich, John."

"He shall have it, uncle," said I. "Do not let this trouble you."

"I will have this put in writing," said my uncle; "I always meant to do so, but I put it off from day to day. Let me only get my strength again, and I will put everything in order. I will live at enmity with no one. I am tired of strife. I am seventy-six years of age, and any day may bring me to the grave."

"You were always strong before this attack, uncle," said I, trying to soothe him. "You have led a regular life, too, which is a great thing. You may get over it yet."

"So I may, John," said my uncle. "But I won't live at enmity with any one. I will make all be friends with me. If there are any who have offended me, I will own that I was wrong, for the sake of peace."

"Pray calm yourself, uncle," said I. "You stand in need of rest." I do not know what new thought took him at this moment, but he suddenly began to sob like a child. However, he soon came back to the subject of Lionel; for he bade me go down, and get paper and pens to write. I took up the lamp again and was about to obey him, when I observed his head droop upon the pillow; I could hear his teeth chatter, where I stood, at a distance from the bed. I spoke to him, but he did not answer, and I began to feel alarmed. Our housekeeper was beginning to move about overhead, and I went

up to her room, and bade her hasten. When she came down, my uncle was still insensible. We talked of what was best to be done. A new physician from London was expected in the morning; but I determined to go at once for our surgeon, who lived on the other side of the town.

I had full two miles to walk, there and back, and the surgeon delayed some time, dressing. I urged him as much as I could; but an hour had passed before I got back. The first glance at my uncle convinced me it was too late; and I saw the doctor thought so too. He felt his pulse for a moment, and simply said he was gone; at which our housekeeper began to cry. I asked her if he had spoken since I went out, and she said he had been asking for a pen to write.

"Dreaming of business," said the doctor.

"Was that all?" said I.

"Only sobbing and muttering, sobbing and muttering, Sir."

So ended old Uncle Beecham. He had his faults and his good qualities, like all of us; but it is a saddening thing, if death brings wisdom and immortal life, to see a strong-minded man grow childish as he draws towards his end, and at last die drivelling. I went up to my bedroom to try to get a little rest; but I felt much depressed and could not sleep all that night.

I was very ill on the day of the funeral. I do not pretend to say it was through grieving about my uncle; though, perhaps, I had had more regard for him than any one living. Some of my family attended; though they could not have the decency to bury their animosities on such an occasion, but must sit apart and treat me as an utter stranger. I do not think they felt inclined to treat me any better when they heard the will read. My uncle bequeathed a small annuity to his housekeeper; the rest of his property he gave entirely to me. When this ceremony was ended, the company took their departure. Most of them I have not seen from that day to this.

Now with regard to the money which my uncle had desired to leave to Lionel, I meant from the first to give it him. I knew that he had no claim against me at law, but I did not mean to take advantage of that. The money was there for him whenever he liked to come for it. I was not, to be sure, bound to run after him, and I did not intend to do so. He had not even let me know his address, so that he could not complain of me in this respect. If there was any delay, therefore, in his getting it, he had no one but himself to blame. I thought he would, at least, have written to me, now my uncle was dead, to ask me for some particulars of his end. The old man forgave him on his death-bed; but Lionel, it appears, was not satisfied yet.

I missed my uncle very much. A great change seemed to have come upon the place since he

was gone. I should have been glad to leave the house if I could have found another equally suitable for my business; but I could not find one, and I remained there all that winter. My health was very bad. I do not know exactly what was the matter with me. I had rarely been ill before. I became very nervous, and had continual pains in the head. The conduct of my family towards me, and the ingratitude I had everywhere met with, weighed upon me. I was a young man still, but I had seen much of the evil side of life. I had never met with a friend who was worthy of that name. It would, perhaps, have been well for me if I could have deluded myself as some men can; but I could not help perceiving how hollow and selfish is what the world calls friendship, and so I found myself alone. I rarely went out to see any one, unless on business; but my solitary life fretted me till it became almost insupportable. Other causes, connected with my business, contributed to annoy me. I had several losses, and became involved in a Chancery suit about my uncle's title to some land.

It was about this time that I began to see visions. We had had a long continuance of stormy weather, and the noise of the wind had kept me awake for several nights brooding over these things. One afternoon I went out to see a client at some distance, and returned a little before dark. I opened the outer gate with a key, and went round, and let myself in at the back, as I sometimes did. I did not hear my housekeeper moving about below. I called to her; but she did not answer, and I went upstairs, to find some papers on my table. As I opened the door of my room—it being then still daylight—I distinctly saw my uncle sitting in his chair at the table. I could not be mistaken: his head was bent over the desk as if he were writing. I uttered no exclamation, though I cannot say that I did not feel alarmed. I advanced towards him, but the form, still bent in the attitude that I have described, moved before me like my own shadow, and disappeared near a door leading into an adjoining room.

I was much agitated; but I did not lose my presence of mind. I examined the place where he had sat; my papers were exactly as I had left them, and the chair was drawn up close to the table. Next I walked over to the door where I had last seen him; but I found it shut. I rang the bell, and my housekeeper came up. I asked her if any one had been there; but she said she had seen no one, and I then went into the next room, but I saw nothing remarkable.

My housekeeper must have noticed my agitation, though I did not tell her what I had seen. For a long time after, I could not banish the circumstance from my mind. I believe my actions must have appeared strange at this

time; for I noticed that my housekeeper avoided me as if she feared me. Some of my old clients, too, left me without assigning any cause. All this naturally irritated me. Once, I stopped my housekeeper, and asked her why she avoided me; but she made some excuse that I knew was not the true one. I did not suspect that she remained there as a spy upon my actions; and that all these little things were regularly noted, and reported to my family — who, no doubt, paid her well for her treachery; but one day I found her out.

A certain Dr. Barker, a retired physician, who lived in town, and knew our family, called upon me, desiring to have my opinion on a simple point of law. My housekeeper looked confused when she announced him, and I suspected his true errand immediately; but I resolved to baffle him. I answered his question calmly, and we chatted about my uncle. When he was about to leave me, I asked him carelessly "if he had heard any news of my brother Lionel lately?"

"I saw him only yesterday," replied the doctor: "he appeared to be in the enjoyment of good health."

"Is he staying at my father's house?" I asked.

"I believe he is," said the doctor.

"Are you not quite sure of this, doctor," said I, scrutinising his features. (I thought he looked a little abashed.)

"I certainly did understand that he intended to stay there for some time," replied my visitor.

"Doctor," said I, rising from my seat in order to cut short our interview, "you are not acting frankly with me. I know the object of your visit; though I shall be happy to see you at any time, if those who employ you think it worth while to send you." My visitor stammered out some excuses and departed. This was the first and last visit that I received from Dr. Barker.

I felt much exasperated against my brother. I had received Palmer's money that very day. This was the property that my uncle had meant him to have, but I firmly resolved that night that he should never touch a sixpence of it. I was not bound to furnish him with an arm to be used against myself. As to my housekeeper, as I was not yet quite sure that she betrayed me, I determined to treat her as before; but to watch her closely.

These things had driven from my mind the vision that I had seen; but I was soon afterwards visited by an apparition, still more extraordinary. I generally went myself to see that all doors and windows were fastened, before I retired to bed. One night, being tired, I trusted this duty to my housekeeper. I knew her to be a careless woman, however, and fearing afterwards that she

had omitted to fasten some place, I descended again. I found everything secure. Our doors and shutters were plated with iron, and the lower windows, at the back, were crossed with bars left there from the time when it had been a madhouse. I was thinking to myself that a burglar would have some difficulty in getting in there, and was leisurely ascending the topmost flight of stairs, with the candle in my hand, when I became suddenly aware of some one walking close behind me. I turned round sharply, and found a woman there. She had a very pale face: and I saw a chain about her neck. I was more terrified this time than I had been before. I cried out in a loud voice; but I trembled violently, and the candle fell from my hand. My housekeeper was not a-bed yet: she heard my cry, and came out of her bedroom with a light: she asked me what had happened; but I excused myself, saying that I had stumbled on the stairs; for I did not dare to tell her what I had seen. She picked my candle up, and relighted it, and I hastened up to my bed-room; for I knew that it would be useless to search the house. I could not account for this. I had not been thinking about the house having been once a madhouse.

But these were but the beginning of my troubles. Such visitations began to grow frequent, till at length scarcely a day past but some strange, uncouth, or terrible apparition came to annoy me. I saw friends whom I knew to be long since dead in corners of my room. I found the same woman with the chain whom I had seen before, sitting in a chair in the hall. I was followed sometimes up and down stairs by the shadow of a dog — a large water dog who ran with his head downwards as if smelling the ground as he went. Nowhere was I safe from these annoyances. My housekeeper came into my room once to speak to me, and I saw a little child walking beside her, whom I knew she could not see. Nor was it only in the house that I saw these things. Walking in a lane one evening I noticed a man sitting on a stile that I had to pass, with a countenance hideous to look at, having large, blind eye-balls, such as sculptors carve. As I stood looking at him, he faded away like the others.

I strove for a long time against these imaginations. I tried to take them calmly — to treat them as a disease of the mind that time would cure. I got books, and read of men who had been haunted in a similar manner, and saw what they had done to rid themselves of such annoyances; but most of their remedies were impracticable for me. I could not leave my business to run about the world for "change of scene." I thought that I might perhaps get used to them in time, and come to pass them by without concern. But I felt that my health was growing worse under

the persecution that I suffered. My housekeeper remarked that I grew thin in the face; which fact I dare say was duly reported to my family as another proof of my insanity. I felt inclined to bid her leave the house when she said so; but I was afraid of making her my enemy, for I knew how eager my friends were to employ her against me.

My fortitude gave way at last, and I began to torment myself with superstitious fancies. I thought, one night, that I might perhaps be suffering this persecution, because I had neglected my promise, made to my uncle on his deathbed, to give Palmer's money to Lionel. I taxed myself (unjustly, I know) with deliberately intending to keep it from him, and I thought of sending it to him at once; but my reason prevailed over my determination for some time. I knew very well what my family were, and that if they ever got a little of my money, their first thought would be how to get the remainder into their hands. What claims had they upon my uncle? As to Lionel, he had behaved ill to his uncle, and while in cool blood and in full possession of his reasoning faculties, the old man had resolved to punish him. For six years he had never thought of altering this determination. Were then the mere ravings of a dying man to upset a cool judgment made in health, when patiently weighed this with that, and no superstitious fears drove him to reward one who had treated him with the basest ingratitude? I think it will be admitted that there was some reason in these arguments. My family may talk about conscience; but let them consider how many men there are who would not, in my position, have taken what the law allowed them, and never let the matter trouble their minds for a moment.

I had never spoken to any one of these wild delusions. I knew no one whom I dared to trust with my secret. My housekeeper suspected it, I knew; but she could not be sure, so long as I held my tongue, and treated her as before, but, one day, having been haunted the whole afternoon by a strange face, I put on my hat and hurried out, determined to visit the physician who had attended on my uncle; and having first got from him a promise of secresy, to ask his advice. He heard me gravely; said my life had been too solitary (which I knew as well as he did); recommended me to travel for awhile, which I told him was impracticable. "In that case," said the doctor, "I counsel you to marry."

I thanked him for his advice, and said, I would think of it. As I passed through a waiting-room to take my departure, I noticed a man standing near the window. Heavy curtains made the room dark; but I recognised my brother Lionel's face. Not doubting that this was but another of the delusions that haunted me, I

stood still a moment, and stared at him. He returned my gaze so steadily that any one might have seen me tremble. I do not know, now, whether I said anything or uttered any exclamation, but I remember that I rushed to the door, which was half open, and hurried out of the house.

The thought that it might have been indeed my brother whom I had seen became a new subject of anxiety. I did not know what might be his business there. Perhaps he had come to speak to him about me; in which case I could scarcely hope that the doctor would keep my secret. He would perhaps consider himself bound, for my good, to tell what he had heard, and to have me, at once, put under restraint. I saw myself already the inmate of a lunatic asylum, subjected to all the tortures with which madmen are treated. I could not sleep for the terror which this thought brought with it. Every footstep seemed to me to indicate the approach of the men who were to confiscate my property for the benefit of my enemies and to drag me to a prison, where I might sue in vain for an opportunity of proving my sanity — where I could hope for no release but death.

But I determined to make an effort to free myself from their persecutions; I would not despair. I knew I stood alone, and that my enemies were numerous; but I was not going to yield easily. I felt that if I could but rid myself of these terrible imaginations, I should gain the courage to set every one at defiance. I thought of the doctor's advice, and resolved to seek at once for a wife. I was not long in fixing upon some one. My old master, Cobb (the firm had dwindled to plain Cobb, now, for Dawkey was dead), had a daughter. Cobb was never very friendly to me, but he owed me a large sum of money, for which I had obtained judgments against him; and although he paid me interest regularly, I could have put them in force against him at any hour. Knowing this, and that Cobb was short of ready money just then, I started to make my offer to him with pretty good hopes of success.

Cobb lived in a town on the coast. He was a crafty little old man, full of fair words, but very hard to move in anything that was not to his own advantage. I went to see him in his dirty, ink-splashed counting-house, where I had sat some years before. Cobb was "very glad to see me — very sorry to hear that my health was not good." I asked who had told him that my health was not good?

"Oh, he couldn't say exactly. He certainly had heard it somewhere; but, wherever he heard it, it was a subject of deep regret to him."

"Why should it be a subject of deep regret to you, Mr. Cobb?" said I, observing him closely; for I suspected that some of my

relatives had been talking with him about me.

"Why? He was surprised to hear me ask that question. Hadn't he known me from a boy? Didn't he flatter himself that it was he who had made a man of business of me? Did I recollect that mistake I made once in Parker and Co's. account, and the little 'tiff' we had about it?" And so on.

"Mr. Cobb," said I, (for I always got impatient when he talked to me in this manner) "are you prepared to let me have my principal on those judgment debts!"

"This day three months," said he, "the money shall be paid into your banker's. Let me make a note at that date in my diary, that I mayn't forget it."

"Very good," said I, "let it stand over till then. And now that is settled, I have another matter to speak to you about. You have a daughter, Mr. Cobb."

He looked surprised. I thought he seemed fidgetty. He bade me take a chair, and then said, "Yes, my only child. My daughter Augusta. God bless her! she is dearer to me than my life."

"I do not doubt she is a very excellent young woman," said I, "or that she will be a great acquisition to the man who wins her; no necessity at all to praise her good qualities to me. I am thinking of taking a wife, Mr. Cobb. I am not a poor man, as you are aware. May I hope to gain the hand of Miss Cobb?"

"I can't promise you anything," he replied. "Women are very capricious. I know it would be very advantageous. But I can't force her. I would not make her unhappy to save myself from ruin."

I was at first rather surprised at his luke-warmness; but I guessed what all this meant. "Make her unhappy! Mr. Cobb?" said I. "You have allowed yourself to be prejudiced against me in some manner."

He assured me I was mistaken; but he seemed embarrassed.

"The truth is," said he, "she has already a kind of attachment. I don't know whether it is broken off or not. I never attempt to control her in this matter."

I asked the name of my supposed rival, but he would not tell me, though he said it was a mere boy and girl affair. Nothing would come of it, he was sure. I thought he was deceiving me and I felt angry with him, and rose from my chair to go: but he stopped me. A new thought seemed to have struck him.

"We must not be too hasty," said he. "You had better call here as a simple visitor for a month or so: after that I will sound Augusta."

I pointed out that we lived at some distance apart, and that I had not much time to spend in courtship: but he maintained his ground; and prevailed on me to agree to his plan. I stayed with him that afternoon, and his daughter made tea for us. I don't

know how she may have appeared to others; but I always thought her no great beauty. I don't deny that her manners were pleasing enough. She is dead now, poor thing! I do not know that *she* ever deceived me, and I would not say anything ungenerous about her for the world.

I did not go there very often that month, but I will tell the truth. I admit that I felt a pleasure in the company of Augusta. I thought she would make me a good wife, and that we might live very comfortably together. When the month was up, I asked Cobb, if he had spoken with his daughter, as he had promised. He put me off with excuses. I began to suspect that he was only anxious to gain time to pay off his debt, and to snap his fingers in my face. I told him so; but he found means of putting me off again.

Two months had passed, and I had never spoken to Augusta of my object. My visits were rare, and I saw that she did not even suspect it. I determined that I would not be duped by her father any longer. I would go and speak to her myself. In her house, I felt as free from care as any man. But in my miserable home, my terrible malady continued to torment me. One afternoon, having been thinking over these things, I ordered my horse to be saddled and determined to go instantly to Augusta, and get an answer from her own lips that night. I rode fast along the solitary highway. It began to get dusk before I arrived. I would not look to right or left, nor forward; lest I should see again that terrible woman, whom I had seen once before, on that same highway, standing at the cross road, and pointing to the way I was to take. I pulled my hat low over my eyes, and pushed on, through a wood, and along a by-way into the town. Cobb's house stood up from the road, with a wall in front, and a row of trees and plots of grass, enclosed with low white posts and chains. I tied my horse from the roadway below to one of these posts, and dismounted.

There was a narrow passage, between two walls and paved with bricks, running up by the side and leading to the back of the house. I determined to go through this passage, expecting to find Augusta in the back room looking on to the garden, where at this hour she sometimes sat, alone, at work. As I was about to mount the steps, I looked up and saw a man standing in the entrance. It was quite light enough for me to distinguish his features. It was like my brother Lionel. I turned quickly and untied my horse, and without looking behind me, mounted, and rode back at a swift pace the way I had come.

I could not rest that night. I knew that if this way of life continued, I must soon go mad, and so fall helplessly into the power of my enemies. I was tempted to

fly at once, and thus put myself beyond their reach: but I knew that my terrible companions would be with me still. I thought of making another attempt to see Augusta on the following day: but I felt convinced that the figure I had seen would be always there, to stop me at the entrance to the passage. A conviction grew upon me that it would be useless to renew my visits to Augusta, until I had fulfilled the promise made to my uncle on his death-bed. I strove to quiet my fancies with the arguments which I had used before. I called to mind the treatment I had received from every member of my family: how they had conspired against me; set spies to watch me, and sent pretended clients to betray me. I pleaded with myself that I never intended to break my promise till it became necessary in self-defence; I set them in my place, and imagined how they would have acted towards me. But the vulgar superstition of the sacredness of a promise made to a dying man grew strong in my mind. I taxed myself with intending to defraud my brother, and all that I had suffered appeared to me but the consequence of this. A chance of escape from these terrors seemed to offer itself, and I caught at it eagerly. What was a sum of money compared with the persecution I endured? I cursed my folly in not having seen this before; and, like a madman as I was, I determined to humble myself to my brother Lionel. I meant at first to put off my design till the morrow; but I could no longer rest in the house. So weak and timid had my strange disorder made me, that I did not dare go up the stairs to my bed, until I had relieved my mind of the load that oppressed it. There was a sum in notes in my cash-box, which I should have paid into my banker's on the following day. I took out this sum, and put it in my pocket-book, and bidding my housekeeper sit up for me till my return, I started for my father's house.

I had not seen my father or sisters for a long time, and I did not wish to meet any of them that night. My anger was none the less against them, because of my errand; I had not yet become so abject, as to sue for a reconciliation with them. My object was to rid myself of my charge as quietly as possible, and depart. It was getting late, and I knew that they would have retired to bed. I opened the gate and went round to the back of the house. There was a light at the window of what was once my bedroom, and I knew that it must be my brother there; so I raised myself a little upon the framework of the vine against the house, and tapped at the window. It was not till Lionel answered me, and I begged him to come down and open the door, that I remembered that it was exactly in the same way that he had come to me when

he borrowed the five pounds seven years before.

A lamp was on the table in his bedroom, and a book open. He had not been troubling his head with the thought of me, or of what I suffered, driven to desperation by their persecution: that was certain. He placed a chair for me, but I would not sit.

"My business is very short here," said I. "I know there is war between me and all who live in this house. I do not come to ask for peace."

"Quite a mistake, John," said my brother. "We all wish you well."

"I want nobody's good wishes," said I. "I only ask to be let alone."

"Very good," replied my brother, in his exasperating, flippant way. "You shall be let alone."

"And now, Lionel," said I, "let me explain what I do come about;" and so I related to him how my uncle had desired that he should have this money, and how I had kept it for him, expecting that he would come to me, and how, as he did not trouble himself to come, I finally resolved to bring it to him, and rid myself of a troublesome duty.

"You did not speak of this when you saw me in the waiting-room at Dr. Chandler's," said my brother.

"I was not sure that it was you," I replied; "the room was dark." I paused, thinking he would allude to the night before; but he said nothing, and I pulled out the notes and laid them on the table. Lionel walked to and fro in silence for some time. He appeared to be hesitating whether to accept them or not: though I never doubted that he would decide to accept them after a little show of reluctance.

"John," said he, at last; "you know well that while my uncle lived, I would not have taken a sixpence from him. I am in no-wise changed now. For myself, though my uncle is dead, and no one perhaps would have a better right to this money than I, I would still reject it. But other considerations tempt me. The power of shielding a friend from ruin is now most unexpectedly placed within my reach. It would be folly to refuse it."

"I care not to what use you put it, Lionel," I replied. "I had a commission to perform — and I have performed it. I wish you a very good night."

I dare say I might have listened for an hour longer to his remonstrances, and thanks, and compliments to my honourable principles; but I was already sick of his hypocrisy. I snatched up my hat and groping my way down in the dark before he had time to light me, I left the house.

My mind was easier that night. I knew that I had done an act of which any man would have a right to be proud. I never expected gratitude in return. I believed it my duty to do it, and I did it, and there was an end of it. I do not say that I never regretted it afterwards, or that I would do the same now. I hope

I am a little wiser than I was then.

The very next afternoon I set out again to see Augusta. I felt lighter of heart than I had been for many months. I thought I was about to live in peace at last, and I rode on, musing upon this theme, till I came into the town. I was but a short distance from the house — my horse walking slowly after a sharp trot — when I was aroused by a voice calling me. It was old Cobb himself, and he was walking the way I was going.

"Glad to see you," said he. "I should have gone over to your house to-night. I had a great deal to say to you." I thought he was about to put me off again with words, but I was firmly resolved to be trifled with no longer. I followed him into his counting-house, and, as soon as we were seated, I told him that I had come determined to speak to Augusta myself.

"Augusta is a fool," said he, shaking his head as if he was much concerned at some course she had taken. "She is my only child; but I am sorry to say she is a fool."

I was not deceived by this piece of acting. "Have you spoken to her, according to your promise?" said I, rather sharply.

"I did hint to her last night," he replied, "that is to say, I just in a casual way alluded to the probability of a gentleman — a friend of mine whom she knew — a very honourable gentleman, possessed of considerable property, making her an offer of marriage."

I knew that he was fooling me; but I kept my temper, and requested to know her answer.

"Oh!" he continued, "she set me quite at defiance; said that she had chosen a husband already, and meant to be married at once, and that I must take her husband into partnership with me."

"Mr. Cobb," said I, "I feel that you have been deceiving me. I will at once appeal to Augusta herself."

"Do," he replied. "I would prefer it. I know you will always tax me with this unless you hear it from her own lips. Her future husband will be here to-day. You may stay and see him also, if you please; though for myself, of course, I would like to avoid anything disagreeable. I am sure I have taken pains enough to prevent his seeing you, or hearing of your visits. I like peace."

"Mr. Cobb," said I, "I know you to be a great scoundrel. I am determined now to have nothing to do with you or your daughter."

"I am very sorry," said Cobb. "I should have been glad to see her married to a man of property if it could have been so arranged."

"You shall repent of these insults," said I, for I felt much exasperated by his coolness. "I wish you a good day."

"Stay," said he, unlocking a drawer of his desk and pulling out a pocket-book. "As we may probably not see each other very frequently, we had better settle those judgment debts. If you will write me a discharge, I will give you the money."

I hastily wrote the discharge and took up the notes which he offered me. I was not at all surprised to find that they were the very notes I had given to my brother the night before. I saw at once the conspiracy of which I had been the victim.

"You have no need to tell me who is my rival in this matter, Mr. Cobb," said I. "My brother Lionel is a villain, an ungrateful villain." I was too much hurt to say more then. I was sick of the hypocrisy and ingratitude that I had met with, and I left the place abruptly, thereby disappointing them no doubt of that little scene, which my amiable brother had planned for my humiliation. I know that Lionel pretends that he never heard of these things till long after his marriage with Augusta: that he declares that he lent the money to pay off a debt in ignorance of the exact use it was to be applied to; and that he feigns to blame old Cobb for bidding Augusta conceal from him that I occasionally visited there, under the pretext of motives of delicacy, as we were not good friends. I ask any one to judge from what I have related, whether this is probable.

My persecutors were not done with me yet. I knew that they spread abroad the whole story of my courtship with many more slanders than ever came to my ears. I knew this from the faces of those whom I knew, and others who met me in the street. My mind being troubled again with these annoyances, it is no wonder that my old malady returned with greater terrors than before. I found myself sinking into a settled melancholy, till at last I determined to abandon my business and leave the town; so I placed my affairs in the hands of an agent, and went abroad for some time. I am a different man now, thank Heaven, to what I was then!

I have now told the whole history of this sum of money, which proved a curse to me to the last. I have concealed nothing, not even my own infirmities, though I know I have only been exposing myself to the unfeeling ridicule of my enemies. I hope I have cleared myself to all reasonable minds of the calumnies of those who assert that I insinuated myself into my uncle's good will by depreciating my brother; that I studiously prevented a reconciliation between them for my own purposes; that, having been compelled by my uncle to swear that I would give a sum of money to Lionel, I intended to keep it; but that being sillily fond of Augusta, I hoped to induce him to give her up to me by restoring to him his right.

This has been my object in writing this. I have done.

LEAVES FROM LIMA.

The railroad from Callao to Lima — a new creation, as may well be imagined, projected and completed by native capitalists — passes round Callao Castle, then close along the old road, and enters the city of Lima on the south. The carriages (built at King's Cross, London), are more than usually comfortable, and well adapted to the climate. Another railroad in Peru is on the eve of being commenced between Arica and Tacua, which, with other apparently profitable schemes, seems to show that the country is in a flourishing condition. Its revenue is about eight million dollars, raised principally by import duties, nearly five million, however, of which is from the sale of guano — an ephemeral and fleeting cause of prosperity; which, when science discovers a substitute, will cease to exist while, in the meantime, it causes the heedless government to lavish public money in a reckless manner. They are building a steam-frigate in the Thames; but Peru supplies bad sailors and worse officers.

I had not been in Lima many days (entering it in the month of October, 1852, by the same railroad from Callao) when I encountered a young Irishman — a wild, harum-scarum, care-for-nothing, sort of fellow — who came out to seek his fortune, and joined General Flores' expedition, as aide-de-camp. Being defeated, he narrowly escaped being taken by the Ecuadorians; and, before being killed, chopped limb from limb, which was the fate of all prisoners taken by the inhuman General Urbino, the President of the Republic. Without a rial in his pocket, he was obliged to accept the employment of paymaster at some silver mines in the interior. This hero had come down to Lima to procure dollars for the miners; and was on his return, when he expressed a wish that I should accompany him a couple of days' journey on his road, as a sort of escort, to protect him and his dollars from the numerous bands of robbers that infest the neighbourhood of Lima. As his road lay through a country which I knew to be full of ancient remains, I readily assented to his proposal. The next morning, early, we were in our saddles, leaving Lima by the Maravillas gate on the road to Taruca. I was mounted on an old grey horse; the Irishman on a mule, with two thousand dollars sown into the lining of his saddle, mostly in small money. For a journey of this sort, it is necessary to be well armed, for it is often the traveller's fortune to be beset by more than one man is able easily to manage. I was equipped with a brace of horse pistols in my belt, a long knife down one boot, in the other a

life preserver, and in my coat pocket a six-barrelled revolver; over all a poncho. My friend also was armed somewhat after the same fashion.

To the little village of Chocolacaya, about six leagues distant from Lima, the road passes through a beautifully fertile valley, where maize and *alfalfa* (luzerne) are extensively cultivated. The rocky hills — offshoots of the Andes — rise almost perpendicularly from the valley; which runs north-east from Lima, and is some four miles broad. Here and there along the road are several *haciendas* and *chagras* (farms); and, through the centre of the valley, a rapid torrent, whose waters irrigate the neighbouring pines, boils and bubbles over a rocky bed in admired confusion. This stream is bordered by lofty canes, averaging twenty feet in height, and growing so closely as, in many places, to be perfectly impenetrable. Large and beautiful willow trees, thorns, orange, myrtle, arbutus, pepper, jessamine, and figtrees line the road, and cover parts of the valley; while now and then the beautiful flora-pondia (an enormous white bell-shaped flower, deliciously sweet, growing on a large bush), and fragrant roses of all sorts, fill the air with their perfume. The smaller flowers are numerous and beautiful.

Hawks, owls, ground doves, and pigeons abound in vast quantities; turkey-buzzards are constantly to be seen soaring among the rocky peaks of the hills, or sitting on the walls of the *corrals* (yards for mules and horses); while now and then, the huge condor swoops down among them to take his share of some carrion feast. The finches and smaller birds were very beautiful, but my limited knowledge of ornithology refused to afford me their names. There was one, a bright crimson, with dark brown wings; there were others of a pale green, with a scarlet tuft; others of azure blue: woodpeckers bright green, and red; flocks of noisy, green parrots; a large black pie, with a tail like a pair of scissors, called *tixera;* a bird with a tail spreading like a fan, at an acute angle with its back; and vast varieties of pretty little humming birds. Brilliant butterflies were also numerous; and herds of oxen, horses and mules, goats and asses, and flocks of sheep were spread over the fields, grazing on the lucerne; the sky was cloudless, and all nature was clad with its most cheerful and pleasing aspect.

About a league outside Lima the ruins of Inca *pueblas* or villages begin to appear, and afterwards almost every gorge on both sides of the valley is filled with these strange and interesting remains. They are built of enormous *adobes* (bricks baked in the sun) of prodigious dimensions, and the cactus, or prickly pear, is frequently seen to raise its ungainly and ugly head amidst

the now deserted dwellings. It is remarkable that these dwellings are all situated in the gorges of the hills, and not in the valleys; an incontestible proof of the formerly thickly peopled state of the country, and how anxious its governors were that every foot of ground should be retained for cultivation where that was possible. As the traveller draws near to Chocolacaya, the magnificent Inca road steals upon his view, running on the north side of the river. For miles and miles this unparalleled work of art continues on a perfectly dead level, no obstacle opposing its progress, nothing breaking the even uniformity of its course, and causing it to resemble nothing more than a modern railroad.

At equal distances, *Tambos*, or provision houses for travellers, were discernible, built of large adobes. The road itself (we are told by Ciera de Leon) was formerly lined with trees, whose branches, laden with flowers and fruit, spread over the heads of the travellers. Some of these were even yet standing. It was made by order of Inca Yupangui, great grandfather of Atahualpa, and was paved with small stones of equal size, well blended together — thus anticipating the works of Mac Adam by some four hundred years, who little thought, when he formed the road from London to Holyhead, that he was treading in the footsteps of an Inca of Peru.

I would have given worlds to have gone across to examine it, but the impenetrable canes, the foaming torrent, and above all the two thousand dollars I was to help to defend, were obstacles too great to be overcome. Chocolacaya, which we reached in the afternoon, consists of about a dozen ranchos, built with cane and plastered with mud; roses, jessamines, figs and orange-trees growing among them, and a vine twining its branches over the verandahs of the little tambo, or inn. These places of refreshment have always the sign of the green bush on a long pole over the door; and, in the verandah, a table with bottles of pisco, bread, and fruits on it. We, however, were obliged to press on. The road became worse. Passing close along the sides of the rocky hills that bound the valley, which are covered with cacti, we travelled slowly, wearily on; the great weight of silver being an impediment to anything like speed, till we reached the small village of Yanna-Cocha, consisting of one rancho, where we fell in with a youthful subject of the Celestial Empire; not an uncommon animal now, among the workmen and water-carriers of Lima. A few miles beyond this spot the valley becomes much narrower, and turns to the south-east, while the road becomes considerably more dangerous.

Thus we journeyed on, until we arrived at the village of Coca-Chacra, situated in a lovely spot, and reminding me of the happy

valley in Rasselas. A clear and rapid river runs through the middle, bounded by delicious gardens of fruit-trees and fields of maize; here every description of fruit is to be found; including pine-apples, the chirimoya and alligator pears, in the greatest profusion. Horses, cattle, sheep, and goats luxuriate in the surrounding pastures. We were now forty miles from Lima, at the point to which I had agreed to escort the dollars on their way to the mine; and here the steep ascent of the Sierra commences. At the urgent request, however, of my companion, I accompanied him up the zig-zag ascent, high, high above the happy valley of Coca-Chacra, until my poor old horse could go no further; so, bidding my friend adieu, I betook myself to the tambo again, and to a nice repast of eggs and potatoes, and a delicious cup of chocolate and milk.

I travelled back without accident or adventure, through the greater part of the day, and considered myself pretty safe from molestation. When within two miles of Lima, I was suddenly attacked by a band of mounted negroes, five in number, who all rushed upon me at once, roaring out to me to stop. One of them, without farther ado, clasped me round the waist with one arm, drawing a long knife with the other, which he would not have hesitated to use, had I not instantly seized, cocked my revolver and held it at his breast, retaining still presence of mind enough not to draw the trigger; for, independent of my distaste to shedding blood, it was prudent, with such odds against me, to reserve my fire. I am glad I did so, for the fellow, not liking the appearance of the six barrels staring him in the face, sheared off; and the others drawing on one side, left me room to pass. This I did at a pretty rapid pace, presenting my pistol at them to prevent an attack from the rear. On arriving at Lima, and telling my story, I was soundly rated for not shooting some of them. This, however, was unnecessary; for a robbery having been committed the next day, a detachment of cavalry was sent out to attack these banditti; a regular battle took place outside the town, and seven robbers were killed. Their bodies were laid out in the Plaza de la Inquisition; and, on going to inspect them, I found that three of them were my friends of Thursday. The only danger from robbers is close round the walls of Lima, where the worst class of negroes, mulattos, and emancipated slaves abound. Higher up among the Inca Indians there is less danger. Revolvers are a great safeguard, and astonish these marauders amazingly.

After passing a few very agreeable days in Lima, I was tempted, before my grand expedition across the Andes, to make another exploration, and this time to visit the ruins of Pachacamac. I started at two in the

afternoon alone, a foolish thing to do, as I found.

Passing through Chorillos, (the Brighton of the New World) the road, skirting a cemetery of white-washed adobes, closely hugs the Morro Solar, a precipitous headland, at the foot of which are extensive ruins, built of enormous adobes, the hill itself being partly faced with them. The road then turns sharply down into a wood of thorn-trees into a deep hollow, which present a weird and unearthly aspect, with great sprawling branches, leafless, and covered with coarse cobwebs. Emerging from the wood, the road winds through a broad and handsome avenue, bordered by adobe walls and tall willow trees, leading to the extensive hacienda of Villar. Fruit gardens, alfalfa fields, maize, and sugar-cane, appeared in abundance on either side. The hacienda itself is an extensive collection of buildings containing a good house, huts for slaves, outhouses, and a fine church. Villar has long been infamous for the lawless character of its slaves; they are four hundred and eighty in number, and equal to any atrocity. A few years ago they killed the Major Domo, and burnt his body, which not long afterwards was found in an oven.

The road is still considered the most dangerous in the vicinity of Lima. Beyond the hacienda an extensive plain extends to the sea, and along the coast from Villar to the great desert of San Juan. It contains several considerable lakes well stocked with wild-fowl; and the swampy banks, overgrown with lofty canes, are frequented by curlew and sand-pipers. Much of this plain is morass, but part of it contains pasture for cattle. Passing the road, it winds up a steep hill, and enters the sandy desert of San Juan, consisting of gentle undulations over very heavy sand hills. This wild ground is six miles broad, and very fatiguing to horses. At last, reaching the summit of an almost imperceptible ascent, the vast Pacific Ocean, with three rocky islets off the coast, breaks upon the view, and then is seen the *cerro*, on which is situated the once splendid temple of Pachacamac. Riding rapidly down the steep, and skirting the small *chagra* of Mama-Cenas, I entered the city of the dead. It is with a feeling of mournful thoughtfulness that one passes along the now deserted streets of this once rich and populous city. The houses, built of small bricks, still remain; but the roofs are gone, and the rooms filled with sand. I ascended the *cerro*, and soon reached the temple, which stands on the summit of three noble terraces. The remains are not very great, though some parts of the walls, where the savage hands of the barbarian Spaniards have left them, rise to the height of twenty feet, covered with vermilion paint; it stands about four

hundred feet above the level of the sea, and about half a mile from it. Marvellous accounts are related of its great wealth; amongst others, that the doors were of gold, ornamented with precious stones, and that the keys and other appurtenances were alone worth four thousand marks. I arrived on the sacred spot just at sunset. The view is very beautiful; but I had no time to admire it, for after sunset, in the tropics, darkness comes on so rapidly, that, in a few minutes there is total darkness. To prevent this, I bent my steps towards some huts which I knew to exist on the river Lurin. On arriving there I selected one for my habitation that night; for in Peru this sort of hospitality is shown by the poorest to every benighted traveller. On knocking at the door, however, I received no answer, and proceeded to more effectual efforts; but this had only the effect, to my utter astonishment, of bringing round from behind a crowd of brutal-looking negroes, exhibiting more the appearance of messengers from his Satanic Majesty, than earthly beings. They swore with bitter oaths that I should not enter. Remonstrance was out of the question; for no sooner had they uttered their determination, then they set their ferocious dogs at me. I had this advantage, however, in this awkward dilemma, that I had not dismounted; managing my horse therefore, so as to give myself time to draw out my revolver, one of these animals was soon weltering in his blood. The death of one of these faithful, but savage animals, roused still further the ferocity of the banditti, and one of them rushed at me with his knife. In self-defence I was obliged to fire again, and with the same success; for the man fell apparently lifeless by his faithful dog. Another shot freed me from further danger; and, thinking discretion the better part of valour, I set spurs to my horse, and was soon out of reach of their wrath. My object, on finding that I was so mercifully released from a great peril, was to gain the plain of Villar on the other side of the desert; but night had come on, dark as a wolf's mouth, and I soon lost my way in the sandy waste, and was compelled most unwillingly to pass the night there. It was with no very pleasing reflection that I tied my horse's bridle round my arm, and tried to fall asleep. The awful stillness was very depressing; my very breath seemed to echo innumerable sounds, and the sense of loneliness affected me very much in the same way as I was once before overpowered, when spending some eight-and-forty hours alone in the solitudes of the Arctic regions; the night, however, passed slowly and gloomily on, and at length a dim glimmering streak of light appeared on the eastern sky. The light increased, and then I heard a faint plaintive note—a lark was

soaring from the sand up into the blue of heaven. Who can describe the joy of that first sound? It came like delightful music to my ears, and my unstrung nerves were braced again. A heavy dew had completely wetted me through, and made my limbs stiff and aching; but, mustering resolution, I consulted my compass, which showed me my error, and soon finding the beaten tracks and riding briskly on, I reached Chorillos by half-past seven in the morning — both, man and horse, dead tired, and ravenously hungry and thirsty. I drank four cups of chocolate, and devoured, I believe, as many loaves of bread; while my horse, following my lead, slacked his thirst with two buckets of water, and managed to eat a bushel of alfalfa.

THE TEST OF TIME.

I.

ONCE, in the twilight realm of thought
Wandering and musing, I was brought
Before an ancient portal, wrought.

Of heavy stone, but now decay'd;
And, under a thick ivy shade,
I entered straightway, undismay'd.

It was an old, half-ruined place,
Bearing in every part some trace
Of war, as did that Fane at Thrace

Built, on a perilous descent
Under a forest rude and rent,
To Mars, the God Armipotent.

A stately light was in the hall.
The portraits hanging by the wall
Were arm'd, and mail'd, and vizor'd — all.

And round about stood empty cases
Of armour, with those grinning spaces
Which are as ghosts of living faces.

Each held a lance with nerveless grip,
And leaning sideways tow'rds the hip:
A rust of blood was at the tip.

And many clarions lay around,
Which, o'er the reeling battle-ground
Speaking in sudden starts of sound,

Once lit the blood of men like flame,
Or like the audible tongues of Fame:
But now the pale dust hid their shame.

And battered swords and falchions hung
Down from the walls where, lightly slung,
The indolent spiders slept and swung.

And, fixed amid the pendant woof
And giant net work of the roof,
The rotting banners drooped aloof.

Dankness, and ashiness, and decay,
Were on that house. The hall was grey
With ghost-light of an elder day,

And touched us with a sense of Death,
Or with the vapour of a breath
That in the wide air vanisheth.

Oh, house that thought thyself so strong,
Forgetful that the years are long,
And many notes make up Heaven's song!

Oh, house whose tenants all are gone,
Whose iron strength has been withdrawn,
As clouds are burnt up in the dawn!

Oh, house whose living soul has past!
I saw thy idol, War, down cast
By Time, the grand Iconoclast!

II.

Much moved by those sad pageants there,
I wandered forth into the air,
And reached a garden bright and fair —

Bright and fair, though overlaid
With languid weeds, which crept and
stray'd
Across the pathways like a shade.

It was an eveving at the close
Of maiden April, when she grows
Flush'd with the breath of May, and goes

Like an enchantress through the night,
Preparing for men's waking sight
New splendour, mystery, and delight:

That magic season which calls forth
From the brown boughs and from the
earth,
Hourly, some glad and sudden birth —

Glorious and swift vitalities!
I look'd across the garden trees,
And felt the deep heart-mysteries

Of the place and of the hour —
Emanations from that Power
Which is the life of star and flower.

Like emerald clouds, with light between
Their vapoury folds, appeared the sheen
Of spring's intense and balmy green.

And many flowers were blooming yet
In that old garden, quaintly set
In strange devices; but now, wet

With dews of night, they closed their eyes,
And gave up as a sacrifice
Their odorours souls into the skies.

In far-off fields reposed the herds:
Through the nigh stream's syllabic words
Came the quick talking of the birds.

And, as I watched, the hooded night
Sloped down in majesty and might,
Sprinkled about with drops of light,

And made a golden ferment waken
Within the heavens, as though, o'ertaken
With rich thoughts, they were stirr'd and shaken:

For the keen stars (though faltering never),
Through those blue gulfs which them dissever,
Like lamps in wind, kept trembling ever.

Calm Power, and Peace, and Constancy,
And all sweet things which cannot die,
Murmured of smooth Eternity.

Oh, drooping House of Mars! decay
Unheeded; wane and pass away!
Thy strength was only for a day.

But the round heavens, and the trees,
And flowers, and winds, and harmonies
Of light and dark — all such as these

Are steadfast, and perpetuate
For aye, the glory of their state;
Gentle as Love, and strong as Fate.

THE BLACK LAD.

"The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones;" and it is fortunate for the world that it is so; for if there were no more good than comes uppermost to broad daylight, the world would hardly have held together until now. The Black Lad as he really existed, and the Black Lad as he has come down in tradition, is a curious instance of the refracting medium of popular myths.

Ashton-under-Lyne of the present day is an entirely manufacturing town: all the inhabitants, except a few professional men and some shopkeepers, are either cotton-masters or cotton operatives; and, as the masters were most of them operatives to begin with, there is little beside wealth to distinguish them from their men. There are whole streets of nothing else but fine large cotton-mills many stories high; the chimneys of which make no manner of pretence to consume their own smoke, and consequently the sky is dense with the soot of them.

Ashton-under-Lyne stands in a very beautiful country, when it can be discerned for smoke. It is on the confines of Yorkshire and Lancashire, close under a portion of the Blackstone Edge range of hills. It stands upon an elevation which rises precipitously above the River Tame and the narrow valley of Ducken-

field, which is filled with cotton-mills; whilst the hills shut out the horizon and surround the town as with walls, seeming to block up the road into the world beyond. The street that overlooks the river contains a remarkable combination of the past and present. Below, within a narrow space, lies the turnpike road, the river, the canal, and the railway. At the end of the street, upon a steep elevation like a rampart, stands the Old Hall — a quaint, manygabled building, flanked by two round towers, containing the conveniences for detaining prisoners which were used in the Middle Ages; and, close by, rises the old church, a fine specimen of a church of the fourteenth century.

The Hall, which was formerly fortified, was the residence of a powerful family — the Asshetons of Assheton Hall — who possessed the power of life and death over their vassals; as a place called Gallows Field still exists to testify.

The people of Ashton of the present day would seem to have as little in common with the feudal ages as it is possible to conceive; but there are only one set of people in the world, namely — those who come now are linked on to those who went before. On Easter Monday, every year, all the inhabitants of Ashton and the surrounding country for miles round, assemble "To Ride the Black Lad." It is an event which is looked forward to with so much eagerness, that the whole town is in a ferment about it. Having come recently to reside in Ashton, and hearing it said a dozen times "that I was just in time to see the Black Lad," I inquired what it all meant.

"Why," replied one man, "I have heard say that in former times there lived a great man at the Old Hall up yonder. He was such a terrible bad man, that the folks called him the "Black Knight." He used to gallop up and down on a black horse, that was as wicked as its master. He tyrannised, and ill-treated the people till they could not stand it no road. If he saw a man as did not please him, he had him hanged up in the Gallows Field yonder; and if he saw any of their wives or daughters he had a mind to, and if those they belonged to opposed him, or was not altogether agreeable, he had him taken and put into a barrel lined with sharp spikes and rolled him down the hill from the top to the bottom. He had a road made under ground from the Hall that reached two miles away; but it did him no good; for, one Easter Monday as he was riding through the town, a woman shot him from a window. He made a rule that his horse and an effigy of himself, dressed in the armour he wore when he was shot, should ride through the streets every Easter Monday. He left five pounds a year for that purpose. It used to be a very grand affair, but it

has fallen off of late years. The figure used to be made of the best black silk velvet that could be got for money, but now it is made of sacking blacked over and stuffed with any sort of rubbish, and the five pounds that was formerly allowed, has been taken away and the men have only five shillings allowed besides what other parties may be willing to subscribe; but all the publicans of the place are obliged to give them either money or beer. Those who have the dressing of the figure always put on the back of the "Black Lad," as they call him, some emblem of the trade of the couple last married in the old year. If they were spinners, it would be three "cobbs," or bits of paper in the shape of them; if they were cotton-masters, it would be the same thing only smaller; or an awl for a shoemaker. Respectable parties usually pay well to be let alone, and now the police walk in the procession, or else the people used to throw sludge and dirt at anybody who would not give them money; but they dare not now. The whole thing has quite fallen away from what it was."

I received another version of the "Black Lad" from a young woman, who told me: "That formerly he was a sort of hermit gentleman, who lived up at the Hall and who used to go about clothed in black velvet, and had a passage under ground leading from the Hall."

"Was he a good man?" I inquired.

"Oh dear no, Ma'am, quite the contrary; he was a murderous kind of man who did great harm to poor people. He was killed, they say, by a woman, and left word to have the procession every year in memory of him."

"And what becomes of the figure when the procession is over?" I asked.

"Why generally the people take off the best of its clothes and set it up in the market place, and shoot or make away with it by burning." She, also, spoke with regret of the "black velvet," and lamented that it was now replaced by nothing better than "sacking."

All I heard gave me a great desire to assist at the ceremony of "Riding the Black Lad." My ideas of what was to be expected were heightened by rumours that the figure of the Black Lad was actually "on view; and that policemen had to guard the doors to keep the peace.

Easter Monday came at last — a lovely day of real old-fashioned Easter weather. The whole town was in a state of lively agitation, and was crowded with country people from many miles round.

At half-past two in the afternoon, the procession started from the market-place. It consisted first of the effigy of the Knight of Ashton; but it was not either black velvet nor black sackcloth — indeed it was not black at all — but the figure of quite a flesh

coloured young man, looking like one of those wax ideals in hair-dressers' windows, attired in steel breastplate, plumed helmet, and a flowing mantle of black velvet. Two men walked beside the figure, and held it on the back of a sedate black cart-horse. A band of music came next; and around and on all sides in no particular order, was a mob of several hundred persons who manifested the greatest delight. Everybody who was not in the streets turned out upon their door steps or appeared at their windows to see the Black Lad, as he passed along.

I must confess to a certain disappointment at seeing such a modernised version of an old custom; but a woman who canvassed my admiration, assured me "that it was the handsomest Black Lad she had ever seen, and she had seen a score in that market-place."

The origin of this ceremony has been the subject of many disputes and conjectures; but the following is, I believe, an account of the true origin, and is supported by Dr. Hibbert: —

Sir John de Assheton was the head of the Assheton family, living in the old hall, and possessing the Manor of Ashton, in the reign of Henry the Fourth by whom he was knighted. He died in the reign of Henry the Sixth, leaving a numerous family. He bequeathed to his two sons by a second marriage, Rauf and Robin, amongst other possessions, a large portion of low wet land in the neighbourhood of Ashton, called the "sour carr," the "guld-rode," and "stane ryuges," for the term of their natural lives, with the privilege of "guld-riding."

"Sour carr," signifies poor impoverished land, and the "privilege of guld-riding" is a custom of great antiquity, at least in Scotland, where it existed as early as the days of King Kenneth. It was intended to prevent lands from being overrun with the weeds called gools, or gulds — what we now name corn marigolds, from their bright yellow colour — and which were reckoned so destructive to the growth of corn, that very effectual methods had to be adopted to force the tenants to extirpate them. A fine was imposed on all persons holding land for every stock of gool found growing in their fields on a certain day; and the gool-riders were those appointed to ride through the lands and to search for gool and carry the law into execution. It is evident that a wide scope for tyranny was thus enjoyed by these gool-riders. The effects of the law were, however, salutary enough, so far as the land was concerned; and the lords of the manor took care to keep up the practice rigidly, wherever such a regulation existed.

Rauf of Assheton was page to Henry the Sixth, and married a rich heiress, daughter to the

Lord of the Manor of Middleton; consequently the people of Ashton did not consider that he had any right to rule over or interfere with them — his elder brother being their natural lord. But Rauf of Assheton was a stern man, who pushed his fortune and allowed none of his rights to fall into disuse. He was in great favour with Edward the Fourth, from whom he received knighthood, and who also made him Lieutenant of the Tower, and Vice-constable of the kingdom. Invested with such powers, he committed great excesses and oppressions in his own part of the kingdom. It was for his rigorous guld-riding, that he was especially execrated by the inhabitants of Ashton. It was his custom on Easter Monday to make his appearance in this manor, clad in black armour, and mounted on a black charger (whence he got the name of The Black Lad); and, attended by a numerous train of followers, he rode through the town and over the lands called the Carr-guld roads, levying the fines against all who had not cleared their lands from carr-gulds (or corn marygolds), and until the penalties were paid, punishing the unfortunate tenants by putting them in the stone-rings, or stocks; or in prison, or worse. The name of the Black Lad has been handed down, associated with nothing but traditions of cruelty and horror. An old doggrel verse is still preserved containing fervent ejaculations for deliverance from his yoke:

> "Sweet Jesé for thy mercy's sake,
> And for thy bitter passion,
> Save us from the axe of the Tower,
> And from Sir Raph of Assheton."

Sir Rauf must, however, have been a man of energy and talent, as may be judged from the great trusts reposed in, and the honours bestowed upon him by successive sovereigns. —

He was Knight Marshal of England, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, Sheriff of Yorkshire in the reign of King Edward the Fourth. He was made Knight Banneret at Hutton Field, in Scotland, whither he had accompanied the Duke of Gloucester to recover Berwick.

In the first year of Richard the Third he was made Vice-constable of England, with the same authority as Constable, and was one of the knights mentioned by Hollinshed who rode at the coronation of Richard the Third, whom he did not long survive; and now, in this year of grace, 1853, he still exists as the Easter show for the holiday folks at Ashton, who parade the Black Lad in effigy, and shoot and burn it in the market-place. So does "the whirligig of time bring about its own revenges."

Upon the death of Sir Rauf the "Carr-guld roads" reverted to the lord of the manor of Ashton, who abolished the practice of "guld-riding" for ever; and a small sum of money was set apart from the estate to perpetuate in

an annual ceremony the dreaded yearly visits of the Black Lad.

The mother of Sir Rauf of Ashton was Margaret, daughter of Sir John Byron of Clayton in Lancashire, one of Lord Byron's ancestors. Sir Rauf's elder brother, Thomas, the lord of the manor of Ashton, was much addicted to the occult sciences, and to the practice of chemistry, in which he was so skilful that he obtained, as was natural in those times, the reputation of being a magician, and in compact with evil spirits. He and Sir Edward Trafford obtained a patent in the third year of Henry the Fifth for "making" alchemy, or translating imperfect metals into gold and silver. He would appear to be the original of the hermit gentleman in black velvet.

FOUR-LEGGED AUSTRALIANS.

I HAVE settled in a large manufacturing town after a residence of some years in Australia, and since my return had been enjoying life as well as any of my neighbours, until I was made miserable by the gold discoveries. From that time, until this hour, I have been surrounded by intending emigrants or curious inquirers, among whom I am known no longer as the quiet Mr. Spettigue, who drives a pony chaise, but as the gentleman who was a long time in Australia, and will be happy to give anybody any information upon any subject that is in any way related to any part of the Australian colonies.

Some of the questions asked of me are most ridiculous. A plain speculator wanted my opinion the other day as to the chance there was of establishing a railroad between Sydney and Hobart Town, so that the agricultural produce of Tasmania might be more easily conveyed to New South Wales. I was obliged to remind him that the two towns are a little farther apart than London and Lisbon, and that the two countries are parted from each other by a strait a little wider than the Irish Channel.

But the commonest and fairest questions asked of me are zoological? What sort of animals are there in those parts besides kangaroos? In most of the books studied by emigrants the accounts given of Australian quadrupeds are very meagre. As I lived long in the bush and wandered far and wide over the new land of promise, I scraped acquaintance with very nearly all its known four-legged inhabitants — there are not many — and I suppose that I shall do a civil thing, as well as save myself much trouble by making public what I know about them.

In the first place, I think that I tell news to nobody in stating that the number of these animals is small, and is confined almost entirely to creatures belonging to an order unknown in the old world, marsupials or pouch-

bearers. The small number of species may be estimated by comparison. Cuvier described one thousand two hundred and seventy-two distinct species of mammals. Of these there are not so many as the odd seventy-two found in New Holland; there are only sixty-two, and nine of those are not found in the bush, for they are members of the tribe of seals. Of the fifty-three species of four-legged animals known to exist in Australia, not one is to be found anywhere else; they are all residents of New Holland exclusively, or of the adjacent islands. On the other hand, the very commonest of old-world quadrupeds are not to be met with otherwise than as colonists like ourselves in Australia. The horse is no more native to the country than the Englishman. There are no Australian representatives either of horses, or of any other pachydermatous being: such as a hog, for example, or an elephant. The ruminating animals, again, are all of them immigrants; the sheep were taken to Australia before the wool was brought from thence; there are no native sheep, no native oxen, goats, or stags, or other creatures of the kind. Of the carnivorous tribes which play so loud a part in the concert of zoological music at the gardens in the Regent's Park, there is but one specimen — the Dingo, or the Native Dog. The marsupials, in fact, have very nearly the whole country to themselves, and the country contains very nearly all the marsupials. There exist altogether only sixty-seven species of that curious order, and of those, forty-three are peculiar to Australia, and the rest (with two or three exceptions in America) are confined to New Guinea and the islands lying to the northward of New Holland. Of the ten Australian quadrupeds that are not marsupial, two belong to the order of the toothless, and are cousins to the sloth and ant-eater; one is carnivorous; five are nibblers, cousins to the rabbit; and two are finger-winged after the manner of the bat. But all differ from their relations in our neighbourhood by the possession of a few marsupial characters.

Of the forty-three Australian marsupials there are eight genera. They differ much in size, and form, and habit; they resemble now one old world animal, and now another, but they all agree in the peculiarity from which they get their name — the having a little pouch in which the young are carried until they are able to take some care of themselves. Their young are, in fact, prematurely born, and it is in the pouch that their development is completed. Immediately after birth the unfinished creature is put into its mother's pocket; there it finds a nipple to which it fastens, and from which it is able, by a peculiar arrangement of the throat, to receive milk before it has enough sense for the

business of sucking. There it hangs and grows for eight more months; after that time it becomes a ripe kangaroo baby, and eats grass, but at first often returns for shelter to its mother's pocket, or, when too big to be pocketed, may be seen poking its nose into the old nest in search of milk. The marsupials usually have only one little one at a birth, but I have sometimes shot kangaroos, and often smaller creatures, with two young ones attached to the nipples, or at rest, loose in the pouch.

I will insult nobody by the description of a kangaroo, but I will specify in a few words the several varieties. There is the Boomah, or old man kangaroo: which is the largest of the class. It is very tall; often eight feet high when seated in its usual position on the tripod formed by the hind legs and tail. Its weight reaches sometimes a hundred and thirty pounds. In the remote districts of New South Wales Boomahs are still met with in considerable numbers, frequenting the open plains and park-like forests; there they browse on the grass, or on leaves stripped from the lower branches of the trees. They afford sport to the bushmen of the colony, who hunt them with large fierce dogs, apparently bred between the mastiff and grey-hound, possessing equal fleetness and ferocity. Only the hind-quarters of the kangaroo are eaten; they remind an Englishman of venison. From the skin there is made a very soft and pliant leather, used by colonial shoemakers in preference to the best English calf-skin. There are many smaller varieties, as the Forester, the Rock, and the Brush Kangaroos; the Wallaby and Paddymellor; then there is also the darkly, deeply, beautifully, Blue Kangaroo — found only in the colonies of Swan River and South Australia. The Brush Kangaroo is very plentiful in some parts of Tasmania, where it forms regular tracks through the thick undergrowths. Snares are there placed for it by the settlers, or by men who hunt it for its skin. The thick scrubby brush in which this animal is usually found cannot be hunted through by men, but dogs are trained to run down and kill the kangaroo. Returning to the hunter, the dog shows him where the game has fallen. These little victims, when taken alive, can be soon tamed, and will become thoroughly domesticated. The smaller varieties make very pretty pets, but they are generally stupid, and are rarely taught to care about their master, or even so much as to distinguish him from strangers. The very slow rate of increase of the kangaroo, its extreme timidity, and the continual war waged against it by the blacks for food, and by the whites for amusement, sufficiently account for its quick disappearance from the settled districts. Recklessly hunted by the settlers, kangaroos seem to be

following the dodo on the road to extermination.

Next in size to the kangaroo is the Wombat, or native bear. It is like the common badger in its habits, and a little like it in appearance. It is a thick, short-legged, clumsy-looking quadruped, from three to four feet long, and weighing from twenty to fifty pounds. I once shot a Wombat in Port Phillip that weighed fifty-eight pounds—that was the largest specimen I ever met with. In the Geelong district, about fifty miles from the town, near the Colac and Koronomite lakes, these animals were very numerous a few years ago. They are social in their habits, and form extensive settlements in vaults of their own making underground, of which the long galleries intersect each other in all directions, and often reach to a considerable depth. There are sometimes twenty or thirty ways into these buried palaces, such gates being wide conical hollows, gently sloping down to the mouth of the burrow, which is carefully fashioned underneath a slab of stone that keeps the earth above from falling in and scattering its dirt about the doorway. These hollows are always overgrown with grass, and appear to have been inhabited by many generations of departed Wombats. The remains of the defunct — well-bleached skulls and bones — lie scattered on the surface of the soil, as if the hairy patriarchs had dragged themselves from their dark burrows to die under the sun-light; or as if reversing the common order of things, having expired decently in their family tombs, they had been solemnly hauled out by their successors; for, with this tribe, the living occupy the graves, and all the dead are carefully turned out of them. I have examined many hundreds of these holes, but never saw one that bore any marks of having been made recently, or even enlarged since its first formation. The green banks that surround the warren are marked out into the high roads of the Wombats' well-worn tracks, which branch off in a great many directions to the choicest feeding grounds.

The Wombat is covered with a thick coat of strong hair of a lightish brown colour, or sometimes an iron-grey. The back is very broad and flat; the legs short, and the belly almost touches the ground. On each of the fore feet are five, and on the hind feet four powerful claws; and the short massive jaws are furnished with strong molar teeth, twenty of them, and four broad sharp incisors. The head is flat, and is so hard and solid that I have seen a ball flatten like dough upon it. The skin, too, is very thick, especially about the neck and fore-part of the body. Wombats feed chiefly on grass, cropping it very close to the roots. They come out only at night, and are found rarely at any distance from their burrow.

The flesh is excellent eating, though because of the sluggish habits of the animal it is apt to be too fat. Native Australians prefer it to all other food. On being disturbed, the Wombat makes straight for its burrow, heedless of any obstacle, and at such times it makes a shrill, hissing noise of a peculiar kind that may be heard on a still night to a considerable distance. This, except an occasional low grunt, is the only vocal sound ever produced by any of the marsupials.

The Native Devil *(dasyurus ursinus)* burrows like the Wombat, but is in all other respects an entirely different animal. It is a very ugly, very savage brute, fortunately (forgive me, naturalists, for the sentiment, which is, I know, a wrong one) now almost extinct. It is never discovered beyond the limits of Tasmania, where it was formerly a terrible pest to the settlers; for it destroyed their poultry, and often went so far as to kill and devour young lambs. It is about as big as a small bull-dog, covered with coarse, black hair, and ornamented with an enormous head not unlike that of the hyæna. It has a very wide mouth garnished by a set of forty-four sharp teeth, which, when in confinement, it is continually gnashing together, jerking out at the same time a short vicious snarl. I had one of these little "devils" in a cage for several months. He was trapped near Bothwell in Tasmania, being lamed slightly in the capture. He certainly was the most vicious and ill-tempered beast I ever had to do with. During the day he slept incessantly, and his only reply to an attempt to awaken him was a savage snap accompanied by the habitually angry snarl. Even the offer of food would not arouse him while the daylight lasted; he was a veritable Prince of Darkness. At night he became active, eagerly seized food, and sitting on his hams with the meat held between his fore-paws, tore it wolfishly to pieces, crunching up large bones with the greatest ease, and often swallowing at one meal nearly his own weight in victuals. For some time I fed him only in the morning, before he coiled himself up for his day's snooze; and then, all night long he continued to prowl about the cage, growling and tearing at the bars. In his gait and mode of sitting on his hams, he has a slight resemblance to the bear, from which, I suppose, he derives his zoological title of "*ursinus*."

Another animal related to the Devil, and differing but slightly from it in its habits, is found in the mountainous districts of Tasmania. It is named by the colonists the Zebra-Wolf, and is larger but handsomer than the *dasyurus*. The skin of the Zebra-Wolf is smooth and glossy, somewhat resembling in its colour that of the Bengal tiger; a dark yellow, crossed with black stripes. In size and appearance it is like a wolf, though the head is larger,

the muzzle blunter, and the mouth deeper. Zebra-Wolves are now extremely scarce. In many journeys through the unfrequented parts of the island, I never met with one. My knowledge of the variety is derived from a stuffed specimen.

Again, there are in Australia several smaller flesh-eating marsupials to the same family, commonly known as native Cats, though they bear no resemblance to the cat, except in having predatory habits. The native Cat is twelve or fifteen inches long, with a long furry tail. It has a sharp head, a large mouth containing fifty-two little pointed teeth, and small erect ears. In colour it is white, with yellow spots; sometimes with glossy black spots; the latter variety being usually the finer of the two. These animals are found in all parts of the colonies, especially where quails abound. They are expert and cat-like in their way of capturing those birds; lying in wait among thick tufts of grass and pouncing upon them as they run by unsuspiciously.

But there is a very numerous Australian family whose habits differ from all those heretofore described, and which is remarkable as being the only genus of pouch-bearing animals represented in another country.

The Ring-tailed Opossum abounds in the extensive gum-forests, where it lives in the hollow trunks and branches of trees, coming out only at night to feed upon the aromatic leaves, especially those of the peppermint-tree (which, be it said, is no relation to the herb peppermint). Five kinds of opossum have been distinguished by naturalists, differing in little but their size and colour. The largest of the species, the Fox-Opossum, is also the scarcest. The handsomest, the Black Opossum, is perhaps the most common and is about as big as a large fire-side cat, its colour varies from a dark brown to a glossy black. The head is like that of a fox, with long erect ears. The hind feet are supplied with double-jointed thumbs, on which there are no claws, though very strong claws are to be found on all the other toes; and therefore these feet resemble the hands of a monkey, and are used in the same manner in climbing trees. The tail of the opossum is from twelve to fifteen inches long, and from its power of firmly grasping any substances is of great use to its owner up among the trees, where he may be often seen swinging, by this live rope, from a spreading branch. Out of their skins, which are covered with a soft warm fur, the natives make to themselves cloaks. They stitch the skins together with a pointed bone for needle, and the long fine sinews drawn from the kangaroo's tail for their thread. The skins are now much valued by the colonists, and no bushman considers that he is fully equipped for travelling if he has not a good "'possum-skin-rug" strapped to

his saddle, or, if he be a pedestrian, across his shoulders.

The way in which the natives get the skins is worth describing, though, I dare say, pretty familiar already to the reading public. Selecting a tree on which fresh scratches indicate the recent ascent of an opossum, the naked black cuts with the little tomahawk that he carries in his right hand, a small notch in the bark just large enough to admit the great toe or a couple of fingers. Three feet higher, and a little on one side, he cuts another notch, and, as high as he can reach, a third. Then placing the toe of the right foot in the lowest notch, and the fingers of the left hand in the highest one, he raises himself from the ground; and, hanging by the slight hold, makes a fourth notch above his head, to which he instantly removes his fingers, at the same time raising the last foot to the second notch. So he goes on, and rapidly continues his ascent, striking short quick blows and clinging to the bark like a monkey; or, as sailors say, holding on by his eye-lids, until he has climbed up to the first branch. From that point he is able quickly to discover the retreat of the opossum, which he at once secures, killing it by a tap on the head, and then throwing it down to his companions. The women are very expert at this work. I have seen one ascend a tree, at least twenty feet in circumference and rising to a height of sixty feet before it threw out a branch or a single protuberance large enough for any foot to rest upon. The Van Dieman's Land natives adopt another method, and, I believe that some of the Australian tribes also practise it. Several strips of strong bark are twisted and knotted together until a girdle is obtained large enough to encircle the trunk of the tree, and at the same time the body of the climber. Spreading his arms round the tree, his hands grasping the bark girdle, within which he stands, the black fellow tosses it up so that it catches on the further side of the trunk, and he is then able to draw up his body to a level with it. There he repeats the process, pressing his body close to the tree, and again throwing up the girdle, by which he once more raises himself, and so on, till the summit is attained.

Opossum shooting is good sport by moonlight, when the game is plentifully visible. The animals are then easily seen among the lofty trees, to which they cling so closely that they look like large woody excrescences upon its crooked limbs. This appearance, I suppose, is illustrated by the well worn story of the Yankee who could make so ugly a face that any 'possum seeing it dropped from the tree in a fit. "But," said he, "I grinned at one sitting on a high branch, one night for two hours, without bringing him down; and when I came down in the morning ex-

pecting to see him dead in the tree, I found that my 'possum was only a great knot on the limb, and I 'd grinned all the bark off it."

Of the same family as the opossum, but constituting a distinct group, is the Flying Squirrel; that is a most beautiful creature. It is smaller than the English squirrel, and it has, like it, a long bushy tail, that curls over its back. Between the fore and hind legs, on each side, extends a broad membrane, from which the animal receives its name, and which enables it to take strange flying leaps about the thinly wooded forests. The fur is extremely soft: the colour a delicate grey, with a narrow black line traversing the whole length of the back. The wings are edged by a dark band, which is again fringed by a line of fine white fur. The under part of the body is of a pure white; the head is dark grey; and the bright eyes are set in two circles of deep black, which give a very arch expression to the face. In its habits this squirrel resembles the opossum, excepting that, when feeding, it is in almost continual motion, leaping from tree to tree with great rapidity and ease. Although incapable of leaping to a spot above its starting point, it yet descends so gradually as to pass over a very considerable distance in its flight. In some parts of Australia, the Flying Squirrel is very abundant, in other parts, however, it is quite unknown.

Returning from the tree-tops to the earth, I fall upon the Bandicoot, a little animal very much like the native Cat to look at, but entirely different in its behaviour. It feeds only on roots and vegetable substances, living in burrows, or beneath surface stones, or fallen timber. The Bandicoot abounds in the clear country, where it is often eaten by the bushmen. The flesh reminds one of a rabbit, though the joints are not so large. In the same districts the Kangaroo-Rat is usually to be found. This is a perfect kangaroo in miniature, and like the larger genus, it moves on its hind legs only, using the hands or fore-legs to carry food to its mouth. There are several species of this tribe, but only one other worth present notice — the Kangaroo-Mouse, a pretty little creature, scarcely larger than the common shrew, but imitating all the ways of the great kangaroo.

Now I have said enough about marsupial animals, and come, in the next place, to two quadrupeds ranked by the naturalists in the order edentata (toothless). They form a distinct family under the name of monotremes, and possess an organisation and a mode of reproduction unlike those of any other creatures. The first of these, the Duck-Billed Platypus (*ornithorhynchus paradoxus*), seemed on its first discovery to be a creature quite as wonderful as any mermaid. It has the body of a hairy quadru-

ped, with a duck's bill; the feet are webbed and turned backwards like the flippers of a seal; and all the outlets from its body end in the same orifice (hence the name of the tribe, monotremes). It is of amphibious habits, and obtains its food from the muddy bottom of a lake or river. It is able to live under water for a considerable length of time. It produces its young in the same manner as many reptiles, from eggs hatched within its body. It possesses, instead of the usual shoulder-blade, a bone similar to that called the merry-thought in birds; and it is apparently destitute of any apparatus for secreting and supplying milk for its young, from which mammalia are named. This eccentric animal, on its first introduction to societies in Europe, created amongst naturalists great excitement; and grave doubts were entertained of the reality of its existence. When the arrival of more specimens proved that the Platypus was not a manufactured monster, it was found necessary to assign to it a distinct and prominent position in the great zoological system, for under no existing genus could the bird-beast-fish-reptile be accurately classed. Many extraordinary theories were broached respecting it. The absence of any perceptible nipple in the female was adduced as strong proof that the mode of reproduction was similar to that of birds — that the quadruped actually laid eggs. It was not until 1834 that Professor Owen set the subject finally at rest, by proving from repeated experiments and most minute and untiring investigation, that the female Platypus secretes milk in the same way as other mammals, and supplies the fluid to its young through a number of very small openings, that communicate by hair-like ducts with the secreting or mammary gland.

The Platypus is now almost as familiar to most readers as the kangaroo, though I believe no living specimen has ever yet reached England. It is rapidly becoming very scarce in Australia, where it was at no time common. Alive, and in its own haunts, it is certainly a wonder to behold. I had the good fortune, some years ago, to capture one alive on the river Glenelg, in the Portland Bay district, and though it did not long survive in confinement, I had good opportunity of making its acquaintance. The body is not unlike that of a small fur seal, having a dark grey coat of soft fur next the skin, and above that a covering of coarse hair nearly black, with an occasional patch of reddish brown. The head is much flattened, and has attached to it two mandibles, exactly resembling in shape a large duck's bill. The central ridge of the bill is a hard bony substance, which expands on both sides into a border of soft flexible cartilage. At the junction of the bill with the head, is a flap of greyish skin extending

towards the eyes, and passing completely round the singular mouth-piece. The feet are armed with strong claws, and closely webbed; the web on the fore-feet stretching loosely beyond the claws. The tail is long, flat, and very broad. From the extremity of the beak to the root of the tail, this specimen measured fifteen inches, the tail adding five inches to its length. The eyes are small and deeply sunk, and the ears are only discernible on a very close examination. Like the otter — to which the Platypus bears some affinity in its habits — it makes a long burrow on the bank of the river, with two entrances; one close to the surface of the water, and the other at the inland termination. The specimen which I had in my possession fed readily on a sort of small shrimp procured from the river; but did not refuse bread crumbs steeped in water. Its movements ashore are awkward and ungainly, and the singular form of the hind legs, which bend backwards, though very suitable for swimming, makes any quick progress on land impossible.

The only other member of the family of monotremes is an animal almost as remarkable as the one just described. It is called by the colonist the Native Porcupine, by naturalists, the Echidna. Like the Platypus, it is very rare, and is found only in particular localities. A few specimens have been taken in the neighbourhood of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, and especially among the woody hills of Tasmania; but its scarcity, timidity, and solitary habits, nearly deprive men of all chance of becoming acquainted with its peculiarities, or of examining its mode of life when in a state of nature. Little is positively known respecting it; that little, however, tends to show that in its anomalous structure it resembles the Platypus. In outward appearance the two creatures differ greatly. The Echidna has some outward likeness to the common hedgehog, but it is considerably larger, and the spines with which it is covered are stronger, intermingled with coarse hair. The head is small, and there projects from it a long, round, bony snout, terminating in a small mouth, thickly set on the inner surface of the upper portion with small sharp spines that slope inwards, and apparently supply the place of teeth. Each foot is furnished with five powerful claws, and by the aid of these, and the boring apparatus attached to its head, the Echidna buries itself in the earth, when alarmed, with astonishing rapidity. It feeds principally on ants, securing them with its long slender tongue, which appears to secrete a sticky mucilage to which the insects become glued. I likened this animal to a hedgehog, but its resemblance to a bird, when seen at a short distance, is much more complete. The mixture of quills

and hair—some of which is long, fine, and silky — has the appearance of feathers; the elongated snout is an exact model of a beak, and the narrow pointed head, with the eyes set low on the sides directly behind the bill, is very bird-like in its form; whilst the long crooked talons and plump rounded figure, add considerably to the force of the illusion. I am ashamed to appear sensual, yet I must say that the Echidna is very good eating. I have twice dined on him in the bush, the spines and hair being removed by scalding, and the animal cooked in the same fashion as a sucking pig.

I come now to the one Australian specimen of the Carnivorous brutes;—the Dingo or the native Dog. Its Australian origin has been abundantly confirmed by the reports of all travellers into the interior, who assert that packs of wild dogs are met with in every part of New Holland into which they have penetrated. All the early navigators who held any intercourse with the natives speak of their being attended by numbers of half-wild dogs. The Dingo has all the characteristics of the wolf; it is of the same size, lighter in colour, with a fox-like head and tail. It is usually runs in packs of from six to twelve in number, though it sometimes hunts singly. Amongst the flocks of the colonists these animals make a sad havoc, like two-legged hunters. They are not content with killing enough for their own wants, but they mangle for their own pleasure. Rushing furiously through the flocks they slay and bite large numbers of the sheep, and scatter the survivors, so that they are sometimes altogether lost. In Tasmania the Dingo is now unknown, and the flocks therefore are not folded at night, but remain in the bush; the side of a sheltered hill commonly being chosen for their "camping ground." But in Australia the ravages of this destructive animal entail upon the settler the additional expense of providing yards for his flocks, and compel everywhere the constant attendance of the shepherds.

When men are travelling with sheep to some distant station through a district infested by wild dogs, it is customary to enclose them at night in a yard made by felling trees in different directions, so that the trunks and branches form a square. Sometimes the flock is merely gathered into a patch of comparatively clear ground, round about which large fires are lighted, and the men keep watch alternately through the night. For this kind of duty I had always an especial liking. Many a long hour have I passed pleasantly by the watch-fires, listening to the low breathings and the tongueless voices of the mighty forest. One route that I used often to traverse lay through a tract of country remarkable for its magnificent timber, and for the unusual

beauty of the bush scenery. There, the wild dogs were very numerous, and they gathered round our camp at night, seldom appearing in sight, but answering each other in long plaintive howls that sounded through the still woods with a mournful cadence. When a yell sometimes arose unusually near and shrill, the frightened flock within the fiery circle grouped itself into a dense mass, or rushed frantically to and fro half wild with terror.

I have little more to tell of the Australian quadrupeds. Of the five species of Rodentia three are merely varieties of the common rat and mouse, and are perhaps of European origin, having been introduced from ships visiting the harbours. The other two are amphibious, and like the water-rat, only a little larger.

The two species of Cheiroptera, or winged quadrupeds are a small bat possessing no peculiar features, and a very large one, with immense erect ears, now not often met with. This bat Cook mentions as having been seen by one of his crew, who returned to the ship in extreme terror, declaring that he had seen the devil, and described him as being as large as a ten gallon keg, and ornamented with a fearful pair of horns.

And that is all. Very few pages are sufficient for a description of all the known Australian quadrupeds, and of the animals here mentioned the great majority are very rarely seen. Men have lived many years in the colonies without ever meeting with a single kangaroo or an opossum in its wild state; yet those are the most common and most widely spread of all tribes of four-legged Australians.

Fossil remains of extinct animals of gigantic dimensions have been discovered in Australia, as in other parts of the world; but it is a singular fact that, with one exception, the whole of these bones are declared by eminent naturalists to be the relics of marsupialia. We may therefore conclude that there have never existed in New Holland any animals of a different type to those found there in our own day; but that, at remote periods, when the mastodon and the megatherium roamed over other countries, gigantic kangaroos hopped over the plains of Australia, and enormous wombats burrowed in the forests.

The one exception is that of the elephant. The remains of a mammoth species of this animal have been discovered in the bone caves; but even in this instance, zoologists assert that there are traces of marsupial organisation. Amongst some of the aboriginal tribes, however, a report is current that there still exists in the interior of the country an animal to which they ascribe the most extraordinary characters and powers. Its native name is the Bunyup; and the description usually given of it is that of a huge quadruped having a large

round head, a long neck, and a hairy body. It is amphibious, they say, and frequents deep lakes and water-holes. The descriptions given by other tribes point to a sort of orang-outang; — an animal walking in an erect posture, taller than a man, armed with a club, having a very large head, and apparently possessing great strength. But the accounts are very vague, and are, in all probability, either the tradition of some extinct animal, or are altogether fabulous. It is certainly possible, that there may exist, in the unexplored and more tropical districts, animals differing from all those with which we are now acquainted. But the ascertained extension of the marsupial order to the extreme North of New Holland, and even partially to the large islands adjoining it, almost warrants the belief that we are already familiar with the chief forms of animal life that are to be found in that great country.

THE ROPEMAKER'S WIFE.

At the period when the gallant king Francis the First encouraged, and his sister Marguerite adorned literature, the South of his kingdom boasted of as great an ornament of the world of letters as did the capital itself.

La Belle Cordière, by which name of endearment Louise Labé was known, was born at Lyons, and for a series of years reigned over and gave laws to the learning of her province. Her husband was a rich merchant who dealt largely in cords and cables, but she is not known by his name, which was Ennemond Perrin; nor by her father's, which was Charly — she was called Labé, from a sobriquet given to the latter, for some reason unexplained.

Perrin possessed a very considerable fortune, besides houses and lands at Lyons, all of which he appears to have left to his widow, who describes the house she resided in as being very handsome, and her gardens delicious. Where the Place Belcour now stands was probably this mansion, and one of the avenues of the garden must have occupied the spot where the street is built, which bears the name of La Belle Cordière. Louise wrote both in prose and verse, and the anagram of her name, out of which a motto had been formed which she adopted, was intended to express the beauty of her compositions, as well as of her person; it is, according to the fashion of that day, attached to her poems:

"Belle a soy" (*souhait*).

Louise established in her house a fine library, and surrounded herself with all that was learned, witty, and distinguished in her native province. Her society was very select, and talent alone gave a claim for admission to this envied place. It is easy therefore to understand that jealousy and ill will were not unknown to

those who were excluded. As, in spite of her wealth, Louise could not lay claim to rank, her rivals had powerful arms against her, and those whose genius could not gain for them an invitation to this Academy of talent were able to speak of it with contempt, as beneath the notice of the high-born and aristocratic.

This however gave little annoyance to the high priestess of letters, who lived a life of literary enjoyment and learned ease, admired, caressed, and flattered, and far above the littlenesses of either sex, whom, in return, she held in no small dis-esteem, as many of her essays prove. She did not attempt to conceal her contemptuous opinion of the ladies of Lyons, whom she describes and reproaches as ignorant, frivolous, silly, and affected. These strictures, once published, were as a firebrand amongst the insulted nobility whom a mere *bourgeoise* had dared to brave, and straightway the character of the imprudent authoress was attacked with all the bitterness that revenge and fury could dictate. It was asserted that her beauty and the freedom of her manners were the attractions at her Academy, and that the learning and accomplishments found there were but secondary; that all the ladies who frequented her circle were immoral, and that, in fact, she was a woman to be avoided and despised. An unlucky quarrel which occurred between Louise and one of her hitherto most devoted friends, gave too much colour to the insinuations thrown out against her.

Clemence de Bourges, long the intimate and beloved friend of Louise Labé, appears to have equalled her in all the gifts of mind and all the accomplishments which made her the envy and delight of Lyons, but she had an advantage over her friend, which was fatal to their attachment. She was considerably younger, and consequently more attractive to a certain adorer of genius, who, having for some time vacillated between the two divinities, declared himself the slave of the youngest.

"'T were long to tell, and sad to hear"

how the rivals beheld their friendship from this moment rent violently asunder; all the counsels that "they two had shared" ended abruptly, and a bitter and cruel war was established between them to the agony of both, and the exultation of their enemies. Louise, rousing herself for triumph, indignant at the only defeat she had ever known, rested not until she had won from her former friend the heart of the too unsettled swain who had hesitated between them. Clemence lost her lover and her friend at once, and nothing was left her but to die: while Louise consoled herself in the ill-advised victory she had bent all her powers to obtain. The fate of Clemence excited commiseration,

and from this time a series of scandalous anecdotes of the learned fair one were spread abroad, and succeeded but too well in blackening her fame; she did not, however, want defenders, and while some biographers have represented her as the Ninon of her day, others insist that La Belle Cordière was purity itself. A contemporary historian, Paradin, thus raves in his description of her: "Her countenance was more angelic than human: yet was it nothing in comparison to her mind, so chaste, so virtuous, so poetic, so rare in learning, that she would seem to have been created by Heaven to be admired as a prodigy in nature."

It is with her works that we have to do and not with the scandal of the period, for the former prove her claim to be considered as one of the most remarkable persons of the age she lived in. Her poetry, which chiefly paints the sorrows and anxieties of love, is full of feeling and grace, and the sentiments she expresses are as tender and delicate as they are passionate.

Perhaps these lines "On Time" were written at the period of her attachment to her friend's lover:

Time weighs upon the lofty pyramid,
Time dries the flowing fountain to its source,
Spares not the Cossosseum, nor its pride,
And mighty cities levels in his course;
And Time is not to Love more lenient grown,
His sign can quench the flame that all adore —
But ah! it seems within my heart alone
To grow with Time and to consume it more!

One of the most remarkable of Louise Labé's prose works is the Dispute of Folly and Love, in which she introduces much clever repartee and a good deal of sharp remark on the manners of the time. The two rivals bring their quarrel before the gods; Apollo undertakes the cause of Love, and Folly is supported by Mercury. Their arguments for and against are amusing and clever; a few specimens will give an idea of the subject, which is as a whole somewhat too tedious to entertain modern readers.

The advocate for Love thus remarks:

"He who seeks to please no one, whatever attractions he may possess, derives no more benefit from his perfections than one who conceals a flower in his sleeve: but he who desires to please thinks continually of doing so, cultivates those virtues which he knows must captivate, and is like one who holds the nosegay in his hand which delights both himself and others by its beauty and its odour."

The utility of dress is thus adroitly advocated, and the arguments will find favour with her sex in general.

"No one would willingly encourage ennui and disgust, and the means of avoiding such disagreeable attendants are easy. Man has always the same body, head, arms, legs and feet, but he

can diversify them to infinity so as to appear as if constantly new. His chemises can be embroidered with a variety of patterns and perfumed with different essences. His cap, his cloak and every part of his costume can be diversified according to the season, and exhibit any particular perfection of his frame to the best advantage. How many styles of boots, gaiters, capes, cloaks, gowns may he not invent! And cannot women do the same? What opportunities do they not possess of arranging becomingly their hair alone? By gilding, frizzing and curling it, alternately appearing in the fashion of Spain, of France, of Germany, of Italy, or of Greece. And can they not also bestow such attention on their complexion that they remain almost always young, by diligently preserving their faces from the accidents of wind and weather: and virtuous it is in them to endeavour to repair by art those ravages which would displease the beholder, and thus make themselves mistresses of the fashion of every country and costume.

"How proper it is that the dress should sit gracefully round the form, like the leaf round the fruit, that which is beautiful discovered judiciously, or so veiled as to enhance its value. Then the sleeves should be tight if the arms are full, and large and flowing if small and delicate — the shoe sitting close and carefully adjusted — and nothing should be forgotten, *pommes d'or*, chains, rings, girdles, perfumed gloves, pendants, muffs, in fact anything to delight the eye and surprise it — for all these things are the work of love.

"If he is the author of this, the lightest part, he is far from neglecting what concerns sentiment and feeling. Music was his creation, and the voice and harmony are the effect and sign of perfect love. And man, to soften his tender pains or to increase his pleasures, has invented the countless instruments which he teaches to express emotion, accompanied by those glowing words which he breathes in madrigals, in sonnets, in lays of all kinds, commemorative of love!

"What makes the tired traveller so soon forget his weary way? Is it not the song of love that he sings to beguile his fatigue — or the tale of some fortunate lover's adventures that his companion relates to him as they proceed together on their journey? Then they speak of her whom they love, and recount instances of her kindness, or of her coquetry, and speak of her beauty and her constancy. The greatest pleasure of love which is not love itself, is to speak of it.

"No sooner do men begin to love than they become poets."

Apollo having finished his pleading, the turn of Mercury comes, who is the advocate for Folly, and the case he makes out is, it must be confessed, good. There are many traits of covert

satire in this defence which show humour and quick apprehension.

"I should never end," says the advocate, "if I were to relate how much honour and reputation are given every day to the Lady Folly, of whom I have just heard so much ill spoken. A few words are enough. Give me a man extremely wise and give me a fool — and tell me which will be the most esteemed? My wise friend will wait till he is called upon and will remain neglected, alone with his wisdom, without being intrusted to govern towns, or to afford his advice in council: he is content to listen, to weigh, to consider, whereas promptitude and diligence are what is required — he may as well stay at home, for he will have plenty of time allowed to plant his cabbages. The fool, on the contrary, will hurry hither and thither, strike out right and left, and if he meet with some hair-brain like himself, who can push him, he will soon be looked upon as a great man. The fool will thrust himself in amongst ten thousand musket shots, and fifty to one but he escapes; he will be esteemed, praised, prized, followed by every one. He will get up some mad scheme in which, if he succeed, he will be lauded to the skies.

"Depend upon it, that for one wise man who is talked of in the world, there will be ten thousand fools who will be the idol of the people."

Mercury having thus far proceeded with applause, continues:

"Who would have ever crossed the seas without having taken Folly for a guide? To commit themselves to the mercy of the wind and waves, rocks and quicksands, to tempt unknown ways, traffic with barbarous and savage men — what but Folly would induce them? What but Folly first taught men to seek in the bowels of the earth for iron and gold? How many occupations and trades would be utterly banished from the world if Folly were discarded! The greatest part of its inhabitants would starve. What would become, for instance, of judges, lawyers, minstrels, actors, perfumers, embroiderers, and a thousand others?

"The pleasures of Love are secret and reserved, those of Folly are open to all the world. Folly alone can amuse a whole company. Let a man, covered with flour and with a false hump on his back, enter a room and look round with a foolish countenance, will not the whole society be in a roar of laughter instantly. Name any well-known fool, and you will find that no one can contain himself for mirth at the bare mention of him. We may admire wise things, but they fatigue if long dwelt upon: folly is always new and welcome and enlivening, and invigorates the heart. Wise men themselves seek the company of fools in order to forget their cares and drive away melancholy. If a great

assembly is toward, the foolish are always invited in the hope of their making sport for others, and though a wise founder of a feast may pretend that he only invites these guests to amuse the women and the young, you will always see that he chooses those very persons for his companions rather than wise folks like himself."

The dispute between Love and Folly is at last ended by the judgment of the gods, who pronounce that neither can subsist without the other, and that the best way to conclude the strife is, that henceforth Folly shall be the guide of Love — who has no eyes to direct him — and she shall lead him wherever she pleases, until the restoration of his sight.

Thus ends this ingenious dialogue, which is in the style of the contentions of the Troubadours at the Courts of Love, and resembles not a little those so often introduced into their verses by the Eastern poets: such as the contention of Day and Night, by a famous Persian poet.

La Fontaine, who neglected no author of talent who had gone before him, has not failed to lay Louise Labé under contribution to furnish an idea of one of his celebrated fables. This dialogue is evidently the foundation of his L'Amour et La Folie.

In the Elegies and Sonnets of Louise there is much of feeling and passion, and probably her power of expressing real or feigned emotions not a little encouraged the reports of her too great sensibility.

Her poems are perhaps better known than her prose, although each has great merit. Her numerous sonnets, some of which are in Italian — for she was an excellent linguist — are not yet forgotten by the lover of a literature obscured by time. The following translation may give an idea of her fervid and feeling style, which is not disfigured by the conceits fashionable at her time.

SONNET XIV.

"Tant que mes yeux pourront larmes espandre"

While yet these tears have power to flow
O'er hours for ever pass'd away;
While yet these swelling sighs allow
My falt'ring voice to breathe a lay;
While yet my hand can touch the chords,
My tender lute, to wake thy tone;
While yet my mind no thought affords
But one remember'd dream alone —
I ask not death, whate'er my state:
But, when my eyes can weep no more,
My voice is lost, my hand untrue,
And when my spirit's fire is o'er,
Nor can express the love it knew:
Come, Death, and cast thy shadow o'er my fate!

THE SPIRIT BUSINESS.

Persons of quality, and others, who visit the various "gifted media" now in London, or receive those supernaturally endowed ladies at their own houses, may be glad to hear how the spirit business has been doing in America. Two numbers of The Spiritual Telegraph, a newspaper published in New York, and "devoted to the illustration

of spiritual intercourse," having fallen into our hands, we are happy to have some means from head-quarters of gratifying the laudable curiosity of these philosophical inquirers.

In the first place, it is gratifying to know that the second volume of that admirable publication, THE SHEKINAH, was advertised last Fall, containing, "Psychometrical sketches of living characters given by a lady while in the waking state, who derives her impressions by holding a letter from the unknown person against her forehead." To this remarkable journal, "several distinguished minds in Europe are expected to contribute occasionally." It appears, however, scarcely to meet with sufficient terrestrial circulation; the editor being under the necessity of inquiring in capitals, "SHALL IT HAVE A PATRONAGE WORTHY OF ITS OBJECTS AND ITS CHARACTER?" We also observe with pleasure the publication of a fourth edition of "The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine and others, to the sixth circle in the Spirit World, by the Reverend Charles Hammond, Medium, written by the spirit of Thomas Paine without Volition on the part of the medium."

Also the following publications: "A Chart exhibiting an outline of progressive history, and approaching destiny of the race. A. J. D. Can be sent by mail." "The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. Light from the Spirit World, comprising a Series of Articles on the Condition of Spirits and the development of mind in the Rudimental and Second Spheres; being written by the controul of Spirits." We are further indebted to a gentleman — we presume a mortal — of the name of Coggshall, for "The Signs of the Times, comprising a History of the Spirit Rappings in Cincinnati and other places." The Reverend Adin Ballou has been so obliging as to favour the world with his "Spirit Manifestations;" and a Medium, of the gentle name of Ambler, has produced the "Spiritual Teacher," from the dictation of a little knot of choice spirits of the sixth circle.

As a counterpoise to the satisfaction these spiritual literary announcements are calculated to inspire, we regret to perceive that some men have been at their old work of blinking at the light. This melancholy fact is made known to us through the "medium" of a paragraph, headed "BEHIND THE DOOR;" from which we learn with indignation that "a good Presbyterian brother in Newtown, Conn.:" with that want of moral courage which is unhappily characteristic of the man, is accustomed to read the Telegraph in that furtive situation, bringing down upon himself the terrible apostrophe, "Read on, brother, until thy spirit shall receive strength sufficient to enable thee to crawl from thy hiding-place." On the other hand it is a consolation to

know that "we have, out in Ohio, a little girl who writes fonography interspersed with celestial characters." We have also "Mrs. S., a gifted friend," who writes, "I may at some future time draw upon the storehouse of memory for some Spiritual facts which have long slumbered there; fearing the scoff of the skeptic has hitherto kept me silent, but I believe there is a time now dawning upon us when we shall no longer hide the light given us, under a bushel." This gifted lady is supplied with a number of papers, but has none that she greets so cordially as the Telegraph, which is "loaned" her by a friend. "It ministers," says she, modestly, "to my spiritual and higher nature which craves a kindred aliment, and which, in past years, has nearly starved on the husks and verbiage dressed up by the sensuous and unbelieving in spiritual illumination." Mrs. Fish and the Misses Fox were, at the date of these advices, to be heard of, we rejoice to state, at number seventy-eight, West Twenty-Sixth street, where those estimable ladies "entertain strangers" on three evenings in the week from eight to ten. The enlarged liberality of MR. PARTRIDGE, who addressed THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, is worthy of all imitation, and proves him to be game indeed. Mr. P. was of opinion, when last heard of, that "the Devil should have his due," and that if he (the Devil) were found engaged in the spirit-business, then let them "stretch forth the right hand of fellowship, and let joy resound through earth and heaven at the conversion of the Prince of Evil."

The following explicit and important communications had been received from spirits — the exalted and improving character of the announcements, evidently being a long way beyond mortality, and requiring special spiritual revelation.

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME JOHN COLLINSWORTH.

"Who can say it, 'I am free as God made?' My dear friends, it is sometimes very difficult to express our sentiments in words. What matter who speak so long as you feel a witness in your own souls, that what is said, is said to benefit mankind and advance the truth. Why, my dear friends, my soul is filled with love towards you. I daily lift my desires to the Divine Giver of every good thing for your welfare and eternal happiness in the life to come. I will strive to watch over you as a circle."

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME ANN BILLINGS.

"I have long taken a deep interest in the progress of this circle. I have called a circle together, and now imagine your guardian spirits assembled in a circle encircling your circle will-

ing and anxious to gratify your every wish; you must suspend your judgment and wait patiently for further developments, which will set believers right."

FROM AN ANONYMOUS SPIRIT, PRESUMED TO BE OF THE QUAKER PERSUASION.

"Dear John, it is a pleasure to address thee now and then, after a lapse of many years. This new mode of conversing is no less interesting to thy mother than to thee. It greatly adds to the enjoyment and happiness of thy friends here to see thee happy, looking forward with composure to the change from one sphere to another."

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME LORENZO DOW.

"I will add a little to what has already been said. Keep calm — let skeptics scoff — bigots rave — the press ridicule — keep an eye on the pulpit, there will be a mighty onslaught by the clergy soon; hew straight, keep cool, and welcome them into your ranks."

Upon the general question we observe that an eminent man with the singular title of Bro Hewitt attended a meeting at Boston, where there was some speaking from, or through, the mediums, which, "although not according to the common rules or order of speaking, was nevertheless of an interesting character in its thought, as well as in the novelty of its method. Two young men were the speaking mediums alluded to, who have never spoken in public before they were thus moved to do it." Bro Hewitt does not mention, that the spirits began this particular revelation with the startling and novel declaration that they were accustomed to public speaking; but it appears probable. The spirits were assailed, (as was only to be expected), by the Boston press, and Bro Hewitt is of opinion that "such a tissue of falsehood, slang, and abuse, was never before expressed in so eminently laconic and classic a style since Protestant Methodism began with S. F. Norris." As the Boston Melodeon, a large audience had assembled to hear Theodore Parker; but in lieu of that inspired person, "the desk was supplied by the celebrated Andrew Jackson Davis." One lady was much surprised to find this illustrious individual so young; he being only twenty-five and having a higher forehead than Mr. Sunderland, the mesmeriser; but wearing "a similarly savage-looking beard and moustache." His text was "All the World's a Stage;" and he merely "wished to propose a new philosophy, which, unlike the theology of the Testaments should be free from inconsistencies, and tend to perfect harmony." Our game friend Partridge had remarked in solemn conference that "some seek to protect themselves from con-

flicting communications, by refusing to hearken to any spirit unless he claims to hail from the sixth or seventh sphere." Mr. Thomas Hutching, "a venerable Peracher," whatever that may be, "of forty years standing," had been "overwhelmed" by the rapping medium, Mrs. Fish; and the venerable Peracher had not recovered when last heard of. The Reverend Charles Hammond, medium, had communicated the following important facts: "I. All spirits are good and not evil. There is no evil spirit on earth or in this phere. God nor nature never made an evil spirit. II. There is no condition of spirit lower than the rudimental. Earth has the lowest order, and the darkest sphere. Hell is not a correct word to convey the proper idea of the comparative condition of spirits in different circles. And III. A circle is not a space but a development," — which piece of information we particularly recommend to the reader's consideration as likely to do him good.

We find that our American friends, with that familiar nomenclature which is not uncommon among them, have agreed to designate one branch of the spiritual proceedings as "Tippings." We did at first suppose this expressive word to be of English growth, and to refer to the preliminary "tipping" of the medium, which is found to be indispensable to the entertainments on this side of the Atlantic. We have discovered, however, that it denotes the spiritual movements of the tables and chairs, and of a mysterious piece of furniture called a "stand," which appears to be in every apartment. The word has passed into current use, insomuch that one correspondent writes: "The other evening, as myself and a party of friends were entertaining ourselves with the tippings," — and so on.

And now for a few individual cases of spiritual manifestation: —

There was a horrible medium down in Philadelphia, who recorded of herself, "Whenever I am passive, day or night, my hand writes." This appalling author came out under the following circumstances: — "A pencil and paper were lying on the table. The pencil came into my hand; my fingers were clenched on it! An unseen iron grasp compressed the tendons of my arm — my hand was flung violently forward on the paper, and I wrote meaning sentences without any intention, or knowing what they were to be." The same prolific person presently inquires, "Is this Insanity?" To which we take the liberty of replying, that we rather think it is.

R. B. Barker had been subject to a good deal of "telegraphing by the spirits." The death of U. J. had been predicted to him, and a fluttering of ethereal creatures, resembling pigeons, had taken place in his bedroom. After this supernatural poultry

took flight, U. J. died. Other circumstances had occurred to R. B. Barker, "which he might relate," but which were "of such a nature as to preclude exposure" at that present writing.

D. J. Mandell had had the following experience. "I was invited to conduct a sitting at a neighbour's, with reference to affording an opportunity to a young clergyman to witness something of the manifestations. A name was here spelled out which none of the family recognised, and of which the said young clergyman at first denied any knowledge. I called for a message, and this was given: 'Believe this is spiritual.' Thinking it singular that no relative of the family, and especially that no one whom the young minister could remember, should announce himself, I inquired if the spirit of any of his friends were present. Almost before the response could be given, he spoke sharply, and said, "I wish not to hear from any of my friends through any such means." I found there was considerable pride and prejudice aboard the little man, and pretty strongly suspected that there was more in the announcement of that name than he was willing to acknowledge. After considerable conversation, direct and indirect, he confessed to a knowledge of the person whose name had been given as aforesaid: it was that of a black barber who had died some time before, and who, during his life-time, had resided in the clergyman's native village. The latter had been well acquainted with him, but despised him; and, from what I could make out of the manifestation, take it all in all, I judged that his spiritual friends were present to communicate with him; but perceiving his strong repugnance to hear from his friends through the tippings, they had resolved to shock his self-complacency by putting forward the very one whom he detested most."

The following state, described by a gentleman who withholds his name, appears to us to indicate a condition, as to spirits, which is within the experience of many persons. To point our meaning we italicise a few words:

"On the evening of the fifteenth instant, at the residence of Dr. Hallock, I was directed through the raps (a medium being present,) to go to the residence of Dr. Gray, and sit in a circle to be convened for the purpose of seeing an exhibition of spirit lights. As I had no other invitation I felt exceeding delicate about complying. I mentioned this to the power that was giving the direction, and added, as an additional excuse, *that my attendance there on an occasion long gone by had left an unfavourable impression.* Still I was directed to go. On arriving at Dr. Gray's, I explained the occasion of my presence, and was admitted to the circle. Being desirous that my influence should not mar the

harmony of the company, I put forth a strong effort of the will to induce a passiveness in my nervous system; and, in order that I might not be deceived as to my success, *resigned myself to sleep.... I suppose I was unconscious for thirty minutes.*" After this, the seer had a vision of stalks and leaves, "a large species of fruit, somewhat resembling a pine-apple," and "a nebulous column, somewhat resembling the milky way," which nothing but spirits could account for, and from which nothing but soda-water, or time, is likely to have recovered him. We believe this kind of manifestation is usually followed by a severe headache next morning, attended by some degree of thirst.

A spiritualist residing at Troy, communicates the case of a lady, which appears to us to be of a nature closely resembling the last. "A lady — the wife of a certain officer in a Presbyterian church — who is a partial believer in spiritual manifestations, *was so far under the influence of spirits*, that her hands were moved, and made to perform some very singular gestures. This new mode of doing business was not very pleasing to the lady, and caused her to be a little frightened. One day, seeing their clergyman, Dr. — passing, the latter was invited in to witness the phenomena, and to render assistance, if possible. As the Doctor entered the room, the lady shook hands with him cordially, but found it easier to commence than to leave off. After shaking hands for some time, the hands commenced patting the Doctor on the shoulders, head, and ears, to the confusion of both parties. The Doctor then advised that the hands be immersed in cold water, with a view to disengage the electricity, of which he said the lady was overcharged. When the water was procured the motion of the hands became more violent, and manifested a repugnance to the water-cure. With a little assistance, however, the hands were finally immersed, when they at once commenced throwing the water so plentifully over the Doctor's head and shoulders, that he was compelled to beat a hasty retreat, carrying with him the marks of water-baptism at spirit hands. It is hoped that the Doctor, after this experience in the Spiritual electrical-fountain-bath will have a little more charity for his rapping sisters, as he terms them, and not again assail them from the pulpit as void of common sense."

It certainly is very extraordinary that, with such lights as these, any men can assail their rapping and tipping brothers and sisters, from any sort of pulpit, as void of common sense. The spirit business cannot fail to be regarded by all dispassionate persons as the last great triumph of common sense.

These extracts, which we might extend through several pages, will quite dispose of the objec-

tion that there is any folly or stupidity among the patrons of the spirit business. As a proof that they are equally free from self-conceit, and that that little weakness in human nature has nothing to do with the success of the trade, and is not at all consulted by the dealers, we will come home to England for a concluding testimony borne by Mr. Robert Owen. This gentleman, in a conversation with the spirits of his deceased wife and youngest daughter, inquired what object they had in view in favouring him with their company? "Answer. To reform the world. Question. Can *I* materially promote this object? Answer. You can assist in promoting it. Question. Shall *I* be aided by the spirits to enable me to succeed? Answer. Yes. Question. Shall *I* devote the remainder of my life to this mission? Answer. Yes. Question. Shall *I* hold a public meeting to announce to the world these proceedings; or shall they be made known through the British Parliament? Answer. Through the British Parliament. Question. Shall *I* also apply for an investigation of this subject to the Congress of the United States? Answer. Yes." This naturally brought up the spirit of Benjamin Franklin, of whom Mr. Owen inquired, "Have *I* been assisted in my writings for the public, by any particular spirit? Answer. Yes. Question. What spirit? Answer. God. (This reply was made in such a manner as to create a peculiarly awful impression on those present.) Question. Shall *I* continue to be assisted by the same spirit? Answer. Yes."

We have inquired of Dr. Connolly, and are informed that there are several philosophers now resident at Hanwell Middlesex, and, also in Saint George's Fields, Southwark, who, without any tippings or rappings, find themselves similarly inspired. But those learned prophets cry aloud in their wards, and no man regardeth them; which brings us to the painful conclusion, that in the Spirit business, as in most other trades, there are some bankruptcies.

FRIENDS IN NEED, AT CRANFORD.

It was an example to me, and I fancy it might be to many others, to see how immediately Miss Matey set about the retrenchment which she knew to be right under her altered circumstances. While she went down to speak to Martha, and break the intelligence to her, I stole out with my letter to the Aga Jenkyns, and went to the Signor's lodgings to obtain the exact address. I bound the Signora to secresy; and indeed, her military manners had a degree of shortness and reserve in them, which made her always say as little as possible, except when under the pressure of strong excitement. Moreover — (which

made my secret doubly sure) — the Signor was now so far recovered as to be looking forward to travelling and conjuring again, in the space of a few days, when he, his wife, and little Phœbe, would leave Cranford. Indeed, I found him looking over a great black and red placard, in which the Signor Brunoni's accomplishments were set forth, and to which only the name of the town where he would next display them was wanting. He and his wife were so much absorbed in deciding where the red letters would come in with most effect (it might have been the Rubric for that matter), that it was some time before I could get my question asked privately, and not before I had given several decisions, the wisdom of which I questioned afterwards with equal sincerity as soon as the Signor threw in his doubts and reasons on the important subject. At last I got the address, spelt by sound; and very queer it looked! I dropped it in the post on my way home; and then for a minute I stood looking at the wooden pane with a gaping slit, which divided me from the letter but a moment ago in my hand. It was *gone* from me like life — never to be recalled. It would get tossed about on the sea, and stained with sea-waves perhaps; and be carried among palm-trees, and scented with all tropical fragrance; — the little piece of paper, but an hour ago so familiar and commonplace, had set out on its race to the strange wild countries beyond the Ganges! But I could not afford to lose much time on this speculation. I hastened home, that Miss Matey might not miss me. Martha opened the door to me, her face swollen with crying. As soon as she saw me, she burst out afresh, and taking hold of my arm she pulled me in, and banged the door to, in order to ask me if indeed it was all true that Miss Matey had been saying.

"I 'll never leave her! No! I won't. I telled her so, and said I could not think how she could find in her heart to give me warning. I could not have had the face to do it, if I 'd been her. I might ha' been just as good-for-nothing as Mrs. Fitz-Adam's Jopley, who struck for wages after living seven years and a half in one place. I said I was not one to go and serve Mammon at that rate; that I knew when I 'd got a good Missus, if she didn't know when she 'd got a good servant —"

"But Martha!" said I, cutting in while she wiped her eyes.

"Don't 'but Martha' me," she replied to my deprecatory tone.

"Listen to reason —"

"I 'll not listen to reason," she said, now in full possession of her voice, which had been rather choked with sobbing. "Reason always means what some one else has got to say. Now I think what I 've got to say is good enough reason. But, reason or not, I 'll say it, and I 'll stick to it. I 've money in the Savings' Bank, and

I 've a good stock of clothes, and I 'm not going to leave Miss Matey. No! not if she gives me warning every hour in the day!"

She put her arms akimbo, as much as to say she defied me; and, indeed, I could hardly tell how to begin to remonstrate with her, so much did I feel that Miss Matey in her increasing infirmity needed the attendance of this kind and faithful woman.

"Well!" said I at last —

"I 'm thankful you begin with 'well!' If you 'd ha' begun with 'But,' as you did afore, I 'd not ha' listened to you. Now you may go on."

"I know you would be a great loss to Miss Matey, Martha —"

"I telled her so. A loss she 'd never cease to be sorry for," broke in Martha, triumphantly.

"Still she will have so little — so very little — to live upon, that I don't see just now how she could find you food — she will even be pressed for her own. I tell you this, Martha, because I feel you are like a friend to dear Miss Matey — but you know she might not like to have it spoken about."

Apparently this was even a blacker view of the subject than Miss Matey had presented to her; for Martha just sat down on the first chair that came to hand, and cried out loud (we had been standing in the kitchen).

At last she put her apron down, and looking me earnestly in the face, asked, "Was that the reason Miss Matey wouldn't order a pudding to-day? She said she had no great fancy for sweet things, and you and she would just have a mutton chop. But I 'll be up to her. Never you tell, but I 'll make her a pudding, and a pudding she 'll like too, and I 'll pay for it myself; so mind you see she eats it. Many a one has been comforted in their sorrow by seeing a good dish come upon th' table."

I was rather glad that Martha's energy had taken the immediate and practical direction of pudding-making, for it staved off the quarrelsome discussion as to whether she should or should not leave Miss Matey's service. She began to tie on a clean apron, and otherwise prepare herself for going to the shop for the butter, eggs, and what else she might require; she would not use a scrap of the articles already in the house for her cookery, but went to an old tea-pot in which her private store of money was deposited, and took out what she wanted.

I found Miss Matey very quiet, and not a little sad; but by and bye she tried to smile for my sake. It was settled that I was to write to my father, and ask him to come over and hold a consultation; and as soon as this letter was dispatched, we began to talk over future plans. Miss Matey's idea was to take a single room, and retain as much of her furniture as would be necessary to fit up this, and sell the rest; and there to quietly exist upon what

would remain after paying the rent. For my part, I was more ambitious and less contented. I thought of all the things by which a woman, past middle age, and with the education common to ladies fifty years ago, could earn or add to a living, without materially losing caste; but at length I put even this last clause on one side, and wondered what in the world Miss Matey could do.

Teaching was, of course, the first thing that suggested itself. If Miss Matey could teach children anything, it would throw her among the little elves in whom her soul delighted. I ran over her accomplishments. Once upon a time I had heard her say she could play, "*Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman*," on the piano; but that was long, long ago; that faint shadow of musical acquirement had died out years before. She had also once been able to trace out patterns very nicely for muslin embroidery, by dint of placing a piece of silver-paper over the design to be copied, and holding both against the window-pane, while she marked the scollops and eyelet holes. But that was her nearest approach to the accomplishment of drawing, and I did not think it would go very far. Then again as to the branches of a solid English education — fancy-work and the use of the globes — such as the mistress of the Ladies' Seminary, to which all the tradespeople in Cranford sent their daughters, professed to teach. Miss Matey's eyes were failing her, and I doubted if she could discover the number of threads in a worsted-work pattern, or rightly appreciate the different shades required for Queen Adelaide's face, in the loyal wool-work now fashionable in Cranford. As for the use of the globes, I had never been able to find it out myself, so perhaps I was not a good judge of Miss Matey's capability of instructing in this branch of education; but it struck me that equators and tropics, and such mystical circles were very imaginary lines indeed to her, and that she looked upon the signs of the zodiac as so many remnants of the Black Art. What she piqued herself upon, as arts in which she excelled, was making candle-lighters, or "spills" (as she preferred calling them), of coloured paper, cut so as to resemble feathers, and knitting garters in a variety of dainty stitches. I had once said, on receiving a present of an elaborate pair, that I should feel quite tempted to drop one of them in the street, in order to have it admired; but I found this little joke (and it was a very little one) was such a distress to her sense of propriety, and was taken with such anxious earnest alarm lest the temptation might some day prove too strong for me, that I quite regretted having ventured upon it. A present of these delicately-wrought garters, a bunch of gay "spills," or a set of cards on which sewing-silk was wound in a mystical manner, were the

well-known tokens of Miss Matey's favour. But would any one pay to have their children taught these arts? or indeed would Miss Matey sell, for filthy lucre, the knack and the skill with which she made trifles of value to those who loved her? I had to come down to reading, writing, and arithmetic; and in reading the chapter every morning she always coughed before coming to long words. I doubted her power of getting through a genealogical chapter, with any number of coughs. Writing she did well and delicately; but spelling! she seemed to think that the more out-of-the-way this was, and the more trouble it cost her, the greater the compliment she paid to her correspondent; and words that she would spell quite correctly in her letters to me, became perfect enigmas when she wrote to my father. No! there was nothing she could teach to the rising generation of Cranford; unless they had been quick learners and ready imitators of her patience, her humility, her sweetness, her quiet contentment with all that she could not do. I pondered and pondered until dinner was announced by Martha, with a face all blubbered and swollen with crying.

Miss Matey had a few little peculiarities, which Martha was apt to regard as whims below her attention, and appeared to consider as childish fancies, of which an old lady of fifty-eight should try and cure herself. But to-day everything was attended to with the most careful regard. The bread was cut to the imaginary pattern of excellence that existed in Miss Matey's mind, as being the way which her mother had preferred; the curtain was drawn so as to exclude the dead-brick wall of a neighbour's stables, and yet left so as to show every tender leaf of the poplar which was bursting into spring beauty. Martha's tone to Miss Matey was just such as that good rough-spoken servant usually kept sacred for little children, and which I had never heard her use to any grown-up person. I had forgotten to tell Miss Matey about the pudding, and I was afraid she might not do justice to it; for she had evidently very little appetite this day; so I seized the opportunity of letting her into the secret while Martha took away the meat. Miss Matey's eyes filled with tears, and she could not speak, either to express surprise or delight, when Martha returned; bearing it aloft, made in the most wonderful representation of a lion *couchant* that ever was moulded. Martha's face gleamed with triumph, as she set it down before Miss Matey with an exultant "There!" Miss Matey wanted to speak her thanks, but could not; so she took Martha's hand and shook it warmly, which set Martha off crying, and I myself could hardly keep up the necessary composure. Martha burst out of the room; and Miss Matey had to clear her

voice once or twice before she could speak. At last she said, "I should like to keep this pudding under a glass shade, my dear!" and the notion of the lion *couchant*, with his currant eyes, being hoisted up to the place of honour on a mantel-piece, tickled my hysterical fancy, and I began to laugh, which rather surprised Miss Matey.

"I am sure, dear, I have seen uglier things under a glass shade before now," said she.

So had I, many a time and oft; and I accordingly composed my countenance (and now I could hardly keep from crying), and we both fell to upon the pudding, which was indeed excellent, only every morsel seemed to choke us, our hearts were so full.

We had too much to think about to talk much that afternoon. It passed over very tranquilly. But when the tea-urn was brought in, a new thought came into my head. Why should not Miss Matey sell tea — be an agent to the East India Tea Company which then existed? I could see no objections to this plan, while the advantages were many — always supposing that Miss Matey could get over the degradation of condescending to anything like trade. Tea was neither greasy, nor sticky — grease and stickiness being two of the qualities which Miss Matey could not endure. No shop-window would be required. A small genteel notification of her being licensed to sell tea, would, it is true, be necessary; but I hoped that it could be placed where no one could see it. Neither was tea a heavy article, so as to tax Miss Matey's fragile strength. The only thing against my plan was the buying and selling involved. While I was giving but absent answers to the questions Miss Matey was putting — almost as absently — we heard a clumping sound on the stairs, and a whispering outside the door: which indeed once opened and shut as if by some invisible agency. After a little while Martha came in, dragging after her a great tall young man, all crimson with shyness, and finding his only relief in perpetually sleeking down his hair.

"Please, Ma'am, he 's only Jem Hearn," said Martha, by way of an introduction; and so out of breath was she, that I imagine she had had some bodily struggle before she could overcome his reluctance to be presented on the courtly scene of Miss Matilda Jenkyns' drawing-room.

"And please, Ma'am, he wants to marry me off-hand. And please, Ma'am, we want to take a lodger — just one quiet lodger, to make our two ends meet — and we 'd take any house conformable; and, oh dear Miss Matey, if I may be so bold, would you have objections to lodging with us? Jem wants it as much as I do." [To Jem:] — "You great oaf! why can't you back me? — but he does want it all the same very bad, don't you, Jem? —

only, you see, he 's dazed at being called on to speak before quality."

"It 's not that," broke in Jem. "It 's that you've taken me all on a sudden, and I didn't think for to get married so soon — and such quick work does flabbergast a man. It 's not that I 'm against it, Ma'am," (addressing Miss Matey), "only Martha has such quick ways with her, when once she takes a thing into her head; and marriage, Ma'am,—marriage nails a man, as one may say. I dare say I shan't mind it after it 's once over."

"Please, Ma'am," said Martha, who had plucked at his sleeve, and nudged him with her elbow, and otherwise tried to interrupt him all the time he had been speaking, "don't mind him, he'll come to; 't was only last night he was an-axing me, and an-axing me, and all the more because I said I could not think of it for years to come, and now he 's only taken aback with the suddenness of the joy; but you know, Jem, you are just as full as me about wanting a lodger." (Another great nudge.)

"Ay! if Miss Matey would lodge with us — otherwise I 've no mind to be cumbered with strange folk in the house," said Jem, with a want of tact which I could see enraged Martha, who was trying to represent a lodger as the great object they wished to obtain, and that in fact Miss Matey would be smoothing their path, and conferring a favour, if she would only come and live with them.

Miss Matey herself was bewildered by the pair; their, or rather Martha's sudden resolution in favour of matrimony staggered her, and stood between her and the contemplation of the plan which Martha had at heart. Miss Matey began, —

"Marriage is a very solemn thing, Martha."

"It is indeed, Ma'am," quoth Jem. "Not that I 've no objections to Martha."

"You 've never let me a-be for asking me for to fix when I would be married," said Martha, her face all afire, and ready to cry with vexation, "and now you 're shaming me before my missus and all."

"Nay, now! Martha, don't ee! don't ee! only a man likes to have breathing time," said Jem, trying to possess himself of her hand, but in vain. Then seeing that she was more seriously hurt than he had imagined, he seemed to try to rally his scattered faculties, and with more straightforward dignity than, ten minutes before, I should have thought it possible for him to assume, he turned to Miss Matey, and said, "I hope, Ma'am, you know that I 'm bound to respect every one who has been kind to Martha. I always looked on her as to be my wife — some time; and she has often and often spoken of you as the kindest lady that ever was; and though the plain truth is I would not like to be troubled

with lodgers of the common run; yet if, Ma'am, you 'd honour us by living with us, I am sure Martha would do her best to make you comfortable; and I 'd keep out of your way as much as I could, which I reckon would be the best kindness such an awkward chap as me could do."

Miss Matey had been very busy with taking off her spectacles, wiping them, and replacing them; but all she could say was, "Don't let any thought of me hurry you into marriage: pray don't! Marriage is such a very solemn thing!"

"But Miss Matilda will think of your plan, Martha," said I, struck with the advantages that it offered, and unwilling to lose the opportunity of considering about it. "And I 'm sure neither she nor I can ever forget your kindness, nor yours either, Jem."

"Why, yes, Ma'am! I 'm sure I mean kindly, though I 'm a bit fluttered by being pushed straight a-head into matrimony, as it were, and mayn't express myself conformable. But I 'm sure I 'm willing enough, and give me time to get accustomed; so, Martha, wench, what 's the use of crying so, and slapping me if I come near?"

This last was *sotto voce*, and had the effect of making Martha bounce out of the room, to be followed and soothed by her lover. Whereupon Miss Matey sat down and cried very heartily, and accounted for it by saying that the thought of Martha being married so soon gave her quite a shock, and that she should never forgive herself if she thought she was hurrying the poor creature. I think my pity was more for Jem, of the two; but both Miss Matey and I appreciated to the full the kindness of the honest couple, although we said little about this, and a good deal about the chances and dangers of matrimony.

The next morning, very early, I received a note from Miss Pole, so mysteriously wrapped up, and with so many seals on it to secure secresy, that I had to tear the paper before I could unfold it. And when I came to the writing I could hardly understand the meaning, it was so involved and oracular. I made out, however, that I was to go to Miss Pole's at eleven o'clock; the number eleven being written in full length as well as in numerals, and *A. M.* twice dashed under, as if I were very likely to come at eleven at night, when all Cranford was usually a-bed, and asleep by ten; there was no signature except Miss Pole's initials, reversed, P. E., but as Martha had given me the note, "with Miss Pole's kind regards," it needed no wizard to find out who sent it, and if the writer's name was to be kept secret, it was very well that I was alone when Martha delivered it.

I went, as requested, to Miss Pole's. The door was opened to me by her little maid Lizzy, in Sunday trim, as if some grand

event was impending over this work-day. And the drawing-room upstairs was arranged in accordance with this idea. The table was set out, with the best green card cloth and writing-materials upon it. On the little chiffonier was a tray with a newly-decanted bottle of cowslip wine, and some ladies'-finger biscuits. Miss Pole herself was in solemn array, as if to receive visitors, although it was only eleven o'clock. Mrs. Forrester was there, crying quietly and sadly, and my arrival seemed only to call forth fresh tears. Before we had finished our greetings, performed with lugubrious mystery of demeanour, there was another rat-tat-tat, and Mrs. Fitz-Adam appeared crimson with walking and excitement. It seemed as if this was all the company expected; for now Miss Pole made several demonstrations of being about to open the business of the meeting, by stirring the fire, opening and shutting the door, and coughing and blowing her nose. Then she arranged us all round the table, taking care to place me opposite to her; and last of all, she inquired of me, if the sad report was true, as she feared it was, that Miss Matey had lost all her fortune?

Of course, I had but one answer to make; and I never saw more unaffected sorrow depicted on any countenances, than I did there on the three before me.

"I wish Mrs. Jamieson was here!" said Mrs. Forrester at last; but to judge from Mrs. Fitz-Adam's face, she could not second the wish.

"But without Mrs. Jamieson," said Miss Pole, with just a sound of offended merit in her voice, "we, the ladies of Cranford, in my drawing-room assembled, can resolve upon something. I imagine we are none of us what may be called rich, though we all possess a genteel competency, sufficient for tastes that are elegant and refined, and would not, if they could, be vulgarly ostentatious." (Here I observed Miss Pole refer to a small card concealed in her hand, on which I imagine she had put down a few notes.)

"Miss Smith," she continued, addressing me, (familiarly known as "Mary" to all the company assembled, but this was a state occasion,) "I have conversed in private — I made it my business to do so yesterday afternoon — with these ladies on the misfortune which has happened to our friend, — and one and all of us have agreed that, while we have a superfluity, it is not only a duty but a pleasure, — a true pleasure, Mary!" — her voice was rather choked just here, and she had to wipe her spectacles before she could go on — "to give what we can to assist her — Miss Matilda Jenkyns. Only, in consideration of the feelings of delicate independence existing in the mind of every refined female," — I was sure she had got back to the card now — "we wish to con-

tribute our mites in a secret and concealed manner, so as not to hurt the feelings I have referred to. And our object in requesting you to meet us this morning, is, that believing you are the daughter — that your father is, in fact, her confidential adviser in all pecuniary matters, we imagined that, by consulting with him, you might devise some mode in which our contribution could be made to appear the legal due which Miss Matilda Jenkyns ought to receive from —. Probably your father, knowing her investments, can fill up the blank."

Miss Pole concluded her address, and looked round for approval and agreement.

"I have expressed your meaning, ladies, have I not? And while Miss Smith considers what reply to make, allow me to offer you some little refreshment."

I had no great reply to make; I had more thankfulness at my heart for their kind thoughts than I cared to put into words; and so I only mumbled out something to the effect "that I would name what Miss Pole had said to my father, and that if anything could be arranged for dear Miss Matey,"—and here I broke down utterly, and had to be refreshed with a glass of cowslip wine before I could check the crying which had been repressed for the last two or three days. The worst was, all the ladies cried in concert. Even Miss Pole cried, who had said a hundred times that to betray emotion before any one was a sign of weakness and want of self-control. She recovered herself into a slight degree of impatient anger, directed against me, as having set them all off; and, moreover, I think she was vexed that I could not make a speech back in return for hers; and if I had known beforehand what was to be said, and had had a card on which to express the probable feelings that would rise in my heart, I would have tried to gratify her. As it was, Mrs. Forrester was the person to speak when we had recovered our composure. "I don't mind, among friends, stating that I — no! I 'm not poor exactly, but I don't think I 'm what you may call rich; I wish I were, for dear Miss Matey's sake, — but, if you please, I'll write down, in a sealed paper, what I can give. I only wish it was more: my dear Mary, I do indeed."

Now I saw why paper, pens, and ink, were provided. Every lady wrote down the sum she could give annually, signed the paper, and sealed it mysteriously. If their proposal was acceded to, my father was to be allowed to open the papers, under pledge of secresy. If not, they were to be returned to their writers. When this ceremony had been gone through, I rose to depart; but each lady seemed to wish to have a private conference with me. Miss Pole kept me in the drawing-room to explain why, in Mrs. Jamieson's absence, she had taken the lead in this "movement," as

she was pleased to call it, and also to inform me that she had heard from good sources, that Mrs. Jamieson was coming home directly in a state of high displeasure against her sister-in-law, who was forthwith to leave her house; and was, she believed, to return to Edinburgh that very afternoon. Of course this piece of intelligence could not be communicated before Mrs. Fitz-Adam, more especially as Miss Pole was inclined to think that Lady Glenmire's engagement to Mr. Hoggins could not possibly hold against the blaze of Mrs. Jamieson's displeasure. A few hearty enquiries after Miss Matey's health concluded my interview with Miss Pole. On coming downstairs I found Mrs. Forrester waiting for me at the entrance to the dining parlour; she drew me in, and when the door was shut, she tried two or three times to begin on some subject, which was so unapproachable apparently, that I began to despair of our ever getting to a clear understanding. At last out it came; the poor old lady trembling all the time as if it were a great crime which she was exposing to daylight, in telling me how very, very little she had to live upon; a confession which she was brought to make from a dread lest we should think that the small contribution named in her paper bore any proportion to her love and regard for Miss Matey. And yet that sum which she so eagerly relinquished was in truth more than a twentieth part of what she had to live upon, and keep house, and a little serving-maiden, all as became one born a Tyrell. And when the whole income does not nearly amount to a hundred pounds, to give up a twentieth of it will necessitate many careful economies, and many pieces of self-denial — small and insignificant in the world's account, but bearing a different value in another account-book that I have heard of. She did so wish she was rich, she said; and this wish she kept repeating with no thought of herself in it, only with a longing, yearning desire to be able to heap up Miss Matey's measure of comforts. It was some time before I could console her enough to leave her; and then, on quitting the house, I was waylaid by Mrs. Fitz-Adam, who had also her confidence to make of pretty nearly the opposite description. She had not liked to put down all that she could afford, and was ready to give. She told me she thought she never could look Miss Matey in the face again if she presumed to be giving her so much as she should like to do. "Miss Matey!" continued she, "that I thought was such a fine young lady, when I was nothing but a country girl, coming to market with eggs and butter and such like things; for my father, though well to do, would always make me go on as my mother had done before me; and I had to come in to Cranford every Satur-

day and see after sales and prices, and what not. And one day I remember I met Miss Matey in the lane that leads to Combehurst; she was walking on the footpath which, you know, is raised a good way above the road, and a gentleman rode beside her, and was talking to her, and she was looking down at some primroses she had gathered, and pulling them all to pieces, and I do believe she was crying. But after she had passed me she turned round and ran after me to ask — oh so kindly — after my poor mother, who lay on her death-bed, and when I cried she took hold of my hand to comfort me; and the gentleman waiting for her all the time; and her poor heart very full of something I am sure, and I thought it such an honour to be spoken to in that pretty way by the rector's daughter, who visited at Arley Hall. I have loved her ever since, though perhaps I 'd no right to do it; but if you can think of any way in which I might be allowed to give a little more without any one knowing it, I should be so much obliged to you, my dear. And my brother would be delighted to doctor her for nothing — medicines, leeches and all. I know that he and her ladyship — (my dear! I little thought in the days I was telling you of that I should ever come to be sister-in-law to a ladyship!) — would do anything for her. We all would."

I told her I was quite sure of it, and promised all sorts of things in my anxiety to get home to Miss Matey, who might well be wondering what had become of me, absent from her two hours without being able to account for it. She had taken very little note of time, however, as she had been occupied in numberless little arrangements preparatory to the great step of giving up her house. It was evidently a relief to her to be doing something in the way of retenchment; for, as she said, whenever she paused to think, the recollection of the poor fellow with his bad five-pound note came over her, and she felt quite dishonest; only if it made her so uncomfortable, what must it not be doing to the directors of the Bank, who must know so much more of the misery consequent upon its failure. She almost made me angry by dividing her sympathy between these directors (whom she imagined overwhelmed by self-reproach for their mismanagement of other people's affairs), and those who were suffering like her. Indeed, of the two, she seemed to think poverty a lighter burden than self-reproach; but I privately doubted if the directors would agree with her.

Old hoards were taken out and examined as to their money value, which luckily was small, or else I don't know how Miss Matey would have prevailed upon herself to part with such things as her mother's wedding-ring, the strange uncouth brooch with which her father had disfigured

his shirt-frill, &c. However, we arranged things a little in order as to their pecuniary estimation, and were all ready for my father when he came the next morning. I am not going to weary you with the details of all the business we went through; and one reason for not telling about them is that I did not understand what we were doing at the time, and cannot recollect it now. Miss Matey and I sat assenting to accounts, and schemes, and reports, and documents, of which I do not believe we either of us understood a word; for my father was clear-headed and decisive, and a capital man of business, and if we made the slightest inquiry, or expressed the slightest want of comprehension, he had a sharp way of saying, "Eh? eh? it's as clear as daylight. What's your objection?" And as we had not comprehended anything of what he had proposed, we found it rather difficult to shape our objections; in fact, we never were sure if we had any. So presently Miss Matey got into a nervously acquiescent state, and said "Yes" and "Certainly" at every pause, whether required or not: but when I once joined in as chorus to a "Decidedly" pronounced by Miss Matey in a tremblingly dubious tone, my father fired round at me and asked me "What there was to decide?" And I am sure, to this day, I have never known. But, in justice to him, I must say, he had come over from Drumble to help Miss Matey when he could ill spare the time, and when his own affairs were in a very anxious state.

While Miss Matey was out of the room giving orders for luncheon — and sadly perplexed between her desire of honouring my father by a delicate dainty meal, and her conviction that she had no right now that all her money was gone, to indulge this desire, — I told him of the meeting of Cranford ladies at Miss Pole's the day before. He kept brushing his hand before his eyes as I spoke — and when I went back to Martha's offer the evening before, of receiving Miss Matey as a lodger, he fairly walked away from me to the window, and began drumming with his fingers upon it. Then he turned abruptly round, and said, "See, Mary, how a good innocent life makes friends all around. Confound it! I could make a good lesson out of it if I were a parson, but as it is, I can't get a tail to my sentences — only I 'm sure you feel what I want to say. You and I will have a walk after lunch, and talk a bit more about these plans."

The lunch — a hot savoury mutton-chop, and a little of the cold lion sliced and fried — was now brought in; every morsel of this last dish was finished, to Martha's great gratification. Then my father bluntly told Miss Matey he wanted to talk to me alone, and that we would stroll out and see some of the old places, and then I could tell her

what plan we thought desirable. Just before we went out, she called me back and said, "Remember dear, I 'm the only one left — I mean there's no one to be hurt by what I do. I 'm willing to do anything that's right and honest; and I don't think, if Deborah knows where she is, she 'll care so very much if I 'm not genteel; because, you see, she 'll know all, dear. Only let me sell what I can, and pay the poor people as far as I 'm able."

I gave her a hearty kiss, and ran after my father. The result of our conversation was this. If all parties were agreeable, Martha and Jem were to be married with as little delay as possible, and they were to live on in Miss Matey's present abode; the sum which the Cranford ladies had agreed to contribute annually, being sufficient to meet the greater part of the rent, and leaving Martha free to appropriate what Miss Matey should pay for her lodgings to any little extra comforts required. About the sale, my father was dubious at first; he said the old rectory furniture, however carefully used, and reverently treated, would fetch very little; and that little would be but as a drop in the sea of the debts of the Town and County Bank. But when I represented how Miss Matey's tender conscience would be soothed by feeling that she had done what she could, he gave way; especially after I had told him the five-pound-note adventure, and he had scolded me well for allowing it. I then alluded to my idea that she might add to her small income by selling tea; and, to my surprise, (for I had nearly given up the plan,) my father grasped at it with all the energy of a tradesman. I think he reckoned his chickens before they were hatched, for he immediately ran up the profits of the sales that she could effect in Cranford to more than twenty pounds a-year; the small dining parlour was to be converted into a shop, without any of its degrading characteristics; a table was to be the counter; one window was to be retained unaltered, and the other changed into a glass door. I evidently rose in his estimation, for having made this bright suggestion. I only hoped we should not both fall in Miss Matey's.

But she was patient and content, with all our arrangements. She knew, she said, that we should do the best we could for her; and she only hoped, only stipulated that she should pay every farthing that she could be said to owe, for her father's sake, who had been so respected in Cranford. My father and I had agreed to say as little as possible about the Bank, indeed never to mention it again, if it could be helped. Some of the plans were evidently a little perplexing to her; but she had seen me sufficiently snubbed in the morning for want of comprehension to venture on too many enquiries

now; and all passed over well, with a hope on her part that no one would be hurried into marriage on her account. When we came to the proposal that she should sell tea, I could see it was rather a shock to her; not on account of any personal loss of gentility involved, but only because she distrusted her own powers of action in a new line of life, and would timidly have preferred a little more privation to any exertion for which she feared she was unfitted. However, when she saw my father was bent upon it, she sighed, and said she would try; and if she did not do well, of course she might give it up. One good thing about it was, she did not think men ever bought tea; and it was of men particularly she was afraid. They had such sharp loud ways with them; and did up accounts, and counted their change so quickly! Now, if she might only sell comfits to children, she was sure she could please them!

"AND HE TOOK A CHILD."

INTO the little gray churchyard
All with memorial crosses starr'd,
And mounds, a fixed sea;
Weeping, a woman slow doth bear
Her first-born child, and lays him there
Under the old yew tree;
And resurrection flowers,
Those earliest darlings of the spring,
Pale, drooping snowdrops, she doth bring,
And o'er the small graver showers.

'Tis Summer now; but, ah! behold
Another form stretched on the mould,
A little, little form.
Deep lines have 'marked the Mother's brow,
Her step is soft and very slow;
She loosens from her arm
(Oh, still, thou quivering lip!)
A basket brimming o'er with gems
From nature's endless diadems,
Over the turf to heap.

Autumn — and to that churchyard drear
Her third sad offering to the year
That mourning Mother bore;
All day beside it watched; then slow,
With one thick, sighing sob of woe,
From out the heart she tore
Of that old scathed yew
A pendant branch of richest green,
With scarlet berries set between,
And o'er the hillock threw.

Yet once again that grave she sought;
Her last-born, fairest child she brought,
And laid beside the rest:
The Christmas snow lay on the ground,
No flower nor berry to be found
To deck its little breast.
'T was but one other pang!
She laid her down beside her child,
A smile of deepest peace she smil'd —
That night, the Angels sang!

A PUFF OF SMOKE.

MEN will smoke tobacco and, we fear, take snuff for many centuries to come. M. Natalis Rondot calculates — a little hyperbolically — that there are at least a hundred millions of tobacco smokers in China. Two manufactories alone send out yearly from St. Omer forty-five millions of pipes, made out of eleven thousand tons of clay; then we have the rest of France, England, Germany, and other countries, not forgetting Turkey. Dr. Royle tells us that the poor native of India smokes his clay upon the bosom of his mother earth, by

digging with his fingers two small holes in a clay soil, and boring a tunnel between them with a piece of stick. He puts tobacco into one hole, lights it, and lying down upon the ground, applies his mouth over the other. The Turk in smoking his narguile does not part too readily with his dear fumes, but sucks them all into the lungs; leaving, if he can afford it, the last portion of the charge in every bowl, and taking a new bowl at every sitting. He measures often the length of a journey, by the number of pipes that might be smoked while making it, just as we were told lately of the Ostiaks in Siberia, that they reckon time by kettles. Probably one man in every four throughout the human race is, more or less, a smoker of tobacco.

We have already described the manufacture of clay pipes, and we shall say nothing now upon that subject; but we know our duty to the aristocracy, even of pipes; and must apologise for our neglect of meerschaum and of amber.

What *is* meerschaum? In the language of the chemists it is:

$$(MgO, SiO^3 + HO.)$$

Nothing could be clearer to the general public than that explanation, it is MagO SiO three plus HO. In other words it is a hydrated silicate of magnesia; or a compound of magnesia, flint, and water, in variable proportions (for it is not crystalline), and it is often coloured more or less, with a tinge varying from pale yellow to deep brown, communicated by the silicate of iron. It is an earthy matter easily indented with the finger nail; and when wet may be cut with a knife. Some kinds of meerschaum (foam of the sea) will sink in water, some kinds float: the pipe-makers prefer to buy it not unusually light, and not unusually heavy. The light meerschaum is too porous, and contains often large holes. The heavy is perhaps a manufactured compound. The greatest quantity of meerschaum comes from Natolia in Asia Minor; but it is dug also in parts of Spain, Greece, and Moravia.

Before the meerschaum is carved by the manufacturer, it is soaked in a liquid ointment of wax oils and fats, and by this soaking there is communicated to the pipe bowl that property of passing through a series of shades of colour during use, for which the meerschaum pipes are prized. The heat of the burning tobacco causes the wax and fats united with the substance of the bowl to go through a process of dry distillation, and form products which unite with the results of the distillation of tobacco, to produce the true chameleon effect.

The meerschaum parings left by the pipe-maker are pounded and compounded into a factitious block, out of which bowls are made, called Massa bowls.

Of amber, out of which the delicate mouth-pieces of lordly pipes

are formed, we need say little, for it is a material whose history is well known. The Phœnicians — Yankees of the ancient world — fetched it from Prussia. On the coast of Prussia the greater part of it is still found, either by seeking it in mines, or by collecting it when thrown upon the shore after autumnal storms. The use of amber for a mouthpiece was probably suggested by an opinion, current now in Turkey, that this substance will not transmit infection, and as it is there a point of courtesy to offer the pipe to a stranger, amber mouthpieces are of course in general request.

About cigars it will be worth while to record a fact or two, that we have found stated in the lectures upon the results of the Great Exhibition. The best Havannah tobacco grows only in one part of Cuba, over a very small surface of soil. Very little of this comes to England; it is used at home or sent abroad in presents. Other Havannah tobacco is not better than tobacco grown in Trinidad, or than the best American tobacco, or than tobacco grown in southern provinces of Russia. The superiority of most Havannah cigars consists only in the care and skill with which they have been manufactured, but cigars can be made and are made in London as good as most, and much better than many of the cigars imported from Havannah, paying a ten shilling duty. That duty is saved by manufacturing in England. In the German Commercial Union six hundred and five million of cigars were made in the year 1842, much inferior in quality to those of English manufacture. The conversion of tobacco into these popular cloud-compellers is a matter of hand labour, and would employ in this country a very large number of hands, if the good quality of English made cigars were justly recognized.

Two hundred years ago, snuff-taking was common among all classes in Ireland. It mightily refreshed the brain, and was taken out of his box even by the ploughman resting from his work, and drawn into the nostril with a quill. The early snuff-takers did not sniff snuff by pinches. The Scotch calling their powder of tobacco not after the mode of taking it, but after the effect it produced, named it "sneeshin," and spoke of the boxes in which it was kept as sneeshin-mills. This name of mill or mull was given to the box, because the snuff-taker in those days toasted his own tobacco leaves before the fire, and then putting them into his box, made with a view to such use in the form of a cone or cylinder, there ground it into powder with a piece of wood. A ram's horn was a convenient mill, and a sneeshin horn of that kind, with a spoon and hare's foot attached to it by chains, has been for a long time regarded in England as the true Scotch Mull. We will say nothing of the snuff-

boxes in gold and jewels, amber and glass, and the admirable Scotch snuff-box of the present day, with perfect hinge and closely fitting cover, out of which pinches are taken that defile the fingers and insult the nose. Few are the men now among us who can take strong beer for breakfast, and inhale snuff by the spoonful. But what can we expect in these degenerate days!

POWDER DICK AND HIS TRAIN.

The Surrey shore of the Thames at London is dotted with damp houses of entertainment. The water-side public-house, though, perchance, hard by an archiepiscopal residence, and over against a legislative palace, is essentially watersidey. Mud is before, behind, around, about it: mud that in wet weather surges against its basement in pea-soup-like gushes, and that in summer cakes into hard parallelograms of dirt, which, pulverised by the feet of customers, fly upwards in throat-choking dust. The foundations of the water-side public-house are piles of timbers, passably rotten; timbers likewise shore up no inconsiderable portion of its frontage. It is a very damp house. The garrets are as dank and oozy as cellars, and the cellars are like — what? — well: mermaids' caves. The pewter pots and counters are never bright; the pipe splints light with a fizzy sluggish sputter; an unwholesome ooze hangs on the wall; the japanned tea-trays are covered with a damp rime; the scanty vegetation in the back-garden resembles sea-weed; the ricketty summer-house is like the wreck of a caboose. The landlord wears a low-crowned glazed hat, and the pot-boy a checked shirt; the very halfpence he gives you for change are damp, so is the tobacco, so are the leaves of last Saturday's Shipping and Mercantile Gazette. They don't wash the water-side public-house much, but let it fester and ooze and slime away as it lists; neither do they attempt to clear away the muddy sort of moat surrounding it; although, for the convenience of customers wishing to preserve clean boots, there is a species of bridge or pontoon leading from the road to the public door, formed of rotten deck planks, and stair-rails. One side of the door is guarded by a mop as ragged and as tangled as the unkempt head of Peter the wild boy; the other by a damp dog, looking as if he had been in the water too long, had not been properly dried when he came out, and had so got chapped and mangy.

Rollocks is the landlord of the waterside public-house, the Tom Tug's Head. Rollocks was a jolly young waterman once, and used for to ply at Blackfriars and elsewhere in the days when the waters of the Thames were ruffled by oars feathered with skill and

dexterity; and not by the paddle-wheels of the Citizen and Waterman steamboats. Rollocks won Doggett's Coat and Badge twenty years ago. Afterwards, when by the introduction of steam-vessels aquatics had become more a sport than an avocation, Rollocks won many hard contested matches. He beat Sammon the Newcastle coaley, by three lengths, and was subsequently matched to row Jibb, the famous sculler, from Execution Dock, for a matter of two hundred pounds. On the evening of the payment of the last desopit (made good at Thwaits's, the trim-built wherry, Fishgaff stairs) it so fell out that Jibb and Rollocks, quarrelling as to who fouled whom in some previous match, Jibb broke both Rollocks's shins with an oar; which, coupled with his getting exceedingly inebriated that night and sleeping in a six-oared cutter half full of water, brought on lameness and rheumatism, broke off the match (Jibb paid forfeit), and moved Rollocks to retire into the public line. He is a damp mildewed man now, with bow legs and very long arms; to exhibit the symmetry and muscle of which he is, seemingly, much addicted — if one may judge from his shirt-sleeves being always rolled up to his armpit.

Rollocks has, behind his bar, the silver cups he has won during his aquatic career; his Doggett's Coat and Badge, with his portrait wearing ditto; the silver oar presented to him by the Barge Club (Viscount Billingsgate, chairman), the mahogany model of his wager boat, and a neat collection of oars and sculls of various shapes and dimensions. Likewise the identical cushion on which Her Mellifluous Highness the Grand Duchess Dowager of Kartoffelshausen-Stoubenfeldt sat when he, Rollocks, had the honour to row her from Vauxhall to Whitehall stairs, during the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to England in 1815. Rollocks's parlour is decorated with various coloured engravings of crack scullers in crack wager boats, all bearing (the boats I mean) in their sharp-nosedness, slim-shapedness, and eager straining attitudes, a certain curious, inanimate, yet striking resemblance to so many race-horses, winning memorable Derbys. There is a screen before the fire, on which are pasted sundry pictorial illustrations of the songs of Mr. Thomas Dibdin; notably Jolly Dick the lamplighter, in a full curled wig, lighting a large lamp with an enormous flambeau, in so jaunty a manner, that his tumbling off his ladder seems an event anything but problematical of occurrence.

When a rowing match is on the *tapis* — or, more appropriately, on the water — the parlour of the Tom Tug's Head is scarcely large enough to contain the eager crowd of freshwater sportsmen, watermen, bargees, backers, and amateurs in aquatics. On these occasions it is by no means

unfrequent to see the happy class of society, known among the commonalty as "swells," muster strongly within Rollocks's damp walls. The *alumni* of the two great seats of Academic education are here in great numbers, their costumes presenting a sumptuary medley, in which the fashions of the wild beast menagerie mingle with those of the stable. At present, they come to Rollocks's (which is close to Hook's, the great boat builder); they drink out of his pots and clap him on the back, and are hail-fellows well met with the decayed tapsters and discarded serving-men; the river weeds, and slime, and scum. They meet here, not because they like it, but because some of their associates who have been two terms longer than they have at "Keys," or "Maudlin," say that it is very "jolly" to go to old Rollocks's "crib," that it is "life, my boy," that it is "the thing," and so on.

Apart from the parlour of the Tom Tug's Head connected with aquatics as a sport, I must enumerate a miscellaneous population who are of the water and watery, though they run no races and win no cups. Here by night smoke their pipes and drink their grog captains of river steamboats: silent, reserved men, mostly, lost in fogs of fluvial metaphysics, perhaps; or forming mental charts of shoals in the river yet undiscovered. These aquatic omnibus-drivers, if I may call them so, puzzle and disconcert me mightily. They are inscrutably mysterious. Where do they live? What were they before the steamboats were started? Do their wives (if they have wives) call themselves Mrs. Captain So and So? Are the call-boys their sons? Have they studied steam? Could they stoke? Would they be sea-sick if they were to go to sea? They are nautical men, yet why do they always wear frock coats, round hats and half-boots? When shall we see a Citizen captain in a cocked hat?

Not so much parlour customers, but chiefly frequenters of the bar, or hangers about the door and muddy bridge, are knots of damp, silent, deep-drinking men, surrounding whom there is a halo of deep and fearful interest. I know what they wear those huge leathern aprons and thigh boots for. I know why they carry at times that weird apparatus of hooks and cordage. I know what lies sometimes in the long, low, slimy shed at the bottom of the garden, with a padlock on the door, blue, swollen, stiff, stark, dead! These be the searchers of the river, the finders of horrors, the coroner's purveyors, the beadle's informants, the marine store-keeper's customers. When a man is no longer a man, but a body, and drowned, these seek and find him. The neighbouring brokers' stalls and rag-shops have dead men's boots and dead men's coats exposed for sale. These men are quiet, civil, sober men enough, and passing

honest — only there never was a drowned man found with any money in his pockets.

Homogeneous to the bar and purlieus of the Tom Tug's Head are casual half-pint-of-porter customers, mudlarks, sewer gropers, ratcatchers, finders, river thieves, steamboat touters, waterside beggars, waterside thieves, I am afraid, sometimes. They pick up a living, nobody knows how, out of the mud and soppy timbers, as men will pick up livings from every refuse; as a teeming population and an advanced civilization only can have such livings to be picked up.

I don't know whether I am justified — before coming to Powder Dick — in describing the house I am about, now, lightly to touch upon as a waterside "public," inasmuch as it is less by the waterside than on the water itself — an hostelry permanently floating on the muddy bosom of the Thamesian stream. In good sooth this "public" hath its *habitat* on a barge: its basement and cellar are keel and ribs. During the week it is moored by the muddy shore; but on Sundays it casts anchor a good score of yards therefrom; and the proprietor may, if he list, join in the exulting chorus of the piratical navigator whose bark was his bride, who was afloat, afloat! and, being a rover, free. I will call the proprietor Mr. Rover; for his hair is red, and he has a jovial roving delivery and a roving eye (one), and, according to the centilingued Rumour, has roved a great deal in his time — to the Antipodes once on compulsion. Mr. Rover's bride, the Barge and Buttons, has attained a green old age — to judge by the rankly aqueous vegetation clinging to her mildewed sides. For aught I or Mr. Rover know she may have been once, as a single barge or lady, first cousin to, if not herself the very identical "Folly on the Thames," at which our great-grandfathers and grandmothers halted sometimes in their wherries on their way to a Vauxhall masquerade. The Barge and Buttons may have beheld the "nice conduct of a clouded cane," the surrounding waters may have rippled reflectively with the dazzling brightness of Belinda's diamonds, of the still more dazzling brightness of Belinda's eyes. The Barge's rotten timbers may have been mute witnesses of the humours of Lieutenant Lismahago, of the fopperies of Beau Tibbs, of the assurance of Ferdinand Count Fathom, of the fashionable airs of Miss Caroline Arabella Wilhelmina Skeggs; for the "Folly on the Thames" was the resort of highly fashionable company, and if bears were danced there they were never danced but to the very genteelest of tunes. I only hazard this, nothing more. I am not certain.

Rover is a cunning man. Sunday, the *dies non* (comparatively speaking) of the publican of the financier (though beer *can* be sold

in church hours and bargains made at church doors), is a harvest day for him. On week-days, as I have said, his boat is on the shore; but, hebdomadally his bark is on the sea, or rather on the river; and, being there, Rover is extra-parochial and can sell all sorts of excisable commodities. So can, and do, as all men know, the river steamboats. All sorts of benches of magistrates, parochial and municipal authorities, have tried to do all sorts of things with the astute landlord; but in vain. The Rover is free and licensed. You have, to be sure, to pay a small augmentation of price on the liquors you consume, owing to the necessity of taking a wherry or a ferry boat to put you on board the Barge and Buttons, but what is a penny to a man who must and will have his drink, week-day or Sunday, fair weather or foul?

Touching Sunday I am moved to advert here, cursorily, to a class of bibulous philosophers who unite the wisdom of the serpent to the subtilty of the fox, and who, drunken dogs, as they mostly are, have been wary and expert enough to baffle persons and powers of no meaner note than the Houses of Lords and Commons. These are the Sunday "dram-waiters." The legislature has said to the dram-waiter, "John Smith, during such and such hours, when divine service is performed, you shall not buy beer of Thomas Swypes." To the publican it has said, "Swypes, you shall not during the aforesaid hours sell any beer to John Smith; and if you do, I, the Law, will send my lictors or 'bobbies' after you, and I will mulct you of golden pounds and take away your license, and bring you very low, and, in fact, play the devil with you." But the "dram-waiter," wiser, subtler, and warier than even the collective wisdom of the nation, forthwith sets to study parochial law, and parochial regulations. He finds, that in one parish afternoon service begins at one hour and in another at another, that in the one street in the county of Middlesex, called the Strand, there are houses that close from two till four, from three till five, from three till eight, from six to seven, p. m. respectively: that some publics are extra parochial. The "dram-waiter" will do without his Sunday morning drink by taking as much home over night as he wants, or he will introduce himself surreptitiously into a "public" with the connivance of a lawless licensed victualler; but he is not to be balked of his post-prandial potations. He knows to a moment when the Bag o'Nails opens, and when the Elephant and Shoestrings closes. He can roam from bar to bar, suck sweets from every noggin, and keep himself all the time within the strict limits of legality. He is never hard up for a drink. He may get as drunk as an African king between litany and sermon, and endanger no man's

license. So much will perverted human ingenuity do. The glutton studies Latin to be able to read the beastly messes of Apicius in the original. We learn to paint in order to blacken, to write in order to libel. Heaven gives us the talents, and — somebody else their application.

But, *revenons à nos* Buttons. This bargetap offers, both on week-days and Sundays, many features of social peculiarity worthy of entrance into the common-place book of the philosophic observer. Analogically thinking, I perpend that this beery vessel has many points in common with the dark, stifling mouldy cheese, and rancid rat, and raw rum-smelling store-room of an emigrant ship, or to the worst class of bar in the worst class American steamer. This reeking smell of bad spirits, this lowering roof, these sticky stains of beer, this malty mildew, these haggard or crimsoned customers — these, the accessories more or less of almost every public-house, but here denuded of the adventitious concomitants of light and glitter and gilding, stand forth in hideous and undisguised relief. They mean drink and drunkenness without excuse or extenuation; the cup that inebriates and does not cheer; the bowl that is wreathed with no flowers of soul, but with the crass dockweeds of intemperance. Bacchus is dismounted here, and lies wallowing in the thwarts of a bumboat. Sir John Barleycorn staggers about disknighted, with his spurs hacked off his heels. It is convivial life, but life seen in a Claude Lorraine glass, and that glass a pothouse rummer blackened with the smoke of a pipe of mundungus.

"Love levels ranks," Lord Grizzle says, but intemperance has pre-eminently the power of levelling and confounding ranks and ages and sexes, and species even. And thus it happens that from so levelling a system, there will result a terrible sameness of feature and expression, of habit, manner and custom; even as drill makes ploughboys, mechanics, and vagabonds all machines, as similar to each other as the sequent spikes in an area railway; even as slavery makes all negroes alike as one parched pea to another; even as judicious flogging will train a pack of hounds to run and cry and stop as one dog. Tyranny is most potent for exacting and maintaining conformity; and there is no tyranny so strong as that of the King of drink, no conformity so abject and so universal as that of drunkards. Which must be my excuse, gentles, if I find no very novel characters among the bibbers at the Barge and Buttons.

Stay! one, a man; nay, half a man; nay, a quarter man; nay, lees than that, a trunk — a drunken trunk. As I live, a miserable little atomy, more deformed, more diminutive, more mu-

tilated than any beggar in a bowl, any *cul-de-jatte*, than that famed Centaur-beggar who, as Charles Lamb phrased it, appeared to have had his equestrian half hewn off in some dire Lapithæan conflict. This wondrous abortion's name, if he have a name, is doubtful. Men call him, "Powder Dick," whether in remembrance of some terrible Dartford or Hounslow explosion, by which his limbs were (supposititiously) blown off, or because his chest and face are ceaselessly covered with the black powdery refuse of coal barges, or because he was so actually baptised, who can say? Powder Dick he has been for years: blasted, blown up, crushed, torn up, or amputated he must have been at one time or another; but he cares not to say, and no man cares to ask him; for, though an atomy, he blasphemes like an imp of Acheron, and though he cannot fight he can bite and spit, and with one maimed arm his accidents have left him, hurl pewter pots, and broken glasses, and hot tobacco ash, with unerring aim. His occupation is that of a ferryman; and he ferries fares 'cross river from six in the morning till nine in the evening all the year round.

Not, of course, that he rows himself. He sits at the stern of the boat like a hideous pagod, and steers, swearing meanwhile, and craunching a monstrous plug of tobacco, in the manner of a wild beast over a shin-bone of beef. His wife plies the oars — a tall, bony, ay, and a strong-boned woman — quick of action, quicker of imprecation and vituperation, who on a disputed copper would not scruple to paint your eyes as black as Erebus with the fire out. She is called Mrs. Dick, but whether that be her right name, or she have her "marriage lines" to prove her legitimate connection with Mr. Dick, I should advise you not to be too curious in inquiring. She is communicative, however, when unruffled. "My fust," she vouchsafed to tell your correspondent, "was a life-guardsman, and I kep him, for he carried on dreadful, and his pay wouldn't a kep him in blacking. My second was a navvy, and I kep *him*. So then I took up along with Powder Dick, here, and, rabbit him, I amost keeps him; for though the boat is his hown, and the hoars hare his hown, my harms is my hown, and they keeps us all afloat. A penny, please, Sir."

Every evening at nine Mrs. Dick marches into the bar of the Barge and Buttons with Powder Dick, pickaback; which mode of conveyance she adopts and he acquiesces in with the utmost coolness and complacency. Powder Dick is then set up on end in a corner of the bar, propped up by emptied measures; and there he remains, on end, guzzling fiery compounds, and roaring forth wicked songs, till his wicked old trunk is suffused

with drink to the very stumps, and he tumbles or rolls on to the floor, at which period of time his wife, who has been drinking rum and porter mixed all the evening, with an inflexible countenance raises him, replaces him in the pickaback posture, and so exit with him towards that unknown slum of the purlieus of Lambeth, which may contain his home — if he have a home — or den.

Powder Dick has engrossed so much of my space, has caused me to digress in what is itself but a long digression, because I consider him to be in some measure not only an original but a meritorious deformity — most *cul-de-jattes* contenting themselves with existing upon charity — wheeling themselves about on small trucks like cockhorses; sitting on kerbstones with rude oil paintings spread before them, pictorially explaining how they came by their mutilation; being conveyed about as riders to perambulating organs; or simply crouching on the cellar flaps of public-houses, holding hats in their mouths much in the fashion of poodle dogs, with an associate (unmutilated) posted close handy to give timely intimation of the approach of the police. But Powder Dick, inasmuch as he is the owner and exploiter of a flourishing ferry-boat (albeit the *feme coverte*, his wife, rows it), inasmuch as he makes an honest living and gets drunk on his proper earnings, may almost be considered in the light of a Mister Biffin, working as he does, though so horribly foreshortened.

I knew another meritorious deformity once (he is dead now), who positively became independent through his deformed industry, coupled with ingenuity. This worthy, being born endowed with qualities combining ignorance the most crass and most persistent, with idleness the most steadfast and persevering, is reported (I speak from report, for I knew him not in his perfect manhood) to have wilfully cast himself three separate times beneath the wheels of three separate carriages belonging to the nobility and gentry. Three mutilations of the most appalling nature, obtained from the charitable and wealthy occupants of the carriages three separate though trifling annuities, amounting in the aggregate to twenty-eight pounds a year. I believe he enacted the part of a votary of Juggernaut a fourth time; but the vehicle turning out to be a yellow hackney coach with a prodigious coat of arms on each panel, he gained little this time, save a five pound note from the coach proprietor and two months' eleemosynary treatment in Saint Bartholomew's hospital. He then retired upon his annuities, and, feeling naturally lonely and in want of comfort, fixed his eyes and affections on a young and ugly vendor of fruit in the public thoroughfares, to whom he was shortly after united, but who does

not appear to have had that regard and consideration for the trunk of her husband, to which his talents and well-earned competence would have seemed to entitle him. At the commencement of my acquaintanceship with him (he had then been married two years) it was patent and notorious that his unfeeling partner was in the frequent habit of leaving him for days together without sustenance, on-end in his chair, from which, owing to his infirmity, he was, it is needless to say, unable to move. Nay, as a refinement of brutality, she has been known to place at the foot of the chair a large footbath of mustard and water, thus insultingly and derisively taunting him with his inability to avail himself of that useful adjunct to the toilet. But his sufferings were speedily terminated. My unfortunate friend was one morning found dead, drowned, his stumps uppermost, and his head in the footbath. It was conjectured that, after a too copious dose of snuff (to which he was much addicted, and to which he was wont to help himself by a dexterous extension and elongation of his upper lip, between a bag of snuff suspended round his neck and his nose — thus quite rivalling the elephant and his trunk) — he had fallen into a violent fit of sneezing; and, in the midst of his convulsive movements, had been precipitated from his chair into the bath, and so asphyxiated. His annuities died with him, and I hope his unworthy widow went to the workhouse.

One more variety of the waterside public, and I will go inland. Farther, much farther down river must you sail with me (our dray hath masts and sails now) before you come to the Trinchinopoly Crab. Far down below Woolwich, with its huge Dockyard and Field of the Balls of Death, or Arsenal, and hideous convict-hulks — spruce men-of-war once, but now no more like men-of-war than I to Hecuba; — far down below Dumbledowndary, the already-sung (which charming waterport hath lately been endowed with a garrison of fourteen real coast-guardsmen — called by the natives "perwenters," — armed with real muskets and cutlasses: and who shall say the coast is in danger now?); — far, even below Blachithe, where the gentleman hung his harriers, and Gray's, and Purfleet, and Rainham, where the gentlemen fight for money — in a reach, a lonely reach, a swampy-shored reach — the grim sedgy banks of Essex staring from over the way, the salt marshes of Kent behind and on each side — here is the Trinchinopoly Crab, a lone white house, approached from the shore by a bridge over a slough of worse than Despond; approachable from the western side of Kent by ferry only, other communication being cut off by a sludgy miry little estuary — Dead Man's Creek.

The Trinchinopoly Crab is dis-

mally white. Its frame might be taken for the bones of a house, bleached by the wind. The rickety bridge is painted white, so is the door of entry, with ghastly, skeleton-like chequers on either jamb, that remind you of the pips on the Dice of Death. The outward aspect of the Trinchinopoly Crab is, decidedly, not canny; yet within it is a very haven of maritime joviality and jollity. From the ships in the river come skippers, pilots, mates, supercargoes; from the adjacent villages come river-pilots, shipchandlers, slop-dealers. From, no man knows whither — going, no man knows where — come strange mysterious men, who seem to know everything and everybody, who smoke cigars of inconceivable fragrance, *moucher* themselves with rainbow-hued bandannas, and must be either smugglers (none of your London street "duffers," but real smugglers — fellows who could run a cargo of Hollands in the teeth of all my lords mustered in the Long Room at the Custom House), or else aquatic detective policemen.

If you put your head, and subsequently your corporeality, into the long low coffee or tap room (for it serves for both) of the Crab you will first of all be sensible that the tobacco smoked by the majority of the company is of a far better and more fragrant quality than that vended by your lordship's tobacconist. Your olfactory nerves will be gratefully titillated by the pungent fumes of the genuine molasses-mixed Cavendish; by the incense-like suavity of the pure Oronooko; by the manly, vigorous smoke of unadulterated Virginia, and the dream-like languor of Varinhas and Latakia. Next you shall observe pipes, strange in form and fashion — not alone meerschaums and cherry-sticks of foreign make, but also yards of clay with outlandish bowls and tubes. Lastly, you are to be struck by the fact, that, although threefourths of the company present are nautical men, you cannot detect any one nautical item in any portion of their attire. *Sic vos non vobis.* The stout little man in the rough brown coat and wide-awake has just come home from Smyrna, and is going back again in ballast, which, in the shape of sand, he is come down river to load himself with, from this portion of the Kentish coast. The tall, lean, wiry, sallow-faced man, wearing a fluffy white hat, a brown frock-coat, light cord trousers very much pulled up over his Wellington boots, and a steel watchguard exactly like a patent corkscrew, is a Yankee skipper, come on shore to see if he can pick up some sea-stores advantageously for the return voyage. Observe that he has whittled away a considerable portion of the circular wooden platter on which the pewter pots are placed, and has spat his and his neighbour's spittoon quite full, and is now sowing expectoration broadcast on the boots of

the company underneath the table. His ship is a temperance ship, and he is a temperance man; for, although he has to all appearances consumed two or three tumblers of grog already (judging from the rubicund hue of the bumpers supplied him), his refreshment is, in reality, nothing more than a harmless compound, or temperance cordial called raspberry. All publics frequented by those who "go down to the sea in ships" keep a store of this, and similar cordials, such as gingerette, lemonette, orangette, all mixing with sugar and hot water in a duly groggy manner, but all perfectly innocuous and tea-total. There are snuggeries in Liverpool, frequented almost solely by American captains — temperance captains be it understood — which have no sale at all for malt or alcoholic liquors.

The fat, grey-headed, farmer-like man in the body coat, pepper and salt trousers, and brown gaiters, with a heavy bunch of watch-seals at his fob and a broad-brimmed hat, is a pilot; not one by any means you will say resembling the interesting individual with bushy whiskers, snowy ducks, varnished hat, telescope, and black neckerchief tied in a nautical knot, who very properly enjoined the impertinent passenger to go below to his berth and trust in Providence on a certain fearful night: for which *vide* the song and Mr. Brandard's lithographed frontispiece thereto. The pilot I have first introduced you to does not answer to the lithographed pilot. He is not at all like him. *I* never saw one like him; I never even saw a pilot in a pilot coat, though I have seen one in a hat like a London dustman's, in a Jerry hat, in a costermonger's fur cap, and in a red nightcap. Never a one like him of the lithograph. But, my dear Sir, is anything in life like the lithograph, or the book, or the canvas, or the proscenium picture thereof? Is a Royal Academy brigand like a Calabrian brigand? — a Royal Italian Opera Swiss maiden like a young girl of any one of the thirteen Cantons? Are poet-shepherdesses like women who tend sheep? Are stage peasants like Buckinghamshire labourers? Is any imitation, reproduction, or representation of life, like life? — of man, like man? All men are liars. Put pencils or pens, or 'broidering needles in our hands, we straightway fall a lying, and lie our heads out of shape, calling that imagination, fiction, forsooth!

The long low room of the Trinchinopoly Crab, though by day a very Lybian desert of sandy floor, tenantless settles, and pyramid-spittoons, and drawing, perhaps, scarcely a butt of beer per month, does a roaring trade at night; for there are always ships in the river, and boats to row, and skippers who have used the Crab before, and nautical tradesmen eager to meet them; though this river-side house is a

good mile and a quarter from any village, or even inhabited house. Decent, honest, civil, God-fearing men are these seamen-captains — the nobly great majority of them that is — of every port and nation. From the blunt whaling captains at Hull and Glasgow, to the mighty mail steamer skippers at Liverpool or Southampton, they are almost invariably the same: civil of speech, quiet of demeanour, modest of assertion, and incapable of grandiloquence, almost to a fault. They will tell you diffidently of the Isles of Greece that they "were down Cerigo way once with fruit;" whereas young Swallowpounce of the Treasury, whose Mediterranean travels I verily believe have never extended beyond Malta, is for ever bragging of and quoting

> "Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all except their sun is set."

Have they been to India? Um, yes: Calcutta, and so on, said as easily as "Chelsea." The terrible Patagonian promontory, the awful and inhospitable land of Terra del Fuego is to them merely The Horn; and Venice, the Adriatic, Dalmatia, Styria, are all summed up in a simple "Up the Gulf as far as Tryeast with hides." Farewell, ye seamen-captains, honest men, who as pertinaciously persist in wearing chimney-pot hats and frockcoats, as your pictorial and literary delineators are incorrigible in delineating you in large-buttoned peacoats, wide ducks, and flat hats. Simple-minded men, making the little parade you do of your travelling lore and nautical learning — leaving the first only to be guessed at in your mahogany cheeks and sun-crimsoned foreheads and embrowned hands; the second only to be known in the hour of danger and peril, when the sea runs mountains high, and the masts bend like whips, and the rigging writhes like the tresses of a woman possessed.

IN AND OUT OF JAIL.

I AM a medical practitioner, the author of a little work on Whitlows. As I sit at this moment I see the little work bound neatly — "Cook on Whitlows" — lying upon the table of my consulting room. When I look round my walls upon my bookshelves I see works by the hundred on detached subjects. There is a work upon diseases of the heart and lungs; there are several others quite as long on asthma, or consumption. There are works upon dyspepsia, rheumatism, fevers, gunshot wounds, diseases of the knee-joint or of the skin; there are systems of medicine, systems of surgery, treatises upon the whole contents of the apothecary's shop, and elaborate works upon the uses of a single medicine.

Now, although we medical

writers are rather apt to fall into the Whole Hog course of action, and to grind, each of us at his own subject, as if there were no other in the world; although one of us refers everything to the heart, another to the lungs, another to the stomach, another to gun-shot wounds, another to the knee-joint, and another to the skin; and although I myself have a strong impression that there is a latent whitlow at the bottom of rheumatic gout; still, I am tempted to ask myself the question, when will there be as good a library provided for the uses of the moralist or statesman? When, apart from the Rabbinical traditions of the law books, shall he have ready to his use, works as elaborate and philosophical upon the Principles of Crime as we have on the Principles of Medicine?

In a by-street, this very morning, I saw at the door of a small oil-shop a cart heaped with bundles of firewood. The carter was discussing matters with the shopkeeper inside the house. A child not five years old crept furtively along the pavement with a wicked, craven glance towards the shop-door, and when he was near enough sprang at the cart and snatched from the bottom of it one loose stick. With that treasure he sped away as fast as baby legs could carry him, turning back every now and then a face that looked as cowardly and villanous as though it were that of a grown man flying guilty from before the cry of murder. The cry of "Stop thief!" was raised after this little varlet by a child of his own age, with lustrous eyes, long eyelashes and an emaciated down-covered face. You boy who cry stop thief! I said to myself, are scrofulous. My books explain you to me. I know how far, and in what manner, I can do you good. The other child is suffering as evidently under some moral disease, but how would that be regarded, if I — using my longer legs — should overtake the sufferer, and then submit him to the notice of the doctor authorised by law to treat such cases? Deep-seated and serious as the mischief in his case evidently is, either nothing would be done, I think, or something very useless; an expensive remedy might be applied in such a way as to confirm and strengthen the disease. Political economy is but a part of social science. I would say it is the physiology of the civil constitution. You may base your morbid anatomy upon it, and much also of your medicine and surgery, but those studies have yet to be placed on scientific ground. You have also your whole system of materia medica, of remedies, to form into a study, before your knowledge can be brought to bear with accurate effect on crime.

Nevertheless, some little houses have already been run up on this new plot, and I have lately seen a book lettered — just as we label "Solly on the Brain," or

"Budd on the Liver," — Hill on Crime. I sat down before it with an appetite, and read it through. As a book, in spite of the old proverb, is a cake that you can eat and have, the volume remained whole upon the table after it had been devoured. I propose now to mince a little of it, or I should rather say, as a professional man, to exhibit it in the form of a single draught.

In the first place, it is made evident in Mr. Hill's book that the amount of crime has decreased greatly since the good old times, because the predisposing and exciting causes (upon which the author duly treats) have decreased very much in strength.

Highway robbery was once regarded as a gentlemanly, spirited amusement. Assaults upon watchmen were so regarded in the memory of many of us, but in the really good old times it was no great stain upon the youth even of a Chief Justice if, like Sir John Popham, he sallied out at night as captain of a desperate band, to stop travellers on Shooter's Hill and pillage them. A Prince of Wales had been a robber on Gad's Hill; and, for the benefit of noble burglars and high-waymen, a statute decreed that a peer of the realm or lord of parliament, on his first conviction of a robbery, was entitled to benefit of clergy, even if he could not read; that a lord of parliament could read being in those days by no means a matter of course. The spirit of such fine old English gentlemen, all of the good old times, was not invariably mild. Upon the coat of one such chief was blazoned in large silver letters, "I am Captain Warner, commander of a troop of robbers, an enemy to God, without pity and without mercy."

The causes of crime, as summed up by Mr. Hill, are, bad training and ignorance, drunkenness and other kinds of profligacy, poverty, habits of violating the laws engendered by the creation of artificial offences, other kinds of unjust legislation, temptations to crime caused by uncertainty or insufficiency of punishment. These last act, of course, rather in aid of other causes; chances of escape from the due penalties of crime weaken resistance to temptation — they are not temptations in themselves.

The causes thus specified are all now actively at work; that is notorious. But it is not so well known as it should be, that every one of them acts, in our own days, with greatly diminished force. Few criminals are reading people. The great decrease of drunkenness is notorious to every moderately sane man who does not carry his pigs to a Whole Hog market. Of the decrease of poverty we may be very well convinced, when we remember that in the fine old times of Agincourt and so on, the four-pound wheaten loaf would have cost, at our money valuation, half-a-crown, and the artificers and labourers were "driven to content them-

selves with horsse corn, beans, peason, otes, tares, and lintels." The increase of servants' wages — which in Birmingham have risen fourfold in the last sixty years, and everywhere have increased so much as to yield a large deposit of surplus in the savings' banks — is a sufficient proof of the increased value of the poor man's services, and the increased consideration he receives for what he does. In this respect, though many still are suffering, the number of the sufferers becomes steadily fewer. As for artificial offences, when we have got rid of the game laws, there will remain not many; and although courts of justice are, to this day, uncertain in their issues, and unequal in the judgments they pronounce, it is a long time since the English judges were themselves tried and fined for their venality; since Sir Adam de Stratton, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, paid thirty-four thousand marks for having subjected his law to lucre, and since Sir Thomas Wayland, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was sentenced to be hanged, for aiding and abetting murder.

What of the remedies, the modes of treatment now in use, or those others which are perhaps hereafter to be preferred? Upon this important subject Mr. Frederic Hill has a great deal to say. His opinions are entitled to respect, because his life has been devoted chiefly to the consideration of the subjects about which he speaks; he having fulfilled the duties of an Inspector of prisons both in England and Scotland. I will state a few of Mr. Hill's opinions, and then hint a few of my own.

A first fact to be remembered in considering what treatment is most proper for our public criminals is, that the number of them bears a very small proportion to the population of the country. In any town of moderate size the thieves are better known to the police than the shoemakers or hatters. Even in London a list very nearly complete could be supplied for insertion in the trade department of the Post Office Directory. At Kinghorn, in Fife, there were nine resident professional thieves, who produced the bulk of the public offences for a population of fifteen hundred people. In the whole of East Lothian there were not more than twelve professional thieves among six-and-thirty thousand men, honest in the sight of law. Many offences are committed by a small number of culprits, some of whom come into the prison scores of times. Mr. Hill quotes from one of his reports a striking illustration of this fact in the case of Inverness. "My informant, a police officer of the town, who had been several years in the service, had passed all his life at Inverness, and says that he knows every house in the town, and all its inhabitants, that he is quite certain the great bulk of the people are honest, and that

if fifty or sixty persons could be withdrawn, and the vagrants kept away, there would be really very few offences. He says that he has the very same set of offenders over and over again through his hands, and he particularly mentioned one woman who had been eighteen years on the street, and who he feels sure has been a prisoner in the police cells at least a thousand times, chiefly for acts of violence, such as breaking windows, &c., committed when drunk. It was on the 28th of September that I was questioning him on these matters, and this woman had already been committed seventeen times in that month."

This case makes very evident the uselessness of short committals, and may lead at once to a statement of the principle which Mr. Hill advocates. The object of state punishment, he argues, is not to avenge offences, but to prevent them. Prevention requires that the prison should be made a place decidedly unpleasant to the criminal, but while imprisonment should be a penalty to the transgressor, it should be used at the same time as a means of reformation. Therefore Mr. Hill looks forward to the time when a criminal once placed in proper custody shall so remain until he can be returned upon the country with a reasonable hope that he will not go out to prey again upon his fellows.

There is another point upon which Mr. Hill has a good deal to say. There never (according to him) was a more absurd mistake made in social science than when prisoners were set to work upon a labour machine, to toil hard and produce nothing, for the absurd reason that honest men would suffer if the wealth of the country were increased by prison industry. Honest working people gain by the result of productive labour in the prisons, and must gain by every addition to the country's wealth, however produced, as they must lose by every deduction from it.

Mr. Hill is of opinion that a short-sighted view of this extremely simple question leads not a few people frequently into the companion error that when waste makes want, such want is good for trade. A man's house is burnt down with all its contents. At once there is employment for the bricklayers, there is a demand for tables and chairs, carpets, glass, &c. To a few people there has been an obvious gain, but to the community there has occurred a loss. The man whose house was burned down, and upon whose purse those sudden calls were made, finding his capital reduced, reduces thenceforward in a proportionate degree his expenses, and for years afterwards abstains from the employment of much labour, which would otherwise have been receiving wages from his wealth. The fallacy arises from the gain to the few being immediately perceptible; while

the loss to the many is invisible, because it is so widely spread.

The capital being the same, the wages rise and fall in proportion to the number of men among whom the wages-fund has to be divided. But when the criminals produce nothing, the capital is less than when they help to swell it, and whether they produce or not, they eat. A consideration of the interest of honest men does not, therefore, as many have supposed, call us off from our plain answer to the simple question: it is better that the taxes of the honest working people should be spent on feeding criminals in idleness; or should not prisoners be made, as far as possible, to earn their board and lodging in the jail? In Mr. Hill's opinion, prisons could be made nearly self-supporting.

Mr. Hill says, that those criminals who least deserve our mercy, find the discipline of a well-regulated prison, in proportion to their stubbornness, a most unmerciful infliction upon their ill-regulated minds and bodies. A burglar accustomed to sloth, drunkenness, and the excitements of debauchery and vice, finds himself tortured by the wholesomeness of the new life he leads in prison. "However great a sluggard, he must rise, the very morning after his admission, even in the middle of winter, when the clock strikes six." (In English gaols, however, it is to be owned that he has too much bed.) "Then, although he would probably prefer remaining in his dirt to the trouble of making himself clean, he must immediately wash himself, and that thoroughly. So soon as that is done, he must, if he has been tried, begin a task of labour, with the prospect of losing his dinner if he be sullen and refuse to complete it. Should he ask for a companion he will be at once refused. Between times he may wish to comfort himself with a pipe, or, at least with a pinch of snuff; but no, the rules inexorably and most properly forbid all luxuries, especially such as foster habits of expense. At dinner, he may ask for at least a little beer; but he is again refused, and he finds that, however much against his will, he has suddenly become a member of a total abstinence society. As for opportunities of gambling, he has neither anything to stake, nor any person with whom to play. When it is considered how painful an effort is generally necessary to break through a single bad habit, it may be judged how much a person, under such circumstances, must suffer." When Mr. Hill's labours began, men were often found declaring that they had rather be in jail than out of it, "since they were full fed and had no work to do." In one case a prisoner sent repeated complaints to the magistrates of various defects in the building in which he was confined, and, getting no attention, he at last threatened their worships that if they did not make the place more

comfortable he should be obliged to leave. On another occasion, the tenant of an old-fashioned prison under Mr. Hill's inspection being informed that his term had expired, and that he was at liberty, replied, that having been in jail twelve months for other people's pleasure he should now stop for his own. To this determination he adhered with so much obstinacy, that the jailer reported the case to the town clerk. The town clerk having in vain expostulated with the man, summoned a meeting of the magistrates, and the wisdom of the whole bench not sufficing to get over the difficulty in any other way, it was at last proposed by the town clerk, and carried unanimously, that the man should be smoked out of his cell with brimstone.

Though prison discipline should be reformatory, it must at the same time be penal; and upon this Mr. Hill also insists. It appears to him quite possible to make a change in the dietaries of the English prisons. The average daily cost of food to a prisoner is fourpence halfpenny in England, and a penny less in Scotland. To reduce this expense in England to the same rate as in Scotland would save forty thousand pounds a year. There is no reason why this should not be done, Mr. Hill thinks, by a free use of maize and oatmeal.

Under the prison system at which it is the desire of Mr. Hill hat the country should arrive by slow and careful steps, as much care would be required in the selection of the governors of gaols as in the selection of physicians to our hospitals. On the judgment of each, equal reliance would be placed; how to treat individual cases, and when to discharge them as relieved and cured, being subject to general rules, whether economic or medical, left for determination to the skill of the appointed officers. The prisons of the nation would not be so many disconnected undertakings, but all parts of one great whole; and as there are hospitals for children, for consumptive cases, and for idiots and for incurables, so Mr. Hill looks forward to the day when we may have prisons prepared for the classification of offenders according to the general character of their crimes, and also according to the three separate classes, men, women, and children. The refractory or the confirmed and hopeless criminals whose presence among others would complicate the discipline of any gaol, he would have drafted to a prison of their own, and collected for peculiar treatment in establishments analogous to those existing, among us doctors, for idiots and incurables. Prisons should not be expensive structures with palatial fronts. The average cost of building prisons is now about a hundred and fifty pounds for each criminal's accommodation. The largest and newest portion of York Castle

was erected at a cost of one thousand two hundred pounds a head — which, compared with even Model Cottages, is rather an expensive style of building.

Thus far I have carried Mr. Hill in my gig. He is full of good matter, and his views are always worth steady reflection; but are not always to be adopted without inquiry. I will now hint how I come to this latter conclusion.

As that learned and influential body, The British College of Health, trace all diseases to one polluted source, which only their admirable pills, numbers one and two, can purify; and, as I, myself, am not clear but that the neglect of a disorder to which I have devoted much time and attention (I allude to whitlows), may have something to do with the commission of Crime; so I generally find that writers on prisons, and thick-and-thin administrators of prison systems, write about prisons and prisoners as if everything else in the social system were perfectly adjusted. Whereas it appears to me impossible rationally to consider the subject of Prison Discipline without an immediate, a constant, and a careful reference to the condition of many varieties of people who never offend against the laws and never get into prison at all.

Mr. Hill is so far sensible of this difficulty as connected with the employment of prison labour, that he makes the good suggestion that there might be established in workhouses, for all people able to maintain themselves in the house by their own work, an independent ward, in which a distressed man, having health and industry, might find relief unalloyed by the degradation — which such a man often keenly feels — of leaving on the parish. But I go further, and contend that until there be such wards in workhouses, we must not think of regulating prisons as Mr. Hill proposes. I go further still, and contend that one of the first essentials and requirements of a well-regulated Prison is, that its inmates should be worse off in every imaginable respect than the bulk of honest paupers and honest labouring men. Taking every precaution to ensure the cleanliness and health of criminals — for it is of great importance to society that they should not engender disease — I require that their condition shall, in no particular, present a favourable comparison with the pauper's or the labourer's. Let it do so under any system, and I call that system, however plausible in theory, a manifestly false and absurd one in its practical operation.

We may all set up our little chandlers' shops of political economy, and serve out quarterns and half quarterns of that excellent article across the counter until Doomsday: but on this question of prison labour there always remains a consideration to be kept in view which is even

superior to that commodity. It is, that the poor and honest workman shall never within his personal experience know it to be a fact that his labour is interfered with, by the labour of criminals thrown into the market with the contract-power of a great prison. It would no doubt be an unspeakable comfort to him, in such a case, to know from the Gospel according to Cocker, that society was the gainer by the operation. Such an assurance would beyond all question exceedingly mitigate the pangs of hunger, the miseries of a wretched home, the despair of living hard by the toil of a whole life; still, enough suffering, and enough matter for unwholesome reflection and unwholesome contrast would remain in the breast of that deluded and unreasonable citizen, to render it highly desirable that he should never be placed in such a condition. And so widely is this felt, notwithstanding the briskness of the retail trade in political economy, that the difficulty of getting work for prisoners to do, has been enormous; while the difficulty of disposing of their work, when it has been done on speculation, has, over and over again, necessitated its sale at a considerable loss. Mr. Hill's treadmill patients did not grind the air because the magistrates were bent on their grinding the air, but because the magistrates could not get anything else for them to grind.

And this brings me to another consideration I think it right and necessary that there should be in jails some degraded kind of hard and irksome work, belonging only to jails. I don't think Mr. Hill's punishment of cleanliness and discipline, and no beer and no tobacco, half enough for the regular hands. I think it a question by no means to be left out of view, What kind of work does the determined thief, or the determined swindler, or the determined vagrant, most abhor? Find me that work; and to it, in preference to any other, I set that man relentlessly. Now, I make bold to whisper in Mr. Hill's ear, the inquiry whether the work best answering to this description is not almost invariably found to be useless work? And to such useless work, I plainly say, I desire to set that determined thief, swindler, or vagrant *for his punishment*. I have not the least hesitation in avowing to Mr. Hill that it is a satisfaction to me to see that determined thief, swindler, or vagrant, sweating profusely at the treadmill or the crank, and extremely galled to know that he is doing nothing all the time but undergoing *punishment*. I have a very strong idea that he is sent to prison, rightfully, for that purpose; and I have no idea whatever that he is yet entitled to the privilege of being taught a trade, or that his life out of that place has established his claim within that place to work as men work who are not despoilers of their kind.

Considering prisons as hospitals for cure, Mr. Hill seems to forget how often they would be hospitals for incurables. Already, he justly points out, prisons are chiefly filled with professional thieves, to whom, when at large, "thieving" is a profession. Does he think it possible that the twelve professional thieves of East Lothian; the fifty or sixty thieves of Inverness; or the woman of eighteen years' law and window-breaking experience who was committed to jail seventeen times in twenty-eight days, could ever be made to serve in the ranks of honest folk by any sort of such hospital treatment as he recommends?

In short, putting whitlows out of the question just now (though I think, myself, there is a great deal in them appropriate to this subject and every other) I am afraid that persons who get into prison, must continue to accept prison, subject to many considerable inconveniences; and that it is even better for the community not to profit by the labour of those persons, than to make their condition suggestive of shocking comparisons in the minds of the striving and honest. Mr. Hill is a very sensible man, and has served the public (like others of his name and lineage) well, and has a far better eye for looking over a prison wall and seeing something outside of it than many authorities I could name. I cordially agree with him that the first thing to be done is to exert and exhaust every real and sound educational means of keeping people, from their childhood upwards, out of prison. But, when they have got into prison, and when we are considering how to provide for them there, we must mount with the aid of a Good Spirit to the highest tower in the jail; we must let that beneficent Asmodeus unroof the houses for us, and show us how the people live, and toil, and die; and we shall then know that we must not stretch out a hand to touch a privation or a hardship in the criminal's condition, without a just consideration for every humble figure in the great panorama.

TEN YEARS OLD.

In the triangular space left between the side of a steamer and a pair of barrels, many years ago, there was jammed a boy, myself, travelling from London to Rotterdam under care of the steward. It was, or I was, a pale boy with blue eyes and yellow hair, aged ten. I thought that I had chosen with remarkable skill an entrenched position, parted by the barrels from an impertinent world too ready with its vulgar consolations, and very handy to the mighty basin of the sea, for I was worse than qualmish. As for the steward, I disowned his patronage. I was a free boy on a free element. Accustomed up to that date to

an income of chance shillings and half-crowns that never became warm in my pocket before they were torn out to feed an unknown monster bearing the hard name of Savingsbank, I knew that whatever adventures might befall, whether from whales or pirates on the way to Rotterdam, the ogre Savingsbank could not stride through the ocean after me, though I had money in my jacket, money in my waistcoat, and gold sewn up in the waistband of my trousers. I belonged to the monied world and paid my way. That the steward was a buccaneer is disguise, a very eminent sea robber, I soon found out. But was he not my most obedient, humble vassal?

"One service, steward, you may do me," I said, "now that we are at Rotterdam. Tell this Dutch porter, who shoulders so easily my little school portmanteau and leaves me to carry my umbrella — tell him that I want to go to the house of Mynheer Van der Tabak and that he must take me there." To that house I had been consigned, for Mynheer Van der Tabak was the agent in Rotterdam to a large school established at New Unkraut on the Rhine. New Unkraut *is* upon the Rhine, although you will not find the name on any map; I went to school there, and I ought to know. My father, tied to London, could not, on my first departure thither, lead me in his hand to the school-door, but he saw me safely on my way over the worst part of the journey — London streets. From St. Katharine's docks it was all plain sailing, and a boy of ten must be a dunce indeed if he could not find his own way up the Rhine.

Besides, there was Van der Tabak ready to do everything. I had a letter to him, addressed generally "Rotterdam," in which town he was said to be so well known that it had been considered impertinent and useless to include on the address the street celebrated as that on which his house abutted. I followed the porter, therefore, confidently. He stepped, boldly out, up a street, down a street, over a bridge, down a canal, up a street, over a bridge, down a street, until he stopped at a small door, rang a bell, talked a great deal of Dutch with the genius of the bell, and then, turning round to me as the door closed upon us, shook his head and trotted up the street again. He had made a mistake evidently, but he did not look chagrined. "Van der Tabak," I cried in his ear, and pulling the letter out of my jacket pocket, at the same time held before his eyes the superscription. He then paused and by words and signs deliberately explained to me: "There are seventeen Van der Tabaks."

The seventeen did not appear to constitute a loving clan, for they had all carefully established themselves in places very remote from one another. If I showed

the address on my letter with an inquisitive look to a passer-by, he either shook his head, or pointed off in some new direction, saying a few words to the porter, who then added a branch line to the main trunk along which we travelled. We commenced our stradametrical survey of Rotterdam at about half-past one o'clock, and at about five o'clock — at which time, I judged, the porter might begin to want his tea — I was left with my little portmanteau at the proper house, distant about a quarter of a mile from the spot at which the boat had landed us. As I had no Dutch money, my friend the porter very kindly consented to receive his hire in English half-crowns, two of which satisfied him after much biting of their edges, and a growl or two. I thought I had been cheated. Probably the fact that I was a little tired and hungry will account for the uncharitable suspicion. However, I had only paid five shillings for a walk through all the streets of Rotterdam with a real Dutchman; after all it was cheap. I felt for the hard lumps in my waistband, found them there, and mounted two flights of dark stairs to the chamber of Mynheer Van der Tabak, with the boldness of a true whelp of the British Lion.

But Mynheer was out. Three women, wonderfully oily for their age, sat at work in a horribly close room, with their feet upon abominations that I then saw used for the first time — hot *chauffe-pieds*, though it was a July afternoon. Methought, if these are ordinary Frows, I know how we come by the word frowsy. Clotho Van der Tabak held her hand out for my letter, looked at it, and put it into the big pocket at her side. Lachesis asked me eight or ten questions in Dutch, and Atropos pointed to a wooden stool, at some distance in front of the dread sisters, upon which I was to sit. The distance pleased me. It was evident that I was to wait until their father, husband, or son, the Van der Tabak himself, should return; and I did wait for an hour, in silence. During that hour the sisters talked but little to each other, but sat stewing gently on their *chauffe-pieds*, following their work with their fingers, and watching me a little pitifully with their eyes. At last one of them, after a long search with her hand among the articles concealed within her pocket, brought to light a soft cake in a state of perspiration, which, with a word or two expressed in a kind tone, she offered to me. They mistook me for a child, those Dutch women.

I declined the cake, upon which its owner, having first taken a bite out of it, returned it to her pocket. After another pause there was a short discussion among the women, and Clotho, stooping a little, drew from under her chair, where it lay hidden by her ample skirts, such a stone

bottle as I should in England have supposed to contain Seltzer-water. From the same handy cupboard she produced a glass, having the mark of her own fair lips upon its rim, impressed in at least three places. Into this she poured for me some beer out of the stone bottle. I drank that, and thought it good. But very soon my head began to ache while I was wondering at what time Mynheer Van der Tabak would come home to tea.

The Dutch women worked and the light waned. I stared at them through the twilight and the thick hot atmosphere, while my mind ran in a melancholy way to the tune of Mynheer Van Dunk. Was Van der Tabak like his countryman given to sipping "brandy and water gaily;" and was there no tea to be hoped for; but would he come in presently and ask me to play at cards with him by the light of a flaring candle, getting my nose red, and my body stout, and my trousers wrinkled like his own? Should we, in fact, go to work in the true Dutch way, as I had seen it represented in old pictures. Was the unwholesome Lachesis to lean over my shoulder as I deliberated whether I would play the ace or ten of spades, and was I — longing for tea or, to speak honestly, even a draught of milk and water — to imitate my host who was accustomed to sip brandy and water gaily, quenching his thirst with two quarts of the first and a pint of the latter daily.

There was a creaking on the stairs. It was not Van der Tabak. Under the weight of a true Dutchman they would have groaned more heavily. A tall, spare, yellow man with a long hooked nose, entered. The women in a few quiet guttural words acknowledged his presence and indicated mine. He read my letter, looked at me, and said, "Very goot, I will take you to a bed." We went down-stairs; my little portmanteau was again placed on the shoulder of a porter, and I trotted out into the lamplighted streets beside the hospitable Zamiel to whom I had been consigned. "I will show you," he said, "a very goot hotel." I did not talk to him and I was glad to get out of his close room into the summer twilight. As my guide stalked on, I fell into a reverie beside him, and forgot my hunger. I should be soon again an independent English traveller, able to call for what I liked. As we walked by a canal side, the lamplight and the water in the street, the quaint old houses and the people round about me, even the very pebbles under foot, were printed off on the white paper of my mind. We passed an old church porch, and a rich flow of organ music pouring over the fresh impressions as they were just then made within me, fixed them permanently into the only picture of the town of Rotterdam that time has been unable to efface.

"You must take the boat to Cologne at two o'clock to-morrow," said Mynheer. "You carry English monies, I suppose?" I said "Yes." "Very goot. I will change it for you into Dutches and Germans. I will be with you when you get up to-morrow morning." So Mynheer considerately left me at one of the few hotels in which there happened to be not a waiter who spoke English. Ordered by him in my name, there was brought to me a supper of bread and milk. Then I was shown the way to bed.

Alone that night upon a little bed, under clean dimity curtains, I cried myself to sleep, for the spirit of childhood came and set my tears a-flowing. But in the morning there came Mynheer Van der Tabak, with the question, "What is your monies?" In exchange for a few sovereigns he gave me a complete numismatical collection of greasy copper and German silver counters having no recognizable image and superscription; over them he mumbled, as if it were a benison, a very short and rapid account of their value. "You must have pieces of all kinds and pay exact, or else in giving change peoples will cheat you." I felt at the time as though I had bought a coppermine, and lost considerably by the venture. But as Van der Tabak said, "in giving change, peoples will cheat you," so I pocketed without any remark his dirty money and his axiom.

Mynheer departed, and I saw no more of him. In a big room I sat down before a fresh basin of bread and milk, not feeling my dignity offended, because I had a real affection for good bread and milk, especially when I was master of the sugar basin. After breakfast I set out to do what Mynheer should have done for me, and without much trouble found the starting place of the Cologne steamer and the booking office, there being plenty of English spoken by the water side. I paid my way — half fare as being a child — on to Cologne; made sure about the time of starting, and went back to the hotel, where I was to dine like an independent tourist at the *table d'hôte*. The hostess, a clear-skinned, stout, genial woman, caused me to sit by her side, and I was not too proud to be glad that she assumed towards me, with a great deal of nice tact, motherly relations. The dinner puzzled me. I did not understand the meaning of dessert and meat at once upon the table-cloth. There was so much oil in all the dishes that I felt a little sick at contemplation of the long perspective of them. I had some vermicelli soup, tasting of castor oil. The fish fried in oil I could not put into my mouth. After that, I nursed terrible suspicions on the subject of the made dishes. The waiters, hovering over us like harpies, pounced upon the larger lumps and joints of meat, and bore them away over our heads, to be sliced up at

side tables, and brought round. I could not dine at all until I saw plum pudding. The good-humoured landlady was at last amused and gratified at seeing that I made a hearty dinner upon that.

Then all was paid for, and my little portmanteau went upon a truck with other luggage to the boat. Fairly on board and started up the Rhine, I went down into the cabin, put my cap upon my knees, and emptied into it the coins out of my jacket pocket. I desired to know what they all meant. I had already begun to use them, and in so doing had obtained data to go upon; therefore I set to work upon the problem with the unsightly counters before me, as I had set to work at home over a dissected map or an ingenious labyrinth. A worthy Englishman accosted me. "Terrible work that, Sir," he said, with a comic air; half humouring, half pitying my dignity of independence as a tourist. "Terrible work. Can I help you at all?" "Thank you," I said, "I should like really to know how much I have been cheated." Then I told him my suspicion about Mynheer Van der Tabak, and he sitting down by my side helped me to a correct knowledge of the number of shillings Mynheer had supposed to be contained in an English pound, and instilled into me at the same time a full knowledge of the mysteries of groschen, pfennige, and so on. Thereafter I had no fear. He was an English artist travelling with all his family, and taking sketches for a book upon Rhine scenery. I used to look over his shoulder, and marvel at the rapidity with which he pencilled scenes down as the steamer passed. He used to talk to me as though I were a man of fifty, and I attached myself to him, though it by no means suited my humour to place myself in a formal way under his protection.

We slept on board one night, during which the steamer ran aground and jerked me off a table into a corner of the cabin to my great delight, for I had always enjoyed shipwreck above all things. Unluckily, however, there was nothing visible on deck more terrible than fog, and I had seen fogs in London. We got off again after some hours' delay, to my regret, without any catastrophe. We were boarded somewhere for passports, but I was ready for all that. My passport had been many days in my possession; a fond parent had, indeed, proposed before my departure into foreign parts, that a full length black profile of me should be taken, in which I was to be represented with my passport in my hand.

At Cologne, while the porters were at work upon the heap of bones under which my portmanteau was buried, I got ashore and swang my legs in a high state of juvenile enjoyment on a wooden railing. At the same time I was enjoying thoroughly

the sight of the distant mountains and the near cathedral towers, the Rhine and the bridge of boats. The artist and his family passed by upon the way into the town, and rather hurt my dignity by glancing at me and at each other with an interchange of some compassionate remarks. I dare say I was looking sentimental; I was not too young to have read Childe Harold, but I was as happy as a prince, and had got on so capitally by myself that I resented pity as injustice. The truth is, as I put it myself, the capacities of boys are generally underrated. There are some men at fifty, a great deal less fit to travel unprotected than the majority of boys at ten. The artist came to me in his polite way and said, "Perhaps, Sir, as we are fellow-travellers, both going on to-morrow morning, we may do well to occupy the same hotel." I knew what he meant and thanked him, took the name of the hotel for which he was bound, and went on with my meditations.

My little nugget of leather having been extracted from the great mountain of luggage on the steamer, I went to the hotel indicated, found an English waiter there, met my friend the artist once in the corridor, who shook hands with me heartily, and made a joke or two, but did not in any way offer to invade my privacy. In the evening I went out for a ramble by the water-side, and coming home followed out the idea by which I had been pleased in Rotterdam, and supped on bread and milk. So far, all went well; but the next morning I was in sad distress, for the boat started at five A. M., and the English waiter did not get up. Soon after four in the morning I was crying out over the heavy staircase of the dark old inn to sleepy people who spoke no English, that, if they pleased I should like to have some bread and milk for breakfast before I left. Nothing could be made of me, or done for me, and I went off in the raw morning to the steamer, in company with the artist and his family, the several members of which had been tumbling about the inn staircases, dressing in furious haste, and wanting hot water, a bill, a porter, and other matters, for the last ten minutes: while I, more virtuous, but not more happy for my virtue, had been up and dressed in time to devote half-an-hour to the vain search for a breakfast.

That was the last stage of my journey. On the same morning, when the boat stopped on its way alongside the quiet town of New Unkraut, there stood upon the platform a placid man with a small cloth cap on his head, and his collar turned back from his neck, who smoked a pipe with beautiful tranquillity, and who had evidently singled me out from among the passengers. I saw that he was looking at me quietly while the great scrambling

of ropes took place. I shook hands with my friends on board and stepped ashore; the portmanteau was dropped out of the vessel after me; the umbrella I carried in my own right hand. The quiet German instantly stepped forward, took from me the umbrella (which I never touched again until my return to England), and gave me, in the English language, a mild, friendly welcome to New Unkraut. I believed in him instantly; and, taking his hand with all childish simplicity, walked by his side, chattering, to school.

So ended my first taste of the responsibilities of life. I liked it, and it did me good. In that little attempt to fly alone, I obtained more practical knowledge than is usually got out of a half-year's grind at Propria quæ Maribus; and I have no doubt went further to make a man of me than any amount of physical injury and moral contamination I could have suffered among what are sometimes called the wholesome hardships of a fag.

DOMESTIC PETS.

The power of visiting and studying a good menagerie is ever regarded as a pleasurable privilege; but the fact of having and holding a collection of living creatures all to one's self, is a precious possession for princes to boast of. With small folk, and with mighty folk, the sentiment is equally prevalent. Little Tom has a certain satisfaction in watching his friend Bob's experiment with the new red-eyed doe rabbit; he gives his advice how best to manage the perverse pair of pigeons, who seem determined to "mate" according to their own, rather than in obedience to Bob's ideas of a suitable match: but Tom's real and intense delight is to gloat over the profitable increase of his private and proper flock of guinea-pigs, and to speculate on the vocal promise of some thrushes, which he himself kidnapped from a thorn-bush in their infancy, and afterwards reared on spoon-meat and truncated worms, with his own assiduous and well-scratched hands.

The boy is father to the man, occasionally; but there are frequent cases wherein the man remains undeveloped in many respects, and the boy survives to the end of his days. In those who have been early smitten with the love of dumb animals, the passion mostly lingers in maturer years. It is latent ever, though they may try hard to smother it.

They are ashamed themselves to indulge in "lop-ears," "mule canaries," and other domestic juvenile pets, so they disingenuously get out of the difficulty by buying a cage and a rabbit-hutch for their interesting youngster's exclusive use. But what a hardy piece of transparent hypocrisy! As if it were not perceptible,

with half an eye, that they are as completely wrapped up in the matter of the live things as their children now are, and will still be in after life. The poultry mania, which at present startles while it delights the world, and has solved the problem of discovering a new pleasure, is nothing but an instance of Nature returning with a vengeance, after she has been forcibly driven out with a pitchfork.

We, for our parts, will be candid; and will unblushingly, openly, and unreservedly confess to having lately set up a childish menagerie; and that under circumstances of considerable difficulty. We were travelling about, with no settled home — a month at one place and a month at another. It was, therefore, impossible to include in our suite even a selection of the beauties of the Birmingham list of feathered fowl. It was quite out of the question to hope to be preceded by a herdsman driving a Knowsley flock of antelopes and vicunas for our daily diversion. But, if one thing can't be had, to get another, and a next best, is the part of wisdom. A travelling menagerie we managed to collect, not so ponderous as Wombwell's, nor so valuable as Batty's trained steeds, but quite as amusing as either of them in its own little way.

It is instructive to observe the virtues, and sometimes the caprices and failings, of humble life. We had an excellent opportunity during the great part of last summer. One compartment of our zoological promenade, an aquarium, was a large tumbler glass filled with sea water, and mainly tenanted by a sea anemone and a mussel. Other visitors were now and then introduced; but they were fleeting mortals, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Some infant crabs, as big as your finger-nail, would look up ravenously to a gay young codling that was swimming in mid-water overhead. If the tender fry sunk down to repose, his body was instantly ripped open by the pincers of the crabs; so there was rapidly an end of him. But, of all selfish and unamiable creatures, these crabs were the very worst. While feasting on the murdered carcase, the strongest crab invariably amused himself by kicking his weaker comrades back, and driving every one but himself from table. In front, he was stuffing his funny flat jaws with tit-bits torn off by his finger and thumb; behind, he was carrying on a pugilistic contest with his feet. We determined to have no more to do with crabs, mainly because they would let the sea anemone have no rest, but perpetually annoyed him, and made him shrink into nothing, by putting their toe-nails into his mouth.

One thing which struck us as particularly droll, was that such despicable creatures — "the last links of Nature's chain," and so forth — should presume to have

a will of their own. The mussel, when put into his crystal bath, of course sank down to the bottom of the glass, and lay there motionless, like a stone. He seemed to us to be just as well off there as anywhere else. He did not think so himself, however. In a day or two he was suspended, by a tackle of his own spinning, half-way up the inside of the glass, with the widest part of his shell downwards. And so satisfied was he with his new situation that he strengthened and multiplied his cordage, as fast as his resources allowed him to do so. We could never discover how he reached his elevation; but it must have been by shooting forth a self-grappling mooring-rope, and then climbing up it with his tongue or foot.

You may fancy that an oyster, of all creatures in the world, would be the one to take things coolly and contentedly, as they come; but you are yielding your mind to a vulgar delusion. An oyster is very particular about lying in a comfortable position in his bed. If accident or violence has turned him in a wrong one, he fidgets till he gets into the right one again. And his right position is exactly that which his faithful friend and obedient servant, the fishmonger, believes to be the wrong one. Both the dissentient parties are wise in their generation. The object of the one is to let the fresh tidal stream run in and out of his shell as fast as possible, at certain epochs of the day; the interest of the other is to confine a table-spoonful of sea-water as long there as may be. So the oyster-merchant deposits the mollusc with its hollow shell downwards, while the oyster himself is fretful and rebellious till he can repose upon the flat valve of his castle. For, besides the advantages of ventilation, or *water*-ation, which the *pose* upon the flat shell secures, the oyster is also well aware that his hollow valve, when uppermost, serves him as a dome capable of sustaining pressure, on the principle of the arch. An oyster, lying on his hollow shell, is exactly in the fix of a tortoise on his back, not to mention the advantage lost of being steadily settled in life instead of rocking about in the unstable equilibrium of a rolling oyster that can gather no moss. *Apropos* of the moss, our mantel-shelf museum contains several beautiful specimens illustrative of the oyster's successful resolution never to stand upon his head, if he can help it. And those are some hollow oyster-shells, from each of which a feathery tuft of delicate coralline springs up, like a petrified plume growing at the bottom of the sea. If the oyster had not been permanently placed upon his flat shell, how could that brittle calcareous ramification have sprouted so elegantly on his concave scull-cap? This native crest of the native oyster decides the question of upside down. The fish shop individual is all out of sorts. If

you doubt the vivacity of oysters at large, take a walk amongst them any hot summer's afternoon when the tide is out. Their clatter and spurting, their snapping and sucking, make you think they can hardly be the same creatures which you are accustomed to behold so "much" and downcast in the condemned cell of a Christmas barrel, after a violent whisking through the frosty air.

Everybody has not seen a sea-anemone, although they are multitudinous on many parts of our coast. If you take a stroll at ebb-tide, below high-water mark, along a rocky shore, you will find the boulders plentifully sprinkled with seeming specks of clotted blood. Touch them, and they shrink into a thin leathery patch. In the little pools which have been left by the retiring waves, you will observe apparent flowers of various sizes, from a sixpence to a five-shilling piece, and mostly of a dull deep crimson tint. You might fancy them a knot of self-sown, submarine German asters. Try to gather one, and it withers into nothing, perhaps squirting a few drops of water in your face. It is a living creature and not a flower, and has transformed itself into a cold clot of gore as the best means of escaping from your grasp. You will have a better chance of capturing those which the tide has left entirely dry.

Here is one, plump and of a good colour. It has nothing to attach it to the limestone boulder but the pressure of the atmosphere acting on its sucker-like base; but we may rend it to pieces before we can get it off. And there are none to be found (or very rarely) on pebbles of a portable size; as if the creatures knew which was the safest anchorage. We will have it, however, to add to our menagerie. It is on the side of the block, which is more convenient for us than the top. With this lump of stone, I rap, tap, tap just above it, taking care not to touch its very crushable person. See; it dislikes the jar and is beginning to give way. It drops, and I catch it in this oyster-shell, which contains a tempting little pool of salt-water. It settles; we may now put our prisoner in our game-bag and march off with it home.

Tame sea anemones display great wilfulness, and, if not properly managed, a sulky temper. The grand object is to have them show to advantage, and make the best possible display with their petals, or arms. To effect this you must keep them very hungry; short commons are sure to call forth their attractive endowments. Like poets, and painters, and dancers, and singers — omitting all mention of periodical prose-writers — they exercise their talents for what they can get, as well as because it is their born vocation to please. Every petal is a moveable member, whose office is to provide for the central mouth. Drop a pin's-head morsel of fish-meat just over the

anemone, so as to fall, while sinking, between the arms, and it is clutched by the one that is nearest to it, and packed at once into the digestive repository. But *feast* your flower, and he doubles himself up close, to open no more until he is again half-famished.

Our sea-anemone travelled about the glass, by sliding along, sometimes at quite a perceptible rate, on his sucker. Now and then his spirits drooped, while changing his skin, which came off occasionally in a filmy cuticle. On one occasion only did he try to escape; and that was when his water had become turbid, by shrimp-flesh put in to feed his abominations, the crabs. He climbed up the glass until he was almost high and dry. It was as much as to ask us to renew his bath. But the weather was stormy, and we could not go to the beach for his usual supply. Next morning, he lay at the bottom of the tumbler, all flabby and unattached. We thought he was dead, but it was only a piece of pouting. In an hour or two he was as cheerful as ever. To reward his good conduct, we descended the cliff, and tapped the raging ocean at the risk of a good ducking.

The sea-anemone was perfectly amiable, in comparison with the tenants of an opposite tank. Spring water was the element which filled a soup-tureen that had ever been innocent of English mock-turtle. Instead of the nutritious and delicious and pernicious stuff, which, when cold, you may chop with a hatchet, this vase of abstinence had never got beyond sorrel and cabbage, with a Sunday *bouillon* in which were swimming mighty islands of well-soaked crust. Its contents were also *maigre* during its second phase. On the surface floated a green bunch of watercress; in the middle sported a leash of sticklebacks, whose only pleasure was to fight and dissect each other alive with their dorsal thorn; at the bottom pined a pair of cray-fish, hating the light, disgusted at being stared at, refusing to eat, and cursing in their heart of hearts the villanous temptation of the dead dog in a faggot, which had brought them into this pale captivity from their dear dark holes on the river's bank. Be pleasant they would not, unless at night, when we were all upstairs and fast asleep. Their hearts were more obdurate than mine; they stood out so well, and refused to be comforted so completely, that we turned them into a brook, to take their chance. And yet they might have been amusing, if they had not proved so nocturnal and shy. They are the very miniature of the esculent lobster, only of stronger build, and greater tenacity of life, with the further claim to close relationship by turning red when they are boiled.

But our quadrupeds? — Of course we had quadrupeds. Chance made me acquainted with a lovely little animal, the very

thing I wanted; at once pretty, convenient and new. I wonder the idea never entered my head before. That a school-boy should put me up to getting a pair of *croquenoix!* I had not seen a Croquenoix for years. Those which I then saw were the property of a lady who, for morning dress, always wore one of those pretty silk aprons, with little frilled and fringed watch-pockets on each side, about large enough to hold a turkey's egg. But instead of eggs, in either pocket she carried a Croquenoix.

And pray what *is* a Croquenoix, Sir?

I shake my head oracularly. My renewed acquaintance with the creatures was thus:—Riding in a public *carriole* one day, there sat by my side an English school-boy in full uniform. His father and his schoolmaster were on the seat in front. Papa had escaped from his counting-room, and manifested a strong propensity to drive. I told him he had better not; because, although our horse was as quiet as a three-legged stool, and I had no doubt he piloted his own four-wheel with perfect safety all the way from the City to Stoke Newington, yet here the rule of the road differed from that at home; the French go to the right, when we turn to the left; so he would be sure to pitch into the opposition *carriole*, or get us shoved over the bank into the canal, by one of those heavy-laden things with long strong shafts, a couple of high wheels, a board or two, and a rope or two, which it is impossible for Englishmen to call "a waggon."

"You are going out a-fishing with your papa to-day?" I asked of the lad, "and you have got your worms ready in that little tin box, with holes in the lid, have you not?"

"I 'm going for a visit to England," he answered in reply. "Father happened to give me the box, so I thought of carrying in it some Croquenoix for sister at home. The boys at our school have lots of Croquenoix; Groper has nine of his own catching, and Matcher breeds them. Some boys, however, keep nothing but birds; others like slow-worms the best of all dumb animals. Tom Byles talks of taking up the toad and frog fancy. Sam Green and I used to go partners, but we have dissolved; he has all the snakes and lizards, and I agreed to take the Croquenoix. Look, Sir, they are fast asleep."

I peeped in cautiously; the little things were each snugged up and rolled into a ball, with a long fine silky tail wrapped over their nose, like a miniature boa; they were clad in soft light-fawn-coloured fur, with long whiskers, or "smellers," starting from their muzzle. They really were a very pretty, brotherly, and even an elegant present.

"Well, but what 's the use of them, my dear? What do they do?" inquired Papa with a most utilitarian air.

"They sleep," I interrupted, instantly volunteering to come forward as the champion of the Croquenoix. "They sleep to perfection; and that, I believe, is their principal accomplishment."

"Sleep! I don't see much cleverness in that!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I see a great deal. Blessed (as Sancho Panza says) be the man who invented sleep. It is the best way of keeping troublesome people quiet. I wish some folks would sleep twenty-three hours and three quarters out of every twenty-four; and so would you, if you were in my place. In the house where I am lodging, Sir, there lives on the same floor a widow lady, who, as the French say, is very lively. Lively! She came over the water on purpose to drink the bottled beer here, which is celebrated for going off like a fire-engine, and which has a pinch of detonating powder dropped into every flask before it is corked. According to her, beer which does not burst the bottles, is flat, and not worth drinking. Lively, Sir! I don't wonder she was a widow; fifty husbands could not have stood her, with her three daughters and her female friend. They, Sir, may take pattern by the Croquenoix with considerable comfort and advantage to their neighbours. The last thunder storm, — that terrific one at night — I was prevented from hearing the magnificent bass roulades of aerial music, because, while the widow was scolding with lungs of brass — that's how she killed her husband, Sir — one daughter amused herself with slamming the doors; another convulsed the piano with a grand *finale* (which never was a *finale*); the child screamed with the force of injured indignation at not being allowed to run out to play in the puddles; and the friend kept running upstairs and downstairs, like a coach-horse shod with pattens of lead. So I gave up all chance of hearing the thunder, and undressed myself and went to sleep. Pray don't utter a word against the Croquenoix, Sir; because, next to Rip Van Winkle, and the famous seven, they are perhaps the very best sleepers in the world. As soon as I get back again, I shall set myself up with a pair or two."

The resolution was kept, and the creatures have afforded us no little amusement from that very day to this. We were then living on the outskirts of a rather extensive forest in the North of France. Some day I must take you for a ramble and a quiet picnic there, when the orchises are in bloom, and the wild strawberries begin to ripen. *Croquenoix*, or "crack-walnut," is the local name of a little quadruped which inhabits it. The word itself is indeclinable, retaining the same form in the plural as in the singular; its derivation is not quite clear, as there are no *noix*, or walnuts, in the forest, though *noisettes* or hazel-nuts abound.

Muscardin is the name which Buffon gives to the species, justly describing it as "the least ugly of all the rats." He thinks that it does not exist in Great Britain; while Ray, who had seen something of the kind, says that the little sleeping rat which is found in England is not red-haired on the back, like that of Italy, and that therefore it may be a different animal. There is no difference between the French and the Italian species, and Aldrovandi has accurately determined it; but that laborious author also adds that there are two species in Italy — the one rare, having a musky odour; the other, more common, without any scent; and that at Bologna both are called *Muscardini*, on account of their resemblance both in shape and size. Our Croquenoix is a scentless animal.

Now the leading human Croquenoix-catchers of the place — for foxes, owls, hawks, and weasels doubtless frequently prey upon them — are French woodmen and English schoolboys. The latter, tolerably sharp observers, say that there is a difference between the creatures they find on the south side of the Channel, and those which they left behind in the woods of Kent and Devonshire. The great point of the Croquenoix, in the estimation of schoolboy fanciers, is its tail, on the length and beauty of which depends its value. Every other feature is sure to be pretty, but the tail itself is exceedingly fragile and precarious. If you lay hold of a Croquenoix by the tail while he is wide awake and in a state of alarm, he will make his escape most unexpectedly, by leaving the member (or its skin with the fur) in your hand. And a Croquenoix is not like a lizard; he cannot reproduce the loss. The disfigurement is never afterwards repaired. Therefore, the importance attached to the tail. The boys are the authority that there is a marked difference between the tails of French and English Croquenoix. Therefore, they are probably, if not two distinct species, at least two decided and permanent varieties.

The Croquenoix makes a round little nest of dried leaves, moss, and dead grass, and places it on the ground, or on the branch of a low bush. Here he sleeps all winter in solitary repose; — every individual having a nest to himself — waking now and then on mild days, to munch a morsel of his nutty store. In confinement, Croquenoix live happily enough in company, but the accustomed materials of their native habitation must be supplied to them for bedding; hair, wool, and what we might think warm and comfortable proving injurious to their health. It is odd that, although their home is amongst the trees upon the branches, and in a chalk-bottomed forest where there is not a single permanent pond or brook, they are nevertheless very thirsty creatures, and are exceedingly fond of washing their face

and hands. Except during rainy weather, the dew on the leaves must be the only available water they can find. The staple of their diet is nuts; almonds are particularly delighted in; but they now and then enjoy a green hazel-leaf, or a slice of ripe fruit. Wild cherries (*merises*) abound in the forest; and the stones of these, which you find on the ground, often bear evidence of having had their kernels emptied by Croquenoix. The little beast, in spite of his name, is not so foolish as to crack his nuts; that would give him unnecessary trouble. He makes just one little hole in the shell, about as big as a pin's head, and through that he extracts, or laps out, the kernel with his tongue. By the way, he laps his drink like a dog or cat; and if he is very tame, or very thirsty (I would not say which), when you handle him, he will gently lick the moisture of perspiration from off your hand. Of course, he knows a good nut from a bad one, as soon as he touches it, without further ado.

Croquenoix readily breed in captivity, producing from five to eight at a birth. They come into the world blind and naked, and must not be disturbed too early in the nest, or the mother will prove infanticide. Otherwise, her affection for them is extreme; to secure a nest of young ones insures the securing of their parent. She will run squeaking down the branch of a tree into your very hand, with the delicate bristles of her tail erect, her eyes flashing tiny sparks of fire; in short, the miniature of a raging lioness. And her bite, though it won't do much more than draw blood, like a pin-prick, is sharp enough to make you cry out "oh!" and laugh at the same time. When the little ones make their appearance out of doors at last, and play about with their dam at night — for their general habits are completely nocturnal — and whisk their delicate feather-like tails, and twinkle their round black bead-like eyes, they are very taking little animals. And, as in other members of their tribe, those brilliant eyes are so convex and short-sighted, that you may watch them close at hand without their being aware of it, if you will only keep yourself quiet and silent.

The Regents' Park Gardens might easily add another pleasing novelty to their established treasures, by planting a large glass case, like those in the reptile house, with turf, and a living hazel-copse, and then filling it with a colony of Croquenoix all by themselves. The whole thing could be finished and inhabited in a week, and would only cost a very few pounds. But it is certainly some objection to its value as an exhibition, that the public would gaze on a throng of merely sleeping beauties, whose waking exploits would be reserved to entertain the keeper who visited them on going his rounds in the dark.

Croquenoix must be kept in strict confinement, or they will hop off for a ramble, and forget to return. Still, they are used to a settled home, and like to have an apartment which they can call their own. We have shut our Croquenoix out of their bed-chamber, and they have opened the door with their own little hands, to force their way back again in spite of us. I say "hands," because "forepaws" would not convey the use that is made of them. One poor fellow, being tired of a truant excursion in my bed-room, crept under the carpet for a quiet day's rest, and was unfortunately crushed there. A woodman, to whom we had given a general order, brought us in a large party of Croquenoix. Next morning, three of them had escaped from their cage. One bold fellow was perched on the rod which supports the window-curtains; the other two were cuddled together in the folds of the muslin, fast asleep, and rolled into a ball. In winter their sleep is so sound that respiration is suspended, and they are cold and death-like. Many a poor Croquenoix has been thrown out of the window by his capturer, under the impression that the vital spark had departed, while Croquey was only slumbering a little more profoundly than usual, and enjoying a complete escape from the troubles of the world.

But you do not find Croquenoix in your French dictionary? You will not be very wrong, if you render the word as "Dormouse."

HUSH!

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking."
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet, her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It is only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass,
They were startled, and fled to the thicket
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest;
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed,
But Rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead!

LEGAL HOUSES OF CALL.

IN Chancery Lane, Fetter Lane, Cursitor Street, Portugal Street, Gate Street, and Basinghall Street, London, there are certain publics of ease to the Courts of Chancery, Bankruptcy,

and Insolvency; antechambers to the sponging-houses and debtors' prisons; houses of call for miserable law-writers, for bailiffs' runners and decayed process-servers, with parlours and snuggeries chocking with expectant insolvents, anxious bankrupts, magnificent sheriffs' officers, lawyers, lawyers' clerks and blue bags. I would rather be excused from giving anything beyond a bare enumeration of these houses and persons, since better hands than mine have limned them off. So, avoiding these, I will reserve to myself three judicial houses of call: — The Nisi Prius, adjoining the Great Hall of Pleas; the police public, which may be over against any one of the metropolitan police courts; the assize public, which is in the Old Bailey — *The* Bailey, of course — not far, if you like, from that Ingoldsby-immortalised victualling-house, the price of whose first floor, previous to a fashionable entertainment, was so condescendingly demanded by my Lord Tomnoddy.

The Nisi Prius public, is by far the most aristocratic of the three set down. Indeed, at one time it disdained to be called a tavern, and rejoiced in the title of Sims' Hotel — Sims being a mythic man, a waiter of Queen Anne's time, traditionally believed to have once lent five gold pieces to Sir Richard Steele, and a cousin, I opine, of the many mythic Toms, Bobs, Sams, Joes, Nells, Dollys, and Betties, keeping hotels, taverns, and coffee-houses in and about town. Long did Sims hold out against the degradation of bar custom. Give us the landed gentry, that bring actions about mortgages, and win 'em, and order their rump and dozen, or if they lose 'em, have a magnum of claret in at once to drown their sorrow. Every witness in the palmy days of Sims was as good as a crown bowl of punch to the house. Every consultation between a lawyer and client involved a bottle of wine at least. Verdicts were dinners at a guinea a head. Litigants would think nothing of spending their two or three guineas a-piece over a trifling affair like an injunction in Chancery or a rule to show cause. But when top boots and Hessian boots had quite gone out; when the hand of the great logician — Death — had solved all Lord Eldon's doubts; when, finally, brooms had made themselves felt in the Augæan stables of the law, and the abominable arrest by mesne process was abolished, Sims sank, to rise no more as an hotel. The rumps and dozens, the crown bowls, the guinea dinners, took wing with the tops and Hessians, Lord Eldon's doubts, and the forty-shilling judgments. Sims would have come to grief and bankruptcy had not Sims (represented for the time by its landlord, Bobo, a worthy man, nephew of the Lord Chancellor's purse-bearer) — had not, as I say, Sims been wise. Sims man-

fully put its shoulder to the wheel, and went the whole hog in the pewter and pint pot line; and, though keeping the words "Sims' Hotel" in raised stucco letters over the first-floor windows, became thenceforth, to all intents and purposes, a public-house.

During the long vacation, when lawyers and pheasants are on the wing; when the Bar migrate to Baden, and the Bench to Brussels; when clients and debtors breathe, and walk no more in fear of that fell tap on the shoulder, far worse than rheumatism or sciatica, which presages the evil deeds of John Doe; when bailiffs slumber, turnkeys nod, and the hinges of Mr. Nebuchadnezzar's friendly portals grow rusty for lack of visitors, Sims drives a trade which may be familiarly designated as "slack." Two or three antiquated ushers and criers, messengers and door-keepers of the Law Courts adjacent are faithful customers, but are no great shakes. Your Nisi Prius underlings are mostly temperate men, who, when they do drink, affect mostly sherry and water, cold — shrub and water, cold — and similar mild and long-lasting potations. It is your criminal, but especially your insolvency men who drink quick, and frequently, and strongly, and always. Detectives generally take glasses of sherry in rapid succession and with an unmoved countenance; for no quantity of sherry in any number of glasses was ever known to make a detective tipsy. Simple policemen take, as a rule, neat gin, accompanying the act of bibation with a frown, following it with a backhanded wipe of the lips and a municipal cough. But your insolvency man, your bankruptcy man, your notice-server, your process-taker, your tipstaff, — these be the men who love Bacchus. Not late topers are they; for almost invariably they hail their homeward-bound omnibuses about ten minutes after the rising of the court; but day-drinkers, perpetual runners out after "drains" and "whets," — men who, if you do not find them at their posts, are sure to be "over the way," or "have just stepped out," or are "round the corner." I knew a public-house (The File, Sheddle Street, Lincoln's-inn) whose morning custom, arising from insolvency officials, who drank hot gin-and-water between the hours of eight and ten every morning, could not have been less than three hundred pounds a year. They may be nervous men, these matutinal topers; and, living constantly in an atmosphere of ruin, and blighted hopes, and shattered fortunes, and delusive speculations, may be afraid that, constantly about the court as they are, they may come to ruin themselves one day, and go *through* the court, and so take plenty of gin-and-water to keep their "peckers" up. Or perchance (and this was suggested to me by an envious *man*) they may, as

promotion in the Bankruptcy and Insolvency Courts is regulated by seniority, be desirous of drinking their seniors to death, and thereby stepping into their vacant shoes. At all events, these early, and potent, and constant "drains" give these old boys habitually a groggy look, a fuddly look, not to say a drunken look. Their faces are the coffins of unnumbered "sixes" of gin-and-water, and the pimples and grog-blossoms are the nails thereon.

But I have diverged from "Sims." Besides the old officials (pippin-faced, white-headed old gentlemen mostly, with spotless white neck-cloths fastened with silver buckles), there come to the bar, during the dead season, a sprinkling of the broken-down touters, message-carriers, doers of odd jobs, poor devils, whom I may call the helpers, and "odd men" in the stable of law — the scullions in the kitchen of justice — the bucks on the cab-stand of equity. One or two of the inevitable class of ruined clients, half-mad and wholly heart-broken, haunt the coffee-room, together with a pitiable object with red whiskers, a drink-embossed face, a shambling gait, who was really a Member of Parliament — an Irish Member — a very, very long time ago, who had a fine estate, and who begs a little and borrows a little, but drinks a great deal more than either — or than he eats, now. Whisky, and late hours, and want, have cracked his voice; but he can sing "Silent, oh, Moyle" and "You remember Ellen" yet, in a style to make the tears tremble on your eyelids, and the half-crown you know he is immediately afterwards about to borrow leap out of your pocket, almost spontaneously.

But, when Term is on — when the new trial paper is full, and the old cause list not half exhausted: you should see Sims then! Its choked-up bar, its barricaded entry, its crowded parlour and coffee-room, its thronged bed-rooms. Avalanches of hats tumble up and down stairs like inky snowballs; parchment is as common as whitey-brown paper; the pot-boy ties his shoes with red tape, and as for ink, my gracious! The customers drink it by quarts, so to speak. They suck it up in goose-quills, and pour it into the bowels of reams of foolscap paper. Then, such an eager pressing; such a jostling, squeezing, button-holding, hand-shaking, fist-shaking, "dear friend" calling, "infernal scoundrel" calling; such depth and acumen of criticism displayed on the learning of judges, the eloquence of counsel, the tact of solicitors, the boldness of witnesses, the discernment (or stupidity) of jurymen. Such congratulations and free-hearted offers to stand "glasses round." On the other hand, such lamentations and mournful looks, and sullen drinking in corners, and passionate recriminations. O Sims, Sims!

Yet another legal "public" — an hostelry of civil law can I find. Know you the lane where the smell of parchment and red tape, the air redolent of wig-powder and pounce tell of the deeds that are done in their clime? Know you the lane that is narrow and crooked, and dirty, and ill-savouring as the laws which are twisted, and tortured, and garbled, and misconstrued, in the courts round about? Know you the lane which the barrister paces in full forensic costume — in undisguised wig and gown — a legal knight of the road — with brief clutched closely in his hand as though it were a pistol and he would say, "Your fee or your life?" Know you the lane where sharp-eyed little men hold fox-like converse at street corners, or beneath the shadow of the ancient gateway of Lincoln's Inn con, anxiously, ravenously, huge skins of parchment — the skins once of innocent, woolly-coated, mild-eyed, meek-nosed sheep, but now the devil's letter-paper, begrimed with hideous abracadabras of engrossment: "whereases" and "furthermores," and "as aforesaids," and the devil only (and his attorneys and solicitors) know what besides. Know you this lane?

Slinking out of this ill-omened thoroughfare, in a shabby, shambling, downcast manner, and not turning boldly out of it at a respectable angle, is a little frowsy street with no thoroughfare at the end thereof, save a maze of horrible little courts and alleys. This is Anathema Street, leading to Maranatha Buildings, Bell Alley, Book Court, and Candle Row. The grass grows between the uneven paving stones in the road: no sound of wheels is ever heard save that of some dismal cab landing a captive at Mr. Nebuchadnezzar's spunging-house. Once, as legends tell, a printer's boy, going with a truck full of "forms" ready for "machining" towards Boot Lane, lost himself in the solitudes of Anathema Street. Amid the shades of evening his errant vehicle ran with dreadful concussion against one of the many posts that hamper, like as pleas or special demurrers do justice, the ingress to Maranatha Buildings. The imprisoned types burst their "chases;" the "blocks" (the publication was an illustrated one) flew hither and thither, and splat (imperfect of split) into countless fragments. The forms fell

> "— with hideous ruin and combustion down
> To bottomless perdition."

They went into irretrievable "pie;" and the clattering "chases" woke up hoarse, bronchital echoes in Mr. Nebuchadnezzar's backyard, and rung shrickingly the iron bars and stanchions of Mr. Haman's "lock-up," and shook the yellow rotten window blinds of Messrs. Faggot, Skewball, and Wrack's parlours, till the greasy, dusky, worsted tassels dropped from their frayed

cords, and the mouldy title-deeds and law papers in the battered japanned cases with half-effaced initials trembled again. Small bands of juvenile wreckers came down that night and next morning to gaze upon the ruined newspaper, and made savage forays on its scattered fragments. There was joy in Maranatha Buildings. Young savages careered about with "chases" round their necks like quadrangular dogs' collars, and infants of tender years sucked leaden lollipops of "bourgeois" and "nonpareil."

In the maze of courts and alleys I have cursorily mentioned — somewhere in the midst of its intricacies, but where I cannot exactly tell, for I never knew — is the place of public entertainment known as The File, Dorothy Casay, landlady. D. C. is a widow. The deceased Casay was clerk to Messrs. Caveat and Emptor of Scrivener's Yard. He came to his end one day in Fleet Street, somehow between a Hansom cab, an advertising van, and a somewhat too heavily laden blue bag. That was before the abolition of the law of deodand; and Messrs. Caveat and Emptor managed to screw some pretty pickings out of the cab proprietor and the van advertiser; which, together with their own munificence to the relict of a servant who had died as it were on the field of battle — writs in his pocket, and harness (in the shape of the blue bag) on his back — and the subscription of friends and admirers, enabled Mrs. Casay to purchase the goodwill and stock of The File public-house beforementioned.

Let us put an appearance upon The File. It is a house all corners. The surrounding houses seem to have made aggressive inroads upon it, and to have squeezed it out of shape. Its outer side is beset with snares, pitfalls, impediments, obstacles — all like Law. Barbers' poles, dyers' poles, the sign of a rival public-house hard by, the crane of a hop-warehouse, project against and about its walls, as if emblematical of the sticks and staves of Law. As I have said that I don't know the exact situation of The File, you must thread half-a-dozen little lanes and courts; take care you don't fall into the subterranean cobbler's stall opposite the eel-pie shop; then if you leave the heterogeneous shop on your right — the species of legal marine store shop, where are sold old writs, old declarations, old warrants, ink-bottles, deed-cases, blue-bags — the rusted, battered, mouldy ruins of the paraphernalia of Law — the thousand and one twopenny-halfpenny nicknacks garnered together here from the field of the Westminster Waterloo — nicknacks more interesting, more suggestive, and often more genuine than the rusted eagles, flattened bullets, and rusted cuirasses, of which so plentiful a crop grows on the

road from Brussels to Waterloo; — avoid all these traps, obstacles, and stumbling-blocks, and you will come upon The File suddenly. It is all corners inside as well as out. You go up stairs to the cellar, and tumble down steps to the bars. There are windows where no windows should be, and doors everywhere but where they should properly be. Everything in the interior reminds you, in its fantastic shapelessness, of that dreadful octagonal apartment invented for the ruthless Italian, which diurnally collapsed, until its hapless inventor — confined therein by his ungrateful patron — was crushed to death. Cobwebs flourish in The File. So do inkstains; for the profession of its frequenters renders the frequent scribbling of memoranda, appointments, notes of information, addresses of "parties," necessary; and the bulgy inkstand (like a pewter pot cut down), with the "black sea of thought" thickened to a comfortable degree of muddiness therein, and the stumpy pens, with the dirty, fractured wafers — crumbs from some rich lawyer's table — are in constant requisition, are passed and repassed across the bar, in fact, till the taps are as inky as they are beery. Each customer of The File has his corner — a corner which he would not lightly resign. Old Bags of the Twelve Clerks' office, a high-dried old man, with a struggling shirt-frill and a very large silver chain, has *his* corner, where he reads the Law Times with dreary assiduity, and mumbles rather than smokes his cheroots. He imbibes largely; but it is his peculiarity never to have more than one glass of spirits and water daily: artfully contriving, however, to have the whisky-tap turned into it at stated intervals — just to soften it, as he calls it. It is my firm belief, so frequently are these "softenings" resorted to, that he frequently gets to a tumbler of raw whisky before the afternoon is out. Bags is supposed to have once amassed immense wealth through the exercise of the somewhat anomalous profession of "trustee." He is always being executor, or guardian, or secretary, or auditor to somebody or something; and his calumniators — what good man is free from them? — declare that he grinds the noses of widows, and skins the flints that are the patrimony of orphans. Little Stagg, Caveat and Emptor's runner, asseverates that Bags "would rob an angel of his flannel jacket."

Between Bags and the corner of the bar where little Stagg (a measly little man generally covered with bits of straw or flue, and the cuffs and sleeves of whose coat glisten with a greasy sheen brought about by much leaning on pewter counters) drops in for what he calls a "dandy," that is to say, twopennyworth of gin — there hangs in a tarnished frame stuck over with bulbous scrolls, much chipped and cracked, a

picture which has been a considerable traveller in its time, has seen some vicissitudes, and if the sums at which it has occasionally been valued are to be taken into account, would be entitled to think anything but small beer of itself. The subject of this performance leaves open a wide field for conjecture either through the smoke and dirt by which the canvas is obscured, the dubious light in which it is hung, or a pervading haziness of treatment. The only figure plainly discernable is that of a patriarch in a beard, a wide-awake hat, and a scarlet gaberdine or Benjamin; and opinions are divided, and connoisseurs vary, as to whether this individual is intended to represent the father of the prodigal son, one of the chaste Susannah's senile admirers, Abraham turning Hagar out of doors, or King Lear in the storm. Bags — who is a matter-of-fact man, without an ounce of poetry in his conformation — declares the subject of the picture to be the nocturnal irruption of a fox into a farm-yard, and that the patriarch is an indignant farmer, roused from his peaceful couch. Mrs. Casay is doubtful and timid of expressing an opinion; but I think she privately leans to the creed that the figure in the Benjamin is Mother Redcap telling fortunes. This ambiguous *tableau* has been what is called a "discount" picture. It is supposed that Venere, the broker of Tick Street, either picked it up at Tompkin's weekly picture sale in Princes Street, Soho, for a matter of half-a-dozen shillings, or that it was an "execution" lot, distrained for some non-forthcoming rent. From Venere (who is a crack upholsterer now, and sells stupendous articles of furniture to confiding married couples, admirably suited to the ever-occurring mutabilities of fashion, for they never last more than six months) this wondrous picture passed to Mr. Cephalus Procriss, the famous bill discounter of Talavera Place and Knaves Inn, who handsomely presented it to young Sassafrass of the Life Guards Puce, together with twelve dozen of the Duke of Albufera's admired sherry, several camels' bits, a Turkish yataghan, and seventy-five pounds in cash, all on the sole and fragile security of a slip of paper, stamped — just as a matter of form — on which was written some harmless nonsense about Sassafrass promising to pay two hundred and fifty pounds that day twelve months — harmless, indeed to Sassafrass, for he never paid, and never meant to pay; although, to be sure, Procriss — (he has a magnificent series of army lists, bound in scarlet morocco and gold in his library, and knows the standing of every man in the service as well as the adjutant-general) — did contrive to extract the two hundred and fifty out of the Dowager Lady Marjoram, the guardsman's maternal aunt. Sassafrass gave the

picture to Mademoiselle Friboulette of the *corps de ballet*. She gave it to her admirer, Richard Bower, twenty-eighth violin in the orchestra of the Italian opera. He raffled it at the "Scrapers" in Drury Lane for two pounds, eleven and sixpence. It was won by Burleybumbo, the violincello-player, who bartered it to his butcher (who had a taste for the fine arts). He, coming to grief, pawned it for fifteen shillings. Hence it passed into the discount trade again; was made to represent the value of hundreds of pounds, was then sold and resold again for a few shillings — for a suit of old clothes — for spirits and tobacco. It has been called a Titian, a Guido, a Correggio, a Guercino, and a Domenichino. It has been "put in" at gentlemen's sales, and has knocked about auction rooms, and flapped in the wind outside brokers' shops. Now, it is the temporary property of Mr. Grip, sub-officer to the sheriffs. Mr. Grip would like to sell it, or to raffle it, or to let it out on hire, or to do anything with it by which money could be obtained; but the scarlet patriarch is so well known — so infamously notorious, in fact — in the society with which Mr. Grip mixes, that none of his acquaintances can be persuaded to bid for it, or take a chance in it, or hire it, or speculate in or upon it in any manner whatsoever. So Mr. Grip has hung it up here, at The File, in the vain hope that some nobleman overtaken by a shower, some belated *connoisseur*, or escaped lunatic may one day suddenly be taken with, and bid a gigantic sum for, it.

The corner opposite the shelf, where the gouty bottles of "Shrub," "Cloves," "Loveage," and "Orange Boven" stand: is the chosen resort Mr. Large and Mr. Broad, two very fat old men. They are both equally corpulent, they both breathe stertorously, have curly grey hair, and no whiskers. They both wear broad-brimmed hats, spectacles, and low shoes. You might easily take them for twins. But they are not. They are not even friends, in the proper sense of the term, but simply chance acquaintances. Their professions are not even similar. Large is in the law — chancery clerk in Lambert, Falstaff, and Armitage's office; but Broad is supposed to be head cook at a west-end hotel. Large has used The File for years; but Broad dropped in "promiscuous" during the cholera season to have a glass of ginger brandy. These two fat men saw, loved, admired one another momentarily. They were made for one another. They exchanged fat. They became living looking-glasses to one another. They do *not* talk, but sit opposite each other on low stools, staring and breathing hard, and occasionally interchanging pinches from dumpy snuff-boxes. Each holds a glass of gin-and-water warm

on his knee — each "stands" alternately fresh fourpenn'orths. I am certain if either of these gross men were to absent himself, the other would not long survive.

Apart from these regular customers, The File is frequented by flying hordes of legal Bohemians, writ-servers, hangers about the courts, bailiffs' assistants, and, specially, "law writers," wretched men with red noses, hoarse voices, tattered apparel and trembling hands — so trembling, that you are amazed at their ability to execute the magnificent examples of penmanship by which they live. The File is their house of call. Of all the gifts, abilities, or varied craftsmanship they once possessed — of classical educations, splendid opportunities, honourable employments, they have left but this sole cunning of the hand. Here they wait in sodden silence, or shiftless gossip, until their services are called into request, until some piece of writing has to be executed for a neighbouring office. When their labour is over they drink the hire — then wait again, and write, and drink, and die.

One more regular customer, the [redacted] customer of The File. This is old Mr. M'Adam of Flagstone [redacted]mbers, Stoney Square. He [redacted]es punctually at five o'clock every day, and has a pint of a peculiar hard, dry, stinging, thorny port-wine, all to himself at the bar, standing. He is six feet high, with very large grey whiskers and petrified grey eyes. His teeth are horribly white — with a death-like, polishless glare such as some dentists have, and divers schoolmasters. He wears a white neckcloth, or rather a white scarf, decorated in the centre with a diamond brooch. He is what you call a "hard" man; the hardest, sharpest, most ruthless practitioner in the profession — or was at least, having resigned active practice lately to his second son, also six feet high and also a very hard man. He keeps a little office yet to himself in his son's chambers, in the which he does any bold bit of extraordinarily scarifying business that may be on hand, for the pure love of its hardness.

SUMMER IN ROME.

It does not fall to the lot of every stranger who visits the Eternal City to pass the whole of the summer-months in Rome. Various circumstances compelled me to remain there from November eighteen hundred and fifty-one till the end of October in the following year.

The end of March brought heavenly days, so soft and balmy that, in the full confidence of summer being at hand, every one threw off warm clothing, and appeared in light and gay habiliments; shortly afterwards the summits of the Alban hill and the Lionessa, lying at the back of the Sabine range, were again covered

with snow. In April, however, fine weather must, sooner or later, come, and come at last it did; and nowhere does the Roman spring wear a lovelier aspect than from the Casa Tarpeia. As I looked down upon the mingled masses of houses, gardens and vine-yards, which lie between us and the Palatine, my eye roved delighted from the tender green of vines with their graceful foliage and curling tendrils, to the darker hue of orange-trees, pines and cactuses, one of which has taken root on the very edge of the supposed Tarpeian rock, crowning the summit of a precipice no longer formidable, except from the dirt beneath. Mingling with the green are a profusion of roses, and the pink and white blossoms of almond and peach trees. As the season advances appear apricots, strawberries, figs and grapes in succession. Think of apricots, and very good ones too, at two *bajocchi*, or a penny a pound! The Romans eat strawberries — which are the small acid kind, but have an agreeable flavour — with wine and sugar; even raspberries are now to be had in Rome. Next come peaches, also very good, though not to be compared with our hot-house fruit, partly because you scarcely ever get them ripe. It is a great difficulty in Rome to obtain fruit that has been left on the tree till it is matured. I found it best to make an agreement with the owner of a garden in the immediate neighbourhood; whom I persuaded to let the fruit stay on the tree till it was fit to eat. The figs in this garden were delicious; a small green kind, from which, when they were ready to gather, a single drop of transparent golden honey issued, as an indication of the sweets within. The Romans prefer the kind called *pizzitelli*, a long pointed grape with a thick skin and hard fleshy texture without juice. In July, in addition to quantities of other fruits and vegetables, the stalls are heaped up with a species of gourd or water-melon. They are cut in two and disposed of in slices to the numerous applicants. Anything more uninviting I have seldom seen, but the Romans devour these melons with the greatest avidity. The colour is exactly that of raw meat, and the large black seeds are dispersed throughout like raisins in a loaf.

A striking feature in the streets of Rome is the mass of flowers, made up in bouquets, which are offered for sale, more or less, throughout the whole year. After the camellias and violets of the carnival are over in February, pansies, anemones, ranunculuses and other spring flowers appear in profusion, followed by roses of every description. These last till dahlias close the productions of the summer. I do not think the flowers themselves can vie with the finest examples of English floriculture; but they are made up by the Roman gardeners

into effective bouquets, which, though a little formal, are very showy. They are tied together first in small bunches round slender sticks; then all together in one compact mass, so as to make a regular pattern with the colours, and they look certainly very gay both in the street and as the ornament of a drawing-room-table. The deficiency of hyacinths is atoned for by the variety and beauty of the camellias; which, in the gardens of the Villa Doria Pamfili and elsewhere in Rome, form a splendid show, and, from the size of the trees, continue a long time in flower.

Frequently during the summer I did not quit the Casa Tarpeia (where I lived) for days together, seeking refreshment on the terrace at the top of the house rather than encountering the close oppressive atmosphere of the streets below. There the evening air is always refreshing, whatever may have been the heat during the day, and the glorious panorama presented to the eye, lighted up at sunset in colours which no pen can describe, is a delight never to be forgotten. Earth and sky are contending with each other in a rivalry of hues and tints, bidding defiance alike to painter and poet. The Sabine hills rise with their bare craggy sides and pointed summits seldom visited, save by the foot of some wandering shepherd, "flushed like the rain-bow or the ring-dove's neck," beneath the evening sky. At the foot of the range you see the picturesque heights of Monticelli and Palombara, which you long to explore, though probably it is distance alone which lends enchantments to the view. Further on, Tivoli sparkles in the setting sun, and gleams in white lines along the olive-clothed hill. The desolate Campagna with its interesting lines of aqueducts, its tombs and solitary towers, and shapeless masses of ruins with which the fancy may everlastingly busy itself, affords in its wide extent an inexhaustible variety of exquisite tones compensating, to the artist, for the want of a greater variety of objects. In some parts the shadow lies in deep blue ultramarine streaks like the sea itself, softening away into a thousand different hues of brown, orange, or purple. Here and there the rich cultivation of the Campagna shows itself in broad patches of brilliant green, the whole so blended together in one gay fantastic carpet of nature's weaving canopied over by the glowing sky, that one would fain believe the earth has decked herself with consciousness for some great festival. The moment before sunset is the most beautiful. The Alban hill is sometimes of a deep transparent blue, the ridge cutting clear against the sky in one dark mass, whilst Frascati, Bocca di Passa, and Marini lower down, are lighted up in sunshine, and seem almost within speaking distance. The Palatine with its

high walls of supporting brick-work, flames with a ruddy glow which the richest palette of the landscape painter would compete with in vain. The whole façade of the hill opposite to the Capitoline and on the sides of the Forum and Aventine, has been fronted with brick, to prevent the rock from giving way under the enormous weight of the masses of building constituting all together the palace of the Cæsars, which six successive emperors, beginning with Augustus, heaped upon it. At this moment, while parts of the city and the landscape stand out in prominent relief, the cupolas and towers of churches shining as if illuminated, deep purple floating shadows steal between the masses, gradually and insensibly encroaching till the light fades away.

If it be true, as certain philosophers assert, that there is something even in the misfortunes of our best friends not altogether displeasing to us: and we are apt to envy rather than sympathise in, enjoyments beyond our reach, it may be some consolation to those whose destiny forbids them to wander on a foreign shore, to know that the rosy glories of Italian sunrises and sunsets are after all, like every other good thing, to be paid for, and at a high price. The especial plagues of Rome are moths, flies, fleas and mosquitoes; these are all more or less developed by the end of March or beginning of April. As soon as the first moth appears, it is high time to stitch up in coarse linen, well powdered with pepper, every article of dress or furniture of which wool or fur forms a part. If you are absent for the summer, or take up your carpets whilst you are at home, these, likewise, must be stitched up and peppered, or they will be eaten full of holes before they are laid down again. Flies, which in northern countries are seldom very annoying, and are looked upon rather as privileged innocent household insects, are in Rome a source of torment. By the end of June they swarm in such numbers that the windows are literally black with them. The frames become so thickly covered with spots that they seem almost opaque. In the opinion of Italian women-servants, it is quite useless to wash them off, because, before the end of the week it will be just as bad again, and you may therefore consider yourself fortunate if you succeed in enforcing the washing now and then during the summer. It is scarcely possible to sit or lie in peace, for the flies crawl over your face and hands the whole day long with an unconquerable pertinacity, which becomes at last so irritating that you end by wishing the nurseries of Rome still produced a race of Domitians. Of fleas—a subject never to be delicately discussed — a volume might be easily written. "In Germany and England," said a friend to me, "we should not think of naming fleas; but here

they form a principal topic of conversation." During the day there is no hope of evading these tormentors, for no care on your own part can secure you against them. You bring them in yourself from the streets, and every one who comes into the house imports a fresh supply in their clothes. The infliction becomes at times perfectly intolerable, and you feel that philosophy avails as little in the case of fleas, as in that of toothache, to make you endure it patiently. At night you may, however, with good management, be free from them; but now a new plague appears. The windows must be closed just at the right moment before sunset, otherwise—and often, indeed, in spite of all you can do — swarms of gnats effect an entry, and you are victimized the whole night. All persons do not suffer equally from mosquito bites, but I have seen instances where every individual sting became an inflamed wound, and continued to annoy for weeks. I found that as the heat increased the bites became more irritating and poisonous. At length, after three successive nights, without having even closed my eyes, my face and hands being covered with stings, I rose in despair and stitched together ten breadths of muslin, with which, ere sunset, my bed was safely canopied over, and from that time I slept in peace. I heard the enemy buzzing outside in a tone of sharp excitement, but they were henceforward harmless.

Spiders form the next most important feature in the history of Roman entomology. A naturalist would indeed be delighted with the great variety of species. Windows are naturally the place where they most willingly establish themselves, in the immediate neighbourhood of flies. It was a subject of curiosity to me to observe how every morning new cobwebs appeared to replace those which I had caused to be swept away the day before, much to the astonishment of my Italian damsel, who found cobwebs quite too much a matter of course in a household ever to think of removing them. The labours of Arachne seem generally to be respected in Rome, and I recollect noticing with amazement, the first time I was here, how the gratings which protect the lower range of windows in every palace are choked up with spiders' webs, accumulating from one year to another, till they present at last a solid mass. Rome teaches us what different ideas are attached to the same in different countries. In the North we associate with the word Palace the notion that as such buildings are usually the dwellings of the high-born or wealthy — luxury, refinement, comfort, and cleanliness must necessarily prevail there. In Rome a popular saying expresses the belief that palaces are the natural receptacles, by every law human and divine, of all descriptions of filth.

Another constant but harmless

intruder into houses where flower-pots are kept upon balconies, is a small species of ant. I first noticed them as I sat one evening reading at the open window, and observed that a regular procession of them crossed the balcony and entered the room. Ere long I remarked that a returning procession was going on at the same time; after which I discovered that the object of the expedition was a plate of sweet cakes kept in a little cabinet at the other end of the room. When this was removed the tiny creatures entirely disappeared. I brought it back, and they immediately returned to it. Their instinct proved unerring in all the experiments which I amused myself with making. I placed the cake sometimes on a table, sometimes on a high secretaire, where they always in a very short time found it out, though I could perceive no traces of them when nothing was to be had. As these little ants did not bite or annoy us otherwise, we lived in peace with them. One morning, however, my servant brought me an intruder of a less innocent character, the sight of which rather startled me. It was a small scorpion, which she had found close to the window, "beside the chair where you sit when you are reading, Signora." It was not full grown, but was a most malignant-looking creature with claws and tail. I shut it up in a box, and sent it as a present to one of the gentlemen in the house who was a collector. The next day I was told that a point of natural history had been decided to be a matter of fact which I had always looked upon as a fable; namely, that the scorpion is really guilty of suicide. The young men of the house assembled together, influenced, as they assured me, by a pure scientific desire of knowledge, to make the experiment. They placed the creature on the top of one of the iron German stoves with which the Casa Tarpeia is fitted up, and surrounded it with glowing coals. It moved about for a short time in great excitement, when, finding escape impossible, it inflicted a wound in the side with its pincers, then injected into the opening the poison from the tail with a trifling noise, and instantly fell down dead.

The long summer evenings may be spent with great enjoyment in the various villas in the suburbs of Rome; though access to them is now much more difficult than before the revolution. The Villa Borghese is, for instance, open only for Saturday, and even then, you are compelled to make a long circuit of the walls before you are admitted at a side entrance, the principal gate, close to the Porta del Popolo, being permanently closed. The grounds have been deplorably laid waste. The noble pines which formerly constituted their chief ornament are, for the most part, cut down; from the Casino, here, as well as from the Villas Ludovici and Albani, you have enchanting

views of the Campagna and neighbouring hills, lighted up by an everchanging succession of glowing tints.

A public walk or drive is now being made along two sides of the Palatine fronting the Capitoline and Aventine hills, on the piece of ground purchased by the Emperor of Russia for the purpose of making excavations, and afterwards presented by him to the Roman Government, in return for which his Imperial Majesty has received presents of various statues from the galleries of the Vatican. I watched the workmen digging and carrying away earth as I sat in my balcony, and from time to time descended, to see how they were going on. On the side next the Aventine under the beautiful terraced walk of the Villa Mills, the lower stories of dwelling-houses have been laid open. They lie outside the ancient wall of the Palatine (the substructions of which are visible), and in many of the chambers the stucco still remains upon the walls, decorated with coarse arabesque paintings. Many fragments of marble cornices and other architectural ornaments have been dug up, which remain on the spot, walled into a light structure of brick-work erected for the purpose. Looking down upon the hollow space between the two hills once occupied by the Circus Maximus, are now to be seen the two gas tanks, each capable of holding sixty thousand cubic feet of gas, established there by Mr. Shepherd, an engineer, whose courage and energy in battling with the almost insurmountable difficulties he has had to encounter in this undertaking, do him honour. It was a subject of interest to me to visit the Circus Maximus from time to time, and observe the progress of the works, and talk with the *vignaroli* who were pursuing the quiet occupation of tending vines, tomatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables, in the space remaining uninvaded by English enterprise. In digging the foundations of the tanks, fragments of precious marbles were occasionally brought to light, and Mrs. Shepherd told me she had already collected sufficient to make a handsome mosaic table. The contrast of ideas excited by this spot is perhaps as striking as any locality in Rome can present. The mind wanders back to a period connected with the early history of the Eternal City, and that event, familiar to us all, even in the nursery — a picture of the Sabine women carried off by the Romans during the games in the Circus Maximus. As we look upon this quiet spot, where the ground is now laid out in plots for the cultivation of vegetables, it is curious to think of the fierce and bloody scenes which have formerly taken place here. The soil of the Circus Maximus is exceedingly rich and productive; everything grows there in luxuriance. The tomatoes or "golden apples" not only hang in such

masses as to weigh down the plants themselves, but drop off in heaps before they can be gathered; so that the whole side of the Circus is red with them.

It may not be uninteresting to add a word on the subject of Mr. Shepherd, — who, after a fight which may be considered as the last, and certainly not the least of gladiatorial combats of the place, has succeeded in establishing himself here, in spite of an opposition that would have discouraged most men. Permission for lighting certain quarters of Rome with gas was granted in November, 1847. Mr. Shepherd formed a company in London, consisting of eight members, who were ready to commence operations when the Republic was proclaimed in Rome, and Pius the Ninth took flight. Upon the invitation of the Republican municipality, however, Mr. Shepherd returned to Rome. The French soon afterwards took possession of the city. Encouraged by Prince Odescalchi, senator of Rome, Mr. Shepherd now put in his claim for an amelioration of contract, the first terms having been very disadvantageous to him, and rendered still more so by the depreciation of property which followed the political changes. The justice of the demand was recognised, a project was drawn up, laid before the Council, and fully discussed by them; after which Mr. Shepherd was informed that he must either fulfil the original contract, or forfeit the twenty thousand crowns already deposited by him. He refused of course to acquiesce in these terms, but would have been well satisfied to withdraw altogether, had the deposit been returned to him. As there was no chance of this he must fight his way through. Then commenced a struggle — reports, counter-reports, promises, intrigues, fair words, and secret hostilities — ending with the revocation by official decree of everything which had been previously decided upon. The decree was appealed against by Mr. Shepherd, who, after battling with an opposition founded on the most frivolous and vexatious pretexts, lasting till April 1852, at length addressed a memorial to the Pope. His Holiness expressed his approbation of the new contract proposed, and sanctioned the purchase of ground in the Circus Maximus. Now came the last expiring effort of faction. The monks of San Gregorio, and of two other convents in the neighbourhood, presented a petition to the sanitary commission, stating that they already inhabited one of the most unhealthy districts in Rome, against the deleterious effects of which they were enabled to struggle by religion and piety alone. If, however, the gas-works were established so near to them, even these aids would fail to be a sufficient protection. The memorial received no further notice than being endorsed with the words "*Sono matti* — These are mad-

men." At length, on the second of August in the year 1852, the works were actually commenced, and at this present time are in a state of great advancement. Mr. Shepherd concluded his account to us by observing that he had in the course of the affair, paid since January 1851—at which time the contract was considered as definitively settled—not less than two hundred and ninety-three visits to official persons connected with it. Such is the pace with which things go on in Rome!

Those who wish to form a competent idea of Roman workmen must stand for a quarter of an hour, as we often did after our evening stroll, to watch the persons employed in excavating the Basilica Julia in the Forum. The ground rises in terraces from the level of the pavement below, and the workmen throw up the earth from one to another till it reaches the top. Their activity in talking is for the most part in inverse proportion to their exertions otherwise. The instrument employed is a short, perfectly flat shovel, with a very long handle, which really seems devised for the express purpose of doing the smallest possible quantity of work in the longest given space of time. My friends laughed heartily to see a stout active man lifting up about as much earth as would fill a teacup at once, and flinging it up to the man who stood above him as if the exertion broke his back, and with a grimace that expressed the extremity of patient endurance. This herculean labour was completed by the earth being at length deposited, and conveyed away, but only to a little distance, in a wheelbarrow, of a construction which appeared, even to my total ignorance of mechanics, such as would have been despised by any intelligent English child of ten years old. Certain things in Rome seem indeed to have come down to us, unchanged, since the days of Romulus himself. To this period of primitive simplicity I am always inclined to refer the structure of the carts used to convey wine or other articles from the country. These consist literally of sticks or poles tied together, and encumbered with clumsy wheels; whilst, in front, is stuck a sort of triangular shed covered with skins, in which the driver sits, looking as if he would be jolted out at every step as the vehicle rattles along.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXX.

THERE was great rejoicing all over the land when the Lords of the Council went down to Hatfield, to hail the Princess Elizabeth as the new Queen of England. Weary of the barbarities of Mary's reign, the people looked with hope and gladness to the new Sovereign. The nation seemed to wake from a horrible

dream; and Heaven, so long hidden by the smoke of the fires that roasted men and women to death, appeared to brighten once more.

Queen Elizabeth was five-and-twenty years of age when she rode through the streets of London, from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, to be crowned. Her countenance was strongly marked, but on the whole, commanding and dignified; her hair was red, and her nose something too long and sharp for a woman's. She was not the beautiful creature her courtiers made out; but she was well enough, and no doubt looked all the better for coming after the dark and gloomy Mary. She was well educated, but a roundabout writer, and rather a hard swearer and coarse talker. She was clever, but cunning and deceitful, and inherited much of her father's violent temper. I mention this now, because she has been so overpraised by one party, and so overabused by another, that it is hardly possible to understand the greater part of her reign without first understanding what kind of woman she really was.

She began her reign with the great advantage of having a very wise and careful Minister, Sir William Cecil, whom she afterwards made Lord Burleigh. Altogether, the people had greater reason for rejoicing than they usually had, when there were processions in the streets; and they were happy with some reason. All kinds of shows and images were set up; Gog and Magog were hoisted to the top of Temple Bar; and (which was more to the purpose) the Corporation dutifully presented the young Queen with the sum of a thousand marks in gold — so heavy a present, that she was obliged to take it into her carriage with both hands. The coronation was a great success; and on the next day, one of the courtiers presented a petition to the new Queen, praying that as it was the custom to release some prisoners on such occasions, she would have the goodness to release the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and also the Apostle Saint Paul, who had been for some time shut up in a strange language so that the people could not get at them.

To this, the Queen replied that it would be better first to inquire of themselves whether they desired to be released or not; and, as a means of finding out, a great public discussion — a sort of religious tournament — was appointed to take place between certain champions of the two religions, in Westminster Abbey. You may suppose that it was soon made pretty clear to common sense, that for people to benefit by what they repeat or read, it is rather necessary that they should understand something about it. Accordingly, a Church Service in plain English was settled, and other laws and regulations were made, completely establishing

the great work of the Reformation. The Romish bishops and champions were not harshly dealt with, all things considered; and the Queen's Ministers were both prudent and merciful.

The one great trouble of this reign, and the unfortunate cause of the greater part of such turmoil and bloodshed as occurred in it, was MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS. We will try to understand, in as few words as possible, who Mary was, what she was, and how she came to be a thorn in the royal pillow of Elizabeth.

She was the daughter of the Queen Regent of Scotland, MARY OF GUISE. She had been married, when a mere child, to the Dauphin, the son and heir of the King of France. The Pope, who pretended that no one could rightfully wear the crown of England without his gracious permission, was strongly opposed to Elizabeth, who had not asked for it. And as Mary Queen of Scots would have inherited the English crown in right of her birth, supposing the English Parliament not to have altered the succession, the Pope himself, and most of the discontented who were followers of his, maintained that Mary was the rightful Queen of England, and Elizabeth the wrongful Queen. Mary being so closely connected with France, and France being jealous of England, there was far greater danger in this than there would have been if she had had no alliance with that great power. And when her young husband, on the death of his father, became FRANCIS THE SECOND, King of France, the matter grew very serious. For the young couple styled themselves King and Queen of England; and the Pope was disposed to help them by doing all the mischief he could.

Now, the reformed religion, under the guidance of a stern and powerful preacher, named JOHN KNOX, and other such men, had been making fierce progress in Scotland. It was still a half savage country, where there was a great deal of murdering and rioting continually going on; and the Reformers, instead of reforming those evils as they should have done, went to work in the ferocious old Scottish spirit: laying churches and chapels waste, pulling down pictures and altars, and knocking about the Grey Friars, and the Black Friars, and the White Friars, and the friars of all sorts of colours, in all directions. This obdurate and harsh spirit of the Scottish Reformers (the Scotch have always been rather a sullen and frowning people in religious matters) put up the blood of the Romish French court, and caused France to send troops over to Scotland, with the hope of setting the friars of all sorts of colours on their legs again; of conquering that country first, and England afterwards; and so crushing the Reformation all to pieces. The Scottish Reformers, who had formed a great league

which they called The Congregation of the Lord, secretly represented to Elizabeth that, if the reformed religion got the worst of it with them, it would be likely to get the worst of it in England too; and thus, Elizabeth, although she had a high notion of the rights of Kings and Queens to do anything they liked, sent an army to Scotland to support the Reformers who were in arms against their sovereign. All these proceedings led to a treaty of peace at Edinburgh, under which the French consented to depart from the kingdom. By a separate treaty, Mary and her young husband engaged to renounce their assumed title of King and Queen of England. But this treaty they never fulfilled.

It happened, soon after matters had got to this state, that the young French King died, leaving Mary a young widow. She was then invited by her Scottish subjects to return home and reign over them; and as she was not now happy where she was, she, after a little time, complied.

Elizabeth had been Queen three years, when Mary Queen of Scots embarked at Calais for her own rough, quarrelling country. As she came out of the harbour, a vessel was lost before her eyes, and she said, "O! good God! what an omen this is for such a voyage!" She was very fond of France, and sat on the deck, looking back at it and weeping, until it was quite dark. When she went to bed, she directed to be called at day-break, if the French coast were still visible, that she might behold it for the last time. As it proved to be a clear morning, this was done, and she again wept for the country she was leaving, and said many times, "Farewell, France! Farewell, France! I shall never see thee again!" All this was long remembered afterwards, as sorrowful and interesting in a fair young princess of nineteen; and I am afraid it gradually came, together with her other distresses, to surround her with greater sympathy than she deserved.

When she came to Scotland, and took up her abode at the palace of Holyrood in Edinburgh, she found herself among uncouth strangers, and wild uncomfortable customs, very different from her experiences in the court of France. The very people who were disposed to love her, made her head ache when she was tired out by her voyage, with a serenade of discordant music — a fearful concert of bagpipes, I suppose — and brought her and her train home to her palace on miserable little Scotch horses that appeared to be half-starved. Among the people who were not disposed to love her, she found the powerful leaders of the Reformed Church, who were bitter upon her amusements, however innocent, and denounced music and dancing as works of the devil. John Knox himself often lectured her, violently and angrily, and did much to make her life un-

happy. All these reasons confirmed her old attachment to the Romish religion, and caused her, there is no doubt, most imprudently and dangerously, both for herself and for England too, to give a solemn pledge to the heads of the Romish Church that if she ever succeeded to the English crown, she would set up that religion again. In reading her unhappy history, you must always remember this, and also that during her whole life she was constantly put forward against the Queen, in some form or other, by the Romish party.

That Elizabeth, on the other hand, was not inclined to like her, is pretty certain. Elizabeth was very vain and jealous, and had an extraordinary dislike to people being married. She treated Lady Catherine Grey, sister of the beheaded Lady Jane, with such shameful severity for no other reason than her being secretly married, that she died and her husband was ruined; so when a second marriage for Mary began to be talked about, probably Elizabeth disliked her more. Not that Elizabeth wanted suitors of her own, for they started up from all sorts of places: Spain, Austria, Sweden, and England. Her English lover at this time, and one whom she much favoured too, was Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester — himself secretly married to Amy Robsart, the daughter of an English gentleman, whom he was strongly suspected of causing to be murdered, down at his country seat, Cumnor Hall in Berkshire, that he might be free to marry the Queen. Upon this story, the great writer, Sir Walter Scott, has founded one of his best romances. But if Elizabeth knew how to lead her handsome favourite on for her own vanity and pleasure, she knew how to stop him for her own pride; and his love and all the other proposals came to nothing. The Queen always declared in good set speeches, that she would never be married at all, but would live and die a Maiden Queen. It was a very pleasant and meritorious declaration I suppose; but it has been puffed and trumpeted so much, that I am rather tired of it myself.

Divers princes proposed to marry Mary, but the English court had reasons for being jealous of them all, and even proposed, as a matter of policy, that she should marry that very Earl of Leicester, who had aspired to be the husband of Elizabeth. At last, Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, and himself descended from the Royal Family of Scotland, went over with Elizabeth's consent to try his fortune at Holyrood. He was a tall simpleton, and could dance and play the guitar, but I know of nothing else he could do, unless it were to get very drunk, and eat gluttonously, and make a contemptible spectacle of himself in many mean and vain ways. However, he gained Mary's heart,

not disdaining in the pursuit of his object to ally himself with one of her secretaries, DAVID RIZZIO, who had great influence with her. He soon married the queen. This marriage does not say much for her, but what followed it will presently say less.

Mary's brother, the EARL OF MURRAY, and head of the Protestant party in Scotland, had opposed this marriage, partly on religious grounds, and partly, perhaps, from personal dislike of the very contemptible bridegroom. When it had taken place, through Mary's gaining over to it the more powerful of the lords about her, she banished Murray for his pains; and when he and some other nobles rose in arms to support the Reformed religion, she herself, within a month of her wedding day, rode against them in armour, with loaded pistols at her saddle. Driven out of Scotland, they presented themselves before Elizabeth — who called them traitors in public, and assisted them in private, according to her crafty nature.

Mary had been married but a little while, when she began to hate her husband, who, in his turn, began to hate that David Rizzio, with whom he had leagued to gain her favour, and whom he now believed to be her lover. He hated Rizzio to that extent, that he made a compact with LORD RUTHVEN and three other lords to get rid of him by murder. This wicked agreement they made in solemn secresy upon the first of March, fifteen hundred and sixty-six, and on the night of Saturday the ninth, the conspirators were brought by Darnley up a private staircase, dark and steep, into a range of rooms where they knew that Mary was sitting at supper with her sister, Lady Argyle, and this doomed man. When they went into the room, and Darnley took the Queen round the waist, and Lord Ruthven, who had risen from a bed of sickness to do this murder, came in, gaunt and ghastly, leaning on two men, Rizzio ran behind the Queen for shelter and protection. "Let him come out of the room," said Ruthven. "He shall not leave the room," replied the Queen. "I read his danger in your face, and it is my will that he remain here." They then set upon him, struggled with him, overturned the table, dragged him out, and killed him with fifty-six stabs. When the Queen heard that he was dead, she said, "No more tears. I will think now of revenge!"

Within a day or two, she gained her husband over, and prevailed on the long idiot to abandon the conspirators and fly with her to Dunbar. There he issued a proclamation, audaciously and falsely denying that he had had any knowledge of the late bloody business, and there they were joined by the EARL BOTHWELL and some other nobles. With their help, they raised eight thousand men, returned to

Edinburgh and drove the assassins into England. Mary soon afterwards gave birth to a son — still thinking of revenge.

That she should have had a greater scorn for her husband after this late cowardice and treachery than she had had before, was natural enough. There is very little doubt that she now began to love Bothwell instead, and to plan with him means of getting rid of Darnley. Bothwell had such power over her that he induced her even to pardon the assassins of Rizzio. The arrangements for the christening of the young Prince were intrusted to him, and he was one of the most important people at the ceremony, where the child was named JAMES: Elizabeth being his godmother, though not present on the occasion. A week afterwards Darnley, who had left Mary and gone to his father's house at Glasgow, being taken ill with the small-pox, she sent her own physician to attend him. But there is great reason to apprehend that this was merely a show and a pretence, and that she knew what was doing, when Bothwell, within another month, proposed to one of the late conspirators against Rizzio, to murder Darnley, "for that it was the Queen's mind that he should be taken away." It is certain that on that very day she wrote to her ambassador in France, complaining of him, and yet went immediately to Glasgow, feigning to be very anxious about him, and to love him very much. If she wanted to get him within her power, she succeeded to her heart's content; for she induced him to go back with her to Edinburgh, and to occupy, instead of the palace, a lone house outside the city called the Kirk of Field. Here, he lived about a week. One Sunday night, she remained with him until ten o'clock, and then left him, to go to Holyrood to be present at an entertainment given in celebration of the marriage of one of her favourite servants. At two o'clock in the morning the city was shaken by a great explosion, and the Kirk of Field was blown to atoms.

Darnley's body was found next day lying under a tree at some distance. How it came there, undisfigured and unscorched by gunpowder, and how this crime came to be so clumsily and strangely committed, it is impossible to discover. The deceitful character of Mary, and the deceitful character of Elizabeth, have rendered almost every part of their joint history uncertain and obscure. But, I fear that Mary was unquestionably a party to her husband's murder, and that this was the revenge she had threatened. The Scotch people universally believed it. Voices cried out in the streets of Edinburgh in the dead of the night, for justice on the murderess. Placards were posted by unknown hands in the public places, denouncing Bothwell as the murderer, and the Queen as his accomplice; and

when he afterwards married her (though himself already married), previously making a show of taking her prisoner by force, the indignation of the people knew no bounds. The women particularly are described as having been quite frantic with their guilty Queen, and to have hooted and cried after her in the streets with terrific vehemence.

Such guilty unions seldom prosper. This husband and wife had lived together but a month, when they were separated for ever by the successes of a band of Scotch nobles who associated against them for the protection of the young Prince: whom Bothwell had vainly endeavoured to lay hold of, and whom he would certainly have murdered, if the Earl of Mar, in whose hands the boy was, had not been firmly and honourably faithful to his trust. Before this angry power, Bothwell fled abroad, where he died, a prisoner and mad, nine miserable years afterwards. Mary being found by the associated lords to deceive them at every turn, was sent a prisoner to Lochleven Castle, which, as it stood in the midst of a lake, could only be approached by boat. Here, one Lord Lindsay, who was so much of a brute that the nobles would have done better if they had chosen a mere gentleman for their messenger, made her sign her abdication, and appoint Murray, Regent of Scotland. Here, too, Murray saw her in a sorrowing and humbled state.

She had better have remained in the castle of Lochleven, dull prison as it was, with the rippling of the lake against it, and the moving shadows of the water on the room-walls; but she could not rest there, and more than once tried to escape. The first time she had nearly succeeded, dressed in the clothes of her own washerwoman: when, putting up her hand to prevent one of the boatmen from lifting her veil, the men suspected her, seeing how white it was, and rowed her back again. A short time afterwards, her fascinating manners enlisted in her cause a boy in the Castle, called the little Douglas, who, while the family were at supper, stole the keys of the great gate, went softly out with the Queen, locked the gate on the outside, and rowed her away across the lake, sinking the keys as they went along. On the opposite shore she was met by another Douglas, and some few lords, and so accompanied rode away on horseback to Hamilton, where they raised three thousand men. Here, she issued a proclamation, declaring that the abdication she had signed in her prison was illegal, and requiring the Regent to yield to his lawful Queen. Being a steady soldier, and in no way discomposed although he was without an army, Murray pretended to treat with her, until he had collected a force about half equal to her own, and then he gave her battle. In one quarter-of-an-hour he cut down

all her hopes. She had another weary ride on horseback of sixty long Scotch miles, and took shelter at Dundrennan Abbey, whence she fled for safety to Elizabeth's dominions.

Mary Queen of Scots came to England — to her own ruin, the trouble of the kingdom, and the misery and death of many — in the year one thousand five hundred and sixty-eight. How she left it and the world, nineteen years afterwards, we have now to see.

END OF VOL. XIX.

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