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literature

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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

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VOL. XXI.

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VOL. XXI.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

THAT there are on record many circumstantial and minute accounts of haunted houses, is well known to most people. But, all such narratives must be received with the greatest circumspection, and sifted with the utmost care; nothing in them must be taken for granted, and every detail proved by direct and clear evidence, before it can be received. For, if this course be necessary to the establishment of a philosophical experiment in accordance with the known laws of nature, how much more is it necessary in a case where the alleged truth is opposed to those laws (so far as they are understood), and to the experience of educated mankind. How much more so, yet, when it is in the nature of the mass of this class of supernatural stories to resolve themselves into natural and commonplace affairs on the subtraction or addition of some slight circumstance equally easy to

have been dropped off, or to have been joined on; in the course of repetition from mouth to mouth!

We offer this preliminary remark as in fairness due to the difficulty of the general subject. But, in reference to the particular case of which, in all its terrors, we are about to give a short account, we must observe that every circumstance we shall relate is accurately known to us, is fully guaranteed by us, and can be proved by a cloud of witnesses taken at random from the whole country.

The proprietor of the haunted house in question, is a gentleman of the name of Bull. Mr. Bull is a person of large property — a long way past the Middle Age, though some maudlin young people would have persuaded him to the contrary a little while ago — and possessed of a strong constitution and great common sense. Which, it is needless to add, is the most uncommon sense in the world.

The house belonging to Mr. Bull, which has acquired an unenviable notoriety, is situated in the city of Westminster, and abuts on the river Thames. Mr. Bull was induced to commence this edifice for the reception of a family already enlarged by the addition of several new Members, some years ago, on the destruction of his ancient family mansion by fire. A variety of remarkable facts have been observed, from the first, in connexion with this building. Merely as a building, it is supposed to be impossible that it can ever be finished; it is predicted and generally believed that the owl will hoot from the aged ivy clinging to the bases of its towers, many centuries before the summits of those towers are reared. When it was originally projected, the sum-total of its cost was plainly written on the plans, in figures of a reasonable size. Those figures have since swelled in a most astonishing manner, and may now be seen in a colossal state. It was yet mere beams and walls, when extraordinary voices of the prosiest description arose from its foundations, and resounded through the city, night and day, unmeaningly demanding whether Cromwell should have a statue. The voices being at length hushed by a body of Royal commissioners (among whom was the member for the University of Oxford, *ex officio* powerful, in the Red Sea), new phenomena succeeded. It was found impossible to warm

the edifice; it was found impossible to cool it; and it was found impossible to light it. The Members of Mr. Bull's family were blown off their seats by blasts of icy air, and in the same moment fainted from excess of sickly heat. Ophthalmia raged among them in consequence of the powerful glare to which their right eyes were exposed, while their left organs of vision were shrouded in the darkness of Egypt. Caverns of amazing dimensions yawned under their feet, whence odors arose, of which the only consolatory feature was, that no savor of brimstone could be detected in them. Pale human forms — but for the most part of exaggerated and unearthly proportions — arose in the Hall, and (under the name of Cartoons) haunted it a long time. Among these phantoms, several portentous shades of ancient Britons were observed, with beards in the latest German style. Undaunted by these accumulated horrors, Mr. Bull took possession of his haunted house — and then the dismal work began indeed.

The first supernatural persecution endured by Mr. Bull, was the sound of a tremendous quantity of oaths. This was succeeded by the dragging of great weights about the house at untimely hours, accompanied with fearful noises, such as shrieking, yelling, barking, braying, crowing, coughing, fiendish laughter, and the like. Mr. Bull describes

this outcry as calculated to appal the stoutest heart. But, a gush of words incessantly pouring forth within the haunted premises, was even more distressing still. In the dead of the night, words, words, words — words of laudation, words of vituperation, words of indignation, words of peroration, words of order, words of disorder; words, words, words — the same words in the same weary array, of little or no meaning, over and over again — resounded in the unhappy gentleman's ears. The Irish accent was very frequently detectible in these dreadful sounds, and Mr. Bull considered it an aggravation of his misery.

All this time, the strangest and wildest confusion reigned among the furniture. Seats were overturned and knocked about; papers of importance that were laid upon the table, unaccountably disappeared; large measures were brought in and dropped; Members of Mr. Bull's family were repeatedly thrown from side to side, without appearing to know that they had changed sides at all; other Members were absurdly hoisted from surprising distances to foremost benches, where they tried to hold on tight, but couldn't by any means effect it; invisible kicks flew about with the utmost rapidity; the seals of Mr. Bull's offices, though of some weight, were tossed to and fro, like shuttlecocks; and, in the tumult, Mr. Bull himself went bodily to

the wall, and there remained doubled up for a considerable period. In addition to these fearful revels, it was found that a forest growth of cobweb and fungus, which in the course of many generations had accumulated in the lobbies and passages of Mr. Bull's old house, supernaturally sprung up at compound interest in the lobbies and passages of the new one, which were further infested by swarms of (supposed) unclean spirits that took refuge in the said growth. Thus was the house further haunted by what Mr. Bull calls, for the sake of distinction, "Private Bills," engendering a continual gabbling and cackling in all the before-mentioned passages and lobbies, as well as in all the smaller chambers or committee rooms of Mr. Bull's mansion: and occasioning so much spoliation and corruption, and such a prodigious waste of money, that Mr. Bull considers himself annually impoverished to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of pounds thereby.

At this distressing crisis, it occurred to Mr. Bull, to send the Members of his family (as it should be understood, his custom occasionally is) into the country, to be refreshed, and to get a little change. He thought that if the house stood empty for a short time, it might possibly become quieter in the interval; at any rate he knew that its condition could not well be worse. He therefore sent them down to va-

rious boroughs and counties, and awaited the result with some hope. But, now the most appalling circumstance connected with this haunted house, and which, within the compass of our reading, is unparalleled in any similar case, developed itself with a fury that has reduced Mr. Bull to the confines of despair.

For the time, the house itself was quiet. But, dismal to relate, the great mass of the Members of Mr. Bull's family carried the most terrific plagues of the house into the country with them, and seemed to let loose a legion of devils wheresoever they went. We will take, for the sake of clearness, the borough of Burningshame, and will generally recount what happened there, as a specimen of what occurred in many other places.

A Member of Mr. Bull's family went down to Burningshame, with the intention — perfectly innocent in itself — of taking a pleasant walk over the course there, and getting his friends to return him by an easy conveyance to Mr. Bull. But, no sooner had this gentleman arrived in Burningshame, than the voices and words broke out in every room and balcony of his hotel with a vehemence and recklessness indescribably awful. They made the wildest statements; they swore to the most impossible promises; they said and unsaid fifty things in an hour; they declared black to be white, and white to be black,

without the least appearance of any sense of shame or responsibility; and made the hair of the better part of the population stand on end. All this time, the dirtiest mud in the streets was found to be flying about and bespattering people at a great distance. This, however, was not the worst; would that it had been! It was but the beginning of the horrors. Scarcely was the town of Burningshame aware of its deplorable condition when the Member of Mr. Bull's family was discovered to be haunted, night and day, by two evil spirits who had come down with him (they being usually prowling about the lobbies and passages of the house, and other dry places), and who, under the names of an Attorney and a Parliamentary Agent, committed ravages truly diabolical. The first act of this infernal pair was, to throw open all the public-houses, and invite the people of Burningshame to drink themselves raving mad. They then compelled them, with banners, and with instruments of brass, and big drums, idiotically to parade the town, and fall foul of all other banners, instruments of brass, and big drums, that they met. In the meantime, they tortured and terrified all the small tradesmen, buzzed in their ears, dazzled their eyes, nipped their pockets, pinched their children, appeared to and alarmed their wives (many of them in the family way), broke the rest of whole families, and

filled them with anxiety and dread. Not content with this, they tempted the entire town, got the people to sell their precious souls, put red-hot money into their hands while they were looking another way, made them forswear themselves, set father against son, brother against brother, friend against friend; and made the whole of Burningshame one sty of gluttony, drunkenness, avarice, lying, false-swearing, waste, want, ill-will, contention, and depravity. In short, if the Member's visit had lasted very long (which happily it did not) the place must have become a hell upon earth for several generations. And all this, these spirits did, with a wickedness peculiar to their accursed state: perpetually howling that it was pure and glorious, that it was free and independent, that it was Old England for ever, and other scraps of malignant mockery.

Matters had arrived at this pitch, not only in Burningshame, but, as already observed, in an infinite variety of other places, when Mr. Bull — having heard, perhaps, some rumours of these disasters — recalled the various Members of his family to his house in town. They were no sooner assembled, than all the old noises broke out with redoubled violence; the same extraordinary confusion prevailed among the furniture; the cobweb and fungus thickened with greater f-cundity than before; and the multitude of spirits in the

lobbies and passages bellowed, and yelled, and made a dismal noise — described to be like the opening and shutting up of heavy cases — for weeks together.

But even this was not the worst. Mr. Bull now found, on questioning his family, that those evil spirits, the Attorneys and the Parliamentary Agents, had obtained such strong possession of many Members, that they (those members of Mr. Bull's family) stood in awe of the said spirits, and even while they pretended to have been no parties to what the spirits had done, constantly defended and sided with them, and said among themselves that if they carried the spirits over this bad job, the spirits would return the compliment bye and bye. This discovery, as may readily be believed, occasioned Mr. Bull the most poignant anguish, and he distractedly looked about him for any means of relieving his haunted house of their dreadful presence. An implement called a ballot box (much used by Mr. Bull for domestic purposes) being recommended as efficacious, Mr. Bull suggested to his family the expediency of trying it; but, so many of the Members roared out "Un-English!" and were echoed in such fearful tones, and with such great gnashing of teeth, by the whole of the spirits in the passages and lobbies, that Mr. Bull (who is in some things of a timid disposition) abandoned the idea for the time, without at all knowing what the cry meant.

The house is still in the fearful condition described, and the question with Mr. Bull is, What is to be done with it? Instead of getting better it gets worse, if possible, every night. Fevered by want of rest; confused by the perpetual gush of words, and dragging of weights; blinded by the tossings from side to side; bewildered by the clamour of the spirits; and infected by the doings at Burningshame and elsewhere; too many of the Members of Mr. Bull's family (as Mr. Bull perceives with infinite regret) are beginning to conceive that what is truth and honour out of Mr. Bull's house, is not truth and honour in it. That within those haunted precincts a gentleman may deem words all sufficient, and become a miserable quibbler. That the whole world is comprised within the haunted house of Mr. Bull, and that there is nothing outside to find him out, or call him to account. But this, as Mr. Bull remarks, is a delusion of a haunted mind; there being within his experience (which is pretty large) a good deal outside — Mr. Bull thinks, quite enough to pull his house about his family's ears, as soon as it ceases to be respected.

This is the present state of the haunted house. Mr. Bull has a fine Indian property, which has fallen into some confusion, and requires good management and stewardship; but, as he says, "How can he properly attend to his affairs in such an up-

roar? His younger children stand in great need of education, and must be sent to school somewhere; but how can he clear his mind to balance the different prospectuses of rival establishments in this perturbed condition? Holy water has been tried — a pretty large supply having been brought from Ireland — but it has not the least effect, though it is spouted all over the floor, in profusion, every night. "Then," says Mr. Bull, naturally much distressed in his mind, "what am I to do, Sir, with this house of mine? I can't go on in this way. All about Burningshame and those other places is well known. It won't do. I must not allow the Members of my family to bring disease upon the country on which they should bring health; to load it with disgrace instead of honour; with their dirty hands to soil the national character on the most serious occasions when they come in contact with it; and with their big talk to set up one standard of morality for themselves and another for the multitude. Nor must I be put off in this matter, for it presses. Then what am I to do, Sir, with this house of mine?"

OVER THE WATER.

ON the second of March, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, the greater part of the population of Paris were assembled on the Plaine des Sablons, to enjoy a

spectacle which was as yet a complete novelty to that inquisitive and light-hearted capital. The object of attraction was nothing less than an aerostatic ascent, similar to that which the brothers Montgolfier had accomplished two years previously at the Châteaude la Muette. Towards noon the balloon was filled, and ready to mount in the air; beneath it was suspended a wicker car, whose humble material was concealed beneath a covering of silk resplendent with embroidery and gold-lace. The aeronaut was making his final arrangements, when a pupil of the Ecole Militaire came forward and addressed him:

"Monsieur," he said, with a foreign accent, "I am here to offer myself as your travelling companion."

"I would willingly accept the honour of your company, young man," replied the aeronaut, "but I have calculated the ascensional power of my machine to carry up only a single person."

"That is no obstacle at all; you will put so much less sand in the car, and I shall serve you as ballast."

"Your argument is excellent," answered the aeronaut; "but the only ballast that is of any use to me is ballast which I can get rid of, should occasion require. Nevertheless, if you consent to"—

This proposition, made in a sarcastic tone, did not suit the young man's notions. He be-

came red in the face, nipped his brows, fixed his eyes on the speaker's countenance, and said to him in an angry voice, "Monsieur, I am determined to go." He then jumped into the car, and clung so tightly to the ropes of the machine, that the taffety of which the balloon was made, was torn in several places. In consequence of this accident, the ascent was impossible. The young man was overwhelmed with reproaches by the aeronaut, and threatened by the spectators; and his friends got him out of the way as quickly as they could, in spite of his resistance. The adventurer thus prevented from ascending was Jean Pierre Blanchard, who was making his *début*; the young man who displayed such despotic wilfulness, and such bold imprudence, was Napoleon Bopaparte, then a pupil at the Ecole Militaire of Paris. M. the Chevalier de Keralio, one of the inspectors, ordered him to be put under arrest, as a punishment for playing so wild a prank. Blanchard, discouraged by such an unlucky beginning, and yielding to the earnest request of a London medical man of the name of Burton, went over to England, where he soon formed an intimate friendship with the Italian Lunardi and with the English Doctor Jefferies, who, after Montgolfier had made his experiments founded on Priestley's pneumatic data, had devoted themselves in common to the study of acrostatic science.

On the fifteenth of the same month, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, Lunardi made another ascent at Moorfields. Blanchard and Jefferies were to have accompanied him on this aerial journey; but the former was seized with so violent a fever, that he was obliged to keep his bed. Dr. Jefferies, yielding to the entreaties of his wife, his children, and his friends, who were alarmed at the risk of life to which he was exposing himself, consented, most unwillingly, to refrain from joining the expedition, which was perfectly successful. Lunardi ascended to a very considerable altitude, and alighted without accident at the end of a couple of hours, about eight miles from the spot from which he had started. Blanchard, however, in his turn made an ascent from London a few days afterwards with Mr. Sheldon.

The consequence of these successful results was to redouble the taste of the three friends for aerostatic experiments. Having been informed that Pilatre de Rozier, and Romain, had proposed to traverse the Straits of Dover by means of a balloon, they were seized with the desire of achieving such an exploit, and set to work to rob the two French aeronauts of the merit of priority, if possible. Romain, who was already famous as a balloon-maker, possessed the secret of rendering safety impermeable. When he arrived at Boulogne on the twentieth of December, Lunardi

went to him under a false name, and offered to purchase his secret, representing himself as a simple amateur anxious for information; but all his endeavours to become acquainted with Romain's methods and process were in vain. Meanwhile Pilatre, who was also at Boulogne, learnt the news of the preparations which Blanchard was making on the other side of the Channel. He became alarmed, and hastened to Dover. He consoled himself with a delusive hope, in consequence of the bad state of the machine prepared in England, and the labour necessary for its completion. His anxiety was at an end; he recrossed the Channel, and immediately proceeded to Paris, to hurry on the finishing of the balloon which was to bear him, as he thought, triumphantly over the Strait. But Blanchard was still more expeditious; for, having made an ascent from London with Mr. Sheldon on the twenty-fifth of December, his apparatus was ready, and wooden supports to receive it were raised in the court of Dover Castle. The entire skill and talent of the town was generously volunteered to aid the departure, which was fixed to take place on the first of January, seventeen hundred and eighty-five.

It had been agreed that Blanchard and Jefferies should perform the ascent alone, and that Lunardi should pass over to the French coast to receive them. On the twenty-eighth of Decem-

ber, accompanied by Lord Castelmair and several other eminent persons, he arrived at Calais, and remained there himself; but his travelling companions took up different positions, posting themselves at intervals from Boulogne to beyond Oye. Lord Castelmair installed himself at Wissant, with half a score persons. An inhabitant of the village is said still to possess the telescope which his lordship left as a souvenir at the inn where he staid. Mr. Sadler, a rich London amateur, had also projected a similar enterprise. He arrived at Dover towards the end of the month; but his balloon having been injured during the journey, he returned to London to have it repaired. Subsequently, not being able to forestal Blanchard and Jefferies, he abandoned his project.

The first of January having been fixed for the departure of the aeronauts, a splendid entertainment, graced by the presence of Lord Chatham and the Mayors of Dover and Canterbury, was given to them the day before. Blanchard and Jefferies wisely refused to respond to the numerous healths that were drunk to them in any stronger liquor than water. After this banquet—which was protracted till the then late hour of nine o'clock at night—some experienced sailors were summoned, and they unanimously declared their belief that the east wind, then blowing steadily, would continue. Their prediction

turned out to be accurate. At break of day, on the first of January, some pilot balloons that had been purposely launched, were rapidly carried away in the anticipated direction. It was impossible, therefore, for the ascent to take place. The same thing occurred every following day till the seventh, when, at two in the morning, the wind shifted to a favourable quarter, by blowing from north to south, with a few slight oscillations to the south-west.

As soon as M. Blanchard had determined to start, he called all his workmen (it was then five in the morning) and ordered them instantly to repair to the spot. When they were assembled, he launched another small fire-balloon, which went off in the direction of Calais. M. Blanchard, in a loud and firm voice, announced to the Governor of the Castle that, as the wind was favourable, he was preparing to take his departure. In order to give notice to the inhabitants, the Governor ordered three cannons to be fired at half-past eight. The whole population of Dover, together with a great number of strangers, who had purposely come from the neighbouring towns within the few preceding days, thronged down to the water's side.

At ten o'clock, Blanchard and his companion made their last preparations, by testing once more the strength of the cordage, which formed the net containing the balloon and suspending the

car, and by proving, by compression, the whole and safe condition of the balloon itself. In the car, there were placed, in two rows, nine little bags filled with sand, a bladder containing letters, another bladder filled with rum, and a third with wine, fifteen sea-biscuits, a barometer, a thermometer, a compass, a little two-pronged hook, having in some degree the form of an anchor, a telescope, a whistle, two short cloaks (one of them lined with fur), and lastly two magnificent flags emblazoned with the arms of France and England. The weight of these various objects, together with that of the sand, amounted to forty-five pounds; and that of the aeronauts, with their clothing, to two hundred and forty-nine pounds. The car was therefore laden with two hundred and ninety-four pounds.

It was a quarter past twelve when M. Blanchard, perceiving that the balloon would soon be filled with gas, yielded to the Governor the honour of dispatching the messenger balloon. The aeronauts then lunched with the authorities of the Castle, the Mayor, and the principal inhabitants of the town. Their repast ended, they proceeded to the place of departure, in the midst of a crowd of inquisitive spectators. There, a touching scene occurred. Dr. Jefferies' eldest child, a girl thirteen years of age, threw herself weeping on her father's neck, with the hope of preventing him from starting.

Mrs. Jefferies, also, entreated her husband to remain, with every mark of utter despair. These ladies might make a display of affection, but they by no means gave evidence of their good sense or judgment. A man on the eve of a hazardous expedition — and there are hazardous expeditions which *must* be executed, if the whole human race is not a crowd of cowards — a man starting on a service of danger requires more judicious and self-denying marks of attachment than were so unwisely evinced on the present occasion. Jefferies himself, overcome by such a strong appeal to his feelings, could not help bursting into tears, although he endeavoured, by words of encouragement, to dissipate the fears of his wife and children. The distressed and distressing females were at length led away into the apartment of the Governor of the Cinque Ports, where the utmost attention was paid them, and encouragement given, by assuring them of their relative's probable success, in spite of their exaggerated terrors.

Two vessels had started from the port of Dover, with orders to follow the course of the balloon to the opposite coast, in order to afford assistance to the aeronauts, in case of their falling into the sea. The precaution was certainly a prudent one; but if any accident had happened, it would probably have proved a useless measure. Each of these vessels

carried eight picked men belonging to the port, and a lieutenant of the navy. Several other private vessels, having on board a great number of anxious beholders, set sail at the same time. At one o'clock precisely, Jefferies entered the car, where Blanchard had preceded him, and sat down on the rope which served for a seat.

The two aeronauts were dressed alike, in a sort of brown woollen slop, waistcoat of the same material, knitted drawers covering the feet, and tight ancle-boots. They both wore leather gloves, and a scarlet woollen comforter twisted several times round their necks. Blanchard had a cap of light grey plush, covering his ears; Jefferies a thick sailor's cap. He also wore a tight girdle of silk, to which were fastened his watch and his handkerchief, and beneath which the form of his favourite snuff-box was evidently apparent.

Blanchard, in the most decided tone of voice, then gave the order for starting. He waved his hand to the numerous spectators who encircled the apparatus. The balloon, when freed at last from its fastenings, oscillated feebly with a tendency to sink; but Blanchard altered the balance of power by getting rid of two bags of ballast, and the machine immediately made a movement of ascent. Till the last and actual start was made, all kept silence, and anxiety was stamped on every countenance; but the bal-

loon had scarcely risen from the earth before there burst forth the most enthusiastic applause, and every demonstration of joy which the excitement of the moment could suggest. It was, in reality, a most interesting spectacle to behold the two undaunted adventurers hovering in mid air over the immense surface of the waters. Witnessing from afar the delight of which they were themselves the cause, they bade farewell to the multitude by waving their flags, in order both to reassure the spectators, and to testify their gratitude for the prolonged shouts of approbation whose distant murmur reached their ears.

The actual ascent was made at a quarter past one. At forty minutes past one, the balloon was at a prodigious elevation towards the south-west. In spite of the clearness of the atmosphere, it only looked like a black point in the sky. A few minutes afterwards, it was seen to descend, and then to disappear. The spectators could not help uttering a cry of alarm, which was repeated by Mrs. Jefferies in the accent of the most despairing sorrow. She had taken her position, with several friends, on the platform of the northern tower of the Castle. But the greatest joy was soon manifested, when the balloon rose again in the air, and resumed its horizontal progress with astonishing steadiness. Those persons who were provided with telescopes, could distinctly

perceive that the aeronauts were throwing out ballast; one observer even declared (and the fact was subsequently confirmed), that they had lightened themselves by casting off their waist-coats.

Jefferies' letter, inserted in the Annual Register for seventeen hundred and eighty-five, gives the most interesting particulars respecting the course of the balloon, and the impressions experienced by the travellers. In this letter Jefferies styles Blanchard "his noble little captain," and mentions the reception he met with from M. Brounot of Hardingham, and the family of M. Mouron of Calais. Colin Mackenzie's One Thousand Experiments in Chemistry also gives a complete account of the passage, considered in an aerostatic point of view.

It was guessed that they had reached the Continent at a quarter after three; and it was judged, as far as it was possible to determine from so great a distance, that they were over Cape Blanez, more in the direction of Boulogne than of Calais. The balloon had scarcely been perceived from the French coast, when all the inhabitants of Calais were on foot, to enjoy so extraordinary a spectacle. A great number of boats full of inquisitive persons, and half-a-score fishing-boats, left the port and dispersed themselves on the sea to the extent of a couple of leagues. At Calais, as well as at Dover, public en-

thusiasm had been wrought to its highest pitch. Every child that ran through the streets launched a little paper balloon. The *mode des aerostats* became so much the rage, that the device of a balloon entered into jewellery, toys, and ornaments of every description. The journals of the day took great interest in aerostatic experiments. They are full of details of balloon ascents, which, from that time, were successively performed on every spot of the civilised globe. Next to political matters, which already began to weigh heavily on men's minds, ballooning was the fashion of the epoch, and the principal subject to engross attention. Among other compilations of the time, the *Mémoires Secrets* of Bachaumont are full of circumstantial details of the numerous aerostatic attempts which signalled the end of the eighteenth century.

The instant when Blanchard's balloon overhung the land, several cannon of large calibre, as had been agreed, were fired from Fort Rouge, to give notice of its safe arrival on the Continent. The sound was distinctly heard at Dover, where the whole town was in a state of festivity. From that moment Mrs. Jefferies and her daughter were in the highest spirits. They were conducted to the residence of the Mayor, where they received the compliments and congratulations of the principal persons of the place. The band of the gar-

rison came and played during a couple of hours before the house.

At five-and-twenty minutes after three, the aeronauts alighted on the ground without the slightest accident, on the borders of the Forest of Guînes, not far from the village of Campagne. The balloon remained suspended between a couple of oaks, and the travellers were obliged to get out of their car by the aid of the branches. Two little boys, twelve years of age, were the only witnesses of the balloon's descent; and they were so frightened that they ran away, screaming terribly. Some inhabitants of the village, two of whom were women, immediately repaired to the spot, and volunteered their assistance to the new arrivals, who were suffering severely from cold. They were taken to the nearest house, occupied by one *Sieur Pollet*, where a great fire was lighted to warm them. Blanchard was famished with hunger. They boiled him half-a-dozen eggs, but he ate only a couple of them. Jefferies complained of his stomach, and asked for a little brandy; they went and fetched some for him, and he drank it in a cup of hot water. It was noticed that in less than a quarter of an hour, he took more than twenty pinches of snuff.

The excitement of these bold men, on alighting on the ground, was so great that, after having embraced each other, Jefferies

shouted out, as if he were addressing a crowd that was jealous of the success of the expedition, "Oh, look, look! you have now standing before you the two most celebrated men in all France and England!" "The most celebrated men in the whole world!" added Blanchard, who was just as enthusiastically vain as his companion. Jefferies afterwards laughed heartily about this harangue, which was uttered in a place where the trees were his only auditors. He justified it however, by recalling to mind that the English newspapers, which had tried to disgust him by overwhelming him with ridicule, had styled him the new *Don Quixote de la Manche*; and that a certain *Mollien* had written a pamphlet, in which he treated the aeronauts as a couple of madmen, and proclaimed the impossibility of crossing the Channel by means of a balloon.

Blanchard and Jefferies were soon visited by the officials of the place, and by a gentleman who took them to his château at *Hardinghem*. Then came deputations to congratulate them on the success of their perilous voyage, in the name of the population of *Calais*. At eleven o'clock they were conducted to *Calais* in a carriage and six, which the authorities had sent to fetch them. When they entered the town at half past one on the morning of the eighth, they found the inhabitants lining the streets through which they passed, and crying "*Vive le*

roi! Vivent les voyageurs aeriens!" — "Long live the king! Long live the aerial travellers!" Next day Lunardi and Castelmair joined them; but the two observers who had posted themselves at Oye were less fortunate. Believing that the balloon had landed at Ardrucq, or at Ardres, they went on in that direction. The same evening they learned the actual place of descent: but the darkness of the night, and the libations which they had made along the road, prevented them from remounting their horses; and it was not till the next morning at day-break that they started from the *basse-ville* of Ardres. They intended to proceed to Guines; but the information which they received on the road from the driver of the St. Omer diligence caused them to make for Calais, where they arrived at nine o'clock, and found their friends installed at the house of M. Mouron, one of the municipal body.

In the morning the French flag was fixed over the door of their lodgings, the flag of the town was raised on the towers, and every vessel in the port, whether native or foreign, dressed itself in gala trim. Cannon were fired, and all the bells in the town were rung. The municipal body, and the two regiments composing the garrison, called on the strangers at ten o'clock, to congratulate them, and present them with the "town wine" in an enamelled cup. A dinner had been prepared

at the Hotel de Ville; Blanchard and his fellow-traveller went there in procession. Before sitting down to table Blanchard received a gold box, on the lid of which was engraved a correct representation of the balloon, and containing the documents necessary to constitute him a citizen of Calais. It had been intended to offer the same tribute to Jefferies, but in consequence of his being a foreigner, longer formalities were necessary; and great regret was expressed at their inability to do him the same honour as his companion. On a shield conspicuously placed in the dining-room were verses prophetic of the future union of France and England, which subsequent events sadly contradicted. During the dinner a Calais painter caught the features of Blanchard; at the ball in the evening the portrait was displayed, accompanied by a complimentary stanza. The news of the extraordinary voyage excited the greatest curiosity in the capital. The queen was playing cards when she first heard of the event; she laid down a stake on Blanchard's account, and won a considerable sum of money, which was duly paid to him a few days after his arrival at Paris. On the sixteenth he dined with the Baron de Breteuil, then minister, who announced to him that the king had granted him a pension of twelve hundred francs, and a gratification of twelve thousand. Both the aeronauts met with the

most flattering reception from all the distinguished persons of the capital, though the Frenchman, it must be owned, met with more than his fair proportionate share of favour. The flags which they had waved whilst crossing the Channel, were placed in the *salle* of the Académie des Sciences. The Duc de Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, presented Blanchard with a snuff-box enriched with diamonds. Among other strange events of that monarch's life, he had himself made a balloon ascent the previous year with the brothers Robert, being then only eleven years of age.

Considerable bets had been laid in England for and against the success of the enterprise. Lord Chatham, who won £1000 in that way, offered Jefferies and Blanchard to devote it to other aerostatic experiments. Jefferies' declining health compelled him to refuse the offer; but Blanchard, in his love for his favourite science, gladly accepted it. Returning to Calais, he took his departure for England on the twenty-first of February, and made an ascent from London, with Mademoiselle Simonis of Paris, the first Frenchwoman who went up in a balloon, though not the first of her sex who had done so; for an Englishwoman of the name of Tible had preceded her.

Blanchard presented the town of Calais with the balloon with which he crossed the strait. The car is still in the Museum there.

The magistrates granted him a purse of three thousand francs, and a life annuity of six hundred, which was regularly paid him till the Revolution. The balloon was at first exhibited in the church, but was afterwards transferred to the Hotel de Ville. The principal inhabitants of Guînes voted the erection of a stone column to mark the spot in the forest where the balloon fell. It was inaugurated with great pomp by the civil and military authorities of Calais and Guînes, and bore a Latin inscription, recording the fact in due form, and usual unintelligibility. The inscription is now gone; the Revolution, which swept so many things away, having made free with that likewise. The column still remains, and serves as an admirable point of rendezvous for the schoolboys of Guînes, when they get a day's holiday.

From London, Blanchard went to Holland, where he made several ascents. Passing through Calais to go to Paris, he was conducted in procession to Guînes, on the twenty-third of July. There, on beholding the monument erected to commemorate his aerial transit, he exclaimed, in the enthusiasm of his gratitude, as he addressed the inhabitants of Guînes, "Thanks to God, and to you, Messieurs, I no longer fear either ridicule or calumny. It would require fifty thousand reams of libels heaped together, to hide this column on every side!"

James Jefferies was born at London. He died there in one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, of a pulmonary complaint, at the age of twenty-nine. Jean Pierre Blanchard was born at Petit-Andely in Normandy, in one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three. He applied himself to mechanics at an early age, and had always been haunted with the idea of mounting in the atmosphere. After having made many different kinds of apparatus which were unsuccessful, he attached himself to Montgolfier's system, flattering himself that he should be able to guide his balloons at pleasure. His first attempts were made with a balloon to which he had fitted wings. Although his efforts were unavailing, he still persisted in his idea. He modified his machinery in all kinds of ways, remaining, after all, as unlucky as ever. By the advice of Blanchard and Carnot, the *École des Aérostats* was established at Meudon, in one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, under the direction of Conté; and on the field of battle of Fleurus, in one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four, ballooning was first applied to military purposes. A balloon, from which the movements of the enemy were watched, hovered over the two armies, and decided the victory in favour of the French. *Sous-chef de brigade* Coutel, and the engineer Bureau de Pussy, were in the car. Blanchard made balloon ascents in France, England, America, Germany, and Holland. His most extraordinary one was performed at Rouen, where, on the fifteenth of August, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, he ascended, taking sixteen persons with him. In February, eighteen hundred and eight, having made his sixty-sixth ascent near the Hague, he fell from a considerable height. By the orders of Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland, he received every attention which his condition demanded. The care bestowed on him temporarily restored him; but, on reaching France, he fell into a hopeless state, and died at Paris, on the seventh of March, eighteen hundred and nine, leaving nothing but debts behind him, after having received immense sums of money. In seventeen hundred and ninety-eight he made a claim upon the Council of Five Hundred for the arrears of the pension which had been granted him by the old Government; but his demand was ineffectual. He was then obliged to have recourse to his friends for the means of living. He was an unscientific and illiterate man, speaking his own language incorrectly, and ignorant of orthography. He left no documents except a few prospectuses, and an account, in twelve pages quarto, of his ascent at Nantes in eighteen hundred. In this work he assumes the titles of "Adoptive Citizen of the principal towns in the two worlds," "Honorary member of many

foreign Academies," and "Aerial pensioner of the French Republic."

Blanchard married, in seventeen hundred and ninety-five, Marie-Madeleine-Sophie Arnaut, born at Trois-Canons, near La Rochelle, who became as famous an aeronaut as her husband himself. Her deplorable end is well known. She ascended from the Tivoli Gardens on the sixth of July, eighteen hundred and nineteen, at ten o'clock at night, in an illuminated car, from which fireworks were suspended. The balloon caught fire, and the unfortunate creature was precipitated from an immense height upon the roof of a house. Every assistance was rendered her, but she died ten minutes afterwards. It was the sixty-seventh ascent Madame Blanchard had made. The jug goes often to the well, but is pretty sure to get cracked at last.

SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN AT HOME.

"How long, O scribe!" I expect to hear an indignant public in a Catilinian manner exclaim, when the subject matter of this article is palpable to its gaze — "how long, O writer, is our propriety to be offended, our sensibility shocked, our gentility disregarded by your irreverent and incorrigible recurrence to the vulgar subject of beer? Have you no shame — no reticence, no

sense of decorum, no respect for your superiors? If you had lived a hundred years ago and in Grub Street, you would have starved; unless, indeed, you had secured the friendship of Mr. Thrale. If you were a Chinese literato, His Celestially would bamboo you to death; if you had been one of Tippoo Saib's moon-shees, he would have decapitated you; one of Sultan Mahmoud's poets, you would have been bow-strung. Be grateful then that you live in the nineteenth century, under the merciful dispensation of wise and humane laws and increasing civilisation. Be thankful for the leniency which renders your immediate incarceration and deportation beyond sea illegal; and for that sagacious discretionary power placed in the hands (and eyes) of all classes of readers who, if they do not like your subject matter, need not read what you write."

In sooth I am almost ashamed, and am reluctant, and hang back, and blush — if one can blush in pen and ink — now that (a portion of my task being accomplished and the houses and drinkers for a time disposed of) it becomes my bounden duty to treat of beer itself. So I am fain to take heart, and gird up my loins to the task, catching at, nervously, an additional, though fragile, consolation, that my subject is, at least, not a dry one.

It is my present purpose to relate to you the particulars of a visit I paid not many weeks past,

to a very worthy knight, a friend of mine, whose family has enjoyed great fame and consideration in the English country for upwards of five hundred years — Sir John Barleycorn.

This knight, though he has never aspired to any grade superior to that which his equestrian spurs confer on him, has been, time out of mind, the boon companion of emperors and monarchs; yet, with a wise magnanimity, he hath not, at the same time, disdained to enliven the leisure moments of clowns and churls — yea, down even unto vagrants and Abraham-men. One of Sir John's panegyrists sings —

"The Beggar who begges
Without any legges,
And scarcely a rag on his bodye to veile,
Talks of princes and kynges
And all these fine thynges,
When once he has hold of a tankard of
ale."

Ale being, indeed, the article for the confection of which and his many convivial qualities, Sir John hath, in times both ancient and modern, been principally celebrated. So highly esteemed was his ale of old, that another poetic eulogiser of our knight, in reverent station no less than a bishop, hath declared — as we previously set forth — his willingness that both his outward back and side should "go bare, go bare," provided that his inner man were irrigated with a sufficiency of "jolly good ale and old." And in our own days there have not been wanting bards enthusiastic in sounding the praises

of Sir John Barleycorn and his ale, from him that writ the affectionate strophe commencing with "Oh, brown beer, thou art my darling," to that other lapwing of Parnassus, the democratic admirer of Sir John, who, in his lay, calls down fierce maledictions on those who would attempt "to rob a poor man of his beer."

It was with an honest pride that Sir John (a burly, red-faced, honest-looking country gentleman, in a full suit of brown and silver, with a wig of delightful whiteness) discoursed to me of these matters, when last stopping in town, at the coffee-house where he entertained me. "Yes," he said, "I and my ancestors have seen fine days, I can tell you. We have entertained more kings, crowned and discrowned, than Monsieur Voltaire's Candide ever saw supping together at the Carnival of Venice. My father was a favourite (and rivalled it sharply with Prince Potemkin too) with Catherine of Russia. The Polish nobles delighted in him, and the Muscovite Boyards literally drank up his words. Nor was he less considered here in England. Queen Bess honoured my great grandfather; and it was with a foaming tankard of my great uncle's October brew that the serving-man soused Sir Walter Raleigh when, surprising him smoking a pipe of tobacco he, the servitor, thought his master to be afire. Down where I dwell the monks of the old abbey frequently chose their cellarer for

abbot, so high a respect had they for even those remotely connected with the Barleycorns. But we have seen in our time evil days. We have been vilified, scandalised, made responsible for all the evils which an indiscriminate and immoderate use of our good gifts may bring upon intemperate persons. The last Sir John was indicted and tried for his life at Glasgow by a temperance poet; and had he not put himself upon his country and proved beyond a doubt that none of the genuine Barleycorns ever meant harm to the people of Scotland; but that it was an idle, intemperate, deboshed fellow, smelling terribly of peat smoke—one Usquebagh, who had formed an illicit alliance with a cast-off hussey of the Malt family—that had, through them, endeavoured to bring the Barleycorns to shame; had he not done this it would have gone hard with him. You may see the report of the case now in a Scotch poem, called *The Trial of Sir John Barleycorn*. I myself, as harmless a man (though I say it) as ever broke bread, have been treated in these latter days as something very little better than a murderer, a male Brinvilliers, and my ale as a sort of *aqua tofana*. 'T was a French chemist did me this turn, thinking to annihilate me. You shall take coach with me to-morrow, and we will go to my ancestral seat, where the principal branch of our family hath had their habitat since Harry the

Eighth's time. Sir, you shall do John Barleycorn the honour of a visit at his poor house at *BURTON-ON-TRENT*."

Whereupon this jovial knight (he should be a baronet, for his title is hereditary, but he stoutly disclaims the bloody hand, and writes himself *simple eques*) called for t'other flaggon; which, being discussed, he paid the reckoning, and appointing a rendezvous for the morrow, swaggered off to bed, humming Bishop Still's old air. 'T is said he sleeps in a beer-barrel, and washes himself in the morning by turning the tap of a full cask of Burton ale over his face and hands: but that is no business of mine.

"Burton-on-Trent," Sir John vouchsafed to tell me, whiling away the time, as we rolled along the London and North-Western Railway, Birmingham-ward, "has been celebrated for beer and breweries for many hundred years. Old Doctor Plot, in his *Staffordshire Natural History*, mentions the celebrity of Burton-on-Trent for malting. The great Parliamentary general, my Lord Essex (a worthy nobleman, but on the wrong side), writing in sixteen hundred and forty-four on the subject of a garrison to be placed in Burton, says, that the inhabitants were "chiefly clothiers and maltsters." Sir Walter Scott alludes to Burton and its brewers in *Ivanhoe*. Sir Oswald Mosely, in his *History of Tutbury Castle*, tells us that the intelligence of the Babington con-

spiracy was conveyed to Queen Mary Stuart, while a prisoner in Tutbury Castle, by a brewer at Burton. Who knows but that the Scots Queen may have been kept in knowledge of the progress of the plot for her deliverance by treasonable documents wrapped round the bungs of the ale-casks? Doctor Shaw adverts to the Burton breweries as famous and flourishing in seventeen hundred and twenty; and the records of our house show that the founder of that branch thereof, now managed by two well-known firms, was in extensive commercial communication with Russia, Poland, and the Danubian provinces—all great consumers of the sweet strong ale of Burton — early in the reign of George the Second. Yet, in England,” resumed Sir John, taking breath, and murmuring something against confounded railways and in favour of a cool tankard, “the celebrity of the Burton beers was almost purely local till within late years. The Burton Barleycorns sent but little of their wares to London. The Peacock in Gray’s Inn Lane is mentioned by Doctor Shaw (seventeen hundred and thirty-eight) as the first Burton-ale house. To be sure, there were in those days only packhorse roads to London. There are people alive now in Burton who can remember to have heard their mothers tell of the first construction of the roads to the neighbouring towns.”

Swiftly the rapid steam-serpent

bore us towards the home of beer; and my travelling companion told me long stories of the herculean labours of the brewers, whom he liked to consider as the Barleycorn intendants or stewards; how one of them and the Russian ministry fell in and fell out; and how he put his trust in princes, and was deceived accordingly.

“But respecting pale ale,” I asked — “pale ale — bitter ale. The delight and solace of the Indian subaltern in his fuming bungalow; the worthy rival of brandy pawnee; the drink without which no tiffin can be complete, no journey by dawk possible: the favourite drink here in England of lord and bagman, duchess and nurse; the much admired tonic for invalids and persons of weak interiors?”

“I’ll tell you. While in London in eighteen hundred and twenty-two, one of my brewers was dining with an East Indian director, and was talking with some despondency of his trade anxieties:—

“‘Why don’t you try the India Trade?’ asked the director.

“‘Don’t know of it.’

“‘Leave the cold countries: try the hot. Why not brew India beer?’ The director rang the bell, and ordered his butler to bring a bottle of India Ale which had been to India and back. Sir John Barleycorn’s representative tasted it. Went home. The director sent him a dozen of the beer by coach. The brewer took counsel with *his* head brewer, a

practical hard-headed man, the hereditary maltster of the firm. They held a solemn council with locked doors, and the result was that the first mash of the East India Pale Ale, of which more than ten thousand hogsheads are now shipped off annually to the three presidencies, was brewed in a tea-pot.

"There, Sir," concluded Sir John. "That's the true legend of pale ale. Not so interesting perchance as the tradition concerning the discovery of roast pig in China, the invention of grog, or the first preparation of pickled herrings by the Dutch. There is nothing new under the sun, and there can be no doubt that bitter ale was well known to the ancient Hebrews, as the editor of *Notes and Queries* will tell you. But here's Tamworth."

We traversed a yard as thickly strewed with empty barrels as Woolwich dockyard is with empty cannons; but a peaceful arsenal — a field of drink and not of death. There were lounging or working about the yard sundry big draymen, selected, as draymen should be, for their size and strength; all possessing a curious family resemblance to their cousins-german the Barclay and Perkins, and Truman and Hanbury men in London. They were backing horses, and performing curious feats with drays, and toppling full casks about like gigantic ninepins, with such ease and such grave and immoveable countenances that I could not

help thinking of the goblin players for whom Rip Van Winkle set up the pins that very long night on the Catskill Mountains; or of those other players whose skittle-ground was on the Hartz in Germany, and who had Frederic Barbarossa for their president. We mounted a steep flight of stairs, into a large apartment and watched the sacks of malt being slowly hoisted up by a crane through the window.

The malt is first weighed, then sifted in a hopper with a double screen; then, being precipitated up a curious contrivance called a "Jacob's ladder," is crushed between a series of rollers like a dredging machine. And by "crushing," Sir John took particular care to inform me, he did not mean "smashing." The corporeal integrity of the barleycorn is preserved; not intact, but by being with its germinatory offshoots "starred," turned inside out as it were, but still collapsible to its original dimensions. Crushed, this malt passes into a long trough, and is pushed by an Archimedian screw from hopper to hopper (each lined with zinc, and looking like a floury Erebus), amidst clouds of minute farinaceous particles which got down my throat and into my eyes, and set me sneezing and coughing uproariously. These different hoppers come down into, and are all feeders of the great mash-tub in the room below. I descended a staircase into this mashing hall; and, as soon as

my eyes (scarcely quit yet from the floury simoom) had recovered from the blinding and scalding effects of the clouds of steam, I gazed around. Vessels resembling washing-tubs on a Megatherian scale met my eyes on all sides. These tubs are mash-tubs each of which will hold one hundred quarters of malt; each large copper has a capacity for three hundred and seventy barrels; and in them the malt (supplied from the hoppers above) is mashed into a gruel thick and slab — the hot water being first let in — mashed by huge sails or paddles working with a circular motion, with huge velocity, yet capable of being stopped in a moment — until the starchy matter in the malt is by heat, and moisture, and motion, converted into Wort — the wort we have been all so familiar with in our young days when home-brewing took place; and for furtively consuming which (hot, sweet, and weak) from half-pint mugs, our youthful ears have been frequently boxed. There is one monster tub here, Sir John told me, whose feeder will be put in requisition to supply three thousand barrels or ninety-six thousand gallons of ale, the amount of one single order. I remark here, on the authority of the Barleycorn knight, that “light beers” do not require a “stiff mash;” that every hundred quarters of malt take upon an average seven hours-and-a-half mashing; and that in the brewery we are now

surveying there can be mashed in the Barleycorn interest as much as fifteen hundred quarters a week. The several minor details, relative to the exact proportions of water, temperature, and other niceties, would not, I opine, be in any way interesting to the general reader; there are besides slight points of trade skill and trade experience, which are closely kept Burton secrets.

After a passing glance at a giant coal-scuttle in the mash-room we went into the chamber of the hop coppers; where, in huge vessels of that rubicund metal, the hops are busily boiling with the wort. These boil together for a stated time; and then the boiling liquor comes down into a gigantic strainer. The hops left at top are pressed and sold for manure; the Excise interfering, and prying, and thwarting the brewers through the whole process. From this strainer the liquor (now become a sort of inert beer, possessing flavour but not body, bitterness without pungency,) is drawn by a prodigious arterial process of pipes into the next important stage in its career, the cooling-room. And I may mention that, while bending over the hop coppers, and watching the bare-armed perspiring men stirring them with great flat spoons or ladles, or gauging them with the mash rule, Sir John Barleycorn requested me to taste the hops, which I did, and found them to be very bitter indeed; upon which Sir John chuckled,

and asked if I thought it worth while to employ strychnine, as had been grievously libelled by a certain French ignoramus.

I may compare the cooling-room to Behring's Straits turned brown — a sea of pale beer. On all sides — as far as the eye could reach, at least — lay this waveless, tideless sea of pale ale, traversed by an endless wooden bridge. Leaning over the balustrade of this bridge gazing at the monstrous superficies of ale lying here a cooling in a liquid valley, I saw myself in liquor. A good brewer, Sir John was kind enough to inform me, likes also to see himself in liquor: if his person be well-reflected in the cooling ale it is a sign that the mash has been successful. So I gazed on the ocean, and at the arterial process of pipes, at the pillars supporting the low roof, and at the flood-gates of beer far away, until, to tell the truth, the odour of the liquor made me somewhat muddy and confused, and I was not sorry when my host and guide moved forward to another department.

The wort, come to the complexion I have described, is now removed into the fermenting squares, loose boxes of beer, of plain white deal numbered and in tiers. Here, yeast is mixed with it, and the process of fermentation goes on — to what exact extent must depend, of course, on the judgment, ability, and experience of the brewer. Upon the surface of the lighter fermenting

rises a thick froth, so pregnant with carbonic acid gas, that it will put a candle out, and nearly knock you down in a fainting fit if you put your nose close to it; but being heavier than the atmospheric air, soon sinks to the bottom.

From the fermenting squares the liquor, now really pale ale, is conveyed by an intricate machinery of pipes into the cleansing or tunnning room. Here the casks by hundreds and thousands, after being whirled and churned round, in order thoroughly to clean them, receive the beer, and are finally bunged and branded. They are almost immediately carted away to the railway and to London. The bottled pale ale, albeit brewed by the same process as the draught, is bottled from the wood in London, without any connexion with or reference to Burton. The bottles have nothing to do with the brewers.

Thus ends my experience of how beer in general, and pale ale in particular, is brewed for Sir John Barleycorn at Burton-on-Trent.

THE BOY MAHOMET.

THEY feign that Mahomet, the three years' child,
Would often wander, when the day was young,
Within a quiet valley, where the grass
Kept its Spring greenness always fresh
and bright
Under the smooth, broad shadow of the
rocks,

From whose cold chambers and dark
 hidden cells
 Infinite rivulets came bubbling out
 With a continual music, and passed on
 (Weaving a silver net-work as they went)
 Beneath old trees, through mingled
 gleams and glooms,
 Into the caverns on the farther side.

The grave and gentle sweetness of the
 place
 Pleased that young child; for, in his
 lightest sports,
 Those who observed him closely could
 perceive
 A hint of something awful and afar —
 A depth beneath the surface — a veiled
 lamp
 Burning down long, rich avenues of dark,
 Like that prodigious meaning which looks
 through
 The empty eyes of statues. Oftentimes
 When his loud play-mates sought him he
 would be
 Lying beneath some tree's far-reaching
 dusk,
 Deep in this glen; and, on a certain day,
 Two angels found him there.

Upon a crag
 These angels had descended recently,
 And down the slope side of the mountain
 came
 Towards the boy, who, undisturbed by
 fear,
 Received them as two bright dreams that
 had lost
 Their way from out the Paradise of sleep;
 And soon they floated over him and
 lull'd
 His spirit with the fanning of their
 wings,
 Until he slumbered. Then, with painless
 touch,
 One of those angels opened the child's
 breast,
 And took the heart out, and between his
 hands
 Wrung forth all drops of bitterness and
 sin,
 All black clouds lurking in that haven of
 red,
 And filled it with the light of his own
 looks,
 With living fire and radiance, till it
 glow'd
 A deep interior crimson: all which time
 The second of the angels sang this song:

"The cloud is slumbering in the sky,
 The bird is sleeping on the tree,
 And the winds go pausing by
 With a murmur like the sea;
 And the sea itself is calm,
 And the beast is in its lair:
 Sleep thou, too, beneath the balm
 Dropping from the heavens bare!

"Day is young within the East,
 And the night, not wholly gone,
 Lingers still about the West,
 Where the white stars mock the dawn.
 Drowsy sounds are in the place,
 And a constant whispering:
 Sleep, fair child, and dream a space!
 I am watching while I sing!

"As the sun, with lips eternal,
 Drinks the darkness when he rises,
 And with sudden light supernal
 All the mountain peaks surprises;
 As the moon-dawn cleanses heaven
 From the sad stains of the night;
 So we wring the dusky leaven
 From thy heart, and make it bright.

Unto Asia, sunk in shame,
 Be a radiance seen afar!
 Be an orb of fire and flame!
 Be a glory! Be a star!
 Be a crescent moon, whose sphere
 Keeps dilating! Be a sun!
 Now thy heart is close and near
 In thy breast; and all is done."

And while the song yet murmured in
 the air,
 Those angels rose on their sustaining
 wings,
 And, like two doves moving in circles,
 went
 Higher and higher through the golden
 blue
 Of morning, till they vanished in white
 clouds
 That die into the windy plains of space.

Then up rose Mahomet as from a
 dream,
 And felt those angels in his heart, and
 knew
 They were no dream; and on his visage
 lay
 That brightness which proclaimed him
 through the land
 A king of men — the Prophet of Allāh.

IN PRESENCE OF THE
SWORD.

DOUBTLESS I ought to be ashamed to own that I have spent many a pleasant hour in the Old Bailey. The Central Criminal Court is indeed a Yarrow of mine, a scene dear to the memory for its association with the crudities of youth. The civic royalty of the corporation of London is acknowledged in the City theatre of melodramas, by the existence of a civic box, by name the City Lands' Box, whereof every member of the City Lands Committee has a key. A friend and common councilman, and City Lands Committee-man, used many years ago to open for me with his key that box, and therein, victualled with a few sandwiches, I, a sal-low boy, would take my seat quite early in the morning, and remain until the Judges rose for dinner. I had a taste for tournaments and Champions of Christendom; but there were no mailed knights abroad except on Lord Mayor's Day. By the degenerate nature of the times, therefore, I was reduced to the necessity of worshipping such men in brass as could be found at the Old Bailey. Out of Astley's there was nothing for me, but to witness the encounters of opposing champions in horschair helmets, and to hang intent over the tournament of tongues. I knew the gentlemen of the Old Bailey Bar better, indeed, than I knew the horses and the actors (may I be

excused for mentioning the horses first) at the Amphitheatre, to which stronghold of chivalry it was my own opinion that I was allowed to go too seldom. I had my cherished knights among the barristers. The boldest were the best. I liked to see the character and credit of a witness gallantly hacked to pieces; to observe what sparks of fun could, by a well steeled barrister, be struck out of hard villanies, at which the angels are supposed to weep. It was a goodly thing to me to watch the lifting by some subtle champion of the burden of a crime from the sore back of the accused, and to see it shifted — under the name, perhaps, of “merely an hypothesis” — upon the whole shoulders of the accuser, or of some important witness. Of consequences I thought nothing, and my sense of right and wrong was rather blunted in that place by the prevailing humour into which I fell — more prevalent in those days than in these. The argument concerned me. Not the prisoner, and not my country represented by the judge. The only thing that interested me upon the bench, was the great Sword of Justice hung in state over the central chair. It used to occur to me that I should like to see it bare. I used to wonder whether the bright blade suffered neglect, and whether it might not lie covered with a great deal of rust within its decorated sheath. Some little misgiving upon that head lingers with me still.

So I spent pleasant hours at the Old Bailey, taking a child's view of the place; and, after years of absence, I have lately been revisiting my Yarrow. I have again wandered more than once among the victims and the witnesses of wrongs that have been done by man against his fellow, and among the stalls of apples, gingerbread, and Barcelona nuts erected for their consolation in the vestibule of Justice. Again I have sat in the presence of the sword, and seep misdoers brought to answer for their crimes to an offended nation. The Yarrow is the same; my eyes are different. Even "Memory's shadowy moonshine" — though there are few things that look ill by moonshine — can do nothing to soften down the ugliness of crime, or wash the dusky face of the Old Bailey with celestial Kalydor.

Let me set down in sober seriousness some of the observations I have lately made. Let it be understood that I am not about to abuse, condemn or ridicule, any high court of justice, to take by the hand any convict from the dock, by special choice and liking, as a man and brother, to illustrate by facts any foregone conclusion, or to moralise on any heap of skeletons (dry figures, which are skeletons of truth) dug out of the graves in which they have been decently interred by Parliamentary reporters. I shall simply tell what I have seen and thought of late,

under the roof which is spread out above the awful sword.

How would it be alone at midnight with that Sword? No starlight could pierce through the windows stained by the old glass painter, Time, to sink into the solemn darkness of the room. One might dream of it that the sword was there shedding a dim radiance that displayed clearly its own outline — dimly all things else — the empty seats of the judges, the vacant benches of the counsel, and far away in the remote darkness of the Court, the solemn dock. At that dock, in the last twilight a murderer stood, watching the man who rose from a group seated on those benches to his left, and reading the unspoken word out of his face. The breath of the guilty man, and the breaths of the witnesses who told, and of the counsellors who urged the facts for and against him; of the judge who summed them up, and of the jury who considered them; of the people, and of the reporters for the people who will to-morrow make a proclamation to the world of all the secrets of the murderer, are mingled in a steam upon the walls. The air is close and has a taste of death in it.

Then the fresh dawn that is far away beyond rivers and valleys, capping with light the mountain-tops, and covering their sides with summer mist, makes every minute more defined the outline of St. Paul's, and the fresh light

of the summer morning, filtered through the everlasting clouds upon the glass, makes day again within the walls of the Old Bailey. There enter women less fresh than Aurora; there enter dingy unshaven men, who beat, and sweep, and open ways by which the air that has blown softly over Smithfield, Newgate Market, and the great dome of Saint Paul's, can enter also. They depart, and in due time the barristers may come in one by one, the erier may come to the performance of his day's work, and a suckling woman, and a seedy man or two, may take their places as spectators in the gallery. The jury are assembling, and the judges soon will take their seats for the performance of a pretty hard day's work. But nobody is thinking of the sword.

When I returned for the first time to the scene of my past recreations it was afternoon. I found a throng of people in the court and vestibule. There wait the witnesses till they are called, there, or about the doors, and in the recesses of the public-houses opposite. There are two ways into the Old Bailey. One is by a great front door opening from the street into a spacious vestibule like a box entrance; the other is by a door at the side, as one might say, a pit entrance, from a paved court attached to the building. Both doors lead, however, into the same great hall with snaky staircases coiled up its dingy and unwholesome walls and open jaws of galleries, through which they who are privileged can pass into the inner darkness of the place.

Any whim for regarding the Old Bailey as a theatre might have been fairly supported by the bills of the day's performances posted here and there, for the information of witnesses, on the walls of the vestibule or against pillars in the court. These bills represented what cases would be heard in each court, and the order in which they would probably be called for hearing. Witnesses therefore could guess in a rough way the time for their exits and their entrances. For trial in the New Court I saw that there was a list of some thirty cases, all created by the same offence, the uttering of counterfeit coin. The performances in the Old Court were of a more miscellaneous character. The witnesses in waiting formed a more decided miscellany. For their use there were some benches provided, and several apple, ginger-beer, and cake stalls; very old establishments no doubt, for some of them I could almost identify, to a nut, as having formed a part of the Old Bailey twenty years ago. There were old women gathered in knots, young women in pairs, men single and in sets. There was a representative, I think, of every grade of London life between decent poverty and destitution; and there were many there assembled who were eye-

witnesses of crime because they were its house companions, and who could when they liked be something more than only witnesses of evil deeds. Three bully men and a rough woman (witnesses there waiting to prove an alibi) were threatening with foul words and shaken fists a boy of thirteen who had evidence to give, against which their alibi would prove a weak defence. There were witnesses of all kinds. There was the surgeon who had stitched a wound got in a fray, and who had come too late, or was too modest, to obtain from the courtesy of the solicitor a seat within the court. He was well dressed, and lurked about the corners of the outside yard, pacing the flags until his name was called. There was the stout man who keeps a meat-shop, and had given nineteen and eightpence with a plate of alamode beef for a bad sovereign; he was offering a glass, at the Bull over the way, to the nurse who had seen an infant die, murdered with oil of vitriol poured into its mouth. There was a pale man, who carried his hand tied up in a white bandage, and looked as though he had exchanged heads with a corpse, getting the grave-clothes thrown into his bargain. He was of course come to give account of the mishaps that had befallen him. There were the clerk who had a forgery to swear to; and the countryman who had paid Swindle and Co. for a passage to Australia; the wife, who

was no wife, but the victim of a bigamy; the Sandwich Islander who saw his countryman and brother seaman mortally ill-used on board a merchant vessel; the locksmith's daughter who saw her father half killed by her brother, and the locksmith's maid who picked up daintily the bloodstained knife and carried it in-doors in her apron. These, or such as these, with dozens of men and women, victims or witnesses of petty thefts and frauds, the whole crowd leavened with a due admixture of policemen — many of whom were also there as witnesses — kept up a comfortless excitement, and ate cakes and drank gingerbeer, and talked through their adventures to each other in the entrance hall of the Old Bailey. The crowd had, as it has always, a distinctive character; it is made up of people little accustomed to control their emotions, all labouring under various kinds and stages of excitement, and brought together by just so much of a common purpose as induced them here and there to accost each other and to form quaint groups. Were I a painter and a humourist, I don't think I would miss (no, not even for fancy dresses, and models that go the round of all the painters) such excellent material as is provided by the vestibule of the Old Bailey.

I glanced at a large board, on which is printed a command that nobody there waiting should fee persons connected with the place

— a kind of no-fee-to-the-box-keeper announcement. Then I observed by two other writings on the wall, that, by the stairs to the left, I should reach the gallery of the Old Court, and that the stairs to the right would conduct me to the gallery of the New Court; those galleries being the spaces set apart for the public, according to the principle of English law, which provides for every accused person an open trial in the presence of his countrymen. I turned to the left and went up many stairs, passing policemen who were posted, very much like check-takers, at certain points. They offered no obstruction to my progress. I was glad of that, because the principle of open trials cannot be too emphatically acted upon. Having reached the gallery door, I put my hand upon the lock, when promptly there came forward an official of three words: "One shilling, Sir!" I felt the insult to the dignity of the whole nation offended in my person. Moreover, though I should gladly have passed through that door as one of the public, I had some personal distaste for the idea of sitting in the shilling gallery of the Old Bailey theatre. I turned my back on the official, and resolved to try whether the public had a right to pass into the New Court. So I went down again into the vestibule and up the right hand stairs. There was the very Pollux to the Castor on the other side — another dingy man

with the same exclamation of "One shilling, Sir!"

I turned again and went downstairs to the vestibule, from which I passed on to the Third Court, which is a smaller hall of justice on the same floor. It was crowded with policemen, as a hive with bees. Policemen clustered thickly upon all the benches in the gallery and in the jury box; policemen thickly covered the whole floor, and passed each other in and out of the hive door, with now and then a few exchanges of intelligence. Those who went out flew abroad; those who came in were lost in the general swarm. The attention of this little community seemed to be directed mainly to a table in the centre, upon which there was laid up a store, not of honey indeed, but of money; that is, the yellow store, sought busily by men who go out every morning, and making here a little, there a little, bring it back at evening in little bags attached to their thighs, or, to speak humanly, pursed up in their breeches pockets. A gentleman at the table with a money-bag — sweet to them all as the thyme of Hy-mettus — was hovered about by this swarm, which consisted not only of the blue-bodied bees, although the policemen did so much preponderate that they at first seemed to have the place entirely to themselves. Mr. Hy-mettus at the table was in fact engaged about the payment of the witnesses, distributing three-

and sixpences and other sums, and edifying those about him with a comic story, in which a lord chancellor and a surgeon who had come that day for his attendance fee were interested. There were no cases then on trial in that court. It is brought into use towards the conclusion of a gaol delivery, when there is a heavy list of causes, and they cannot be got through by the two other courts within a reasonable time. The other two courts serve as the two ordinary pumps used for the emptying of Newgate. When by any delay, as during legal holidays, the flood has accumulated, or when there has been more than an average run of crime into the prison, a third pump is manned.

I had feasted my eyes for some time upon all these things, but I was not so young as to remain at the Old Bailey reckless of my dinner. The rest of my experience relates therefore to visits paid on subsequent occasions. A few days afterwards I again mounted to the door of the gallery of the Old Court, and was faced again by the Cerberus with three words, who said "Two shillings, Sir!" I thought he must have read the fable of the Sybil and her Books, and took me to be the man for succumbing to the classical device. I made the natural remark—not in the tone of an aggrieved Briton, but as a suggestion of a fact modestly thrown out—that "his price was a shilling when I saw him last."

"Ah, Sir," he answered, "but we've interesting cases on at present. We charge according to the cases tried; sometimes it's one thing, sometimes another. Why, Sir, sometimes you can't come in under a pound."

I went in, and found the gallery an incommodious and dirty place, of which little more than the front row was occupied, and from which, behind the second row, to persons sitting down there was a view of the judges from the nose upwards and nothing else, except the sword suspended over them. From the second row, over the head of a doughy child quietly sucking at the mother's breast, and taking close Old Bailey breath into its nostrils, I could see the judges opposite, the gentlemen of the bar in the ring below, which from that point of view reminded me of the old pictures of cockpits, the white-faced man with a head-dress of grave-clothes in the witness-box; and, by leaning over, I could observe the phrenological development of the two prisoners who stood in the dock immediately below. To the right there was my old haunt the civic box, with the box for reporters under it, at that time empty. The court was occupied with Knife Cases, which, inasmuch as they are considered to be more attractive and agreeable than larcenies, were not to be so cheaply listened to. In the just opinion of the reporters, however, they had rarely sufficient public interest to be allowed

to swell the space devoted to the Central Criminal Court in the newspapers. Not a tenth part of the cases heard at the Old Bailey are, or can be, reported in the daily newspapers; a selection must be made, and in making it the discretion of the reporter is exercised with wonderful dexterity. If you look down from the gallery upon the whole scene of Old Bailey business on an ordinary working-day, you see during a greater or less part of the time nobody in the reporters' box. And yet, whenever a case that presents any feature of public interest is being heard, or only for a few minutes talked about, a gentleman is to be seen, who appears simply to strip off an invisible coat as soon as there is need for him to go to work; a more than Argus, quiet as he looks, for he has the eyes of millions in his head, and carries with him millions of ears.

The case under investigation when I entered — a case not reported — was between the two prisoners at the bar and the witness then being examined in the box. One of the prisoners, as seen from above, appeared to consist of a long, narrow head with weak light hair combed smoothly over it; the rest of him appeared to be made up of fustian and corduroy very much foreshortened. He seemed, by his poll, to be a youth of about eighteen, and there was certainly no power indicated by the conformation of his cranium. He it was,

Solomon Coward, who was charged with having used the knife; his brother Barney, who stood by his side, was charged with having aided and abetted him. Barney presented to those over him a small, dark, and very hairy head; he seemed to be a tall thin man, and below his poll there was a fore-shortening of decent clothes, a black cloth coat and trousers; one might set him down at a glance as a respectable mechanic.

The cadaverous accuser told how on a certain night, as he was going down Paradise Lane, at about twelve o'clock, Solomon leapt out at him and cried, "So here you are at last! I have been waiting for you," and upon that struck him with his fist. He, Bollkins, the accuser, thereupon returned the blow with interest, causing the enemy to stagger. There were people in the lane who stopped to see the row, and women close at hand looked out of their bedroom windows. There was also a gas lamp throwing light upon the scene. Barney, it was said, came out of his own doornot many yards farther down the lane, and seeing that his brother flinched, and shouted, "Barney!" called out to him in response, "Your knife! your knife!" Solomon thereupon drew his knife out of his pocket, and dug it half open into the face of Bollkins, who took flight, was pursued, and again wounded in the arm. Barney and Solomon retreated to their house, and

the police appeared upon the scene.

"You can swear to the prisoner Barney?" — "I can. I know him."

"How was he dressed?" — "I think his coat was off, and he had on white trousers."

"White trousers? Are you sure of that?" — "Yes, he had on white trousers."

"You have no doubt of that?" — "No, I am sure of it."

Another witness, who had looked on from the lane, corroborated this, but could not swear that it was the prisoner Barney who called out "Your knife! your knife!" Thought it was a shorter and a stouter man. Distinctly remembered how that man was dressed. He had a fustian coat on, and wore dark moleskin trousers. Could swear that he wore dark trousers, which he believed were moleskin.

A woman who had looked down on the hubbub from her window corroborated the account previously given, but thought the man who shouted out to Solomon to use his knife was a much taller man than Barney. He was not wearing white trousers. They were dark, and he had on a fustian coat. The man ran into the same house with Solomon, when the police came.

Policeman X went to the door of the house number twenty-seven, Paradise Lane, and found it locked. Said who he was, and was refused admission. Heard something said inside about

poker and tongs. Broke open the door, and was attacked by the two prisoners with tongs and poker. With the help of another constable took them both into custody. Found the knife half closed and covered with blood. Produced it. Being produced it was seen to be a clumsy pocket knife, such as would be used by rustic Lubins for the cutting of their bread and cheese. There was blood on Solomon's clothes, about his pocket. Barney appeared to have been going to bed, had taken off his coat and trousers, and was in his drawers. He said that he had only used violence in defence of his brother, that he had been in-doors all the evening, and that the man who came in with Solomon, whose name he stated, had gone through the house and out at the back window. There was a back window opening from the staircase upon mud-heaps behind, and escape by that way, the policeman found, was easy.

That was the case. Against Solomon convincing, against Barney very doubtful. Witnesses to character declared Barney to be a steady workman, who had been employed for years in one great factory. He looked respectable, and with a deferential firmness, as I fancied, was awaiting his acquittal. Counsel argued. The presiding judge was summing up; there were three or four upon the bench — reverend looking gentlemen in robes and wigs — with the City

Recorder, younger and brisker, in his chain of office. The case was nearly over, when one of the venerable judges signified his wish to ask a question of one of the policemen. He was recalled.

"The prisoner Barney, you said, appeared to be going to bed, and had taken off his coat and trousers when you went into his room. Did you see the clothes that he had taken off?" — "Yes, my Lord, they were lying on the floor."

"Did you observe what kind of clothes they were?" — "It was a fustian coat, and they were dark moleskin trousers."

Barney instantly and visibly broke down, exclaiming with much agitation that they were not his clothes. Two or three more questions proved that there was no one else to whom they could have belonged, and the venerable judge leaned back with the aspect of a man who had done a happy thing and knew it. He had secured a just verdict, which, unluckily for Barney, would ensure to him a term of prison discipline, or possibly a berth on board a convict ship. Barney and Solomon were found guilty together.

The evidence in that case curiously illustrated the great discrepancy of statement which may subsist among people — especially ignorant people — who narrate from memory the same occurrence. The accuser having observed everything under the influence of emotion, had evident-

ly recognised Barney by the face, and as he himself said by the voice, but connected his recollection with a false though positive idea of his dress. Other witnesses showed by the testimony they gave what vague notions of size are to be had from people in the witness box, and as for their ideas of distance they were even extravagantly vague. Every witness was asked how far the person was from the contending parties who called out to Solomon to use the knife. The answers assigned the most various distances; one said sixty, and another said three hundred yards.

Those prisoners, ushered by the turnkey, withdrew to the back of the dock and retired by an underground way to Newgate. Out of the chasm stepped a woman who stood forward in their place, a wild untidy looking woman. A wretched accuser, another miserable woman, stepped into the witness box and received into her hands from the business-like usher of the court a book — of which she cannot read a syllable — of the contents of which she knows not much more than a Caffre — upon which she is to be sworn. In a loud, rapid, business-like tone the usher got her swearing over: "The-evidence-that-you-shall-give-before-the-court-and-jury-sworn-between-our-Sovereign-Lady-the-Queen-and-the-prisoner-at-the-bar-shall-be-the-Truth-the-whole-Truth-and-nothing-but-the-Truth-so-help-you-God."

Between our Sovereign Lady the Queen, the best honoured woman in this nation, and the prisoner at the bar, accounted base, even among the fallen, a night wanderer among the kennels of Whitechapel. That was the cause. A woman of her own class accused her, for that she, at six o'clock in the morning, fell upon her with foul oaths at the door of a gin shop, stabbed her in the face and bosom with a knife, and hunted her with the fury of a tigress into the shop where she was taken. The knife was produced, contrasting curiously with the knife used by the man in the preceding case. It was a small, white-handled pen-knife, a woman's knife. The prisoner, who had no counsel to defend her, fiercely questioned her accuser and the buxom barmaid who came forward with corroborative evidence. She cried out that she never touched the woman, and denied, while she displayed, the wild jealousy that prompted the assault. Then she turned fiercely on the barmaid and asked, "What time did you say she ran into your shop and I came after her?" — "At six o'clock." — "Well then," shouted the prisoner, "you see she's telling lies, gentlemen; for how could I go in at six o'clock when it's well known that the shop don't open till half-past?"

The woman was found guilty, and at the word, her passion changed into a storm of sobs.

The wild, fallen woman, full of wickedness, shaking with passion in the dock of the Old Bailey, not lowered an inch in reputation by the seal of guilt there stamped upon her, was a spectacle to stir emotion in the hearts of men who have ever knelt in innocence at mothers' knees, or seen their wives singing with light and happy hearts over their children. Womanhood never can sink by choice down to this level.

Between our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and such wretched prisoners, there is a justice that can be done out of the Old Bailey. There was a time when they or those who bred them into vice were honest people. How many of them were debased by ignorance before they were debased by vice? It is better worth while to prevent ten persons from sinking in a bog, than to pull one person out of it. It is better worth while to educate and guide the poor, so as to prevent honest men from falling by scores into crime, than to erect apparatus by which now and then a criminal may be hauled up again into the road of honesty.

The woman having been withdrawn, there arose a short discussion between the learned brethren of the bar and their brethren on the bench, concerning the arrangement of succeeding business. Some cases were postponed, mutual conveniences were discussed, and presently there was summoned to the bar a young man with a much oiled head, and

at the end of his fore-shortened body, which seemed to be well apparelled, was a pair of delicate French boots. He was accused of forgery, and by advice of counsel, pleaded guilty, with the proviso that he did not write the violated name. Being made to understand that his proviso was useless and cumbrous, he withdrew it. His case had in it some points of public interest, and behold — there was a reporter in the box. I had not seen him enter. He was not there during the previous cause, but the question of commercial fraud had brought him up, as Zamiel might have been fetched up by any other potent incantation. The young man in the well-brushed hair and faultless boots, seemed to be little more than twenty-three years old; he was a clerk in a mercantile firm, and his story was, that at a time when he was labouring under great domestic embarrassment, he found, tossing about loose in the counting-house, a blank cheque, to which there was attached, ready for future use, the signature of his employers. The temptation was too great for his weak moral sense. He filled it up, and boldly too, with no less a sum than twelve hundred pounds, and taking it to the bank, signed by the firm itself, cashed it with ease. He thought that, as the signature was genuine, no imitation of his own, he had not been guilty of forgery. The legal wrong is, however, in this case co-extensive

with the moral wrong. In the eye of the law he was a forger. His employers recommended him to mercy, because, except the loss of about a hundred pounds that he had spent in frippery, they got their money back. The crime was, however, not to be measured by the degree of the vindictive feeling it excited. The young man, therefore, was sentenced to ten years of transportation.

Another offender from the classes of the ignorant, which yield the bulk and mass of all the cases tried at the Old Bailey, was then placed at the bar. Another bandaged accuser, an old man, came into the witness-box, who, being deaf, was elevated to the Bench, that he might hear more readily the questions put to him. It was another knife case. The reporter had vanished silently, and I, weary of wretched details, also departed.

I had much more to tell, and many meditations to communicate. But it is not well or fair to speak too largely of the world, as seen from the Old Bailey point of view; one is compelled to look upon it, then, "with a sad, leaden, downward cast," not with the frank glances for which eyes were made. I will not dwell too long on the dark side of life, for it becomes me to remember, as a last wholesome meditation upon roguery, that there are thousands and thousands of houses in London wherein business of all kinds is conducted, and that in

those houses there are thousands and thousands of men honouring faithfully the trusts reposed in them — that among all those houses there is only one Old Bailey to which law-breakers are sent to trial from some half-dozen district police-courts — that among millions of people there are but a few hundred convicted criminals, and those nursed chiefly in the lap of Ignorance — bred blind. It is now many years since things were at the worst in England, and they have for a long time been mending. Every man of us, in the whole journey through life from the mother's lap, will have only his own ill mood to blame if he does not encounter friendly eyes, and feel the grasp of helping hands, and recognise a world of goodness in the men and women among whom he walks. It is a rare thing to get stung by a rascal. Of course, we may so choose our way as to be constantly envired by rascality, as in a country walk we may in mad perversity, if it so pleases us, wade through the nettles. But the country is no more a bed of nettles than town is fairly to be called a nursery of vice.

A LAST EMOTION.

CAN there possibly exist a more *blasé* and used-up being than the newspaper shorthand-writer necessarily is. Robberies with personal violence, or debates about

the budget; murders, or declarations of war; conspiracies, or diplomatic revelations; separate maintenances, or the law of divorce; — all is for him merely raw material to go to work upon. He has the *entrée* of private examinations, and he never avails himself of the privilege. The journals are not allowed to publish the scandalous details which such occasions might furnish them with, and he blesses the public sense of decency which gives him thus a day of respite. A day of respite, did I say? There is no real respite for him; he can only enjoy a change of judges, advocates, and means of torture. From the Assises he passes to the Correctional Police, where he colours the slang of a *tit*, paraphrases the discourse of a philosophic rag-picker, transforms for the amusement of chambermaids a finished vagabond into an old Austerlitz hero, and revises and corrects, with considerable additions, a cap-pulling, kerchief-tearing scene, exactly as he will embellish bye and bye the speeches of the Deputies with the most perfumed flowers of parliamentary rhetoric.

Of all shorthand-writers in the world, M. Prisetout was the most disillusionised, the most disenchanted, the most hardened. When he was in the act of exercising his functions, had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he would instantly have opened a parenthesis, and written — [*here, there falls a thunderbolt*] — without be-

ing more put out by it, than I am now. And yet, after twenty years' impassiveness and insensibility, M. Prisetout did at last experience an emotion.

When age had enfeebled the vigour of his legs, M. Prisetout went, the very day of the opening of the session, and chose a lodging not far from the Palais Bourbon; exactly like those peripatetic doctors, who quarter themselves in the neighbourhood of their patients. He hired, by the year, a bachelor's room at the top of the Rue St. Dominique, where, as he himself said, he annually went for six months to the galleys. The Peyronnets and the rest of the two-hundred and twenty-one forgive him! Our *stenographe*, on departing from each sitting, repaired to a restaurant of the Rue de Bourgogne, where he put a little order and clearness into his notes, sent them off to his journals, dined copiously, and then returned on foot to his cabin. The majority of the modest mansions of this quarter were inhabited at that time by old remnants of the French army, and particularly by those who, though riddled through and through with wounds, desired to prove that their courage did not lie in one line only, and had not even shrunk from facing matrimony during their declining days. In the house which M. Prisetout had selected, and which looked out upon the Esplanade of the Invalides, one of these brave and happy couples lived upon the

same landing-place with himself. The only room which constituted their lodging had received them as their nuptial chamber, and still served for dining-room and kitchen. On entering this tranquil retreat, the first thing you perceived was a large canopied bed in good style, and of perfectly military cleanliness. Over the double pillows there were fixed, on the right a crucifix surmounted by a branch of blessed box; on the left, a sword and a sabre of honour, crosswise. Beneath the former trophy was stuck a print of *St. Thècle*, with the history of her life and sufferings; under the second, there shone a plaster bust of the Emperor, with a crown of laurel over his little historic hat. These two emblems denoted with sufficient clearness the place which each spouse occupied in the conjugal bed. Two state chairs, one on the right, the other on the left of the bed, completed the furniture, together with a large carved wardrobe for linen, which many a budding curiosity-collector would purchase with a complete suite in mahogany.

The middle of the chamber was the dining-room, and was occupied by a handsome high-polished cistern, which shone like the lock of a regimental gun, and by an open buffet wherein plates, dishes, and a nice sculpture of pipe-clay, were carefully ranged along the shelves. On entering, you would have said they were specimens of Bern-

ard Palizzy on the *dunkerque* of a dealer in *bric-à-brac*. The dishes were to the right, the plates in the middle, and the saucers to the left, forming a very original chromatic gamut of crockery-ware. A table, on which they ate and played cards, stood in the centre of this dining-room.

The kitchen came next. A fire-place with a vast mantle-piece, a broad shovel, a strong pair of tongs, two majestic dog-irons, and a copper lamp suspended from a hooked nail, formed the subject and accessories of this *tableau d'intérieur*. Half within and half without the protecting mantle-piece were two large and deep arm-chairs — not those known as *à la Voltaire*, for they had been produced and sent into the world long before the author of *Zaire*.

The entire apartment being thus described, and the inventory drawn up at full length, the living occupants of the scene next demand our attention. The house had no porter belonging to it, and every lodger had a key of the street-door. Whenever M. Prisetout entered, he lighted his *rat* in the room of his excellent neighbours. Two knocks on the door, given in a particular way, announced his arrival. The signal had been agreed upon, to avoid disturbing this new Philemon and Baucis, who every evening, sentimentally reposing in their arm-chairs, awaited there the supper-hour. This supper was

not extravagant. Three hundred and sixty-five times in the year it consisted of a couple of herrings, which were always cooked at the same minute on a gridiron placed in the centre of the hearth. After having opened the door himself by the aid of the key, which they did not remove even on going to bed, and without even saying "How do you do?" for fear of interrupting so charming a *tête-à-tête*, M. Prisetout glided through the three chambers, separating the wicks of his slender *bougie* the least in the world; and once arrived close to the fire-place, he stretched his arm between the two venerable figure-heads, got a light at their lamp, drew his hand back cautiously, gave a double nod with his head, regained the door with wolf-like step, and then shut it after him.

The same thing happened regularly every evening. The fire shone upon the hearth; the lamp, suspended under the mantle-piece, illumined with its tempered light the silver heads of the aged couple. The two arm-chairs softly cradled their limbs, and a couple of herrings lay upon the gridiron.

When we say that nothing ever changed from day to day, we do not mean to be understood in the strictest sense of the words. Every year, when M. Prisetout was obliged to return to "the galleys," he used to send a charwoman in the morning to prepare his cabin: and at night, he always expected to find, as during

the preceding year, the perfect reproduction of the domestic scene which we have lately been describing.

The first sitting of the session of 1829 had just taken place. The cannon had announced the return of Charles X. to the Tuileries. The introductory scene of that new comedy had just been analysed with all possible care by M. Prisetout, who thought of his good neighbours as he reached his lodging. He mounted the staircase, knocked, and opened the door; every material object was in its usual place — the bed, the buffet, the lamp, the two arm-chairs, even the very gridiron itself. But, alas! — this time, one of the chairs was empty! — and on the gridiron, on the wife's side, there lay only a single herring.

Poor old lady! The *invalid's* seat was there, before her very eyes, as if for the purpose of recalling to her memory him with whom she had lived so long! The place of the second herring was also empty; for she would have considered it a sacrilege on her part to encroach upon the territory of the absent fish. These simple reflections compelled M. Prisetout to halt upon the threshold of the door. He dared not advance a step further. An extraordinary degree of emotion seized him. His knees trembled, his heart was full, his eyes grew dim, and his tears flowed as if bursting from an unexhausted fountain.

Let those who can explain all

the mysteries of the heart, and the inconsistencies of human sensibility. The unimpassionable man, who had beheld with unmoved heart and dry eyes the most terrible spectacles and the most bloody dramas, felt his tears flow at the sight of an empty armchair and a half-filled gridiron.

But, patience! You have not yet heard the whole of the story.

M. Prisetout was roused from his reflections by a noise on the staircase. He turned round, and saw behind him the old *invalid*, who held between his finger and thumb his usual supper suspended by the tail.

The first herring had unfortunately fallen into the ashes, and the *invalid* had gone downstairs to replace it with another, while M. Prisetout entered the room to light his *rat* at the lamp in the mantle-piece.

Far from being delighted with this unexpected *dénoûment*, M. Prisetout was very much annoyed at it, as if some unlucky accident had happened. He had made a wasteful expenditure of sensibility; he had thrown away at least a couple of tears; he had been regularly robbed, and he promised for the future to keep a sharper look out over his emotions. Whenever he saw a raw stenographer pitying any misfortune, or grieving over any tragic event, he said, by way of consolation, "Dry up your tears, my worthy fellow; the herring will come to life again."

FISHING FOR TUNNY.

I WENT up one Sunday, during service, to the romantic little church of Bordighera, on the Ligurian coast of Italy. The whole congregation was assembled; the women inside, the men at the door. Suddenly there arose a screaming in the distance, and all the little urchins who had been left at home in the huts were soon to be seen scampering at full speed to the church door, shouting "Matanza! Matanza!" When their cry became audible, a small bell began to tinkle from the steeple; the men, crying "Matanza!" before they had fairly risen from their knees, got up and hurried to the shore; the women ran out of the church, and the priest stopping in the middle of his mass, advanced in his clerical robes to the church door, looked abroad upon the glossy surface of the sea, and exclaimed aloud with great complacency, "Verily, a great Matanza!" Whereupon he returned to the altar, gabbled the rest of his mass rapidly to empty benches, and then followed his congregation to the beach.

Upon the beach the roar and bustle of the people was enormous. A roomy bark with high bulwarks — much larger than the usual fisher-barks — was filling rapidly with an excited crew, and in a few minutes was rowed swiftly out of the harbour into the bay. A little navy of small boats loaded with people fol-

lowed it. There was a stout, sun-burnt man at work upon the shore, who held in his hand an iron pole strung with counters, one of which he gave to each fisherman as he embarked. Utterly ignorant of the meaning of the hubbub, I shouted "Matanza!" lustily with all the rest, and jumped on board one of the boats.

"But," said I to a fisherman, as we were skimming through the harbour, "who is Matanza?"

The fisherman thought that I was half-witted to be forty years old and not to know what the Matanza was.

"Do you see yonder bark?"

"The fisher-boat with the little red flag at the top; yes."

"The little red flag, Sir, is the whole thing. That is all we see. That is the watch-boat of the Mandrague."

"But I do not know what the Mandrague is."

The fisherman looked contemptuously at me, and explained that it was the great Tunny fish-net, spread in the bay.

"That must be a very great net," I observed, "if we have all set out to haul it." In reply I was informed by the fishermen that their Mandrague was more than a mile square, made of strong ropes, and fastened by anchors. There was only one other like it on the Ligurian coast, and that had been set up near Albergo. On the coasts of Sardinia and Sicily, where there is much tunny caught, there are many Man-

drigues. They are costly things. That of St. Hospice, towards which we were rowing, is fastened to the rocky bottom of the sea by nineteen heavy ship anchors, nevertheless violent under-currents or storms often rend off large pieces of the net, or so entangle it that it requires the hard labour of weeks to restore it into proper trim. A rate amounting to several thousand francs is paid to Government for the privilege of erecting such a net, while the repairs and refittings cost thousands of francs, and even the cost of setting in and hauling out entails an annual expense of some few thousands of francs more. The little fleet of boats with all their implements has to be kept in order; watchmen have to be paid, and there is a salary due to the head fisherman by whom all the operations are directed, who is generalissimo and commander of the forces in the war of extermination waged upon the fishes in those seas. The establishment of a Mandrague, therefore, is a financial speculation of considerable magnitude, the result of which is very much in the nature of a lottery. In one year rich prizes fall into the net, in another year there is a run of blanks. I quite believe that the Italians of the coast might acquire some means of prognosticating the movements of the fish; but, except the general observation that the fish come more to the coast in those years which are remarkable also for

the abounding of cockchafers, they have taken no pains to think at all upon the subject. When they starve for want of fish, they live upon the philosophical reflection—Patience! Perhaps we shall have better luck next time.

If I may be allowed to wander for a minute from the subject of the tunny fishery, I should like to observe, that in the course of my travelling through Italy, I acquired a complete hatred of that word patience, as it is there eternally abused into a pious mask for laziness of mind. In the neighbourhood of St. Hospice, near Beaulieu, the olive trees had been affected for twelve years with “the black disease,” and during all that time had borne no fruit. The trunks of trees so diseased look as though they had been bestrewn with charcoal powder, the branches seem to be drenched in soot, and the under surface of each leaf is covered with a smooth powder that causes it to resemble a leaf cut out of black velvet. The disease is, of course, caused by the spreading of a parasitic fungus; and, in that instance, must have been doubly a disaster to the people, inasmuch as the olive was, in that district, the only useful product of the soil. “Have you not attempted any cure?” I asked of a proprietor who had been ruined by this blight. “What if you were to besmear the trees thickly with quick-lime to break down all the rotten boughs, and burn the diseased leaves?” “Ah,

Signor," said the poor man, poor in heart as in pocket, "that would cost much labour. We must have patience; better days may come. We must be patient, Signor."

I was taken one day into the garden of a neighbour, and shown the millions of caterpillars that were eating his artichokes — they were the caterpillars of The Painted Lady — and the field was separated only by a dry ditch from another, still healthy and in full growth. "My friend," I said to the careworn proprietor, "I would advise you to prevent this plague from spreading. You should lose no time in pumping the ditch full of water; and you should throw down, or do what will be more effectual, tear up by the root, all these damaged artichokes and burn them to ashes on large piles of wood. After that, I would recommend you to turn into the field a dozen hungry ducks to eat up the remaining insects." "Ah, Sir," said the man, "to fill the ditch with water I must hire three men. As to the tearing up of the plants, the buying or the borrowing of twelve ducks — holy Maria, what a notion! No, Sir, patience is what we must have; we must have patience." In the evening, the good peasant paid a handsome price to the priest and caused mass to be read against the caterpillars. A week afterwards, they had spread over the sound field, and were devouring it unhindered.

Now I come back to the Matanza, and the Mandrague, or, as

they call it on the southern coast, Tonnaro.

I suggested to the fishermen with whom I rowed, that I supposed the watch-boat with the red flag, out in the bay, to be stationed over the Mandrague. They said, yes; and explained that the business was managed somewhat in this way: — the great net was so contrived as to present a wide mouth open towards the sea, into which fishes might swim unsuspectingly: once in, they would swim forward, and if they went aside, be guided forward by the sides of the Mandrague into a large square chamber of net at the end of it, called the death chamber, open only on the side by which the tunnies and the other fishes, caught, of course, incidentally in the same way, enter it. Over that part of the net the watch-boat is stationed, in which a few fishermen are employed to look down into the water, from early in the morning until late at night. They lean forward, protected against the distractions of the upper daylight by a dark cloth thrown over the head and body of each watcher, which hangs down to the surface of the water; a little oil also, sprinkled upon the surface, keeps the water smooth, and further assists in enabling the men to obtain a clear view down into the depths of the transparent sea. As soon as fishes worth a haul are seen to come into the death chamber, these men pull up a net, which is

so placed as to rise like a sliding panel, and make the net-work complete on all sides of the cube, from which the Matanza (the draught of fish on a large scale) has to be taken; on all sides except, of course, the top, which is bounded by the upper air. A signal is then made by flag to the people in the village to come out and haul. A white flag summons only seventeen men, the smallest number by which the net can be lifted; a blue flag calls double the number; and a red flag summons as many as can come; it denotes a very large draught and calls all hands to the ropes. We had been summoned by the red flag, and were all duly excited.

Every man had a personal interest in the adventure. Each fisherman would receive in return for his counter, in addition to hard money, a share of the intestines, hearts, gills, and necks of the fishes for his own consumption. The priest would get the belly — the choice part of a tunny — if the draught were large, perhaps even a whole fish. "And," said a fisherman to me, "Father Benatto, the owner of the Mandrague this year, is no niggard, and not particular to the exact cut of the knife, that we should get no bit better than our due." We were all, therefore, pulling with good will towards the watch-boat.

The tunny, for whom the huge trap had been set, need not be here described in any detail. It is an uncouth fish, a little in the

form of a perch, and belonging to the mackerel tribe. It attains a length of nearly five feet, and then continues to grow, not in length, but in thickness, so that as its bulk increases it becomes more and more unwieldy. It is a fish of prey, and is itself preyed upon by sharks and dolphins. The choice parts of its flesh are greatly prized. For my own part, I would as gladly eat tough cow meat as the finest bit of tunny. In the net the tunny fish behaves like a gentleman, and rarely conducts himself in an unseemly manner. "There would be no need of ropes," the head fisherman told me, "if we caught nothing but tunny; spiders' web would hold them tight enough, for when they see resistance to escape they swim only round and round the net, as if they must needs go out through a door in a decorous manner. But there are the sharks. They are abominably stupid. A shark last year broke through the meshes, like a burglar as he was, robbed us of eighteen yards of net, and dragged away an anchor that it took us three days to recover. Dolphins we seldom catch, they are so clever that you would think they could smell the net at a thousand yards distance. Now and then one will forget himself in the heat of his chase after a tunny; but, when he does get into our death chamber, he examines coolly every mesh, and if he finds a damaged rope, or a place where the net is somewhat

thinner or weaker than elsewhere, he makes a dash at it with his whole body, beats his way through, and escapes. So far as he is himself concerned we can afford to let him go. His flesh is bad, and he is useful to us when he has his liberty, for he will often hunt a tunny into the Mandrague."

We formed our little fleet of boats into two lines, so that we had the submerged death-chamber between us. One boat with high bulwarks took on board and held fast one end of the net while the men in a similar boat, stationed at some distance, began hauling at the other end, and bringing the caged fishes nearer and nearer to the surface. We in the two rows of boats, holding the parallel edges of the Mandrague, had also begun hauling together at the word of command, and could see as the prison became shallower — at first only (I speak for myself) the purple deep, with a few indistinct shadows flitting in silent confusion through one another, while the imprisoned bonitos and the flying-fish were already tumbling and capering on the surface, leaping out of the water, and falling sometimes back into the prison, sometimes on board a boat, and sometimes, happily, over the edge of the net into the free waters of the open sea.

I have often been amused by the bonitos, and must look aside to tell an anecdote about them in the middle of my hauling. A

great uproar, which sounded like the breaking out of a revolution among the seagulls, called me lately to my window, which commands a view of the Bay of Nice, as far as the lighthouse of Notre Dame de la Garde. There was a heavy swarm of seagulls scratching and fluttering about a certain spot in the water, which seemed to be boiling up and darting silver rays against the birds. By the help of my glass I perceived that the uproar was occasioned by a tremendous battle that was being fought between fish and fowl, between the seagulls and an army of bonitos. The fishes were too large for the birds, who did their best with beak and claw, frequently darting down from a height upon the faces of the enemy, while the bonitos, leaping up out of the water, struck at the aggressors with their tails. The sea was boiling and foaming on the scene of contest, which was ended only by the people on the shore, who supplied — rather stupidly, as I thought — a new shoal of combatants. The fishermen went out with a net to catch the bonitos, and some sportsmen put out in boats to have a few shots at the gulls. The birds however fled away, before a shot could touch them, with a doleful screeching; and the fishermen caught only a few sandelles.

I go on now with the account of my own fishing. The bonitos were the first things caught out of our death chamber. When

they came to the surface they were picked by hand out of the water, or drawn out with hand nets, and thrown into the boats. As the bottom of the net continued to be lifted, and the prison became shallower, the high back-fins and the upper points of the tail-fins of the large tunnies became visible. The tunnies were then circling rapidly along the sides of their cage. When the bottom of the Mandrague had been raised to within one foot of the surface, the meshes were fastened to pins on the edges of the high boats, and the hands were released from the work of hauling. Then for the first time the tunnies became hasty in their movements, hurled themselves into the air, beat their tails, and bespattered copiously their enemies, who were all busily endeavouring to seize them by the breast fins, the tail, and more particularly by the throat, for the purpose of dragging them alive on board the boats. The boats quivered under the struggle between men, and fishes not much smaller than the men. There were about thirty tunnies in the net, some of them more than five feet long. The fishermen screamed and clamoured; casting aside their caps and jackets, they pulled up their sleeves, and flung themselves pell-mell upon their prey. The entrails of each fish belonged to him who first laid hold of it, and so there was begotten a fierce intestine war. No blood had yet

flowed. The tunny yields a choice meat, and must not be hacked about or injured in the catching. One man running to the aid of another, each fish was dragged on board a boat, by main force, unwounded. The tunny has extremely spacious gills which soon dry when in contact with the air; so that when once taken on board, the animal is quickly suffocated. His death-struggle is, however, shortened by a common pocket-knife. The fishes having all been taken, the Mandrague was lowered and again adjusted, the men in the watch-boat struck the red flag, and resumed their office. The fisher-boats at the same time returned to shore as if there were a silver cup to be adjudged to the first whose keel should grate upon the beach.

Upon the beach there was assembled the whole population of the place that was not bedridden. The priest was there with folded arms, on the look out for his belly. The women were there with their tubs. The patron of the Mandrague was there also with a heavy bag of copper coin ready to pay the fishermen. Each fisherman on delivery of his counter received the few halfpence that constitute the wages of his day's labour. The fishes were then all turned out into the shallow water on the shore and eviscerated. The emptied body of each tunny was then cleaned and thrown into the boat by which it was to be taken to

the market. When the draught is small, and the fish weigh less than a hundredweight, women carry the produce of the fishery to market on their heads in baskets. They carry it six miles along a rough and stony road round the bay of Villafranca for the payment of about a halfpence a load.

Fresh tunny is cut into pieces and sold by the pound to the people of Nice and its environs, like other meat in butchers' shops. It is most delicate when pickled. For that purpose the brawny parts are especially valued, and pieces of the belly — which form the most delicate part of the pickled or marinated tunny — are preserved in Provence oil, and sent all over the world in long-necked bottles. The back and tail, which are in least esteem, are salted and eaten by the common people, as we eat salt herring.

The day's fishing just described wanted the animation sometimes given to the employment by a chance shark or dolphin in the net. One evening, surprised by storm, I took shelter in a little village in the neighbourhood and slept there. At dawn I was aroused by the cries of "Matanza!" and soon found my way into a boat. We went out on that occasion to a small draught, with only seventeen men. The watchmen told us, when we reached their boat, that an enormous shark was in the net, scaring away the tunnies that

approached it. The nuisance, therefore, had to be removed. As we lifted up the net, I noticed how cautiously the men put their fingers to the meshes as the outline of a great hammer-headed shark, fourteen feet long, became visible. As the water about him became shallow, the monster stirred up into fury flung himself on his back, opened his mouth to the full width, and showed his handsome pair of jaws. The lashings of his tail caused the boats to totter, and the foam flew about us so that sometimes, as we heard afterwards, we were invisible to the people on the shore, being, as it were, enveloped in a cloud. The creature's tail knocked off the hat of a man standing near me and shot it far away into the sea; a little lower, and he would have had his ears boxed very seriously. With much trouble we succeeded in slinging a rope round the shark's neck, and with our united efforts hauled him up into the main boat. The head fisherman then thrust a pocket-knife into his heart, and the blood flowed as from a slaughtered ox. In his last struggle his tail struck one of the oar benches and sent it up quivering into the sky. Inspection after death disclosed the existence in the shark's stomach of a young dolphin about as thick as a man's thigh, divided by clean bites into three pieces and half-digested.

THE LEGEND OF BUCHAREST.

ONCE upon a time there lived, in one of the seaport towns of Bulgaria, an Armenian merchant, celebrated for his riches in lands, houses, brilliant stuffs, and precious stones — but more celebrated still for the possession of a beautiful daughter, whose name was Guzla, known among the youths and maidens as the Star of the East. Her fame, from a very early age, spread throughout the country, and she had more suitors for her hand than Penelope of old. It is said even, that a Moslem prince offered to abjure his religion for her sake; but, as she is supposed to have lived before the time of Mahommed, we may question the truth of this tradition. Her father, Boukor, often talked of marrying her to some noble person of whom he could approve, and was delighted to count up the number of times he had been able to refuse what the world called advantageous offers; but, as refusal succeeded refusal, the public began to think that he had no mind to settle her after all. However, Guzla at length determined to choose for herself; and one night, when the winds blew and the dogs howled as if there were spirits in the air, she and Young Severin fled away into the storm.

Boukor grieved for his loss with the bitterness of aged grief; and, turning on himself, heaped reproaches upon his own head for

his selfishness. Why had he not detected earlier what was passing in the mind of his gentle-spirited daughter? Why had he not understood the reason that had paled her cheek and made her eyes downcast? Why had he not guessed her thoughts of love, and won from her a confession by kind words? These questions came too late; but he determined to do what he should have done at first — namely, endeavour to overtake the young fugitive, and bring her back to her nest. The difficulty was to know in what direction she had fled. No neighbour could give him any information.

The old man was waiting, perhaps, for a revelation, when the neighing of a colt from the stable came to his ear. Kebir was complaining of the absence of its dam, Zarah. The truth now was manifest. Guzla had taken her father's favourite mare to bear her on her love-journey. She was most probably by this time far away; "but by St. Pacomo," so swore the old gentleman — "it would have been wiser for her and her lover not to have separated two parents from two children. The deserted infant shall aid the vengeance of the deserted father." The vengeance? Yes, old Boukor was making terrible vows in his own mind, and revelled in anticipated slaughter.

Boukor called his head-clerk, committed to him the management of his affairs, filled his purse with

money, and mounted a good horse, not inferior to the stolen Zarah. This done, he gave orders to drive the colt out of the stables. What he expected came to pass. Kebir, after frisking about a little, began to snuff the air and paw the ground, and then, with flashing eyes, and ears thrown back, away he went towards the north. Boukor was after him in a moment; and, though at first left far behind, soon gained ground, and came up with the colt, which still continued its pursuit.

In this way they travelled five long days, during which they halted occasionally, beneath the shadow of trees, on the green grass, to rest and sleep. The colt took the management of these halts, and if its tired master prolonged them overmuch, reminded him of his duty by an anxious neigh. At length, the poor little animal's strength began to fail. Instead of galloping or trotting, it crept slowly along, pausing every now and then to look wistfully from the blue horizon to the face of the aged Boukor. On the sixth day it could scarcely move, and at last lay down to die. The merchant mourned over it, and, picking hunches of moist grass, endeavoured to make it munch them; but it would not. Then he went a little apart to fetch water from a spring, and beheld a sight that filled him with emotion. A group of wild horses was careering through the wilderness, and passed near the prostrate colt. They seemed in a hurry;

but yet a mare observed the fainting thing, and, detaching herself, came and offered it suck. Kebir accepted gratefully, and, when he was satisfied, leaned his nostrils against the nostrils of the mare, as if to kiss her or confide his sorrow. They communed for a moment; but then the stranger beat the earth with her feet, and went away to her old companions, which were careering impatiently to and fro in the distance. They had soon disappeared.

Thus refreshed Kebir went cheerfully along, still in the same direction, until he led Boukor to the borders of the Danube. Here, having stretched out his neck over the waters, he lay down to rest; and, evening drawing near, the merchant, seeking the shelter of a tree, was glad to sleep away his fatigues. In the morning he awoke. His trusty steed was still by his side; but Kebir — unfaithful Kebir! — had disappeared.

Boukor mourned the loss of his guide and companion bitterly. He examined carefully the banks of the river, but could find no trace of footsteps. Evidently Kebir had breasted the current, and had been punished by death for his ingratitude. The stream was broad, so that scarcely the opposite bank could be descried. How could a colt, enfeebled by fatigue, cross a current which no war-horse could breast?

It seemed now impossible to continue the pursuit with any chance of success. Yet how was

it possible to abandon all hope of again seeing the truant Guzla? Whilst it seemed certain that she would be found, Boukor had cheated himself into the belief that he was in a most ferocious state of mind, that his pursuit was undertaken for purposes of slaughter. But now that the clue was broken, he was obliged to confess that all his terrible resolves were feigned, and that his furious ride was undertaken once more to kiss his Guzla on the temples, and to scold her with tears for her disobedience. So he sat with trembling lip on the dreary banks of the Danube.

A fisherman approached, and, seeing this man of sorrow, asked whence he came and what ailed him. Boukor gladly related his history. The fisherman, having listened attentively, advised him to continue his pursuit.

"But how traverse that mighty river, and who henceforward will guide me?"

"I have a boat. Let us cross: and I will be your companion."

They crossed in safety, and penetrated together into the country beyond. The land was marvellously fertile, the air pure, the hills and valleys beautiful. But no inhabitants showed themselves. It seemed as if they had discovered a new world. Boukor went on admiring, until he came to the borders of a river that watered a paradise of mountains, plains, and woods.

"What is the name of this river?" said he.

"The Dimbowrtza," replied the fisherman.

The merchant was pleased with the aspect of the place, and proposed that they should rest awhile. As he spoke he perceived a little hut amongst the trees; and the two together proceeded towards it. A trampling and brushing of boughs on one hand attracted their attention; and suddenly Zarah, followed by her colt, Kebir, came bounding towards them!

It was certain now that Severin and Guzla could not be far off. Boukor bade his guide proceed towards the hut, whilst he scoured the plain in the direction from which the mare and its colt had come. He did so in vain; and, after several hours, found himself once more alone, lost in the wilderness. This time he gave himself up to despair, and, throwing himself upon the ground, wept. As he lay he heard footsteps approaching, and presently this dialogue fell on his ears.

"Come under the boughs, love; the man admits that his companion is from the south. If it should be he we are lost."

"Nay, I hope it be not: and yet if it were —"

"He would slay us both."

"Perhaps he has already pardoned us."

"The aged are hasty, and strike before they think."

"But sometimes they kiss before they strike."

"Guzla, shall we return to the hut?"

"Nay! if he should not pardon thee? Let us fly, Severin."

The old man started to his feet. The first movement of the lovers was to press together, as if for mutual protection; and then they rushed into the old man's embrace, and mingled their tears of repentance with his tears of pardon. It is sweet to be forgiven; but it is sweeter still to forgive. The old man spent the pleasantest hour of his life, as he strolled, with Guzla on one side and Severin on the other — each supporting his footsteps — back through the woods and glades, towards the hut, where the good fisherman awaited their return.

The happy family spent some time together on that spot, but at length the fisherman wished to go back to his boat. "Nay," said Boukor, "let us not separate. I will found a city in this beautiful place, and spend my wealth in adorning it." So he brought all his fortune thither, and collected workmen from the surrounding countries, and they built a city, and called it Boukor Aske — the City of Boukor — and it is known even unto this day by the corrupted name of Boukarest, and has become the capital of Wallachia.

COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

If there be any moment in all the four-and-twenty hours of the nightless days of summer sol-

stice, in which the traffic and turmoil of this mighty city of London may be said to cease — at which that turbulent stream, which is never quite run out, might seem to linger for the turn of flood — perhaps it would be found on the dial, not very far from the hour of two ante meridian. There is an interval of comparative stillness about that time, which any patient disciple of Bacon standing with watch in hand, might mark to a nicety. It is neither perfect silence nor intelligible sound. It is the momentary rest in the grand symphony of life, which, before the chords have ceased to vibrate, will gradually break again into the crash and rush of instruments.

Since the clocks struck two, I have walked through a full mile of streets where, in the day-time, I am jostled, elbowed, and bewildered by a noisy crowd, and have found them all deserted; for I do not count policemen for anything: nor an occasional proprietor of a breakfast stall going loaded to his stand; nor an Irish family sleeping on the church steps of Saint Andrew's, Holborn; nor a jolly angler whom I met trudging along an hour before daybreak, with rod and basket; nor a row of scavengers sweeping the wood pavement; nor the only cabman on the stand, dozing on his box, with chin sunk in his coat collar. All these, if I were about to compose, in imitation of the writers of the last century,

"A City Night Piece," I might use from their association with the "small hours" of morning, to prepare the mind of the reader for a picture of solitude and silence. Nor would I hold the drunken man, whom I encountered "tacking" in Middle Row — and with whom I came in collision, in spite of a careful attempt to adapt my steering to his — to be less suggestive of the hour. But Lincoln's Inn Fields should be my culminating point. There is no sign of life there: not a glimmer of light at any attic window: not one policeman: not a sound but my own footsteps and the rustle of leaves in the great enclosure.

Great Queen Street, too, is silent; but I hear a noise, like the tic tac of a water-wheel, from a waggon crawling up Drury Lane, and confused sounds of carts and men greet my ear in Long Acre. A slow movement has already broken out in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden Market. Rows of carts and vans and costermongers' barrows are beginning to form in the middle of the roadway in Bow Street. Lights are in the upper windows of public-houses — not of inhabitants retiring to rest, but of active proprietors preparing already for the new day. Files of horses, jingling chains at their heels, go down to stables in back streets. Women and men with hampers hurry on, all in one direction. The early bird is not awake yet, nor, perhaps, is the worm, but the preparations for the great market-day are already begun, and my friend Mr. Trench is at his post.

At his post! Mr. Trench's waggons have been here since midnight. Speculators have been already negotiating with him for the purchase of whole loads of cabbages for Spitalfields and the Borough Markets. Capitalists who buy vegetables as a stock-jobber will buy scrip, have been tempting him before daylight with offers to take upon themselves the risk of a fall in the market, by buying the whole of his stock at once: but he judges it better to hold it for the regular dealers. Many waggons, filled too high to go through Temple Bar, have been already sold in this way; their horses that had gone down to the stables for a quiet night, turned out and harnessed again to take their load away without "breaking bulk": but the gaps they have left have been filled up again, and more waggons are coming in from every side. The roadway is already blocked up, and the by-streets are rapidly filling. Light vans are unloading in order to hasten home and to fill again. Florists' carts are setting down their pots in every nook and corner; and pavement and kerb and gutter blossom with balsams and geraniums. Work will begin in earnest at daybreak.

Four hundred years ago, before the battle between Town and Country gave any token of ever

reaching as far west as this; when the struggle was so slow and spiritless, that kings and queens had not yet deemed it necessary to espouse the country cause, and endeavour by solemn Acts of Parliament to check the alarming increase of houses in this city, and restrain the number of the inhabitants thereof within reasonable bounds, this spot was already famous for kitchen vegetables — not, indeed, as the market where they were sold, but as a garden where they grew. Sturdy monks, who were the only cultivators of vegetables in those troublous times, doffed their gowns, and dug the ground, and planted here in their own rude way, radishes, skirrel, pompions, cabbages, and such things for the use of the Abbot and Convent of Westminster; whence this place was known as Convent Garden, or in French from the time of the Normans, Couvent Garden. But the monks were not allowed to enjoy their garden long after that. A terrible storm swept them, with all their costumes and properties, from the face of the land. The Crown took possession of the monks' garden, and afterwards gave it to the Duke of Somerset. The duke himself fell into trouble five years after, and Edward the Sixth revoked his gift and gave it to the Bedford family, who have kept it ever since. The new possessor built immediately a house upon his own ground; a modest wooden edifice beside the Strand, from the back windows

of which he looked across meadows to a long shady avenue of trees, called St. Martin's Lane.

About this time, our kitchen vegetables, which had so fallen into disuse in the times of the wars as to be almost totally unknown, began to come again into fashion. Peas and cabbages, grown stale and withered in a long sea voyage, fetched extravagant prices; until men sent abroad for roots and seeds no longer to be found in England, and began to plant them near London. "Master Samuel Hartlib," to whom Milton addresses his gigantic scheme of education, knew some old men (he says) in his time, who recollected the first gardener who came into Surrey to plant cabbages and cauliflowers, and to grow turnips, carrots, parsnips, and early ripe peas, all of which were great wonders then. These earliest of market gardeners looked about for certain convenient spots in London and Westminster, where they might be allowed to stand and sell their produce unmolested. A small space, just under the Duke's garden-wall, at the back of the new mansion, was one of these places; and thither the buyers, finding out on what days of the week they would be sure to find them there, soon began to come.

Covent Garden Market, like the English constitution, was not founded in a day. Many markets with spacious accommodation for

any kind of trade have been planned and built; first stones have been laid and silver trowels wielded by lily hands; solemn grants of charters have been obtained; grand banquets and inaugural processions have proclaimed to the world, amid the beating of drums, that the great market was open. But the public will not come to a market, be it ever so grand. The market must come to them; consequently, the passages of these architectural marts sometimes fall into the hands of mangling-women, and cobblers, and working cabinet-makers. Lenders of trucks, and removers of goods in town and country, retailers of coals and greens, reside in their shops — “a world too wide” for them to hope to make a show there with their slender stock. Their pumps have been turned to alien uses: their great, half-finished public-houses, which were to do a roaring business for ever after the grand inauguration, have dwindled into wretched beershops; their “Bye-laws of this Market” have become a mockery and a bye-word. Not one of them has flourished like this Covent Garden; the monarch of green markets, whose inaugurator was the first market-gardener who approved of the spot, and set his burden down against the wall.

Soon after this, the proprietor of the land, not caring particularly about the rural prospect from his back windows, de-

termined to build a church, and a grand square with a colonnade around it, in the Italian fashion, to be called the Piazza — not the colonnade which has now monopolised the name, but the square itself — that word signifying, in the Italian tongue, an open place or square. For this purpose, he consulted Inigo Jones, who drew the designs. The church and the square were built soon after; although the colonnade was only finished on two sides. This was then the only square in London, and was considered the very headquarters of fashion. Noble and wealthy families dwelt under the colonnade, and in mansions round about. Idlers of high degree of both sexes flocked thither; playwrights laid their scenes of intrigue and humour there; every comedy of town life had allusions to the Piazza; and so deeply had that word impressed itself on the minds of the parish authorities, that for nearly a century, as the church registers will show, all children found in the neighbourhood were christened John, or James, or Mary Piazza.

Meanwhile nobody noticed the progress of the obscure little market, behind the Duke's wall. No hardy gardener had dared to carry his wares into the haunt of fashion. Cabbages or onions had not yet been brought between the wind and their nobility. But, one day, the modest wooden edifice was pulled down; the brick wall was demolished, and surveyors with haughty contempt for vested

interests began coolly to lay down plans for new streets upon the very ground of the vegetable market. The market gardeners were driven back into the very centre of the great square, where they turned and made a stand, and compelled the idlers to idle elsewhere. The wealthy and noble families fled farther west, never to return, leaving their houses to vintners, coffee-house keepers, actors, and artists. The triumph of the market was complete. There were, indeed, lovers of the sublime and beautiful who grieved still over the desecration of the once fashionable Piazza—"a magnificent square," says Maitland, a hundred years ago, "wherein (to its great disgrace) is kept a herb and fruit market, two charity schools, one meeting-house, a parish workhouse, a cold bath, and a playhouse." Very offensive, indeed, to a poetical eye! Nevertheless, the artists were content to dwell here. Under the colonnade, Sir James Thornhill kept his school for artists, and in his house immortal Hogarth (that terrible moralist) painted and exhibited gratis his *Marriage à la Mode*. Somewhere in the square lived bearish Wilton, and money-getting Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, great in the portraiture of bâtons and flowing periwigs; besides Zoffany, the actors' portrait-painter, and Lankrink, and Closserman, and a host of others less known to fame. The charity schools are gone. So are the

meeting-house, and the work-house. The playhouse has turned its back upon the place. The cold bath is not what it was; but the market, after being winked at in all its encroachments for a couple of centuries, has been finally recognised.

Daylight has come on since I have been musing here. The dissipated coffee-house down the street, whose painted blind is drawn up all awry, has just turned out its last customer, and shut the door. Objects at a distance are growing more and more distinct, and now a man with a ladder hurries on from lamp to lamp and puts the lights out. The illuminated clock of St. Paul's, Covent Garden waxes pale, and strikes three. Proprietors of waggons, who have been sleeping in public-houses and coffee-houses, in order to be in time for business, are out: the crowd, the bustle, the hum of Saturday morning have begun. "Business never stops here," says an old man at my elbow. "T aint only the three regular market days, but every day, from morning till night — come when you will, something's adoing." From all the five inlets to the great square — choked to the throats with every description of thing that goes on wheels — costermongers with baskets, porters in knee-breeches, "hagglers," fruiterers, greengrocers, eating-house keepers, salesmen, and carters swell the restless multitude. They invest the

building on all sides; they duck and bob under upturned shafts; they pour in, denser still, through narrow passages, and circulate in the maze of stalls within. Fruit-sellers, perched upon boxes, empty out their cornucopias on the crowd below. Sacks of peas and potatoes glide down from waggon tails upon the backs of porters, who grapple their burdens with hooks of steel, and plunge with them into the crowd. I see crews of boarders who dash into waggons and cast their cargoes overboard; men who clamber to the summits of towers of cabbages and begin to level them to the shafts; gangs — whom the crazy Spanish knight would at once have taken for robbers plundering a caravan — sacking spring-carts; wholesale buyers who commit tremendous ravages in the ranks of flower-pots; amazons in drab great-coats with metal buttons, and flattened bonnets, who lay violent hands upon hampers; brawny giants straining and bending under deal cases. How they swarm and jostle each other! How they dive into and cleave a way through the multitude, regardless of every man's business but their own! "Now then! travel on" is the cry. What is this tall wicker column, like that terrible Saxon idol which the priests were wont to cram with living people and set fire to? This way it comes: four feet ten of human thigh and muscle and fifteen feet perpendicular of circular baskets fitted one upon the other. Gone! and the furrow in its wake closed up in an instant. Hold, my friend Hindbad, with the one eye! Not Argus himself might hope to carry those fuchsias through this mob, without loss or damage to their delicate, pendent bells of crimson and purple: and wilt thou think to guide them scatheless, and to run too, O less happy than the Cyclops whose solitary organ of vision is conveniently placed in the precise middle of his forehead? Yes, he does hope to do it, and will do it; more dexterous than that waiter from the coffee-house near by, whose spoons rattle in his cups as the crowd buffet him here and there; whose saucers are flooded with coffee; whose white bread and butter has become a brown sop. He rears his tray aloft, and tries to balance it on the tips of the fingers of one hand, and vents angry words upon the crowd that heeds him not. Look at this grizzly black man with the strawberry-pottles under his arm. Easily he gets along, grinning with his rows of ivory teeth, because the sellers from their little fortified citadels call him Uncle Tom. Not a single one will he lose of those large "toppers," blushing under the dark-green leaves. Also at this cheerful old man, who has walked all the way from Croydon this morning, with a sweet-smelling basket of white flowers which he calls "double rocket," and all (as he tells me afterwards) for the sake of earn-

ing half-a-crown, less tenpence market fees for his stand under the church. Also at the thin young widow woman in a short gown, and with a baby under her shawl, who has come to lay out her miserable capital in some sort of vegetable stock to sell again—nearly all coppers—which she holds screwed up in paper in her hand. She wins her way along by meekly begging them “to mind her little ‘un”—strong in her weakness. Not like that Irish giant, whom I saw just now pitch down and damage a load of cauliflowers, because the owner haggled about the portorage, and who now essays to force a passage through the crowd, by turning his sacks of peas crosswise, and knocking people down with them. A watchful officer of the market stops him, and warns him to carry his wares according to established rule; whereon the Irish giant is fain to apologise and is absolved.

Thinner and less bustling is the crowd under the Piazza; as, in obedience to custom, we are compelled to call it. Hawkers of account-books, dog-collars, whips, chains, curry-combs, pastry, money-bags, braces, tissue-paper for the tops of strawberry-pottles, and horse-chestnut leaves for the garnishing of fruit stalls; coffee stalls, and stalls of pea-soup and pickled eels; basket-makers; women making up nosebags; girls splitting huge bundles of water-cress into innumerable little bunches; and

men who write with their toes, possess the Piazza from Great Russell Street to the entrance to the underground saloon of the superior Vocal Entertainment. The poor, light-haired, sunburnt young man with the broken boots and dusty appearance, whom I saw before daylight, sleeping with his stick and bundle in a blue handkerchief in the midst of the market, has been driven from his refuge, and has flung himself down upon the stone pavement here and gone to sleep again. Before, he had for neighbours a thickset, sturdy-looking beggar, with a black beard of three weeks' growth, and a pale, dirty gent, who sat back to back upon a heap of baskets, and dozed and nodded with their hands in their pockets: fondly trusting to a tradition of other times, that here the unfortunate might find a sure sleeping-place, without fear of disturbance. They too must have been driven out; but I don't find them here. I think I saw the beggar slinking down Tavistock Street in the direction of the Adelphi dark arches some time ago; but the gent is gone I know not whither—perhaps to wander about the great squares further west—feeling himself very much like Cain or the wandering Jew. The sunburnt young man is too fast asleep to hear anything of the noise about him, or to heed the row of water-cress girls; one of whom stops now and then from her task to tickle his ear with the point of a rush. I fancy

he is dreaming of having enlisted in the army; being on a long march somewhere, and feeling very foot-sore, and anxious for the word to halt. Police inspector with the narrow waist and padded bosom looks at him and kindly passes on.

The clock of Saint Paul's, Covent Garden, is striking four; as, mindful of my appointment with the Clerk of the Market, I mount the granite staircase, towards the famed conservatories on the roof. That gentleman is in his little counting-house, giving an audience to a few old Irish women, all anxious to obtain a badge and number qualifying them to act as porters in the Market. One shilling and sixpence they have to pay for this, not as a fee, but by way of deposit, to be returned to them when the badge is given up. "When we have got this, and satisfied ourselves that they have given a true address," says the Clerk of the Market, "we have some hold upon them. No one will trust them with goods without seeing a badge. There are some hanging about the market now unable to obtain a job, because they have left their badges as a deposit for drink at some public-house or beer-shop. We can't prevent that."

I am conducted higher up the granite staircase to the roof; whence, leaning on the stone balustrade, we (I and the clerk) contemplate calmly the bustling crowd beneath. This side (the

eastern) is called the Essex side, to our right is the Surrey side; the waggons from those parts stopping always at the nearest point. The crowd is busier here than at any other part. "But not so much confusion as there used to be," says my companion. "We compel the waggons in the markets, as well as the carts in the adjoining streets, to keep a passage clear, as you see, on each side of the roadway. A few years ago they would block up the way entirely, and dealers were often afraid to venture in far, lest they should be compelled to wait until the market was nearly over, to get released. For this reason, some would buy of the nearest waggons without troubling themselves to go further. When the buyers complained, and we proposed to introduce a better system, many of the sellers opposed it. They had a notion that the difficulty of circulation 'made good for trade' in some way. But I think they are beginning to be convinced now of the contrary."

"An old story, and very like an allegory in the history of two certain great political parties."

My conductor catches my sneering, and smiles. "As to Free Trade," he says, "it is a mere habit with our market gardeners to grumble at it. Perhaps it may hurt them a little in the bringing of early supplies. Our people don't get now such extravagant prices for the first lots sent to market; but these high

prices were never paid for any great quantities. For the rest, business is better for all parties than it used to be. Now, we have fruits and vegetables from all parts of the world. Peas, and asparagus, and new potatoes not only from the South of France, but from Belgium, Holland, Portugal (though only a few years ago the English residents there had to send to England for their supplies), and the Bermudas: wherever, in short, they can grow them, if the distance or means of transit will allow them to be in time for the early markets. Speculators buy these alongside the steam-vessels at Blackwall or Southampton, and bring them to market here. Our railways, too, bring us tons from localities where people never dreamt of supplying the London market. Years ago we talked of Deptford onions and Battersea cabbages, Mortlake asparagus, Chelsea celery, and Charlton peas. So we do now; but immense quantities come to us from Cornwall and Devonshire, the Isle of Man, Guernsey and Jersey, the Kentish and Essex banks of the Thames, the banks of the Humber, the Mersey, the Orwell, the Trent, and the Ouse. The Scilly isles, which are almost totally cultivated as market gardens, and produce excellent articles, and always very early, used to send their supplies no further than Cornwall, and barter them for what goods they wanted. Now, the Cornish people grow

for themselves and London too; and the Scilly isles find it better to send their produce by steamer to Southampton, whence it comes here. Yet, notwithstanding all these new competitors, the market gardens around London are constantly extending. That carrier's waggon with the light iron wheels, which you see there just arrived, comes from the Great Western Railway station. Those long wooden cases are filled with new potatoes, and strawberries very carefully packed. The strawberries are from gardens round about Bath. The potatoes, if, as I suppose, they come from Cornwall, must have paid thirty-five shillings per ton carriage. But the Great Northern and other railways are beginning to see the new trade that may be created, and are lowering their rates. They must put on more night trains, too," adds my informant, "if they would be of service to us. The railway supplies are apt to arrive late, when trade begins to flag. I have known a heavy arrival after the first buyers are gone to bring the prices down fifty per cent. in a moment — an obvious hardship to the earlier buyers."

In answer to my inquiries about the fluctuations in prices at this market, of which I have heard some marvellous accounts, my informant tells me that these have become comparatively rare of late years. Except in a case such as mentioned above, prices are generally steady. The market

gardeners on looking round the market know what is the supply of the morning, and fix their prices accordingly — rarely departing from them. They endeavour, moreover, by every means to fit their supply to the demand, so that a balance is generally well preserved. They watch for any circumstances calculated to create an extraordinary demand, and will even transmit a message by telegraph to various parts of England and France, to order or countermand a supply as events may determine. Potatoes, which are sold almost exclusively on the southern side of the market, have of course greatly fallen off in quantity since the ravages of the disease. It is calculated that not one-half the amount of the original supply comes now to market; although the extent of land cultivated with potatoes has been increasing every year since the appearance of the scourge. The potatoes that escape fetching higher prices than they used, the growers find their cultivation no less profitable than before.

My guide, with more peaceful intentions than a French statesman when he can't persuade his friends to his way of thinking, proposes to "descend into the street." Walking on, somewhat bewildered with the crowd, I notice objects in the shifting panorama which he points out, and listen to his remarks, until I know instinctively all he tells me. He seems to have gifted me with

some subtle analytical power, by which, in smallest hints and signs, I read the secrets of all things about me.

I merely glance, for example, at yonder stout, ruddy-complexioned little man, and know him at once to be Mr. Squareit, of somewhere down Dagenham way. I know that he began life without a sixpence, and is not ashamed to own it, and that he is now the largest market gardener in England, perhaps in the world: for he has five hundred acres of land on the banks of the Thames, all in the highest state of garden cultivation. I know him to be filled with knowledge, mostly gathered by his own experiments, in the use of manures — using such odd out-of-the-way things for that purpose as no farmer or even market gardener thinks of using. I know, moreover, that he sends five times as much to this market as any other single producer, and that his things are always earliest and best.

That carneying old woman with the red nose, who is pulling Mr. Squareit by the arm, and calling him a "jewel" and "a dear boy," and many other tender things, all *apropos* of the price of a certain "junket o' carrots" about as big as marbles, I am able at once to recognise as the leader of that band of old women to whom the benevolent Marquis of Cristal in an unlucky hour gave half-a-sovereign; being induced thereto by a piteous story of "hard frost and nothink doin",

your lordship." I know that the hard frost referred to never broke up, and that his lordship, being fond of a walk in the Centre Avenue, is now compelled to descend from his carriage in the Strand, and walk hither on foot. I know also that this stratagem has been discovered, and that the carneying old woman and her associates have means, little short of miraculous, for divining the moment of his lordship's arrival. Finally, I know that the benevolent marquis has appealed to the police for protection in vain; and that nothing but a high sense of his duty to society, and of his dignity as an English nobleman, prevents his offering to compromise the matter, by pensioning off the carneying old woman and her friends with a small annuity.

I know that yonder is the great pea grower, who will send to one firm in a single day four hundred sacks of from twelve to fifteen pecks each, besides four or five hundred sieves of a superior kind; and that there are other growers who will send to single dealers in one day seven or eight waggons of cabbages, or fourteen to fifteen hundred bushels of sprouts. I am reminded by this that six or seven hundred thousand pottles of strawberries; forty or more millions of cabbages; two millions of cauliflowers; three hundred thousand bushels of peas; seven hundred and fifty thousand lettuces; and half a million bushels of onions, are sold here annually. And that

the annual amount of money paid for fruits and vegetables in this market cannot be less than three millions sterling.

I become aware that all this part of the roadway, from the pit-door of the opera house to the corner of James Street is called Casualty Side, because the waggons pay for their standings here by the day; and that yonder they pay a yearly rent for a small frontage, whether they come every market day or not. I meet a peace officer, and know that there are eight such in the market; and that the regular police never come here unless called in to aid or to take a charge. He, I see, is thinking about the iron electroplated florins, which he knows are in circulation this morning; for coiners bring such things here and dispose of them to utterers whom they know by sight to be "safe men." Unlucky sellers having no counter to ring them on, take them in the bustle and hurry of business; and, hastening home congratulate themselves upon the rapid disposal of their wares; until, staying at some halfway house for refreshment they tender a bright florin, which is rejected. They apologize and tender another, which is rejected also. Whereupon, as has happened before now, the unfortunate market gardener not being known, is detained and searched, and his pockets being found to be filled with the objectionable coin, is cast into a dungeon, and kept there until he can clear his

character, to the great alarm of his family. My peace officer has just been cautioning some persons of these things; but they think 'emselfs much too sharp for anythink of that, and won't heed what I say, till they 're bit. Which is just how smashing flourishes.

I now begin to know, that a great deal of pilfering goes on in the market. Sacks and measures, as well as baskets worth four pounds ten shillings a dozen, vanish unaccountably when not looked after. Artful children, looking much too young to do anything wrong, are regularly brought down here to steal by parents and friends, who wait and watch their movements from under the Piazza. Their favourite plan is to carry a stick with a pin in the end of it, which they slyly stick into apples and oranges, as they pass by, transferring them to their pockets with the dexterity of jugglers. They know very well that market people content themselves with cuffing, and rarely give a thief into custody, whether young or old, Which is why thieving flourishes.

Gazing upon high piles of strawberry pottles, I perceive that they are made by women and girls "down in Kent," who get about a penny a dozen, and earn good wages at that rate, while the season lasts; and I also perceive that a pottle of strawberries would be algebraically represented by any of the last three letters of the alphabet, being

essentially "an unknown quantity." For there are strawberry pottles of all dimensions — from those which hold twelve ounces (the legitimate and traditional size) down to those that, having their slender ends stuffed with leaves, will scarcely hold five ounces, which, I am sorry to know, are the most common. I know that it is at all times more satisfactory to buy my strawberries in round flat baskets called "Punnets," about two inches deep, and of various diameter, to hold a half-pound, one pound, and two pounds; for in these I cannot be tricked by tapering bottoms or leaves, or a few outsiders covering a quantity of trash below.

What is there in the face of that old man with the bare throat and loose handkerchief, who wears knee breeches and a jacket, and carries on his head a close-fitting cap with a small rim, turned up all round, like a pewter bowl, or the helmet of a Venetian soldier in a melodrama — which tells me that he may be taken as a type of the regular Market porter? I know that if I were to ask him, he could tell me stories in which he devoutly believes, of the days when the Prince Regent would come down to the market very drunk, and in disguise, and submit to be rolled into baskets and carried about on men's shoulders, as all real gentlemen did in those days; of how Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Fox would drop into "The Finish"

after a late debate. Of how, in that golden age, he could sometimes pick up a pound in a morning, though now "his joints are stiffer than they was, and the young 'uns gets the advantage of him." In these degenerate days, if I mistake not, he is glad of a fourpenny or sixpenny "turn" from the greengrocers — though some engage him at half-a-crown or five shillings a week to do all their work, much or little — and he is compelled to eke out a living by carrying home goods from the auction rooms, and serving as a scene-shifter at one of the minor theatres.

Of a different race is this man with the long greasy fustian coat with large-flapped pockets and gilt buttons, with the green and red-brown silk pocket-handkerchief round his neck, and the purple travelling cap turned up at the ears. I know him for a thorough costermonger. He dwells in some court within a court, some rookery's inmost core near Drury Lane, or Red Cross Street, Clerkenwell. Perhaps his father was a costermonger; or perhaps he don't remember his father or mother; in which case the market was no doubt his Alma Mater. Or it is possible that he followed some trade once; but, being out of employment, took to costermongering a little, and has remained a costermonger ever since. For I do not pretend to be more explicit than another clairvoyant. I know for a certainty that there

are about three thousand of his class who attend this market in summer time, and that they buy one-tenth of all that is sold here. I know that if each has a barrow or a basket, as he must have, it is not his; for why should he think of saving money to buy one, or ever living otherwise than on the old hand-to-mouth eat-and-drink-in-summer-and-starve-in-winter plan of costermongers in general? If he wants a common barrow, or a barrow with a board, are there not five thousand of them to let on hire in London for a daily or weekly rent, averaging about a thousand per cent. per annum upon their value? If he wants a donkey, he may borrow that too. He might buy a donkey in Smithfield at any price between five shillings and three pounds; but why should he, when he can hire one for three shillings a week? He can have even his stock bought for him by the barrow-master; or from the same benevolent individual he can get the loan of a capital of ten shillings, for the moderate interest of sixpence a day. He can have a shallow basket worth a shilling for a penny a day; a battered pewter quart pot, or a pair of scales, for twopence a day; an honest weight for a penny a day, or a "slang one" for twopence. What occasion then has he for any property but his hands? What need of any revenue but his own good spirits?

In the matter of drinking, I only peep into one or two public-

houses, and know at once that the old system of drinking strong liquors on market mornings to counteract the raw morning air has long been dying away. The very public-houses look like a dissolving view of a gin-shop slowly changing into the interior of a coffee-house. I observe that there is still a lingering faith in rum and milk as a morning draught; but it is fading, and I hear not the name of early purl. Market people order coffee, and bread and butter, and cold meat; for I do not confound with them a glassy-eyed young woman in the parlour, alone with a short thick little glass empty beside her; nor a pale shabby young man in spectacles who sits with his back to the wall, and his legs resting on the bench, and lingers there (having nowhere particular to go to) on the strength of having ordered something several hours ago.

Centre Row is awake and open now; but what may I find here that all the world does not know? I have been through Centre Row hundreds of times in summer and winter, and wondered who were the wealthy luxurious individuals who did not hesitate to pamper themselves with hothouse grapes at twenty-five shillings a pound, with pottles of British Queens or Black Princes at one shilling an ounce, with slender French beans at three shillings a hundred, peas at two pounds a quart, and new potatoes at four shillings and sixpence a pound; and never knew till now that they are mostly bought by kindly friends as a surprise for invalids and sickly and afflicted persons. It was worth walking through here to know that. I never knew till now that the fruiterers here (who seem to be always having tea or coffee, and to divide their time between mugs, account-books, gold fish, and the vegetable world) can pay four or five hundred pounds per annum for the rent of a little shop, and that their shops pass from father to son, or to their nominees by will, on payment of a fine, almost in the same way as copyhold property. I did not know that the late Mr. Jonquil — who did not know how to write his name, and was never anxious to learn — made thirty thousand pounds in one of these little Ionic pens. I was not aware that one back shop keeps sixty persons during the season constantly shelling peas; nor that nosegay-making has been an art since the Duchess of Sutherland made it one; nor that girls who practise it skilfully can earn an easy living. Much less (sober bachelor that I am) did I suspect that a wedding nosegay will sometimes cost two guineas; or that those little bouquets in cut paper, which the *première danseuse* picks up and sniffs and smiles at, and presses to the rim of her corset, and feigns to guard as inestimable treasures, have cost from five to ten shillings each.

And now, having bid good morning to my guide, I find my-

self alone, and am sensible of nothing but of being very tired, and feeling as if I could even sleep in any of the hotels around the market in spite of the noise without. The shady burial-ground — behind the church (of which I catch a glimpse in passing a little grated doorway in Henrietta Street), where the author of *Hudibras*, Wycherley the dramatist, Dr. Arne, Macklin, and a host of writers still to be heard of in the *Elegant Extracts*, sleep under the sycamores — leaves a tranquil image in the mind after all this crowd and bustle.

CHIPS.

A DIGGER'S WEDDING.

A successful Australian digger — successful, not merely in siftings and washings, but bearing the title, and its best credentials, of a “nuggetter” — came down from Forest Creek lately, and took up his abode in a low lodging-house in Little Bourke Street, Melbourne. The “nuggetter” had been a common labourer, and the house was full of men of this class; also of runaway sailors, some of whom had returned very successful from the diggings, and were spending their gold as fast as they could — in fact, they had come down for a week or two expressly for that purpose.

The woman of the house had an impudent, vulgar, fâ, flashy daughter, who would have been

downright ugly, but for a pair of great leering eyes of considerable brilliancy, with which she had already charmed half the gold away from several sailors in turn, each of whom had made sure of marrying her. But the “nuggetter” cut them all out. He displayed his bag of nuggets; and, next morning, showed his bundle of tenpound Australian notes; and, after a brawl, a fight, and a drunken row of a few hours, he married the girl, and took her to furnished lodgings, nominally at only five guineas a week, but the people were sure of getting double or treble that sum out of the newly married pair. The lodgings were very little better than those of the house they had left; but in a better street, and they had a room all to themselves — a priceless advantage at this time, in Melbourne.

Here the digger began to lead a life surpassing anything he had ever seen in a dream. He was not a “new chum,” but an old colonist — a Vandemonian; and some said he had had a free passage to Van Diemen, on account of unlawfully digging for gold in pockets at home. But perhaps this was only said by unsuccessful diggers of both countries. He had many old friends who came to renew his acquaintance, and to make merry on this festive occasion, and many new chums were also admitted to the orgies. In short, his object was to treat everybody who came near him, and would drink; and neither he,

nor his wife, nor any of their circle, were ever sober from the day of their wedding. They ate, they drank, they smoked, they shouted, they brawled — they made riot half the night — they slept half the morning; and about noon they drove about the town in open carriages, for each of which they paid two pounds per hour. First, there was the carriage with the bride and bridegroom, and a male and female friend — the woman being dressed in the most expensive satins and silks, and flying ribbons, and the men in scarlet mining shirts, with short pipes in their mouths. Two other carriages followed, full of parasite friends and associates, several of whom had been “engaged” for the occasion to amuse the company during the drive, and in the evening especially. They comprised fiddlers, dancers, ventriloquists, and sailors who could sing jolly songs; while the clown from the circus, in his clown’s dress, sat in a fourth carriage, the back seat of which he had entirely to himself, partly as a mark of honour, and partly to give him room to perform an occasional antic or gesticulation as the procession rattled through the streets.

When the bride was sober enough to walk pretty well, she would go out shopping; and no silk nor satin that cost less than a guinea a yard was good enough for “the likes of her.” As soon as she could get a new dress made up, she sallied out to market,

and bought fish in red velvet, and went to the butcher’s in lavender satin, or pale China crape. All this the writer has seen. How the lady dressed in the evening he does not know.

At last, the money was all gone, having lasted not quite a fortnight. The digger had come down to Melbourne with a good deal, but “somehow or another,” he said, scratching his head, “there was an end on’t. But what matters?” He has now gone back to the diggings, and his wife has no place to go to. A common occurrence, all these mad weddings, believe me.

A LITERARY LADY'S MAID.

THE French have, at all times, been famous for their talent for letter and memoir writing; and the idle reader is not a little indebted to their agreeable egotism for some of the most entertaining works of that nature in any language. Amongst numerous clever lady-writers esteemed in their day — that of *Le Grand Monarque* — a favourite was Mademoiselle de Launai, whose autobiography is extremely characteristic of the manners of the time. The scenes she describes are not unlike some of those which enliven the volumes of that gossiping and self-satisfied young lady, Miss Burney; especially those which display the mode of encouragement afforded to young women of talent

by the ladies of Louis the Fourteenth's Court. We read of the same selfish disregard of every person or sentiment which did not contribute to amusement and unintellectual gratification; and of the same ignorance, pride, and airs of patronage, intended to impress the *protégée* with awe for their dignity, and gratitude for their condescension. Mademoiselle de Launai writes in a lively flowing style, which has been, by French critics, compared to that of Madame de Sevigny; but, pleasant as it is, it scarcely deserves so high an honour as that. Her anecdotes, however, are so amusing, that we leave off disappointed to find that, after her marriage, she gives us no more scenes; the drama terminating as most other dramas end, with the wedding.

Her father, M. de Launai, was an artist; who, having been obliged for some political offence to quit France, established himself in England: the climate disagreeing with the health of his wife she returned; and her daughter was born in Paris. The mother soon became a widow. Poor and desolate, she was admitted from charity into a convent in Normandy; where, after her death, her child in due time found a continued asylum and received an excellent education.

"It happened to me," remarks Mademoiselle de Launai, "quite otherwise than what occurs in romances to the general run of heroines; who, having been

brought up as shepherdesses, turn out illustrious princesses. I was treated in my early years like a person of distinction; and discovered afterwards that I was nobody, and that I possessed nothing in the world which I could call my own. My mind, however, not having in early life taken the bias that abject fortune usually gives, has ever since resisted the oppression and subjection which has been my lot." Nothing could equal the attention, kindness, and care which the little stranger received from the good abbess and nuns, under whose roof she was sheltered. As long as the two superiors, who watched over her education, lived, she was treated with all the distinction and tenderness imaginable; but at sixteen her position was altered by the death of her benefactresses.

Finding that she was now entirely destitute, she applied to two friends, the Abbé Vertot and M. Brunel, begging them to assist her in obtaining some situation. They sent her money, which she instantly returned; being resolved, at first setting out in her career, to accept nothing which she saw no chance of being able to repay. "I resolved," she says, "to suffer the extremity of indigence rather than derogate from the character I desired to be; persuaded that nothing degrades us but our own actions. This first proof convinced me that we yield to temptation, less in consequence of the

force of necessity, than by our own weakness."

She was received temporarily in a convent at Paris, where a sister — who is only casually named, no account of her having been given before — came to see her. This sister was an attendant on the Duchesse de la Forté, and obtained for her the means of support: — "My sister told me that she had mentioned to her mistress, as they were in her carriage going to Versailles, that I had been singularly well educated in a convent in the country, and had recounted to her all my extraordinary knowledge and acquirements. There was no science which she did not assert that I was acquainted with; and, being herself entirely ignorant, the terms she gave to those sciences and accomplishments were somewhat original, and would have startled a lady more instructed than the Duchess: who, not knowing a bit better than my sister, took all for granted, and jumped at once to the conclusion that I must be a prodigy. On arriving at Versailles the Duchess made me the subject of her conversation with the ladies of the Court, glad, probably, of a new object. My sister sent for me, representing that it had become my duty to thank the Duchess for all the fine things she had said of me. I had no dress in which to present myself before so great a lady; but was able to borrow one of a boarder in the convent, who consented to lend it me for a couple of hours; and, after it had been properly adjusted by my sister, I set off with her on my expedition. We arrived in time for the hour when the Duchess rose in the morning. She was delighted to see me, and declared I was charming; for she was prepared beforehand to think me so. After having asked me a few common-place questions — to which I gave as common-place replies — she exclaimed, 'Really and truly, she speaks admirably! How fortunate! She is come just in time to write a letter for me to M. Desmarest, which he must get immediately. Sit down, child,' she continued. 'You shall have some pens and paper. All you have to do is to write.'

"'But on what subject?' I asked, quite confused.

"'Oh,' she replied, 'you can turn the phrases as you like; I want him to grant me a favour, so be sure it is well expressed.'

"'But I must first know what favour it is that you desire to ask of M. Desmarest,' I ventured to remark.

"'Nonsense,' she said, 'you will soon understand. I am going to tell you.'

"I understood nothing; but, finding I must make an effort, I sat down and, from the disjointed words and interrupted remarks the Duchess made while she went on with her toilet, I contrived to make out pretty well what she wished to ask for. But, as I had not the least idea how to address persons of consequence, and saw

plainly that she would confound a fault of ignorance with one of stupidity, I was, in fact, in the utmost perplexity. I went on at hazard, and at last gave her my composition, trembling for its success.

"Well, to be sure!" cried she; "how strange that you should have so exactly caught my ideas; it is perfectly admirable, and I could not have expressed it better. Henrietta, your sister is amazing! Now, since she does it so well, she must write me another letter for my man of business while I finish dressing."

"There was no occasion to ask her the subject this time; for she poured forth such a torrent of words that I found it impossible to follow her, and was even more embarrassed than on my first trial. She named her steward and her two lawyers frequently; but as both these gentlemen were equally unknown to me, I mistook their respective names. When the Duchess read the letter she expressed herself perfectly satisfied with my manner of explaining the business: 'But,' she exclaimed, 'I am amazed how a person so clever as you are should make such a jumble as you have made of these two names.'

"She had evidently discovered the extent of my capacity; but, nevertheless, she did not withdraw her countenance from me. She was going to Versailles; I followed her to her carriage, and she had already got in as well as my sister who accompanied her,

the door was about to be shut and I began to breathe, when, all of a sudden, she exclaimed to my sister: 'After all, I am thinking that I had better take her with me. Come in, come in, child,' she continued. 'I shall show you to Madame de Ventadour.'

"I was petrified at this proposal; and above all, my heart sunk within me when I recollected the dress I had on; borrowed for a couple of hours; but in which I seemed destined to make the tour of the globe.

"There was nothing now left for me but to obey, and I had not then begun to oppose my will to that of others. With spirits oppressed, and a beating heart, I took my seat in the carriage, and we drove off. On the road she asked me numerous questions, without waiting for replies, and at last she said: 'No doubt, since you know so many things you know how to draw horoscopes; there is nothing in the world I like so much!'

"I was obliged to confess that I was entirely ignorant of that science. She appeared astonished.

"What was the use,' she remarked, 'of learning so much that is useless; and how came you to neglect this?' She then fell into a rapid eulogy of the sciences of astrology, chiromancy, and geomancy; told me all the predictions that had been made to her; assured me of their fulfilment, poured forth much of the experience of others on the same subject, and ended by relating to

me the dream she had had the night before.

"At length the journey was over. I was presented to the Duchesse de Ventadour; who received me kindly, and spoke of my mother, who had been her daughter's governess. The next day I was taken to Madame de Noailles; and, no sooner had I entered the room, than my conductress called out, 'I have brought the person I told you so much about, who is so wonderfully clever, and knows such a number of things. Come, child, speak. You will hear how she talks.'

"I hesitated, and she began prompting me. 'Come, come, talk a little about religion, first,' said she, 'and after that go on about something else.'

"This absurd scene was acted over and over again at all the different houses to which she took me, and I was carried about like a monkey who does tricks at a fair!"

All this praise and patronage only led to Mademoiselle de Launai's promotion to be the waiting-woman of the Duchesse de Maine; and, as she had not, she declares, the slightest idea of the functions of such an attendant, the Duchess was ill enough served. She sewed her work upside down, and overturned the powder and rouge in handing it to her mistress. On one occasion having caught up a powder box by the top, of course it fell; but the Duchess merely remarked

gently, that she ought always to take everything up by the bottom. The next thing she had to hand was a purse; and, following the direction given, she turned it upside down sending all the louis d'ors flying about the room. Perhaps Mademoiselle's pride exaggerated her own clumsiness, to show her unfitness for a menial office. The mistake of inferring that to perform humble offices ill is proof of ability to do greater things well, has often been made. It was once accidentally mentioned in the presence of a celebrated French statesman that his own mother had been a cook.

"That is true," he replied; "my mother was a cook; but I pledge you my honour that she was almost the worst cook in France."

A chance letter, which Mademoiselle de Launai wrote to M. de Fontenelle, in support of a pretended prodigy in which he did not believe (something akin to, but not nearly so absurd as the spirit-rappings of the present enlightened day), drew the writer for a time from the obscurity into which her servitude placed her. The letter was read, admired, and talked of throughout Paris, and the Duchesse de Maine felt proud of her *femme de chambre*; without, however, changing her position in any way for the better. At length came all the troubles of the illegitimate children of the king at his death. She was in the thick of the plots, counterplots, struggles, and defeats; in which the talents of the

neglected dependant were made so useful as to involve her in the dangers of her mistress, and in the end to send her prisoner to the Bastille.

It was in that sombre retreat that the most romantic, and perhaps the happiest portion of Mademoiselle de Launai's life was passed. A Chevalier de Mesnil, implicated in the offence of the Duchess's husband the Duke de Maine, had been sent to the Bastille at the same time as the too accomplished chamber woman. He was placed in a cell close to her own, and the happy idea entered both their minds to form an attachment, although they had never met nor seen each other. It was enough that their prisons joined. They could converse, they could hear, and they could write; for the lieutenant of the prison was indulgent, and took charge of their letters.

This romantic intercourse went on for some time; during which the lovers agreed that they were happier in confinement than at liberty, and neither desired to be set free, dreading to lose the other's society. This ideal pleasure, was, however, put a stop to by the release of both. The denouement was of the old sort: — Mademoiselle de Launai was faithful to her vows, but her lover forgot his.

M. Dacier — the widower of that learned and excellent classical writer, Madame Dacier, whose fame has survived her — became enamoured and proposed

to Mademoiselle de Launai; but the Duchesse de Maine, selfish to the last, refused her consent and opposed the marriage with all her power. Indignant, disgusted, and wearied with her uncongenial occupation, the young lady then resolved to enter a convent. This was equally opposed; but, after much annoyance, inconvenience, and vain resistance the ill-requited attendant at length consented to a proposed alliance which suited her mistress; and became the wife of Captain de Staal, an officer of the guards, and afterwards Maréchal de Camp. From this time Madame de Staal became a lady of honour to the duchess, ate at her table, and had a carriage at her disposal.

She thus speaks of her husband: "I was satisfied with his manners, for he possessed a certain natural refinement which belongs to a good heart and benevolent mind. He had no evil propensities, and took the straight road to virtue, without an idea of swerving from what he felt to be right. He was unalterably calm; his temper was perfectly even, his views clear because unclouded by passion, with more judgment than variety in his thoughts. He had but little conversation, yet his remarks were always sensible. Although he was quite incapable of exciting enthusiasm, it was equally impossible for him to create disgust. I married him, and discovered that he held a rank by

nature to which study rarely attains."

Although it does not appear that Madame de Staal was particularly gifted with beauty yet it seems that her admirers were numerous and passionate, and many poems were written in her honour, which to an English reader appear the perfection of insipidity and false taste. Hyperbolic inanities in praise of beauty which did not exist, and of virtue and wisdom often entirely imagined, were the fashion of her time, and a fashion which lasted only too long in spite of Molière's wit. After her marriage she became very celebrated by her dramatic pieces and her verses; but her memoirs are far more entertaining and attractive than any other of her remains.

Madame de Staal died in seventeen hundred and fifty.

LISTENING ANGELS.

Blue against the bluer Heavens
Stood the mountain calm and still,
Two white angels, bending earthward,
Leant upon the hill.

Listening leant those silent angels,
And I also longed to hear
What sweet strain of earthly music
Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets,
And a warlike march draw nigh;
Solemnly a mighty army
Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased; the echoes
Soon had faded from the hill;
While the angels, calm and earnest,
Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamour:
Forge and wheel were clashing near,
And the reapers in the meadow
Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory,
And the toil of day was o'er,
Still the angels leant in silence,
Listening as before.

Then, as daylight slowly vanished,
And the evening mists grew dim,
Solemnly from distant voices
Rose a vesper hymn.

But the chant was done; and, lingering,
Died upon the evening air;
Yet from the hill the radiant angels
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness,
Bringing with it sleep and rest;
Save a little bird was singing
In her leafy nest.

Through the sounds of war and labour
She had warbled all day long,
While the angels leant and listened
Only to her song.

But the starry night was coming,
And she ceased her little lay;
From the mountain-top the angels
Slowly passed away.

HONOURABLE JOHN.

THE friend of whose character and acts I am about to present an outline, is more commonly known (especially in the East, where his immense estates are situated), under the name of John Company. *He* prefers the title of Honourable John. I have known my friend for very many years, and confess that until quite recently I entertained a profound respect for his character, and a great admiration of his abilities. If my opinions have undergone a change, and now differ very widely indeed, the

fault lies not at my door, but at his own huge stone portals.

Honourable John's ancestors were merchants of great repute, who amassed enormous fortunes by trading to the East. They began life in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and, by the middle of the last century — that is, a hundred years ago — were merchant princes by reason of having had a monopoly of trade from Great Britain to nearly the whole of Asia. I do not care to inquire too particularly into their private history, nor their commercial dealings of those days. I shall not ask whether they used the good old Dutch standard of weights when buying from native dealers, recorded by Mr. Knickerbocker in his excellent history of New York, namely: — a Dutchman's foot as equal to two pounds, and his hand for one pound; although I have heard it whispered that in each of my friend's factories a corpulent heavy-limbed Hollander was to be seen in close attendance on the scales: neither will I ask whether the cutlery they sold was made for sale or use; whether their Coventry ribbons were half cotton; or whether they sold their calicoes by good old English yards or by Flemish measure? I will let bye-gones be bye-gones, and simply state the fact that when my honourable friend came of age; which he did in April, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three; he possessed enormous landed pro-

perty in the East, with a huge and costly oriental staff of servants, and two rather expensive establishments at home: one in Westminster, the other in the City. His ancestors had at various times borrowed considerable sums of money, the interest on which amounted to a large income; but, inasmuch as his rents covered all his outgoings, and left a yearly balance of a million and a half sterling, there really was not much fault to be found.

The will under which Honourable John came into possession of his vast property in eighteen thirty-three, expressly stipulated that he was no longer to engage in commercial pursuits, but stick to his land, and attend to the interests of his tenants. By a short-sighted clause in this will it was provided that John should have an annual dividend of ten per cent. settled upon him, on the then value of his estate, without the least reference to what that property might yield. This yearly dividend was guaranteed to him out of the taxes of Great Britain. The arrangement was intended as a set-off against the loss of his monopoly of Eastern trade; but, whatever the object, the result has been most disastrous.

No longer having any stake in the prosperity of his estate, Honourable John committed many vagaries; and gave himself a number of absurd airs. At

length he became involved in some very serious and expensive quarrels with his neighbours. By the end of eighteen hundred and thirty eight the nett income of his property had diminished to half a million; and within eighteen months of that time, instead of lessening his expenditure, he had, by increased expenditure, entailed upon himself a deficiency of a million and a half. To make up this shortcoming, as well as to provide for current wants, John borrowed largely; and, when warned of the danger of incurring such serious liabilities with a yearly deficiency in his rent-roll, he laughed and observed that his debts did not amount to more than two years' income, and that as to the danger of the affair, what did *he* care? His ten per cent. dividend was guaranteed him. Nobody could touch that, and what did debt matter. This remark lowered Honourable John in my estimation very considerably; indeed it gave me so low an opinion of his principles, that I felt inclined to dispute his right to the title he likes to be known by. Soon after this he became involved in quarrels more complicated and extensive than ever. Quarrelling is always an expensive occupation; and the results of John's quarrels were large additions of debt upon his estate, and equally large drains upon his means; for, by some singular process, every new field which came into his possession turned out a losing affair; although it had been most profitable up to that period.

Hitherto he had led a very comfortable, jovial sort of life, all sunshine and rupees. He resided partly in his City house, and partly in his West-end mansion, always very busy with unnecessarily long letters, to which enormously long and unintelligible replies were sent; for otherwise all his numerous clerks and messengers could not have been kept employed for one hour in the day. Rumours began to arrive at home respecting the unwholesomeness of his provinces, and the wretched condition of some of his farms. It was reported that there was scarcely any salt to be had in some parts of his property; that many of his servants had taken to opium-smoking and opium-chewing, and had become obtuse in their faculties, and were dreadfully in debt like himself; that the roads and drainage of all his farms were sadly neglected, and that none of his poorer tenants were fairly used; being compelled to pay double rents to greedy middlemen, to whom he had farmed a great deal of the land in perpetuity.

Far from being aroused by these reports Honourable John appeared to become more lazy and confident than ever. He grew impatient of the most friendly expostulations and accused his best friends of being interested agitators. When the state of his finances were alluded to, he in-

variably produced a Blue Book, full of the most confused masses of figures, which were so arranged as to add up to any sum that might be required. If people expressed doubts about their correctness, or about the future management of his property, Honourable John assured them that all would go on most favourably in future; that the most extensive reforms were in contemplation carefully tied up with red tape; and that it was really astonishing how many excellent changes were under consideration.

On more than one occasion I have ventured to express doubts about the prosperity and happiness of John's distant tenantry. In answer, he has read extracts from long letters written by his head-steward and his principal collectors of rents, all dwelling upon the happy, cheerful and contented condition of the people, and how much their position had been improved since they came upon his land. I inquired whether the writers of those letters were quite competent to form an opinion on such matters; whether they ever saw the people of whose bliss they gave such delightful pictures, or any more than the outside of their offices, unless in an easy carriage; and whether any one of them was likely to have exchanged a single word with his tenantry? Honourable John could not say much on the latter point; for he believed Englishmen never *do* talk to natives, such a habit being considered

ungentlemanly and vulgar; but he knew that his head-steward was a capital fellow, and would not deceive him for the world. Besides he paid him so handsomely — not less than twenty-four thousand pounds a year — that he *must* know all about it.

There is no chance of convincing my friend against his inclination. If I mention his blunders, he takes shelter behind his good intentions. If I talk about deficiency of rents, he assures me that it is all fancy, and that if I will but allow his secretary to analyse his accounts for me, I shall find that there is in reality a surplus, but he never yet offered me the opportunity of auditing them myself. If I expostulate about bribery and corruption among his servants, he tells me that I am quite mistaken; for, that his tenantry, so far from objecting to such things, rather prefer them than otherwise. Bribing policemen, and being ground down by middlemen, is quite a passion with them.

It is my firm belief that the greater part of the confusion and mismanagement apparent on my honourable friend's property, arises from his persisting in employing people who are in no respect capable of performing their work. Not only does he insist on engaging all grades and shades of idle incompetent cousins and nephews, but he shifts his people about from one employment of which they are masters to another they know nothing about in the

most absurd and prejudicial manner. For instance, after keeping one of his people at ploughing for several years, he will suddenly transfer him to the dairy. Grooms are transmogrified into hedgers and ditchers, and gardeners are, without any sort of notice, placed upon the coach-box. The only justification he can offer for these strange and ruinous proceedings is that which was used by the great educational reformer, Dr. O'Toole: — "It is a part of his system."

Truth compels me to add a few features of his system which are extremely ugly.

At various periods in his career, Honourable John possessed himself of large tracts of land belonging to native proprietors, on various conditions, and under different pretexts. Sometimes he represented that he could manage the crops very much better than they could, although they had been accustomed to farming from their youth; which his people had not. At other times, he persuaded them that it would be immensely advantageous to them to allow him to manage their large establishments, placing his own inspectors and stewards over them, and giving to them (the tenants) all the emoluments, without any of the risk and trouble of farming. To this, many have consented; some not daring to offend him by refusal; others, believing that the arrangement would save them a world of trouble: at any rate, they relied

upon the continued good faith of Honourable John, and believed that so far as income was concerned, themselves and their descendants need be under no sort of apprehension. For many years these stipulations were duly performed; though I regret to say, my friend, in taking possession of the lands assigned to him for farming purposes seized a great quantity of personal property not included in the bargain, and resolutely refused to give it up. Letter after letter was written to him on the subject of these robberies; but he invariably had the meanness to shuffle out of any reply, by referring the complaints, first to one steward and then to another, and finally, by not vouchsafing any answer.

This is not the worst part of the affair. Many of the original parties to the land arrangements having died off, their children and families have been reduced to half the former stipulated allowance agreed to be paid to them by the original contract, and some of them to much less; so that, being in great poverty, they feel themselves degraded in the eyes of their followers.

So bad has my friend's conduct become, that his former admirers and supporters have been seriously thinking of taking all power of doing mischief out of his hands, and leaving him in the quiet possession of his guaranteed dividend. Failing rents, increasing debts, incompetent and corrupt servants, ill-

fed and badly-housed tenants, roads and bridges out of repair, land imperfectly manured and drained, broken engagements with dependants, and an obstinate perseverance in wrongdoing, have roused the public; and Government has at length determined to check his career by seeing thoroughly into his future conduct. To cure what is past would be impossible; but I sincerely hope that the new partners Honourable John is now forced to take in, will give him a better title to that designation than he can just now show.

MARIE'S FEVER.

PRAYERS to the Holy Virgin, wax candles to Saint Joseph, rosaries and litanies for the poor little heretic, sick unto death! All the Quartier Saint Honoré was interested in the young English girl lying there so ill and lonely, without a friend, with no known finances, without a home in the world, and, as those Catholic hearts believed, without a home in the house of Heaven — Protestant heretic that she was! There was something, too, in the fever itself, that touched the French heart keenly. For, a certain romantic interest was connected with it which gave it just that amount of dramatic character, without which facts are dull and fevers tame in some countries.

Marie and her younger sister

Emilie were orphans. Their mother had died when Emilie was a mere baby, and their father was taken off by cholera about two years before. They had not a relation in France. Mr. Macconnell had emigrated, on account of an unlucky bankruptcy, just after Emilie was born; and all intercourse with England had gradually ceased, although there were relatives there, rich and childless: especially an old uncle — Mr. Macconnell's elder brother — who had no one but a parrot and a housekeeper to leave his money to. However, for any good they did the orphans, all these relatives might have been buried in Brian O'Lin's cave, with his sheepskins and his turnips. Old Hugh Macconnell, especially, would have been as useful to his generation if lost among the "good people" as he was now, buried in his avarice and his wealth, with his screaming gray parrot, and his housekeeper, with cherry ribbons in her cap.

They were quite alone in France, these two girls of nineteen and twenty-one, with no one to protect, to guide, or to aid them; cast rudderless on the rough waves of the world, for storms to wreck and winds to perish. And, at the time of Marie's fever, they were even separated from each other; for Emilie was at Marseilles as governess with Madame de Lamotte.

Marie had never been a favourite with her father. On the

contrary, he disliked her. Emilie was a mild, gentle, tractable creature, the model "little lady," who would sit good for hours without stirring; and who, with a piece of embroidery or a book, would neither distract nor seek for distraction: while Marie, all life, animation, vehemence and restlessness, was like a caged hawk or clogged zebra when set to any still employment, or obliged to be quiet and well-bred. Her father used to punish her by making her sit on a chair near the door, sometimes for two hours, sometimes for three; and Marie's frantic paroxysms during the time were a little like madness. They used to frighten Mr. Maconnell sometimes; then, the rest of the sentence would be remitted, and another punishment substituted; but Marie took nothing to heart so deeply as this torture of the chair near the door. She was the prettier of the two sisters; but her large black eyes and long thick raven hair worked no spell on her father, who was never kind to her, and was sometimes really brutal. She teased him. She drove him nearly mad, and made him wish she was dead. Her wildness and restlessness were perpetual tortures to him — the stern cold man of secret passions and unexceptionable appearances — and her innocence and frankness nearly destroyed his reputation more than once. Marie was one of those terrible people who see everything, understand nothing, and speak of all; one, moreover, who practically apply the moral lessons they have received, and cannot seize the distinction between theoretical and convenient virtues. Anything which Mr. Maconnell wished to conceal — and there was much to conceal in his Parisian life — Marie was sure to discover and sure to publish, as innocently as a baby; not dreaming of the possibility of wrong, and detailing the most compromising circumstances as if she had been giving the recipe for a pudding. Miss Henrietta, their governess, was obliged to leave after a time, owing to Marie's mentioning such terrible facts, that their neighbours of the Quartier Saint Honoré were scandalised at the English father's want of "*convenance*." Marie never knew why her father beat her and called her a viper. Marie flung herself on her knees and asked pardon both of her father and of the governess; but as ignorantly as she had given offence, blundering through her sobs. She kept her sister awake all night, trying to find out what she had said that was wrong. Emilie at last told her, yawning, that she talked too much, and had better go to sleep. The next governess had managed better. She used to lock up Marie, as she would some dangerous animal. Consequently, those big black eyes saw nothing, and Madame Certost kept her place a long time. But then she was a French woman and very discreet.

Yet in spite of all this physical wildness, and energy of temperament, Marie was timid, shy, and loving; requiring indulgence and encouragement — guidance also, certainly. She was unfitted, above all things, for her father's harsh discipline. She was inquisitive because she was restless and unemployed, not because she was sly: frank because she was guileless, not because she was bold: she told all she knew because she never dreamt of evil, and could not understand the value of caution; for she could not understand the necessity of concealment. She desired ardently to be loved, and she lived under a ban; she desired earnestly to be good, and she was met by condemnation. Her younger sister was held up before her as her model, and was warned against her example. Blindly searching to know her sins, and in that search committing them, poor little Marie often wished that she was dead, and wondered how such a monster as herself was suffered to live.

From this unhealthy state, Marie, having completed her education at home, was sent to Madame Dupuy, as governess to her youngest child. Her first step of comparative freedom.

Madame Dupuy was a very fascinating woman; not pretty, but graceful and exceedingly well-bred. Rather too lithe perhaps in her gestures, and too flattering in her manners. Her morals were strict, and her ideas of

female propriety exalted; yet her power of extracting confidence was something wonderful; for few who knew her had not made her the depository of their most dangerous secrets. But at heart, she was cold and selfish, and never made a step in life without forecast and calculation: her own advantage was her only measure. Still, with her sweet manners, prudent principles, and great powers of attachment, she was an admirable person to take charge of Marie: and she promised Mr. Maconnell to reform her. Poor Marie! it was little enough of reformation that the heedless, innocent child needed.

Madame Dupuy kept her word. She worked a kind of miracle with the girl, and changed her into another creature. For the first time in her life, Marie heard the voice of affection and respect. For the first time, she was treated with indulgence; her nature was understood. Madame Dupuy played her part to perfection, and won all she played for. Conquered by love, Marie became her slave, and poured out the riches of her loving heart prodigally. She would have undergone an arduous self-discussion before refusing to commit a crime on Madame Dupuy's order; so nearly had she merged the landmarks of right and wrong in her wishes. How happy she was! No one, but a girl unloved at home, could rightly understand the excess of Marie's passionate happi-

ness under the gentle treatment of her mistress. It was idolatry. It was an infinite devotion without name or term: the full perfection of that childlike effusion which comes but once in life, for the first friend, the first lover; and is never equalled again, even for husband or for child.

M. le Comte Dupuy was an elderly man without moral perceptions; excepting one; the respect due to a *demoiselle*. Marie Maconnell was young, pretty, motherless, and confided to him; and M. Dupuy looked on her as a kind of religious deposit, which, if he lost, would leave him an uncomfortable time in purgatory. He was therefore very strict with her, both as regarded himself and every one else. He might have been the Saint Père of Rome, or a Carthusian Monk, for anything bordering on levity of speech or conduct to Marie, although he was known as a man with no more real virtue than Tartuffe. He might have been a gaoler of the Inquisition, and she its pet heretic, for any undue liberty allowed to her. Marie must have been clever indeed to have escaped the Count's care. He nailed down the *jalousie* blinds of her window so that she could not raise them; he locked the doors of the suite of rooms whenever he went out, and took the key with him, not trusting even the *concierge*. Her bedroom door was locked every night, and the key laid on Madame Dupuy's table; and she was never suffered

to go even into the garden alone. Marie thought he was very harsh, and complained of him to his wife; but Madame Dupuy said he had reason, and Marie must submit. Marie did so, grumblingly. But M. Dupuy was harsh; and uncertain, too. Sometimes Marie was a crow, a cow, a stick, a stupid; and then she was his dear little friend, his child, his little love of a saint; and, once or twice — but not often — his little cabbage, and his rabbit. Whereat Marie used to wonder, and ask Madame Dupuy why the Count was first so cross, and then so kind.

Madame Dupuy — a woman who never deceived herself by imagination, and never lost the clue to a truth by overindulgent interpretation — was a keen observer. She believed in virtue as little as in her husband. She saw clearly enough the riddle Marie could not explain, and read every letter of it as if it had been the nursery horn-book. But she was not jealous. At least not yet. Marie was useful to her for another year; then, she should require a more advanced governess for her eldest girl; at present, jealousy would have been a folly — and Madame Dupuy committed more sins than follies. She told Marie it was M. le Comte's way, and asked her if he did not treat her, his wife, even more unkindly? Which was true enough; for they led a most unhappy life, and quarrelled twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

While these two volcanoes slumbered beneath Marie's tread, her father died, and Emilie went down to Marseilles with Madame de Lamotte. Marie was then thrown entirely into the power of the Dupuys; who gradually assumed a control over her, scarcely inferior to her father's in harshness. Madame Dupuy changed the most. She became cold and severe, and scolded incessantly. If Marie worked, the stitches were called "cat's eyes," and must be undone; if she read, it was idleness — why could she not do something useful? If she went into the garden, it was an assignation; and if she sat in her own room, she was sullen, or perhaps writing a love-letter: although, as Marie said, lovers do not spring up like mushrooms, and there was no one at the château, or, excepting M. le Curé, for miles round. But it was Madame Dupuy's intention to be unreasonable. In truth, she was tired of Marie's wild, and somewhat tactless devotion, and she had gradually become jealous of her husband's evident love for her; although she knew that Marie neither returned nor suspected it. Marie tried not to see this change. She called herself hard names for even fancying that Madame Dupuy could be unjust, and said to the Curé that she was the most ungrateful creature under heaven. But the Curé, who had keen eyes too, told her that she ought to be more measured in her self-accusations, and that

people must be just to themselves as well as to others. Advice which Marie thought not very good nor very true; being still too blinded to understand the real value of the marshlight glare that had bewildered her.

At the château where they lived in the country was a certain avenue on one side of the house; at the end whereof was an arbour hidden deep among the trees. This was Marie's favourite hiding-place; for, since Madame Dupuy had been so changed to her, much of her old savage love of loneliness, and many of her old wild, reckless ways, had come back. No threats and no coercion could keep her always in the house, now that her patrons were so trebly strict. One day she had been hidden in this arbour for a long time, when M. Dupuy and his little daughter Louisa came in. It was a beautiful summer day, still and breathless, and the cool shade of the alley and the arbour made a very Eden under the glowing sky. Marie — her eyes fixed on the earth, and her raven hair flung from her face — sat lost in a state of dreaming feeling rather than of thought: a vague half painful sentiment of something wanting, mingled with a delicious consciousness of happiness in youth, and beauty, and life, and hope. A state of feeling not unusual to girlhood; especially girlhood in the country.

M. Dupuy sat down by Marie. Louise seated herself on a stone

by the entrance. A book was in her hand, and she appeared to read it.

"I have forbidden you to sit here alone, Mademoiselle," began the Count with a bow and a shrug, and an apologetic wave of his hand.

"It was so hot, Monsieur, in the house; and the children made a noise. I wanted to be alone."

"It is not proper, Mademoiselle, for a young person like you to be alone."

"Why, Monsieur?" she asked dreamily.

"Because, Mademoiselle, some one might come in here to see you."

"My faith, Monsieur! There is no one to come!" cried Marie, with a half pout. "Perhaps I should like if some one did come."

"Mademoiselle! Do you know what you have said?"

"Yes," said Marie, shaking her thick hair, like a lion's mane. "I said I should perhaps be glad if any one had come in here to see me. Any stranger, I mean. It is so sad to see the same faces always!"

"Miserable child! Will you force me to lock you in your room like a criminal? Must you be chained like a slave to propriety?"

"Lock me up in my room again, Monsieur? What have I done? You locked me up yesterday because I talked to Monsieur le Curé by the water-side; although

he gave me good counsel, and told me to obey you."

"You wish to ruin yourself, Mademoiselle. That wild English blood of yours renders you unmanageable, and makes you revolt against all laws of propriety. But I must step in between you and your own hand, and preserve you in spite of yourself."

The count was sometimes seized with sentimental attacks. He had one to-day.

"Thank you, Monsieur," said Marie. "I can take care of myself."

"You are presumptuous, child."

"And you, Monsieur le Comte, vex me!"

"Do not vex yourself, my rabbit. You really become too beautiful!" There was a deep rich glow on Marie's cheek, and such a baby boldness of displeasure in her large eyes, that the Count could not scold her any longer. He took her hand, Marie, who regarded him as her father, suffered her hand to remain in his. The Count kissed it. Louise looked up. "How droll!" she said to herself. "I wonder what mamma would say!"

"I am sure I only wish to please you and Madame Dupuy," said Marie, gently. "If you are only kind to me you may lock me up in my room as long as you like; but if I am treated unkindly, Monsieur le Comte, I must go away and hide myself."

"When I seem anything but kind, my little cabbage," said

M. Dupuy, "it is for your own good. Madame Dupuy is not so sincere, and does not love you so much as I do."

"Oh Monsieur!"

"Yes, my child! I tell you she is not sincere; to you especially not; although you have been ever devoted to her. My dear little friend, it is time you understood who are your real friends, as the day may not be very distant when you will need them."

"Monsieur, you terrify me! I cannot hear Madame spoken against. I cannot hear that she is not sincere — she, who is so good."

"I tell you she is not sincere! I tell you she is no true friend of yours. I have defended you against her suspicions more than once; you, who have always taken her part in our domestic differences. M. le Curé yesterday told her that you were in the direct road to paradise; but she said that you were not exactly what he believed you to be, and that you had a temper to subdue like others."

"I will go and tell mamma that papa is telling Mademoiselle Marie she does not love her, and that papa kissed Mademoiselle Marie's hand!" thought Louise, as she ran off.

And she did so very soon; Madame Dupuy walking down the avenue all the time.

When Madame and her daughter came to the harbour, they stopped. Not to listen. Of course

not. Madame Dupuy, having sent the child away, stopped to gather a rose, which had a canker in its heart. She heard her husband say:

"You know that I love you, Mademoiselle Marie."

"But so does Madame, Monsieur."

"Child! Not as I do!"

"Yes, Monsieur; more than you do!"

"Ungrateful girl! I tell you Madame has never been your friend. It is I always who have defended you. I want you to hear reason and understand the truth; but you are so stupid — such a cow — there is no doing anything with you!"

"Don't be angry, Monsieur; and don't call me names. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness; but I cannot understand why you want me to believe that Madame does not love me, and that you do. Why, what am I to do if I do believe it?"

"You are to obey me, child."

"I do so, Monsieur, and I obey Madame also. Although she has been cross to me lately, sometimes," said Marie in a dreaming kind of voice.

"And I, Marie?"

"You, Monsieur? You locked me up in my room, yesterday; yet you have been very amiable lately, and have not called me a cow, or a crow, or a stick; and I love you."

"More than Madame?"

"I don't know that, Monsieur.

When you are kind I love you very much; but" —

She was going to add, "But I love Madame always," when Madame Dupuy gave a faint cry and stood before her.

Ungrateful! who destroyed the peace of the household and laid traps for M. le Comte? Who endeavoured to poison his mind against her, Madame Dupuy, in the hope of his ill-usage killing her, that she, Marie, might be Madame la Comtesse, and rule in the château? were the mildest of Madame Dupuy's expressions. Harder words, harsher accusations, still poured like drops of fire on that bewildered head, till Marie seemed to be translated to another life; she knew so little what it all meant. Monsieur Dupuy endeavoured to shield her. But he was swept away like a reed in a torrent before his wife's strength of wrath. He was but a "miserable" and a "coward," and was too mean to be dealt with. It was only Marie who was to blame — after the mother's tenderness lavished on her!

Marie bore up for a short time. She hoped that the fit of passion would be exhausted next day, and that then Madame Dupuy would acknowledge herself in the wrong, and reinstate her in her love. But the next day came, and Madame Dupuy had not the smallest inclination to own herself in fault. She was as furious against Marie as ever, and threatened to send her to a convent — a threat she might have carried into execution

if she liked; for Marie never seemed to imagine that Madame Dupuy had not her life, and death, and social disposition, all in her hand.

After many days of this agitation Marie began to feel very ill. She had a fearful headache, she lost her appetite, and could not sleep. Neither could she rest; but wandered about, feverish and distracted, more dead than alive. In about ten days she fell ill of a fever which an English doctor would have called a brain fever; but the Frenchman said it was an overturning of the blood with typhoid symptoms.

Madame Dupuy had certainly several children; and fever, with typhoid symptoms, in a house where there are several infants, is no light matter. Yet four years ago Marie had nursed Madame herself through the small-pox, and her children through the measles, and had taken all the danger and trouble to herself, suffering no one to help her. For infants and invalids were Marie's specialities. She had, therefore, a claim upon Madame Dupuy now, in this her first illness, and an illness brought on by her injustice. For Madame Dupuy knew that Marie was innocent in all that concerned her husband; and that the Count himself had meant nothing but the folly of a vain man who wishes to possess exclusive influence, where he feels he has most affection. She was obliged to acknowledge to herself that it was but a pretext,

and a cruel one, that she had made use of to disembarass herself of Marie without the possibility of any blame attaching to herself, and with the delightful opportunity of administering a little revenge upon her husband. Therefore Madame made Marie's sickness a great point in reference to her children; talked sweetly of maternal obligations and unavailing regrets; and insisted on Marie being sent away immediately, wherever she might be best taken care of.

Fevered and delirious, Marie was wrapped up in a blanket, put into a carriage, and sent off to Paris, to live or die in a hotel in the Rue Saint Honoré, as it might happen. And there she was alone, without a relation in the whole world of Paris, and without an intimate friend; for she had been so long with Madame Dupuy, and had so gathered her life into that one focus, that she had lost all connexion with the outlying world beyond the château; and in the very Quartier in which she had been brought up from infancy, was as much alone in all that regarded the obligations of intimate friendship as if she had been in Siberia.

When the people at the hotel understood that the young girl's fever had a typhoid character, they also took the alarm, as was very natural. They gave her notice to leave, instantly. When asked where she was to be taken to, they said, to the Hospice Beaujon; and, indeed, there

seemed to be no other place for the poor child, than the hospital, among the chiffoniers and "brigands."

It fortunately happened, that at this critical time, the apartments in which Marie had lived with her father and sister and which the sisters still preserved, were vacated by the tenants to whom they had sub-let them. So Marie was carried there, and a nurse and a doctor were sent for. The proprietor of the house took that on himself and paid the hotel bill too; but he put it down in his quarterly account, "because," he said, "young ladies should never accept presents from men." Marie had, however, some money — the balance of salary which Madame Dupuy had paid her.

And this was the little heretic sick unto death, for whom masses and prayers were so diligently said by the kind-hearted Catholics of the Quartier; the Curé saying one on his own account without being paid for it.

The sick nurse, the Sister Sainte Agathe, was nothing like the popular ideal of a Sister of Charity. She was old and cross, and an inveterate gossip. She was expensive and troublesome too in her habits: requiring very high living, and extreme punctuality — a thing almost impossible in such a small household, and with a patient so dangerously ill. And then she was obliged to leave Marie also, for two hours every day, for her religious exercises. Her wages were higher

than the wages of unwedded nurses; being six, instead of five francs a day. But it was thought more proper, more *convenable*, that a young lady like Marie should have a Sister as a sick nurse. And *les convenances* are the altars of French society; commanding martyrs as well as worshippers.

M. Adolphe, the doctor with a thick brown beard and moustache, soon took a great interest in Marie — as indeed, who would not? — in all her delirious distress, such a dear, good, loving child! And as his interest in his patient increased, his disapprobation of her nurse increased with it. He became very cross and fault-finding, so that the Sister Sainte Agathe called him a great idiot — for which she had to say two aves, and the litany of Sainte Vierge at four o'clock in the morning, and to have only bread and vegetables — no eggs — on a Friday. He told her that she did not take enough care of Mademoiselle Marie; and that he was not always sure that his potions were given at the right moment, or his cataplasms taken off when he ordered. It was frightful and desolating, and he wished they had a nurse with a little less religion, and a little more good sense. He had a great respect and a high consideration for the sisters of charity; but the ecclesiastical exercises of some among them were sadly in a doctor's way. The Sister, who was a heavy woman, and who had be-

come a sister more for a profession than from any religious conviction, promised to herself not to forget what M. Adolphe said; and, with true woman's tact, appeared to have buried everything in oblivion, but was watching eagerly for her hour of retribution.

Marie did not die. M. Adolphe's prescriptions did her no harm, if they did her no good; and sister Agathe hung round her neck three little medals blessed by the pope; which she said would preserve her. And, when Marie was pronounced out of danger, she told her that the medallions had saved her, not the doctor. Marie wondered which it was, but the Curé said it was neither: the masses in St. Philippe had done all. Marie believed each in turn, and ended by a mixture of the whole.

"You are better, Mademoiselle?" said M. Adolphe. And Marie looked up and smiled. This was her second day of getting up.

"Yes," she said, "I am almost well."

"Not quite yet. You cannot dispense with my visits for some time to come. Unless you wish it, Mademoiselle?" He was rather pale as he spoke.

"I do not want you to leave me, Monsieur. When you have left me I shall be very dull and lonely." And Marie turned to him affectionately, like a child.

The Sister woke up from a doze. It was after dinner, and

she had been asleep. The Sister always went to sleep after dinner — especially on meat days.

"Madame, your hour of prayer has come," said M. Adolphe.

The watch on the chimney-piece pointed to the hour. The one in M. Adolphe's pocket was half-an-hour behind.

"I did not think it was so late!" exclaimed the Sister, shuffling about the room. "And you, Monsieur?"

"And I remain with Mademoiselle."

The Sister Sainte Agathe was disturbed.

"And you remain, Monsieur?"

"Why yes, Madame! It is necessary."

"But not proper, Monsieur."

"Suffer me to attend to my patient according to my own ideas, Madame."

"Certainly, Monsieur; but I shall send in the servant."

M. Adolphe looked annoyed. But French *convenance* put its iron claw on him, and he was obliged to submit.

"Certainly, Madame. Send in Josephine."

So the Sister went away, and Josephine came in with her work. She was embroidering a cap, and doing it very well.

"Josephine, my child, is the dose of lime flowers prepared?" asked M. Adolphe. Josephine was a tall, elegant, black-eyed Parisian girl, a terrible thief, but very complaisant.

"No, Monsieur, but I will go and prepare it immediately."

Josephine retired from the room, with a glance at Marie from her broad bold eyes that told volumes. But M. Adolphe was looking at Marie, and Marie was looking on the ground, and neither of them saw her.

M. Adolphe was feeling Marie's pulse. The pulse was quick, and the bright fever spots in her cheeks were very red. M. Adolphe mixed some orange flower with sugared water, and gave it to her.

"You are still nervous, Mademoiselle."

"Yes, Monsieur."

"And your head is hot."

He put his hand on her forehead.

"It does not ache now, Monsieur."

"Is my hand cool?"

She placed her hand upon his and pressed it against her brow eagerly.

"Yes," she said, "it does me good!"

M. Adolphe became suddenly eloquent and excited. "It does you good," he said, "because I wish to do you good: because I pour out my soul in every breath, in every word, in every look and touch: because I have transfused my life into your sinking heart, and made you mine by this gift of strength and health: because I love you better than my own soul. That is why I do you good."

"You love me, then!" half sobbed Marie, "and it is your love that has cured me!"

And for further expression of

gratitude and joy the poor child — weakened and feeble in spite of M. Adolphe's boast — burst into tears, and sobbed as if she had been struck by a misfortune. The stone was cast into the water, and the still lake woke up into a stormy sea, where would be peace and quiet no more.

It was very imprudent of M. Adolphe to make this declaration to a girl lying on the outskirts of a bad fever, when a very small excitement would have thrown her back into the danger from which she had just escaped. But with all his goodness — and he was dearly good — M. Adolphe was both impetuous and unreflecting, and had never accustomed himself to command an impulse, whatever it might be. However, he did not work much mischief; for Marie's happiness buoyed her up over the dangerous excitement; and, although she suffered from a temporary increase of fever, she soon got over it and was all the better afterwards.

Sister Agatha found it out. Marie, as a *gage d'amour* — the most sacred she possessed — gave M. Adolphe one of her little medallions. And the Sister missed it.

"Where has it gone to, wretched child? What has become of the blessed medallion? O, what a huge, enormous sin you have committed!"

"I gave it to M. Adolphe, Madame."

"A demoiselle give presents to

a young unmarried man! Fie, then!"

"I gave it out of gratitude, Madame."

"My little one, you need show your gratitude only in paying M. Adolphe's bill. You need not give him medals."

"He wished it, Madame."

"Oh! he wished it, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Out of gratitude, also, Mademoiselle?" The Sister's voice was thickly satirical. Marie was silent.

"You love M. Adolphe, then?"

Still silent.

"And he loves you?"

Not a word.

"Mademoiselle, M. Adolphe must be dismissed."

"No, Madame."

"I insist, Mademoiselle."

"I cannot obey, Madame."

"Well! I shall go then to Madame, his mother, and demand his instant dismissal from her! I came to nurse a sick person, not to favour a courtship. Reflect, Mademoiselle, on my position."

"Oh Madame! my mother! — dear Sainte Agathe! — do not destroy me — do not quite kill me! Oh, Sainte Agathe, do not go to Madame Adolphe! She will take away her son, and that would kill me!" And poor little Marie wrung her hands.

But the Sister was a rigid person with severe notions of duty — in other people. No prayers were availing. She shook her head mournfully, declared she

was in despair, but was none the less resolved. Off she went to Madame Adolphe to detail all she knew of her son's love-lorn proceedings.

Madame Adolphe was shocked — grieved — terrified — agonized. Being a woman of superstitious imagination she asked earnestly if Marie possessed any philtre, any charm, by which she had worked on M. Adolphe. The Sister considered the matter attentively; but told her "No!" for even if she had possessed any, those three blessed medallions would have nullified it. This silenced the suspicion effectually; and Madame Adolphe kissed the Sister on both cheeks, in joyful gratitude that she had hung the three medals round Marie's neck. However Madame Adolphe had but one path to take, and it must be taken resolutely. She had other views for her son. Madame Dufour's daughter had twenty thousand francs, and Madame Dufour had been very amiable to them lately. Madame de Vigny had fifteen thousand francs a year, and a rich bachelor uncle, and Madame de Vigny had asked after M. Adolphe yesterday, and invited him to a party. No; Madame Adolphe had other views for her Jules, and could not possibly entertain the idea of a little Mademoiselle Marie, Protestant, dowerless; and, as far as she knew, without expectations. In France, as it is the mothers who marry their sons, and not the

sons who marry themselves, Madame Adolphe's views were paramount, and Mademoiselle Marie must be forgotten.

Jules came home, and his mother welcomed him stiffly.

"My mother, what has vexed you?" he said, eating his sorrel soup very hot. It was a fast day, and they had a refreshing soup made of green leaves and milk.

"My heart is full, Jules."

"What has happened, mother?"

"The Sister Sainte Agathe, my son" — The blood came into M. Adolphe's face.

"Well, what of the Sister Sainte Agathe?"

"She has shown me my son's heart."

M. Adolphe attempted a pleasantry.

"I assure you, mother, the old Sainte showed you a counterfeit. I possess my own heart; she has not got it."

The pleasantry fell dead.

"We are talking of business, Jules," said the lady severely; and M. Jules bowed an apology.

"You love your young patient, my son. The Sister has told me — worthy woman — that you have even committed the sin of giving or of taking a *gage d'amour* from her. You know, Jules, it is necessary that you should marry with money. Now, what marriage portion has this Mademoiselle Marie?"

"Her beauty and her virtue, my mother."

"Her beauty will not keep the

house, my son, nor educate your children; for her virtue — that may pass. The less it is inquired into the better."

"Mother! — how can you, who are so good and kind, say such a cruelty — such a sin?"

"It is true, my son. Did not her friend and patroness Madame Dupuy dismiss her because of her incautious — you see I use mild words — conduct towards the Comte her husband?"

"It is a falsehood, mother, indeed!"

"My dear Jules, you have lost your head. Take some medicine and go to bed."

"Mother! You speak as if I were still tied to your apron strings! I am too old to be treated as a baby, now!"

"At any rate, my dear Jules, I shall treat you so much like a baby as to use my legal power for your good. I forbid you to marry that girl. I will never consent to a ridiculous union, which will destroy our position and make my grandchildren beggars."

Madame Adolphe walked out of the room, and forbade her son to follow her.

You may marry in France, certainly, without the consent of your parents — you cannot marry in an ordinary way without that consent, if you are a man forty years of age and upwards — after three acts of *sommations respectueuses*; that is, supposing you are twenty-five years old. But, then, if you have recourse to

these respectful summonses, you break with your family for ever; you make an open rupture, and create a public scandal; and no French father or mother will forgive you. M. Jules was in a terrible condition, therefore. He loved his mother tenderly, and he could not make up his mind to a respectful summons. He knew her too well to dream of her consent to a marriage which had only love and poverty for its foundation, now that she had unfolded before him her more ambitious projects. No; Madame Adolphe, with her beautiful toilette and pleasant manners, was a block of adamant in her will. Jules was forced to obey or to defy her; and good, soft-hearted, bearded Jules could not make up his mind to do that.

He went and told Marie, and Marie decided for him. They bade each other a sad adieu; Jules going back to his mother a sulky, peevish, irritable man, and Marie retreating into her little sorrowful apartments — her two rooms and a kitchen — as still and as retired as a veiled nun. Nothing could equal the melancholy of her life in her small apartments, four stories high, where she and Josephine lived. She very seldom went out; and all through the long winter sat, with her saddened thoughts and sorrowed love, wondering why she still lived, after having been so near death.

A letter in an unknown hand, and with a broad black seal, came

to "Miss Mary Maconnell" one day. It was written on thick English paper, was unpaid, and cost her thirty-two sous. On opening it she read that her father's brother, Hugh, had died without a will, and that therefore his property had fallen to her and Emilie, as his next of kin, without any other claimants to interfere. The housekeeper with the cherry ribbons was not mentioned even in a codicil. Nor the parrot.

The news soon spread in the Quartier, and came in turn to Madame Adolphe.

"Here's a lucky circumstance!" cried Madame Adolphe, when the bath-woman in the Rue de Courcelles told her that Mademoiselle Marie had inherited an enormous fortune. "Behold us all content!"

Madame Adolphe was suddenly enraptured. That dear Marie: so good; so patient; so self-sacrificing. Madame Adolphe had never had any objection to Marie personally. It was only Marie's poverty. Rich, she became at once the most beautiful and charming young person of the neighbourhood; one whose acquaintance Madame Adolphe must really cultivate.

She caught up her petticoats on her left side in the marvellous manner of the French women, tripped away from the bath over the swimming gutters and filthy streets, without picking up a speck of mud, and hurried home. Just as Jules entered after a long

day's work among hooping-cough.

"Jules, my child, do you know the news?"

"No, mother," said Jules, sulkily.

He had never been the same son as formerly — had ceased to be the affectionate, gentle, respectful person that most well-nurtured Frenchmen are — honour to them for it! — had grown cold, and sullen, and wayward, and led his mother but a poor life.

"And you do not know — the little Marie — your ancient friend and patient?"

"Why speak of her, mother?"

"Because I have news that will delight you."

"Delight me! Married, perhaps?"

"Perhaps so, my son," said Madame Adolphe, settling her cap. It was trimmed with violets, and was very becoming.

"Oh, mother, how cruel you are!" said Jules, the tears coming into his honest eyes. "I have obeyed you faithfully, and sacrificed my own inclinations to your wishes. You ought to spare me mockery and irony!"

Madame Adolphe's lips quivered, and tears came into her eyes too. From sympathy she put her arms round her son's neck and kissed him.

"Forgive me, Jules, for all the pain I have caused you. It was for your own good. But come with me to the little Marie. She is rich, and you can marry her

now, without wronging her children and destroying yourself. Come! We will both ask her for her love; and she shall find a mother, and a fond one, on the day when she accepts you as her husband. Come, my Jules, let us make the little one happy, and let me take back my old place in my son's heart through the gentle mediatorship of his wife!"

That night a blessed soul shone brilliant with joy, like a star through the dark sky of life; a happy heart, freighted with love and hope, floated down the rushing stream of sorrow, to ascend it no more. Marie, kneeling in the moonlight, thanked God for the suffering she had passed, since by that suffering, she said, she knew better what was her present bliss.

After all the different formalities had been complied with, after the consent of mamma had been duly notified, and the certificate of birth and baptism had been obtained for the civil marriage; and after all the religious rites had been complied with, Jules and Marie were married. All the faubourg went to Saint Philippe to see the wedding. Marie was pronounced charming and perfectly dressed; and, to mark the public approbation of the whole affair, the *quête* — or collection for the poor made by one of the bridesmaids — was larger than it had been since the great lady of the Quartier was married last year.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

His Sowship would pretty willingly, I think, have blown the House of Commons into the air himself; for his dread and jealousy of it knew no bounds all through his reign. When he was hard pressed for money he was obliged to order it to meet, as he could get no money without it; and when it asked him first to abolish some of the monopolies in necessaries of life which were a great grievance to the people, and to redress other public wrongs he flew into a rage and got rid of it again. At one time he wanted it to consent to the Union of England with Scotland, and quarrelled about that. At another time it wanted him to put down a most infamous Church abuse, called the High Commission Court, and he quarrelled with it about that. At another time it entreated him not to be quite so fond of his archbishops and bishops who made speeches in his praise too awful to be related, but to have some little consideration for the poor Puritan clergy who were persecuted for preaching in their own way, and not according to the archbishops and bishops; and they quarrelled about that. In short, what with hating the House of Commons, and pretending not to hate it; and what with now sending some of its members who opposed him, to Newgate, or to the Tower, and

now telling the rest that they must not presume to make speeches about the public affairs, which could not possibly concern them; and what with cajoling, and bullying, and frightening, and being frightened; the House of Commons was the plague of his Sowship's existence. It was pretty firm, however, in maintaining its rights, and in insisting that the Parliament should make the laws, and not the King by his own single proclamations (which he tried hard to do); and his Sowship was often so distressed for money, in consequence, that he sold every sort of title and public office as if they were merchandise, and even invented a new dignity called a Baronetcy which anybody could buy for a thousand pounds.

These disputes with his Parliaments, and his hunting, and his drinking, and his lying in bed — for he was a great sluggard — occupied his Sowship pretty well. The rest of his time he chiefly passed in hugging and slobbering his favourites. The first of these was SIR PHILIP HERBERT, who had no knowledge whatever, except of dogs, and horses, and hunting, but whom he soon made EARL OF MONTGOMERY. The next, and a much more famous one, was ROBERT CARR, or KER, (for it is not certain which was his right name), who came from the Border country, and whom he soon made VISCOUNT ROCHESTER, and afterwards, EARL OF SOMERSET. The way in which his Sowship doated

on this handsome young man, is even more odious to think of, than the way in which the really great men of England condescended to bow down before him. His great friend was a certain SIR THOMAS OVERBURY, who wrote his love-letters for him and assisted him in the duties of his many high places, which his own ignorance prevented him from discharging. But this same Sir Thomas having just manhood enough to dissuade the favourite from a wicked marriage with the beautiful Countess of Essex, who was to get a divorce from her husband for the purpose; the said Countess, in her rage, got Sir Thomas put into the Tower, and there poisoned him. Then the favourite and this bad woman were publicly married by the King's pet bishop, with as much to-do and rejoicing, as if he had been the best man, and she the best woman, upon the face of the earth.

But, after a longer sunshine than might have been expected — of seven years or so, that is to say — another handsome young man started up and eclipsed the EARL OF SOMERSET. This was GEORGE VILLIERS, the youngest son of a Leicestershire gentleman: who came to Court with all the Paris fashions on him, and could dance as well as the best mountebank that ever was seen. He soon danced himself into the good graces of his Sowship, and danced the other favourite out of favour. Then, it was all at once

discovered that the Earl and Countess of Somerset had not deserved all those great promotions and mighty rejoicings, and they were separately tried for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and for other crimes. But, the King was so horribly afraid of his late favourite's publicly telling some disgraceful things he knew of him — which he darkly threatened to do — that he was even examined with two men standing, one on either side of him, each with a cloak in his hand, ready to throw it over his head and stop his mouth if he should break out with what he had it in his power to tell. So, a very lame affair was purposely made of the trial, and his punishment was an allowance of four thousand pounds a year in retirement; while the countess was pardoned and allowed to pass into retirement too. They hated one another by this time, and lived to revile and torment each other some years.

While these events were in progress, and while his Sowship was making such an exhibition of himself, from day to day and from year to year, as is not often seen in any sty, three remarkable deaths took place in England. The first was that of the Minister, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who was past sixty, and had never been strong, being deformed from his birth. He said at last that he had no wish to live; and no Minister need have had, I am sure, with his experience of the mean-

ness and wickedness of those disgraceful times. The second was, that of the Lady Arabella Stuart, who alarmed his Sowship mightily, by privately marrying WILLIAM SEYMOUR, son of LORD BEAUCHAMP, who was a descendant of King Henry the Seventh, and who, his Sowship thought, might consequently increase and strengthen any claim she might one day set up to the throne. She was separated from her husband (who was put in the Tower) and crammed into a boat to be confined at Durham. She escaped in a man's dress to get away in a French ship from Gravesend to France, but unhappily missed her husband, who had escaped too, and was soon taken. She went raving mad in the miserable Tower, and died there after four years. The last, and the most important of these three deaths, was that of Prince Henry, the heir to the throne, in the nineteenth year of his age. He was a promising young prince, and greatly liked: a quiet, well-conducted youth, of whom two very good things are known; first, that his father was jealous of him; secondly, that he was the friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, languishing through all those years in the Tower, and often said that no man but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage. On the occasion of the preparations for the marriage of his sister the Princess Elizabeth with a foreign prince (and an unhappy marriage it turned out) he came from Rich-

mond, where he had been very ill, to greet his new brother-in-law, at the palace at Whitehall. There he played a great game at tennis, in his shirt, though it was very cold weather, and was seized with an alarming illness and died within a fortnight of a putrid fever. For this young prince Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, in his prison in the Tower, the beginning of a History of the World: a wonderful instance how little his Sowship could do to confine a great man's mind, however long he might imprison his body.

And this mention of Sir Walter Raleigh, who had many faults, but who never showed so many merits as in trouble and adversity, may bring me at once to the end of his sad story. After an imprisonment in the Tower of twelve long years, he proposed to resume those old sea voyages of his, and go to South America in search of gold. His Sowship, divided between his wish to be on good terms with the Spaniards through whose territory Sir Walter must pass — he had long had an idea of marrying Prince Henry to a Spanish Princess — and his avaricious eagerness to get hold of the gold, did not know what to do. But, in the end, he set Sir Walter free, taking securities for his return; and Sir Walter fitted out an expedition at his own cost, and, on the twenty-eighth of March, one thousand six hundred and seventeen, sailed away in command of one of its ships, which he ominously called the

Destiny. The expedition failed; the common men, not finding the gold they had expected, mutinied; a quarrel broke out between Sir Walter and the Spaniards, who hated him for old successes of his against them; and he took and burnt a little town called SAINT THOMAS. For this he was denounced to his Sowship by the Spanish Ambassador as a pirate, and returning almost broken-hearted, with his hopes and fortunes shattered, his company of friends dispersed, and his brave son (who had been one of them) killed, he was taken through the treachery of Sir LEWIS STUKELY, his near relation, a scoundrel and a Vice-Admiral; and was once again immured in his prison-home of so many years.

His Sowship being mightily disappointed in not getting any gold, Sir Walter Raleigh was tried as unfairly, and with as many lies and evasions as the judges and law officers and every other authority in Church and State habitually practised under such a King. After a great deal of prevarication on all parts but his own, it was declared that he must die under his former sentence, now fifteen years old. So, on the twenty-eighth of October, one thousand six hundred and eighteen, he was shut up in the Gate House at Westminster to pass his last night on earth, and there he took leave of his good and faithful lady, who was worthy to have lived in better

days. At eight o'clock next morning, after a cheerful breakfast, and a pipe, and a cup of good wine, he was taken to Old Palace Yard in Westminster, where the scaffold was set up, and where so many people of high degree were assembled to see him die, that it was a matter of some difficulty to get him through the crowd. He behaved most nobly; but, if anything lay heavy on his mind, it was that Earl of Essex, whose head he had seen roll off; and he solemnly said that he had had no hand in bringing him to the block, and that he had shed tears for him when he died. As the morning was very cold, the Sheriff said, would he come down to a fire for a little space and warm himself? But Sir Walter thanked him, and said no, he would rather it were done at once: for he was ill of fever and ague, and in another quarter of an hour his shaking fit would come upon him if he were still alive, and his enemies might then suppose that he trembled for fear. With that, he kneeled and made a very beautiful and Christian prayer. Before he laid his head upon the block, he felt the edge of the axe, and said, with a smile upon his face, that it was a sharp medicine, but would cure the worst disease. When he was bent down ready for death, he said to the executioner, finding that he hesitated, "What dost thou fear? Strike, man!" So, the axe came down and struck his head off,

in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

The new favourite got on fast. He was made a viscount, he was made Duke of Buckingham, he was made a marquis, he was made Master of the Horse, he was made Lord High Admiral — and the Chief Commander of the gallant English forces that had dispersed the Spanish Armada, was displaced to make room for him. He had the whole kingdom at his disposal, and his mother sold all the profits and honours of the State, as if she had kept a shop. He blazed all over with diamonds and other precious stones, from his hat-band and his car-rings to his shoes. Yet he was an ignorant, presumptuous, swaggering compound of knave and fool, with nothing but his beauty and his dancing to recommend him. This is the gentleman who called himself his Majesty's dog and slave, and called his Majesty Your Sowship. His Sowship called him STEENIE; it is supposed, because that was a nickname for Stephen, and because Saint Stephen was generally represented in pictures as a handsome saint.

His Sowship was driven sometimes to his wits'-end by his trimming between the general dislike of the Catholic religion at home, and his desire to wheedle and flatter it abroad, as his only means of getting a rich princess for his son's wife: a part of whose fortune he might cram into his greasy pockets. Prince

Charles — or as his Sowship called him; Baby Charles — being now PRINCE OF WALES, the old project of a marriage with the Spanish King's daughter had been revived for him; and as she could not marry a Protestant without leave from the Pope, his Sowship himself secretly and meanly wrote to his Infallibility, asking for it. The negotiation for this Spanish marriage takes up a larger space in great books than you can imagine, but the upshot of it all, is, that when it had been held off by the Spanish Court for a long time, Baby Charles and Steenie set off in disguise as Mr. Thomas Smith and Mr. John Smith, to see the Spanish Princess; that Baby Charles pretended to be desperately in love with her, and jumped off walls to look at her, and made a considerable idiot of himself in a good many ways; that she was called Princess of Wales, and that the whole Spanish Court believed Baby Charles to be all but dying for her sake, as he expressly told them he was; that Baby Charles and Steenie came back to England, and were received with as much rapture as if they had been a blessing to it; that Baby Charles had actually ~~been~~ in love with HENRIETTA MARIE, the French King's sister, whom he had seen in Paris; that he thought it a wonderfully fine and princely thing to have deceived the Spaniards, all through; and that he openly said, with a chuckle, as soon as he was safe

and sound at home again, that the Spaniards were great fools to have believed him.

Like most dishonest men, the Prince and the favourite complained that the people whom they had deluded were dishonest. They made such misrepresentations of the treachery of the Spaniards in this business of the Spanish match, that the English nation became eager for a war with them. Although the gravest Spaniards laughed at the idea of his Sowship in a warlike attitude, the Parliament granted money for the beginning of hostilities, and the treaties with Spain were publicly declared to be at an end. The Spanish ambassador in London — probably with the help of the fallen favourite, the Earl of Somerset — being unable to obtain speech with his Sowship, slipped a paper into his hand, declaring that he was a prisoner in his own house and was entirely governed by Buckingham and his creatures. The first effect of this letter was, that his Sowship began to cry and whine, and took Baby Charles away from Steenie, and went down to Windsor, gabbling all sorts of nonsense. The end of it was that his Sowship hugged his dog and slave, and said he was quite satisfied.

He had given the Prince and the favourite almost unlimited power to settle anything with the Pope as to the Spanish marriage; and he now, with a view to the French one, signed a treaty that

all Roman Catholics in England should exercise their religion freely, and should never be required to take any oath contrary thereto. In return for this, and for other concessions much less to be defended, Henrietta Maria was to become the Prince's wife, and was to bring him a fortune of eight hundred thousand crowns.

His Sowship's eyes were getting red with eagerly looking for the money, when the end of a gluttonous life came upon him; and, after a fortnight's illness, on Sunday the twenty-seventh of March, one thousand six hundred and twenty-five, he died. He had reigned twenty-two years, and was fifty-nine years old. I know of nothing more abominable in history than the adulation that was lavished on this King, and the vice and corruption that such a barefaced habit of lying produced in his court. It is much to be doubted whether one man of honour, and not utterly self-disgraced, kept his place near James the First. Lord Bacon, that able and wise philosopher, as the first Judge in the Kingdom in this reign, became a public spectacle of dishonesty and corruption; and in his base flattery of his Sowship, and in his crawling servility to his dog and slave, disgraced himself even more. But, a creature like his Sowship set upon a throne is like the Plague, and everybody receives infection from him.

LOUNGING THROUGH KENSINGTON.

THE beauty and salubrity of Kensington, its combination — so to speak — of the elegancies of town and country, and the multitude of its associations with English courts, wits, and literature, have long rendered it such a favourite with the lovers of books, that the want of some account of it, not altogether alien to its character, has constantly surprised them. The place is not only free from every thing repulsive to the consideration (unless it be one hidden spot, which the new improvements will do away), but attention is fairly invited throughout. The way to it is the pleasantest out of town: you may walk in high-road, or on grass, as you please; the fresh air salutes you from a healthy soil; and there is not a step of the way, from its commencement at Kensington Gore to its termination beyond Holland House, in which you are not greeted with the face of some pleasant memory.

Here, to mind's eyes conversant with local biography, stands a beauty, looking out of a window; there a wit, talking with other wits at a garden gate; there a poet on the green sward, glad to get out of the London smoke, and find himself among trees. Here come De Veres of the times of old; Hollands and Davenants of the Stuart and Cromwell times; Evelyn peering about him soberly,

and Samuel Pepys in a bustle. Here advance Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Sir Isaac Newton; Steele from visiting Addison, Walpole from visiting the Foxes, Johnson from a dinner with Elphinstone, Junius from a communication with Wilkes. Here, in his carriage, is King William the Third, going from the palace to open Parliament; Queen Anne, for the same purpose; George the First, George the Second (we shall have the pleasure of looking at all these personages a little more closely); and there, from out of Kensington Gardens, comes bursting, as if the whole recorded polite world were in flower all at once, all the fashion of the gayest times of those sovereigns, blooming with chintzes, full-blown with hoop-petticoats, towering with top-knots and toupees. Here comes Lady Mary, quizzing every body, and Lady Suffolk, looking discreet; there the lovely Bellendens and Lepells; there, Miss Howe, laughing with Nanty Lowther (who made her very grave afterwards); there, Chesterfield, Hanbury Williams, Lord Hervey, Miss Chudleigh, not overclothed; the Miss Gunnings, drawing crowds of admirers; and here is George Selwyn interchanging wit with my Lady Townshend, the Lady Bellaston (so at least it has been said) of Tom Jones.

Who is to know of all this company, and not be willing to meet it? To meet it therefore we propose, both out of doors and in-

doors, not omitting other persons who are worth half the rest, Mrs. Inchbald for one. Mrs. Inchbald shall close the last generation for us; and Coleridge shall bring us down to our own time.

Not that we propose to treat the subject chronologically, except in exhausting one point at a time. The general chronological point of view, though good to begin with in order to show the rise and growth of a place, would not suit inspection into particulars. It would only end in confusing both place and time, by jumping backwards and forwards from the same houses for the purpose of meeting contemporary demands. The best way of proceeding, after taking the general survey, is to set out from some particular spot, on the ordinary principle of perambulation; and so attend to each house or set of premises by itself, as far as we are acquainted with it.

Our perambulation, however, must not be parochial. Parish geography is a singular confounder of all received ideas of limitation. Ely Place, Holborn, is in the county of Cambridge: there are portions of other shires, which are in other shires; and, parochially considered, Kensington is not only more than Kensington in some places, but it is not Kensington itself in others. In Kensington parish, for instance, are included Earl's Court, Little Chelsea, Old and New Brompton, Kensal Green, and even some of the houses in Sloane

Street; while, on the other hand, Kensington Palace and Kensington Gardens are not in Kensington, but in the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Taking leave, therefore, of the wandering imaginations of parish-officers, and confining ourselves to the received idea of Kensington, which is the same as that of the Post Office or Red Book, we shall consider the locality as circumscribed by Knightsbridge, Earl's Court, Hammersmith, Notting Hill, and Bayswater; and since Kensington is more visited from the London side than any other, with the London side we shall begin.

But first, for the brief survey before mentioned, and a word or two respecting the name of the place.

The meaning of the word Kensington is disputed. It is commonly derived from the Saxon *Kyning's-tun* — King's-town; though, as it is written *Chenesitun* in Domesday Book, and in other old records; it has been thought traceable to some landed proprietor of the name of Chenesi — a family so called having been found living in Somersetshire, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Another ancient authority writes the word *Chensnetun*. Temptations to etymology are great; and as the Chenesi family was probably the same as the modern Cheynès or Cheyneys, and Cheyne comes from the old French word *chesne* (oak), and *Chensnet* might have been *chesne-*

nut or chestnut (oak and chestnut — *chastain* — having possibly the same root in French, and their timber, of which London was built, possessing a good deal in common), Saxon and Norman antiquaries might be led into much pleasant dispute as to the regal or woodland origin of the word Kensington — whether the oak and chestnut trees, which still have representatives in the district, were the occasion of the name, or whether some Saxon prince — Alfred, for instance, who was the rebuilder of London — going some fine morning to look at his woodcutters, and considering how good the soil was, and how fresh the western wind upon his brow, chose to set up a summerlodge there, in which to recreate his profound thoughts, and benefit the health which he was ruining for his country.

Whatever was the origin of its name, there is no doubt that the first inhabited spot of Kensington was an enclosure from the great Middlesex forest that once occupied this side of London, and which extended northwards as far as Barnet. The woody nature of a portion of the district is implied in a passage in Domesday Book; and records exist which show that forest-trees were abundant in it as late as the time of Henry the Eighth. The overflowings of the Thames, to which Chelsea and Hammersmith were then subject, stopped short of the higher ground of Kensington; there was no great road

through it till comparatively modern times, the only highway for travellers westward being the old Roman or present Uxbridge road, then bending southerly (as it still branches) to Turnham Green; and thus we are to picture to ourselves the future royal suburb as consisting of half-a-dozen rustical tenements of swine-herds and other foresters, clustering about the homestead of the chieftain, or speculator, whoever he was, that first cleared away a spot in that corner. By degrees dairymen come, and ploughmen; then vine-growers; and the first Norman proprietor we hear of is a bishop —

“Albericus de Ver tenet de episcopo Constantiensi Chenesit(um).”

Aubrey de Vere holds Kensington of the Bishop of Constance.

So writes Domesday Book. Constance is Coutances in Normandy; and the bishop, who was probably anything but a reverend personage in the modern sense of the epithet, but a stalwart, jolly fellow, clad in arms *cap-à-pie*, was also Grand Justiciary of England — that is to say, one whose business it was to do injustice to Englishmen, and see their goods and chattels delivered over to his countrymen, the Normans. Accordingly, to set a good legal example, the Justiciary seizes upon this manor of Kensington, which belonged, it seems, to one “Edward,” a name which signifies Happy

Keeper. So, Happy Keeper (unless detained to keep the pigs), makes the best of his way off, blessing this delightful bishop and judge, whose office it is to oust proprietors; and he is perhaps stripped and murdered, somewhere about Notting Hill, by his Lordship's chaplain.*

The De Veres, however, who afterwards gave twenty Earls of Oxford to the English peerage, were not long in becoming absolute possessors of the manor of Kensington; and they held it, directly or indirectly, from the time of the Conqueror nearly up to that of James the First. It is doubted, nevertheless, whether they ever resided there; though there was a mansion belonging to them, which occupied a site near the present Holland House, and which is still represented by a kind of remnant of a successor. We shall have more to say of the family by and by.

But whatever was the importance of the district as the possession of a race of nobles, it obtains no distinct or certain image in the mind of the topographer, till Holland House itself makes its appearance; which was not till the reign of James the First, when it was built by Sir Walter Cope, who had purchased the estate towards the close of the reign preceding. A succession of noble and other residents,

* For the crimes and iniquities of the military churchmen who came over with William of Normandy, see Thierry's *History of the Conquest* — *passim*.

of whom we shall have to speak, and who have rendered it one of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of London, soon brought shops and houses about it; Campden House, the seat of Lord Campden, arose not long after Holland House; the healthiness and fashion of the place attracted other families of distinction; and its importance was completed when King William bought the house and grounds of the Finch family (Earls of Nottingham), and converted the house into a palace, and the grounds into royal gardens. Holland House, Campden House, Kensington House, the Square, the Palace, and the Gardens, are the six oldest objects of interest in Kensington; and lively and abundant are the memorials they have left us.

But newer creations possess their interest also, up to the latest period; and it may be said, without the usual hazards attending prefatory commendation, that in comparison with "Kingly Kensington," as Swift called it, every other suburb of London, however interesting in its degree, is but as the strip of garden before one of its houses, compared with Kensington Gardens themselves during the height of their season.

We begin our perambulation, as proposed, on the side next the metropolis; we should rather say, next Piccadilly; for the metropolis, alas! and Kensington, are now joined; though from

Knightsbridge to the Palace the houses still occupy only one side of the way.

It is a very pleasant way, especially if you come through the Park. When we quit Piccadilly for Hyde Park Corner, we, for our parts, always fancy that the air, somehow, feels not only fresher, but whiter; and this feeling increases, as we find the turf under our feet and the fresh air in one's face. The roadway through Knightsbridge, with its rows of houses on one side, and its barracks on the other, is not so agreeable; though by way of compensation, you have the chance of having your eyes refreshed with a dignified serjeant of dragoons, too fat for his sash, and a tall private, walking with a little woman.

The long, and again unoccupied side of the road, in the Park, reaching from the Knightsbridge Barracks to within a short distance of the Gardens, lately presented to the eyes of the world a spectacle singularly illustrative of the advanced character of the age, and such, we believe, as no attempts to bring back a worse spirit in Europe will deprive of its good effects, however threatening those attempts may appear. When it was determined that the structure in which the Great Exhibition was held should re-appear in another quarter, and this too with those improvements in point of size and treatment which the designer himself had longed for power to effect, we felt

glad to have the old trees and (the hope of the old) turf back again, undisturbed, and rejoiced in a result, upon which, in fact, all parties were to be congratulated. We began to own, that there certainly had been a dust and a kick-up about the once quiet approach to Kensington—a turmoil of crowds, and omnibuses, and cabs, of hot faces and loud voices, of stalls, dogs, penny trumpets, policemen, and extempore public-houses—which for the sake of the many themselves one could hardly have wished to see continued, lest they also should ultimately have missed their portion in the tranquil pleasures of the few. Multitudes became somewhat too multitudinous. European brotherhood itself, now and then, felt its toes trodden upon a little too sharply. The most generous emulations, if they want elbow-room, are in danger of relapsing into antagonisms. A juvenile wit in the shape of a pot-boy, who appears to have possessed a profound natural insight into this tendency of the meeting of extremes, cried out one day to a couple of foreigners who were showing symptoms of a set-to, “Go it, All Nations!”

The road from Knightsbridge to Kensington, which the Great Exhibition looked on, is called the Gore—a word, which, with the surveyor as well as the sempstress, appears to mean a slip or graft of something in addition, and of the shape of a

blunted cone; though the elegance to which the spot has attained must not let us forget, that the same word has been employed in the sense of mud and dirt, and that the road in this quarter used to be in very bad condition. Lord Hervey, writing towards the middle of the last century, describes it as shocking. And the royal roads through the Park were little better.

“The removing from Kensington to Saint James’s for the purpose of facilitating the Queen’s intercourse with Ministers, seems in our days” (observes the editor of his Lordship’s Memoirs) “very singular; but the following extract from a letter to his mother, dated twenty-seventh of November, seventeen hundred and thirty-six, will explain it:—

“The road between this place (Kensington) and London is grown so infamously bad, that we live here in the same solitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud. There are two roads through the park; but the new one is so convex, and the old one so concave, that by this extreme of faults they agree in the common one of being, like the high road, impassable.” Vol II., p. 189.

Kensington Gore commences opposite Prince’s Gate with the mansion called Ennismore, or Listowel House, formerly Kingstons House. It is now the re-

sidence of the nobleman who possesses those two first titles; was lately that of the Marquis Wellesley; and was built by the once notorious Duchess of Kingston, famous in the annals of bigamy.

The Duchess of Kingston — the Miss Chudleigh of whom we have had a glimpse by anticipation in Kensington Gardens — was an adventuress, who, after playing tricks with a parish register for the purpose of alternately falsifying and substantiating a real marriage, according as the prospects of her husband varied, imposed herself on a duke for a spinster, and survived him as his duchess till unmasked by a court of law. She was a well-born and handsome, but coarse-minded woman, qualified to impose on none but very young or very shallow admirers. Her first husband, who became Earl of Bristol, was at the time of his marriage a young seaman, just out of his teens; and the duke, her second husband, though he was nephew of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, appears never to have outgrown the teens of his understanding. Hating prolixity and mock-modesty, her ladyship's maxim, we are told, was to be "short, clear, and surprising;" so she concentrated her rhetoric into swearing, and dressed in a style next to not dressing at all. The wealth, however, which was bequeathed her by the duke, enabled her, in spite of the loss of his title in England, to go and flare as a duchess abroad, where

her jewels made her the friend of sovereigns. And the Pope figured in her will.

Marquis Wellesley redeems Kingston House from the disgrace of its origin; for he was a highly refined personage. Some thought him too refined; and stories were told of the care which he took of his complexion. Fastidious he certainly was; fond of pomp and show, when he governed India; and a little too superfine perhaps in his tastes always. There was a curious difference in these, as well as in some other respects, between him and his brother, the great soldier. But we must not lightly believe stories to the disparagement of those who mingle infirmities with great qualities. What is certain of the Marquis Wellesley is, that with all his aristocratic drawbacks, he was a man of gentle and kindly manners in private; very generous; an energetic, judicious, and upon the whole singularly liberal statesman for an extender of empire; and that the passion in him which survived all others, was a love of the classical studies of his boyhood. This was so strong, that he directed himself to be buried at Eton College, where he had been brought up; a triumphant testimony surely to the natural goodness of his heart. It is affecting to our common humanity to see one of the most public of statesmen, and one of the most sequestered of poets (Gray, in his Ode) thus meeting on the same

good old ground of boyish reminiscence.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!

Ah fields below'd in vain!

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!

Not in vain, however, if their influence thus accompanies us through life, and greets our approaches to the grave.

A curious local pre-eminence attends Kingston House, little suspected by those who pass it. It stands on the highest ground between London and Windsor Castle.

Next to this mansion is a row of new houses, each too high for its width, called Prince's Gate. They resemble a set of tall thin gentlemen, squeezing together to look at something over the way.

The old wall, containing their neighbour Park House, indicates the northern boundary of the once famous Kensington or Brompton Park Nursery, which figures in the pages of the *Spectator* as the establishment of Messieurs London and Wisc, the most celebrated gardeners of their time. It commenced in the reign of Charles the Second; furnished all England with plants; and is only now giving up its last green ghost before the rise of new buildings.

We have said that Kensington Gore, in Red Books and Directories, is understood to begin at Kingston (or Ennismore) House. And such is the case. But, as the only rows of houses, till of

late years — that is to say, of houses in actual conjunction — were that which you pass just before reaching the Cabinet Exhibition, and another lower down the road, the former of these rows is still inscribed Kensington Gore, and is the spot emphatically so called. It is, also, to distinguish it from the other, sometimes called the Upper Gore. We notice it the more particularly, because it is remarkable, among other respects, for its style of building. It consists but of five houses, four of which are faced with white stucco, all of them very small, and numbers two and three apparently consisting but of one room — a drawing-room — with six windows. Yet they have an air of elegance, and even of distinction. They look as if they had been intended for the out-houses, or lodge, of some great mansion which was never built; and, as if, upon the failure of that project, they had been divided into apartments for retainers of the Court. You might imagine that a supernumerary set of Maids of Honour had lived there (if Maids of Honour could live alone); or that five younger brothers of Lords of the Bed-chamber had been the occupants — all being bachelors, and expecting places in reversion. The two houses, which seem to be nothing but one drawing-room, possess, however, parlours and second stories at the back, and have good gardens; so that what with their flowers behind them,

the park in front, and their own neatness and elegance, the miniature aristocracy of their appearance is not ill borne out.

In the year eighteen hundred and sixteen, Mrs. Inchbald (of whom more hereafter) knocked at the door of one of these houses, in hopes of getting the apartments that were to let; but the lodging-house lady was so fine a personage, and so very unaccommodating, besides reserving all the prospect for herself, and charging a round sum for the rooms which had no prospect, that the authoress of the *Simple Story* indignantly walked off. She says that the furniture was crazy; that she would not have accepted the first floor had it been offered her for nothing; and that one of her big trunks would have taken up half the bedroom.

Since that day, there is reason to believe that the furniture has much improved; for besides the air of taste which is diffused over all the little stuccoed houses, they have boasted divers inhabitants of worship; and at number five lived Count D'Orsay, whose name is publicly synonymous with elegant and graceful accomplishment, and who, by those who knew him well, is affectionately remembered and regretted, as a man whose great abilities might have raised him to any distinction, and whose gentle heart even a world of fashion left unspoiled.

Number two, in this row, now

called Hamilton Lodge, was the occasional residence of the once famous demagogue, Wilkes — a man as much over-estimated perhaps by his admirers for a patriotism which was never thoroughly disinterested, as he was depreciated for a libertinism by no means unaccompanied with good qualities. "Jack Wilkes," as he was familiarly called — Member of Parliament, Alderman, fine gentleman, scholar, coarse wit, and middling writer — was certainly an impudent dog, in more senses than that of Jack Absolute in the play. Excess of animal spirits, and the want of any depth of perception into some of the gravest questions, led him into outrages against decorum, that were justly denounced by all but the hypocritical. Nevertheless the country is indebted to him for more than one benefit, particularly the freedom from arbitrary arrest; and the two daughters that Jack left behind him, illegitimate as well as legitimate, were models of well-educated, estimable women, as fond of their father as he had shown himself fond of them. The popularity to which he had attained at one time was immense. "Wilkes and Liberty" was the motto of the universal English nation. It was on every wall; sometimes on every door, and on every coach (to enable it to get along); it stamped the butter-pats, the biscuits, the gingerbread; in short, had so identified one word with the other, that a

wit, writing to somebody, began his letter with, "Sir, I take the Wilkes and liberty to assure you —"

Wilkes prospered so well by his patriotism that he maintained three establishments at a time; one in the Isle of Wight for the summer; another in Grosvenor Square, where his daughter Mary kept house for him; and the third at this place in Kensington Gore, where his second daughter, Harriet, lived with her mother, a Mrs. Arnold, who assisted in training her with a propriety that must have been thought remarkable. The first daughter, who was as plain and as lively as her father, died unmarried, universally lamented. The other, a very agreeable lady in face as well as in manners, we had the pleasure of seeing once in company with her husband, the late estimable Sergeant Rough, who became a judge in India, and who deplored her loss.

A Kensington memorandum by Wilkes will show what high visitors he had, and how well he could entertain them: —

"Mr. Swinburne dined with us last Sunday, with Monsieur Barthelemi, and the Counts Woronzow and Nesselrode. I gave them the chicken turtle dressed at the London Tavern, a haunch of venison, and was served by James and Samuel from Prince's Court, who behave very well. The day passed very cheerfully, and they all expressed themselves highly delighted."

Wilkes, who lived to a good age, owing probably to his love of exercise, was in the habit, to the last, of walking from Ken-

sington to the City, deaf to the solicitations of the hackney-coachmen, and not at all minding, or rather perhaps courting, the attention of everybody else to an appearance which must always have been remarkable. Personal defects deprecate or defy notice, according to the disposition of the individual. Wilkes was not disposed to deprecate anything. He was tall, meagre, and sallow, with an underhung, grinning, good-humoured jaw, and an obliquity of vision which, however objectionable in the eyes of opponents, occasioned the famous vindication from a partisan, that its possessor did not "squint more than a gentleman should." Upon the strength of his having been a Colonel of Militia, the venerable patriot daily attired this person in a suit of scarlet and buff, with a rosette in his cocked hat, and a pair of military boots; and the reader may fancy him thus coming towards Knightsbridge, ready to take off the hat in the highest style of good breeding to anybody that courted it, or to give the gentleman "satisfaction," if he was disrespectful to the squint. For Wilkes was as brave as he was light-hearted. He was an odd kind of English-Frenchman that had strayed into Farringdon-Ward-Without; and he ultimately mystified both King and people: for he was really of no party but that of pleasure and a fine coat. The best thing about him was his love of his daugh-

ters; just as the pleasantest thing in the French is their walking about with their families on the Boulevards, after all the turbulence and volatility of their insurrections.

But an interest attaches to this house of Wilkes's, far beyond these pleasant anomalies: for here Junius visited. At this door, knocking towards dinner-time, might be seen a tall good-looking gentleman of an imposing presence, who if anybody passing by had known who he was, and had chosen to go and tell it, might have been the making of the man's fortune. This was Philip Francis, afterwards one of the denouncers of Hastings, ultimately Sir Philip Francis, K.B., and now, since the publication of Mr. Taylor's book on the subject, understood to be that "mighty boar of the forest," as Burke called him, trampling down all before him, the author of Junius's Letters. Mrs. Rough said, that he dined at Kensington frequently, and that he once cut off a lock of her hair. She was then a child. She only knew him as Mr. Francis; but she had "an obscure imagination that her father once said she had met Junius." He might so, in after days; but we feel convinced that Wilkes did not know him for Junius at the time. He treats the latter in his correspondence with a reverence which was not compatible with "Wilkes and liberty." He took Junius, we suspect, to be Burke or Chatham, probably the latter. He once, it

is true, when Lord Mayor, invited the Great Unknown to a ball, adding, in a truly French style of classical allusion (then the tone of the day) how happy he should be to see "his Portia (Miss Wilkes) dance a graceful minuet with Junius Brutus." But Junius Brutus saw the absurdity of the conjunction; answering that he acknowledged the relation between "Cato and Portia," but in truth could see "no connexion between Junius and a minuet." His "age and figure" too, he said, "would have done little credit to his partner." In a previous letter Wilkes had said, that he did not mean to indulge "the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our times, the author of Junius. He would not attempt with profane hands to tear the veil of the sanctuary. He was disposed, with the inhabitants of Attica, to erect ~~an~~ an altar to the unknown god of our political idolatry, and would be content to worship in clouds and darkness." Upon which not inelegant comparison Junius, still keeping his state, though smiling with condescending pleasantry, observes, that he is "much flattered, as Mr. Wilkes politely intended he should be, with the worship he is pleased to pay to the unknown god. I find," he continues, "I am treated as other gods usually are by their votaries, with sacrifice and ceremony in abundance, and very little obedience. The profession of your faith is unexceptionable;

but I am a modest deity, and should be as well satisfied with good works and morality." This is admirable, and full of matter; but it is not the style that would have occurred between John Wilkes, Esquire, Sheriff of London, possessor of three establishments, and Mr. Francis, at that time clerk in the War Office, and in the habit of dining at his table. We must add, that we take Lord Chatham, Burke, and Earl Temple to have been in the secret of Junius's Letters; that the two former objects of his admiration stimulated his manner; and that not improbably they occasionally furnished him with remarks. Nor would it have surprised us, (before Mr. Taylor published his book) had Temple turned out to be Junius, himself. But this is not the place for discussing the question.

We take the opportunity of giving a variation of the story which Mr. Taylor relates respecting the behaviour of Sir Philip at the table of George the Fourth; (he should rather have said the Prince Regent; for there was no George the Fourth till after the death of Francis. "Sir Philip," says Mr. Taylor, "was impetuous, and somewhat abrupt in manner. He once interrupted George the Fourth at the royal table (and we are credibly informed that he frequently dined there) in the midst of a tedious story, with a 'Well, Sir, well!'" Our version of this anecdote, without meaning to impugn Mr. Taylor's

authority, which, not improbably, is the same as our own, differently reported, is, that Sir Philip, being excessively tired, not only with the story in question, but with others of the same sort which he was in the habit of hearing at the same table, interrupted the royal narration with the politer, but not less significant words, "Well, and the result, Sir, if you please?" The result was, that he was never invited more; and our informant added, that as such a penalty was certain, it is not improbable that it was deliberately incurred.

GARDEN-GAMES.

WE entreat our juvenile readers — to whom this article is especially addressed — not to criticise the name "garden-games," too severely.

It simply means that class of game at which nothing is won save good humour, and nothing lost save an idle hour or two — which equally avoids the excitement of cards, the fatigue of boyish sports, and the perpetual kissing of "forfeits" — the sort of thing young gentlemen of twelve would term girlish, and which older young gentlemen of eighteen would call "slow." But why go on classing, when an example is so much clearer than a definition, and when we see that our young readers will exactly know what we mean, when we say we mean such games as Puss in the Corner, and Oranges and

Lemons — games which, not requiring the space of the field, and having too much movement for the drawing-room, (save at Christmas, when our drawing-rooms become play-grounds) are eminently fitted for the garden?

Old, reflective readers may perhaps be interested in observing how the ancient French chivalry and gallantry are manifest in the sports of the educated French children of the present day. Our younger readers may be pleased to know how their contemporaries amuse themselves on the other side of the channel, and may perhaps use the information we give to increase their own store of "garden-games."

We begin with the game of *La tour, prends garde*. Here, the Tower which plays the defensive part is represented by two young ladies who hold each other by the hand as tightly as possible; for the separation of the hands constitutes the demolition of the edifice. Another stately young person represents the Duke; who is blessed with a son and heir, and is surrounded by a body-guard, which may be large or small, according to the magnitude of the party. Nevertheless, however few the soldiers, there ought to be two officers, a captain and a colonel; and these begin the game by accosting the Tower thus: —

Tower, Tower, here we are,
Come to knock you down.

The Tower gallantly replies:

No, no, we'll take care
Not to be knock'd down.

The Colonel remarks,

Then I will complain
To the mighty Duke Bourbon.

A threat which the Tower almost echoes by shouting,

Well, you may complain
To the mighty Duke Bourbon.

The Captain and the Colonel then prostrate themselves on their knees before the Duke, and the following dialogue ensues:—

Cap. and Col. Oh, my Duke, oh, my Prince,

We have brought a sad complaint.

Duke. Colonel, pray — Captain, pray —
What the mischief do ye want?

Cap. and Col. Will you please a soldier grant

Just to knock the castle down.

Duke. Yes, a soldier I will grant,
Just to knock the castle down.

The Captain and the Colonel, with the addition of a single guardsman, return to the Tower. The same process of summoning and defying takes place, and the officers go back to the Duke, repeating their demands for assistance, until all the guards are one by one granted by the august potentate. The Duke's son is then sent to make the attempt, the verses being slightly modified to suit the altered circumstances; and when this noble youth has failed like the rest, the Duke is requested to head the attack in person.

Cap. and Col. Will your Highness come yourself,
Just to knock the castle down.

Duke. Willingly I 'll go myself,
And I 'll knock the castle down.

The attack now begins in good earnest, the invading party doing all they can to separate the hands of the Tower. Promotion from the ranks is the system in this game, as well as in the real French army; and the soldier who succeeds in breaking the tower is proclaimed Duke in place of his less efficient leader; so that if the great Bourbon would keep his place, he must show his qualification for it by superior strength or dexterity.

If this strange little game looks like an episode from some chivalric romance, very inartificially dramatized, another game, called *La Marguerite*, in which a lady in a castle is the principal personage, smacks still more of the days of Amadis and of Palmerin. The young lady who represents the fair Marguerite kneels down in the midst of several others. These young ladies, raising her frock over her head, thus form the castle in which she resides. — To this castle another child, representing the gallant cavalier, advances, singing:

Oh, where is Marguerite?
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay —
Oh, where is Marguerite?
Here comes the cavalier.

The group replies:

She's in her castle strong,
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay —
She's in her castle strong,
Thou gallant cavalier.

Cav. But can she not be seen?
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay —
But can she not be seen,
By me, the cavalier?

Group. The walls are far too high,
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay —
The walls are far too high,
Thou gallant cavalier.

Then the cavalier removes one of the surrounding young ladies, who, as the following dialogue informs us, is considered a stone of the edifice:

Group. One stone is not enough,
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay —
One stone is not enough,
Thou gallant cavalier.

Cav. Then I will pull down two,
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay —
Then I will pull down two,
Yes, I the cavalier.

And he does pull down two, and three, and four, varying his verse on each occasion, until at last only one stone is left, and she (the stone) holds the gown tight over the head of Marguerite, who now somewhat resembles a pudding in a bag.

Accurate symbol of life! As the ladies diminish, the poetry of the game diminishes also. The cavalier no longer singing, but, speaking in vulgar prose, asks the remaining stone: —

"What have you got there?" and receives the unromantic answer:

"A bundle of linen for the laundry."

"Then," says the cavalier, "I'll fetch my little knife and cut it."

The girl now lets go the frock, and Marguerite, being thus discovered, instantly takes flight, pursued by the rest of the party.

There is a meagre prose in the lame and impotent conclusion of

this game; which, coming as it does after so stately a beginning, almost inspires a feeling of melancholy. It is like the chirp of a young poetical soul immured amidst the routine of a counting-house.

The following game, which goes by the name of *Promenons-nous dans les bois* (let us take a walk in the wood), has, if we mistake not, some kindred sport in England. One young lady of the party is the wolf, another is the deer, while all the rest constitute the deer's tail by a continuous holding of frocks. The wolf is concealed at first, and the deer, with her tail as chorus, saunters merrily about singing

Amidst the woods we'll roam about,
Until the frightful wolf comes out.

Then comes a bit of prose. "Wolf, wolf, are you there?" says the deer. The wolf answers, first, "No," — afterwards, "Yes." They then again become poetical —

Wolf. I'm a wolf, and I will eat you.

Deer. I'm a deer, and will defeat you.

The rest of the game consists of the wolf's endeavour to snatch away the different joints of the tail, while the deer defends them by stretching out her arms, and repelling his advances.

In England the Mulberry tree, which is often a mulberry tree by name only, is the central point round which children successively imitate the various occupations of cobblers, tailors and sempstresses, winding up each imitation with a sudden dance

and a shout of "Here we go round the mulberry tree!" &c. The French have precisely the same game, with the peculiarity that the supposed scene of action is the Bridge of Avignon. The song runs thus:

On the bridge of Avignon
All the world will dance away;
On the bridge of Avignon
All will dance about.

This is the way the dandies go,
On the bridge of Avignon;
All the world will dance away, &c.
This is the way the friars go, &c.

This last imitation shows that the young ladies of France carry their sarcasm into higher places than the sportive worshippers of the English mulberry tree.

As far as the poetical merits of the pastimes are concerned, the prettiest of all these young lady-like games is *Les Fleurs de Mai*, (the Flowers of May) for which some agreeable stanzas have been written by M. Edouard Neven. The person who sings them may represent a male or a female gardener — *jardinier* or *jardinière* — while all the rest of the party are supposed to be an assemblage of flowers, each of whom is to join the dancing circle as soon as his or her name is called. The only singer is the gardener him (or her) self, and the letters G or L, here affixed to each stanza, are put for the purpose of denoting whether the flower invited is a gentleman or a lady: —

Flowers of the season, come along all,
Quick, quick, attend to my call.

To L. Join the dance, my pretty Rose,
Not a sweeter beauty blows;
Proudly you should hold your head,
Fairest jewel of our bed.

To G. Here, my Lily of the Valley,
Stand no longer shilly-shally,
Give the Rose your finest bow.
You, my Rose, should curtsy now.

To L. Flower, you shrink from human
sight,
Yet your odour gives delight,
Come, my gentle Violet, come,
Glad our fields with your perfume.

To G. So, you're there, my Poppy fine,
Special favourite of mine;
When you hear the cuckoo sing
Bring us news about the spring.

To L. You, who like a sovereign reign,
Let me not invite in vain;
Quickly say — a little faster,
What you think, Queen China-
aster.

To G. You, too, Monsieur Dahlia, pray,
With your festal suit so gay,
Come and join our floral fête;
Never do we close our gate.

To L. Heart's-ease, here's a place for
you,
Since you teach the maxim true,
Which descended from above,
Neighbours as ourselves to love.

To G. Ah! my small prince, Jessamine,
Who was early taught to twine;
You will be a comrade meet,
Hither bring your odour sweet.

To L. You, whom all the world admires,
Whom a corset black attires,
Tulip, join the floral throng,
Who for you have waited long.

To G. Then as for you, good Master Pink,
My nosegay you will make, I think;
Among the rest your place secure,
'T will not be difficult, I'm sure.

Flowers of the season, come along all,
Quick, quick, attend to my call.

So far there is no great difficulty in the game, since each flower is leisurely called and can leisurely obey.

But when the following verse,

which takes in the names of all, is sung, and every flower is expected to leave the round and join the gardener under pain of a fine as soon as his own name has been pronounced, there is ample work for sharp memories and nimble heels: —

Hasten, lovely Rose, to me,
Quick, my Lily, you must be;
Now, my gentle Violet —
Poppy, would you linger yet?
China-aster, pray make haste;
Dahlia, precious time you waste;
Heart's-ease, you're asleep, I think!
Hither, Jasmine, Tulip, Pink.
Flowers, come hasten, hasten all,
Be obedient to my call.

There is nothing very exciting, or perhaps very ingenious, in these games. But cannot you imagine that the groups formed by the players would look very pretty on a grassplot, on a summer evening, with a gay background of flowery parterres?

PRIVATE BRIDOOON.

It still wanted ten days of the actual formation of the Camp at Chobham, when I proceeded, one merry day in June, to Chertsey by railway, very much after the manner set forth in a previous volume of Household Words. In the road outside the station-yard a jovial-looking, fair-haired, red-faced, farmer-like sort of man had drawn up his cart on his return to Chobham from Chertsey market, to invite wayfarers to be conveyed in his wooden convenience to the Camp, for the small charge of three shillings.

His offer had been refused by more than one person when I accosted him; and, after a very brief parley, I found myself tilting along the shady road and conversing amicably with my companion. He was a gentleman, whose information did not extend far beyond the boundaries of his own parish; neither was he gifted with much imagination. Moreover, the faculty of eloquence appeared to have been denied him; but still he had something to say, and he said it. He had heard tell of the former camp "in the old king's time." He did not remember it, I supposed? "Lord bless you, no, 't happened afore I was born; I'm only five-and-forty, but my mother remembers it — she does. She went to see it once when my father and her was courting." Once! The great era of this old lady's life. "Why, she saw George the Third, and Queen Charlotte, and all the princesses, and a heap of lords and ladies come over from Windsor by nine o'clock in the morning; when the general, whose name she couldn't remember, but he was Duke of Something, rode on a white horse and had two running footmen, dressed in white, who carried his messages to everybody about him. She would have been trampled to death, she would, only her young man (my friend's father 'as was') got her out of the crowd of men and horses, and took her back safe to Chobham. O! she remembers a deal more, as I've heard

her tell on, but I don't mind it now; 'cause you see," he threw in by way of apology for the brevity of his memory, "'t warn't no business of mine, you know."

But there was something that *was* his business. He was a copyholder, and, "like a many more in Chobham," had right of common, and what he wanted to know was, "what they (the Chobhamites) was to get in the way of compensation or something?" for the exact nature of his claim was not quite clear to him. "However," he philosophically observed, "the Court would soon settle that, and then he should have his rights, he supposed, whatever they was!" The jurisdiction to which he referred was simply the Court Baron at Chobham; which, in his estimation, appeared to rank with the celebrated Vehm-Gericht, whose mystic proceedings were held beneath the shade of the oak and lime-tree. Whatever opinion he held on this point, he did not attempt to enforce it by antiquarian illustration. Had he done so he might have plunged into a dissertation as entertaining as that of the county historian, who tells us that Chobham was originally written Cebham, and belonged to the Abbey of Coertseye, originally called the Isle of Cirotis, although, continues the candid narrator, "who Cirotis was is wholly unknown;" and that "a composition, called Mead Silver, was paid for many meadows in the parish, in lieu of tythe-pay,

bearing one penny per acre," a payment "said to have been originally settled in consideration of the inhabitants feeding the Abbot's deer." Good old times those, when the perquisites of vert and venison were vested in the church! And yet the Abbot's successors — notwithstanding Mr. Horsman and the Ecclesiastical Endowments Commission — do not altogether, even at the present day, clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and forswear the haunch and the flagon. It was the monks who planted the vineyards of which England once could show a great many: one of these, placed on the top of St. Ann's Hill, half-a-mile out of Chertsey — was a cultivated, though not a wine-producing, "vine-garden, in the memory," says the historian, "of a gentleman now living" (one thousand eight hundred and four). Perchance, too, it was they who gave the name of Gracious Pond to a large pool or lake on the heath close Chobham, about three-quarters of a mile in length, and covering an extent of sixty acres; they might have countenanced the belief, that by the miraculous interposition of Our Ladye of Godley — as the Abbey of Chertsey was also called — the springs in that district rarely freeze. But it must have been the superstition of the peasants, not theirs, which imagined, as old Aubrey narrates, that "on the top of the north side of the hill (St. Ann's), was a huge stone or conglobation of gravel

and sand, which could not be moved, and under it lay great treasure," for the monks would scarcely have left the matter in doubt, or the stone undisturbed.

Instead of talking about the past, my charioteer discussed the present, dropping his sentences now and then, as if he felt their full value. He had a good word to say of most of the landed proprietors beside whose grounds we drove, but he was almost eloquent in favour of one, a gentleman (he named him) from London, formerly a sugar-baker or confectioner, who came down into those parts about five-and-twenty years ago, and bought up "ever such a breadth of the old heath."

"Where you see them plantations," he continued, pointing to fine clumps and doubly-lined hedgerows of fir and silver beech, "was nothing then but waste land; no road that you could call a road, not a house within two miles, nor nothing that you would care to look at. Now, you see, there's a church and a parish school where the labourers' children get educated, and a parsonage house, and a post-office — and everything comfortable all about. Ah! he's done a deal of good, he has. He lives down here altogether now and makes plenty of work for them that wants it."

At this point, when his communications were waxing more circumstantial, my companion suddenly checked himself; an

obnoxious thought had intruded and froze the genial current of his soul. He turned round and abruptly said:

"I don't know who you may be, Sir; but I haven't got no license for taking passengers in my cart."

Did I look like an informer? I put my looks to the test.

"What's your name?" I asked, pulling out my pocket-book, and moistening the tip of the pencil.

"Dipple," he answered, with a forced, hysterical, mock-merry bravado.

"Christian name?"

"John."

"John Dipple, of Chobham?" I repeated slowly, "not licensed to —"

"I say, master," he interrupted, getting very red — that is to say, much redder — in the face, "you don't mean to —." He could not bring the words out; but fixed his blue eyes on me and stared with all his might.

I laughed; and it then dawned upon Mr. Dipple's mind that I had been joking with him; but I still further relieved his anxiety, by confessing to a by-gone occupation, which furnished me with something like a reason for the errand I was now upon.

"And so, Sir, you've been in the army," observed Dipple; "and in foreign parts, I dare say?"

I confessed to certain colonies, naming North America.

"Now, Sir," said he — after having digested the question he

meditated for full five minutes — "you can tell me whether they have any laws out there — I mean, protected by 'em, as we are?"

John Dipple! John Dipple! The parish school which we have just passed was certainly not built when you were a boy. I strove to make it clear to him that the laws of England were of equal application in the colonies as at home — a fact which seemed to give him some trouble to comprehend; chiefly, I suppose, in relation to distance, or it might be, colour — the popular notion at Chobham probably being that the American colonists are blacks.

With a few more brilliant queries on his part and satisfactory answers on mine, the remainder of the distance was beguiled. Mr. Dipple deposited me on the common, and then turned his horse's head towards Chertsey, in the expectation — with no further dread of the excise — of picking up one or two more pedestrians bound on the same errand as myself.

The aspect of the heath, on the fourth of June was very different from what it has since become. Then there were only two or three hundred men — a few companies of Sappers and Miners, and drafts from two other regiments to furnish fatigue-parties. A civilian could have made nothing of the ground; the only signs of the forthcoming encampment being the half-formed ca-

valry stables to the right and left of the line, three or four wells dotted here and there, and the tents of the troops I have named, with a few hangers-on, such as no camp can be without, let the regulations say what they please. But there were other evidences of something toward, in the waggons that leisurely toiled along the sandy road, laden with stable-roofing, pickets for the horses, and other necessary etcætera. The drivers of these waggons, when they took their receipts to be signed, invariably addressed the sergeant on duty as "general," arank which it was not in military nature to repudiate; besides, it made the teamster a happy man for the rest of the day.

I traversed the ground in every direction, but as what further befel me on my first visit had little relation to the Camp as it now is, I pass over the pleasant remainder of the day, with the agreeable walk back to Chertsey by a different road through some of the prettiest lanes in England, and merely bestow a word of grateful acknowledgment on the cheap and excellent accommodation which the Old Swan affords. I may, however, observe, parenthetically, that this accommodation has its limits; for on an after-day, the eve of the Queen's first visit to the Camp, the demand for roadsters so far exceeded the supply that the aged ostler observed to me in accents of reproach: "Blest if I don't think that people fancies

post-orses grows on happle-trees!"

A second expedition in July, performed by the road, showed me the Camp in full array. There is no necessity, perhaps, for beginning our inspection with the *veille*, nor for continuing it until *tattoo*. We will, therefore, imagine the first trumpet-call that has sent the cavalry to their stables, to the tune of "Nancy Haly," and the rouse and turnout of the bugles breaking, with less feminine pleading, the slumbers of the infantry, and mustering them for private parade in front of their respective companies' tents. Let us also imagine the morning parade over, the men dismissed, breakfast over, the guards mounted, and the various minor routine duties gone through which occupy all troops alike, whether in camp or in barracks. We will even suppose that there has been a heavy field-day the day before, and that the troops are enjoying a day of rest: it will be more favourable for our purpose.

The Camp is of semicircular form, and covers an extent of ground, on the arc, of about two miles; the distance between the extreme points, in a straight line, being something more than a mile-and-a-quarter. The cavalry, facing the north, are on the right; the head-quarters, in front of which the Queen's tent is pitched, come next; the three infantry brigades, stretching nearly east and west, follow. In advance of the

latter, but to the left of them, are the artillery; and the rifle brigade, in advance of these again, occupy the extreme left.

As the majority of visitors reach the ground at a spot called Long Cross, immediately in the rear of Magnet Hill, where the flag-staff is planted, the easiest way of seeing as much as can be seen is to enter the cavalry lines; and, having threaded them up and down, to complete the circuit of the infantry afterwards.

At a dip in the highway, in front of the booths for public entertainment, is a path beside a turf wall which leads up to the Camp. This we follow, across a newly made causeway, over a swamp where the water has been dammed up to make a pool for various purposes. To this causeway a few Sappers and Miners are always giving a few finishing touches; for it forms part of the road which the Queen is obliged to traverse when she witnesses the evolutions; and, therefore, it cannot, in their loyal opinion, be made secure or smart enough. Arrived at the summit of the first slope, a sentry challenges us, not for the ordinary parole or countersign, but for the "pass" from head-quarters or the Horse-Guards, without which the interior of the Camp is invisible. That shown, the stranger is free to go wherever he chooses.

We breathe freely now, and begin to look about us. Having been taught by experience to walk at a proper distance from

tent-pegs — which have a tendency to trip up unwary feet — we reach the cavalry quarters. A fluttering camp-colour informs us that we are in the midst of the Carabineers. Fine fellows, all of them. Jackets off, braces hanging loose, and shirt-sleeves tucked up to the elbows, they busy themselves with their own or their horses' accoutrements. There was heavy rain in the night, and many a bit, stirrup-iron, and steel scabbard must be freed from rust. But the burnished helmets are, thanks to the canvas bags in which they are kept, undimmed.

The men are very courteous, and desirous to explain all that a stranger wishes to know. Let Private Bridoon, of the B troop: a tall, handsome, young man, with a clear, blue eye, a fresh colour, and a long yellow moustache which does not conceal an engaging smile: be the exponent of his comrades. — Yes; there is plenty to do in Camp, off duty as well as on. More than the infantry? No doubt; look at the horses — they want as much tending as ourselves, and more too. We were badly off in stables at first — the horses were picketed (tethered is the civilian's word) too low, and some of them got staked. But there's one thing we can't altogether remedy; we can't keep out the wet. The canvas roof is too short for the framework [an universal complaint throughout the Camp], and the rain pours in as hard and as

often as it likes. The canvas ought to have overlapped — it would be quite as pleasant to have the rain outside as in; however, we fill up the chinks as well as we can. Would you like to go through the stables? The horses are all quiet.

Private Bridoon leads the way. He has a general regard for the whole troop and a particular affection for the charger he calls his own. We observe that every horse is marked on the shoulder with the letter of the troop and its own number, and, on closer examination, discover that the marks are not branded, but clipped out with scissars, very neatly; the process, we are told, is repeated once a month. The interior economy of the stable is excellent. A careful watch is always kept for the prevention of accidents. The horses are well fed, well littered, and well groomed; and it is no wonder that we find them in such good condition. Private Bridoon is very well pleased with the compliment which, in his own person, he accepts for his troop, and having done the honours of his stable, volunteers the exhibition of his tent. It is a comfortable place, after all, though it does seem a little too small for the number that fill it; and how ten or a dozen men — the amount varies — contrive to stow themselves away within that small circumference, puzzles a civilian at first, as much as the apple-dumpling mystery puzzled

George the Third. But when he has taken a careful survey of the interior, he finds that the thing is managed without difficulty. With their feet towards the centre, the men radiate with all the symmetry of the spokes of a wheel, and have plenty of room to turn on their straw beds: with space between for such garments as they cast aside during slumber, or require at a moment's notice when they wake. There is one thing in particular which excites the civilian's admiration, and that is the tent-pole. It is the dumb-waiter of the establishment, every pendable article hangs from it and every portable object is grouped around it: arms, accoutrements, mess-tins, haversacks, all a soldier's "havings." What confusion when the pole gives way! an event not infrequent when the midnight rain suddenly soaks the canvas, and when, unless the cords are quickly eased off, the apex of the tent is blown off, and the whole fabric falls — one universal ruin. Private Bridoon shows us his helmet, which, he says, is a great deal lighter than that which the regiment wore a few months back, when they themselves were "heavy;" he speaks of it as if it were a mere feather-weight; and as to its being cumbrous — there — see how well it becomes him! The Carabineers have also had a new sword lately: it is a serviceable weapon, well poised, but the hilt is contracted; there are not a dozen men in the regiment

whose hands are small enough to wield it with ease.

"And who," we ask the Private as we are about to take leave of him with thanks for his escort, "are those men in pink flannel so busy with spades and wheelbarrows? Do they belong to your regiment?" "Oh, yes," is the reply; "they are some of our officers. They are cutting trenches to drain off the wet from their tents." And we notice that they do their self-allotted task well and earnestly, without flinching. Fatigue-parties composed of rank and file usually satisfy the wants of officers in quarters; but, in Chobham Camp, the officers lay the men under no such contribution. When a party of officers can build their own mess-kitchen on the very day of their arrival in camp (as some of the Thirteenth Light Dragoon officers did), toiling in the mud like a party of beavers, they fairly earn the lobsters and chickens, the remains of which so plentifully bestrew the ground in this quarter of the Camp.

As we move along we find the same rough work everywhere as readily and cheerfully encountered. Good temper appears to be the universal set-off against hard labour and privation. The thing, on account of which the troops have been brought together, is to be done, and they do it. They take a pride, too, in their unusual occupations, and the *esprit de corps* is apparent throughout. In nothing more, for example, than

in their inpromptu kitchens. In one place a gigantic Life Guardsman, transformed into a cook, stands towering over a long file of flesh-pots, and proclaiming to all inquirers that the brick range over which he presides and which he and his comrades have constructed, is the best kitchen in the camp. As sedately satisfied is yonder Sapper that the skillfully built turf oven in which he is trying his first batch of meat-pies, can turn out pastry better than the best baker's oven. But more pertinaciously convinced than either is the careful Highlander, that his economical stove consumes barely half as much fuel as that of any of his neighbours. Some of the regiments of the line declare that there is nothing like the old circular Peninsular kitchen, the chief advantage of which is the facility of its construction, and its chief defect unlimited exposure to the elements; and the Riflemen, who have been well trained to outdoor experience, contend that their under-ground establishment is unquestionably the best, as it certainly is the neatest, on Chobham Common. About one thing there can be no doubt, that in the article of provision for the women's comfort, the Riflemen take the shine out of the whole division. If you want a proof of this, go round the rear of the Camp, noting well the sheds and shielings in which the womankind of each regiment are housed, and you will see that Chobham Cres-

cent — as the Gynecæum of the Rifles has been christened — at once establishes its claim to be considered the military Belgravia. It is built, as its name implies, in the form of a crescent, after a plan furnished by Captain Wilkinson. At a distance it has the air of a circular field-work; and, as you approach, you almost expect a shot from the loopholes with which the exterior wall is pierced. These harmless apertures are ventilators, so placed as to give an even current of air without creating draughts. The interior of each lodge is about six feet high, and each married couple have their own separate chamber and doorway, which admits the light as well as themselves. The sleeping-places are neatly curtained off, and exceeding snugness characterises the whole concern.

We have seen now how both "men" and women are accommodated; let us peep into one of the officers' tents. There is not very much to choose amongst them, although some perhaps are fitted up with a little less simplicity than others. To compress what is absolutely wanted into the smallest compass is of course the great secret. Under the shelter of a dog-cart, which — covered with damp cloaks and blankets — answers the purpose of a drying-ground on wheels, we remark a row of well polished boots, the handiwork of a tall soldier in a stable dress. The boots are not his; they belong to

"his gentleman," Mr. Downybeard of the Life Guards, who is absent to-day, at Windsor. That's his tent opposite; the Guardsman will show it to us with pleasure. The bed and the toilette are the two principal articles. The first, contrived a double debt to pay, is one of those light, iron, long chairs, which make capital easy chairs by day, and pull out into excellent beds by night. The Guardsman runs it out and shuts it up again in a minute, without displacing a very pretty piece of needle-work, roses and lilies on a dark velvet ground, which somebody — we don't believe what we are told about Mr. Downybeard's sister — has sent for the gallant officer whereon to rest his wearied head. At present, this piece of furniture is a chair, but the materials for making a bed of it are being aired on the dog-cart outside, which is also the receptacle of the owner's helmet and cuirass. His sword, hanging from the tent-pole, is doing duty over the pretty piece of needle-work. The toilette table is somewhat elaborately furnished. Beside the usual complement of brushes, boot-hooks, and razors, we descried a bottle of Rowland's Kalydor, and another filled with "Bouquet de Chobham," the latest invention of Monsieur Somebody, of Regent Street, London, and the Rue St. Honoré, Paris. But the comfort and adornment of his person are not the only things that Mr. Downy-

heard has had in view. The cultivation of the military mind has also been cared for. There is his library, ranged round — as well as it can go round — the all-absorbing tent-pole. The warlike Khâlif Omar, who hated books, could scarcely object to Mr. Downybeard's collection, for it consists of only two volumes — the military Catechism, for severe study, and the Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp, for moments of literary recreation. A small pocket diary lies near the Kalydor; but that is sacred. The rest of the tent furniture is made up of a small lanthorn, a piece of carpet over an oil-cloth, an India-rubber "Victoria Regia" sponging-bath, a spider-legged bamboo-coloured wash-hand-stand, and a soda-water tumbler nearly a foot high.

Like the letter which La Fleur gave to Yorick, you have only to make one or two trifling substitutions, and the description of one interior will do for all the rest. The tents of officers of the line display perhaps less bouquet and more books; some are not lucky enough to recline on embroidered velvet; and others — these are mostly very young officers — solace themselves, if not their friends, with musical instruments.

With respect to external decoration, we observe that it is not generally considered. The Foot Guards are, however, an exception; they, accustomed to horticulture — at Chiswick and

the Opera — indulge in gardens in front of their tents. As the space is limited to about the size of a hearth-rug, variety is the great desideratum, and this the Foot Guards have attained by stocking their flower-beds with scarlet geraniums and small fir-trees. We have been doubtful about gardening being a particularly successful experiment on Chobham Common, since we were told that when a shower of rain comes pelting down, the soil is instantaneously changed into black mud of the consistency of bird-lime; "just as if," said our military informant, "you had made a pulp of salad oil and charcoal tooth-powder."

A private soldier's day at Chobham, when no evolutions are to be performed, is nearly over when he has eaten his dinner if his arms and accoutrements be in good order, and ready for immediate use, he may, within the limits of the Camp, enjoy his full swing of recreation. The commanding officers of regiments are no less solicitous for his amusement than his instruction, and every species of manly game is allowed and encouraged. During the afternoon and evening, those who are not anticipating a night surprise by laying in a good stock of sleep beforehand, may be seen playing at cricket, pitching quoits, putting the stone, and flying the garter, as carelessly as if it had never entered into their heads — and in all probability it never has — that

at any given moment they may become food for powder. And who knows how soon? "Ah," said an officer of Rifles, who was our last guide on the ground, "I may yet smoke my pipe in Constantinople! But that," he added, with a sigh, "that is a dream!"

He thought he could promise, however, that, if ever the dream came to pass, the troops Lord Seaton has trained would be able to do something towards preserving the integrity of the Turkish Empire. And after what we have seen of them we think so too, but fervently hope that their intelligence, discipline, and courage, may never be put to the test.

WHIP AND SPUR.

MR. YOUTT tells us, that not only was the stirrup unknown to the Greeks and Romans, but that there is no evidence of its use earlier than the time of William the Conqueror. The Bayeux tapestry, worked at that period, contains a figure of a horse, among whose trappings are saddle, bridle, and stirrups; and it seems doubtful whether anything earlier, concerning the stirrup, is known. Among the equestrians of the Middle Ages, who fought with a spear or lance, many had either a projection or a loop of cord on the lance, about two feet from the butt end; this served at once for a firmer grasp

of the weapon, and as a step by which the warrior could mount his horse; and, regarding stirrups as aids to mounting a horse, it is proved that their being done without did not arise from any manly superiority; for the horse was sometimes taught to bend his neck or his knees to ease the rider in mounting; sometimes a slave was at hand to assist his master. Some even made use of a short ladder; and it was part of the duty of the local magistracy, both in Greece and Rome, to provide convenient stepping-stones, or mounting blocks, at frequent intervals along the roads.

Stirrups have been the subject of the deepest investigations. Beckmann ferreted out all the little scraps which can be found in Hieronymus, Gruter, Lipsius, Pitiscus, Salmacius, Vossius, Polydore, Licetus, Montfaucon, Le Beau, and Berenger, illustrative of the manner in which the ancients mounted their horses, and maintained their seat when mounted. He found that no stirrups are observable in ancient coins, statues, or sculptures. That Hippocrates and Galen speak of a disease which in their time was occasioned by long and frequent riding with the legs hanging pendulous and unsupported. That Germanicus, the father of Caligula, availed himself of this very pendulosity by riding after dinner to strengthen his ancles.

The earliest form of spur was like some of those seen on the

effigies in the Temple Church; a single-goad or sharp point. Such were the ancient spurs, and such those worn by the horse soldiers among the Anglo-Saxons, the Normans, and the Anglo-Normans. The shanks of the spurs were afterwards bent to suit the ancle. The rowelled spur is said by Sir Samuel Meyrick to have been invented in the reign of Henry the Third. The dashing young knights of the feudal times had a great love for decorating their spurs with real or fictitious jewels. These, however, were holiday spurs, for tournaments, and not for the rough usage of war. Spurs of gold were occasionally talked about; and spurs garnished with diamonds. During the reigns of Henry the Fifth and Henry the Sixth, spurs with frightfully long spiked rowels were in fashion. They became longer and longer until they reached the length of eight inches. Henry the Eighth set the fashion of a closer rowel, one somewhat like a star, less penetrant and aggravating. During the tournaments in the reign of Elizabeth the spurs had frequently mottoes on the shanks. One such had "A true knight am I," on one side, and "Anger me and try," on the other. Ripon was a famous spur-making town in the sixteenth century.

There are some very odd usages respecting spurs. Five or six years ago a party of sappers and miners were engaged at Peterborough on the trigonome-

trical survey. An officer entered the Cathedral with his spurs on, and was immediately beset by the choristers, who demanded money of him for treading the sacred floor with armed heels. An inquiry was made of some of the dignitaries of the Cathedral; but they did not seem to be aware of any ground on which the claim could be made. Nevertheless, the boys insisted that they had right on their side. A query relating to this subject was some time afterwards inserted in Notes and Queries; and this elicited much curious information concerning what is called spur money. In the Memorials of John Ray occurs this passage, "July the twenty-sixth, sixteen hundred and sixty-one, we began our journey northwards from Cambridge; and that day, passing through Huntingdon and Stilton, we rode as far as Peterborough twenty-five miles. There I first heard the Cathedral service. The choristers made us pay money for coming into the choir with our spurs on." Mr. Markland says that, "In the time of Ben Jonson, in consequence of the interruptions to divine service occasioned by the ringing of the spurs worn by persons walking and transacting business in Cathedrals, and especially in St. Paul's, a small fine was imposed on them, called spur-money; the exaction of which was committed to the beadles and singing-boys." The late King of Hanover, when Duke of Cumber-

land, was once asked for spur-money in Westminster Abbey. He resisted the demand on the plea of possessing a right to wear spurs there, inasmuch as it was the place where they were put on him. One who has himself been a chorister and has tasted the sweets of spur-money, states that, after the claim was made, the person from whom it was sought to be exacted had the power to summon the youngest chorister before him, and request him to "repeat his gamut;" if he failed, the spur-bearer was entitled to exemption. The chorister confesses his ignorance of the origin of this curious supplementary custom; but Mr. Rimbault has since found an entry which throws light upon the matter. In the ancient *Cheque Book of the Chapel Royal* is an order or decree, made by the Dean of the Chapel Royal in sixteen hundred and twenty-two, to the effect "That if anie knight or other persone entituled to weare spurs enter the chappell in that guise, he shall pay to y^e quiristers the accustomed fine; but, if he command y^e youngest quirister to repeate his gamut, and he faile in y^e so doing, the said knight, or other, shall not pay y^e fine." This was no bad way of keeping the youngsters up to the mark in their musical practice, and was perhaps started with that very object. Mr. Rimbault states that the late Duke of Wellington once entered the Royal Chapel booted and spurred, and was called upon for

the fine; but the shrewd old soldier, calling upon the youngest chorister to repeat his gamut, and the urchin failing, the impost was not persisted in. When spur-money was originally demanded does not seem to be known; but that it was a custom before fifteen hundred and ninety-eight is shown by a passage published in a book in that year: — "Wee think it very necessarye that every quirister sholde bringe with him to churche a Testament in Englishe, and turn to everie chapter as it is daily read, or som other good and godly prayer-booke, rather than spend their tyme in talk and hunting after spur-money, whereon they set their whole mindes, and do often abuse dyvers if they doe not bestowe somewhat on them." It is said that on the belfry wall of All Saints' Church at Hastings are written some verses, of which the following is one: —

"If you ring in spur or hat,
Sixpence you pay — be sure of that;
And if a bell you overthrow,
Pray pay a groat before you go."

The whip does not appear to be so knightly as the former. There is nothing about crusaders, and chevaliers, and tournaments, and queens of beauty, in connection with the idea of a whip. The whip, however, took part in several curious old customs. Drake mentions, in his *Eboracum*, that, in York, Saint Luke's day was known as Whip-dog-day, from the custom of boys going about the city and whipping every

dog they could meet with. The tradition was, that a priest, once celebrating Mass in the Cathedral on Saint Luke's day, accidentally dropped the pix, which a dog suddenly snapped up and swallowed. This profanation occasioned the immediate death of that unlucky dog, and originated the practice of whipping the rest of his species in the town on that anniversary for centuries after. Nearly every association with whips is of a painful character. It recalls unpleasant reminiscences of the nursery and the school-room, and of soldiers, and prisoners, of fanatical flagellants, and slaves. It is not always, however, an instrument of torture. A sport called Whipping-the-Cock is described by Grose as having been practised at fairs in Leicestershire. A cock was tied into a hat or basket, and half-a-dozen blindfolded players with carter's whips surrounded it; and, having turned round three times, commenced trying to whip it. Whoever struck so as to make the cock cry out won the game, and the cock became his property. The fun consisted in the blinded whippers constantly whipping one another. The game of Whip-top is very ancient; not only Persius, but Ovid, and Virgil, describe whipping-tops. The passage from the Seventh Book of the *Æneid* is thus picturesquely translated by Dryden: —

As young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty
court;

The wooden engine whirls and flies about,
Admired with clamours of the beardless
rout;

They lash aloud; each other they provoke;

And lend their little souls at every stroke.

Poor Robin's Almanac for sixteen hundred and seventy-seven, sets down, in the Fanatick's Chronology, that it was then "eighteen hundred and four years since the invention of Town-tops." A large top was formerly provided in every village, that peasants, in frosty weather when farmers' work was slack, might be kept warm and out of mischief by playing at whip-top. The material for the whips was always dried eel-skins. In the Fifteen Comforts of Marriage we read — "Another tells 'em of a project he has to make town-tops spin without eel-skins, as if he bore malice to the school-boys."

Every sort of material has been used for keeping horses in subjection. One maker has produced riding-whips of black and white twisted whalebone. Another resolute person, nothing daunted by the thick hide of the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, makes riding-whips of clarified rhinoceros hide, in various colours, together with green enamelled handles of hippopotamus-leather. There is much ingenuity and elegance in the mode in which strips of the ordinary material are disposed around a common centre; each leather giving strength to and receiving strength from the

others. The nimble fingers of the whipster bend them over and under, and between, and around each other with a quickness that the sharpest eyes fail to follow. It is instructive to observe how, in a well-made whip, there is a steady gradation from rigidity to suppleness; we can scarcely tell where the handle ends or the whip begins, so gently do they blend into each other, and so neatly is the plaiting graduated from end to end.

The whip is the emblem of all charioteers, coachmen, cabmen, omnibus-men, waggon-men, cartmen, horse-drivers, donkey-drivers, pig drivers, that ever have been or ever will be. In the ancient festivals of Bacchus and Cybele the whip was a distinguished performer; the priests made a kind of harmony with whip-cracks. The Cossacks handle their whips so cleverly that they can produce different musical tones from whips of different sizes; and Du Rozoir, a French writer, says that he has known a coachman in Normandy who can play an air by cracking his whip.

There must be something very pleasant in being whipped by proxy — all the sting taken out. Some of our early princes had a whipping-boy, to receive castigation as a substitute for the real delinquent. The father of a somewhat celebrated Countess of Dysart had been page and whipping-boy to Charles the First, in the boyish days of that

prince. There is an old play, published in 1632, in which a prince (supposed to be Edward the Sixth) holds a dialogue with his whipping-boy: —

Prince. Why, how now, Browne; what's the matter?

Browne. Your Grace loyters, and will not plye your booke, and your tutors have whipped me for it.

Prince. Alas, poor Ned! I am sorrie for it. I'll take the more paines, and entreate my tutors for thee."

Perhaps Dr. Markham had some such proxy theory in his thoughts, when he asked George the Third how he would wish to have his pupils, the young princes, treated. The King promptly replied: — "If they deserve it, let them be flogged. Do as you used to do at Westminster." Whether flogging is good at Westminster, let the floggees decide; but it ought to be equally good at St. James's; and the King thus made a very sensible decision.

Hudibras tells us of a lady who whipped her own husband, because he had deserted the royal standard. In the good old times women were liberally whipped, not only by their own husbands, but by public functionaries. Thus the Corporation records of Worcester (and many others could make a similar display) tell us that male and female rogues were whipped at a charge of fourpence each for the whip's-man. In one entry there is a

charge of fourpence for whipping a woman; and in another the charge is no less than half-a-crown; probably including the hire of the cart in which the lady was conveyed to the ceremony. As late as seventeen hundred and sixty-four, a woman was barbarously conveyed in a cart from Clerkenwell Bridewell to Enfield, and publicly whipped at the cart's tail by the common hangman, for cutting down wood in Enfield Chase. The record gives this further information; that she was to bear the infliction twice more, before the full measure of her punishment would be completed. One of the rummagers of old Corporation accounts has found an entry, in a town in Huntingdonshire, in which eight shillings and sixpence is the charge for taking up a distracted woman, watching her, and whipping her next day; together with an extra two shillings to pay a nurse for the unfortunate creature. The constables of this town seem to have had a theory of their own about the sinfulness of being sick; for they paid eightpence "to Thomas Hawkins for whipping two people y^e had the small-pox." It was a cruel bit of satire to put down fourpence for whipping "Goody" Barry; either she was not goody, or it was not good to whip her. The constables of one redoubtable village paid fourpence "to a woman for whipping y^e said Ellen Shaw;" but, as if seized with a sudden mollification of temper,

they expended threepence "for beare for her after she was whipped."

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S LODGING.

"I AM sorry, Monsieur Feel-sone" (the Gallic form of my not uncommon English name), "that I cannot drive you to-morrow as usual, because I must go home to draw out my *billet de banque*; but if you can defer your journey till the day after to-morrow, which is Midsummer's Eve, I shall then be free for another three weeks, and we can start at whatever hour you fix."

"My friend," I replied, "if we do but reach the town of Moulins safely and pleasantly, it is all equal to me whether we depart a day or two sooner or later, or even next week, if you like it better. I shall have a few English bank-notes about me, and it seems you will keep me company with some French ones. I was already aware that you are a landed proprietor, but I did not know you had capital in the bank."

"Heaven defend me from such a folly!" answered Jules Lecoustre — a sly, whip-cracking French peasant of the neighbourhood, who had often served me as coachman, and whom many of his acquaintances reproached with stupidity, for no better reason than because he had the rare gift of holding his

tongue. "I certainly have some small savings in my trunk, but the *billet de banque*, which I just now mentioned, is altogether a different thing. I am going to marry myself all of a sudden, at last; and I must therefore have my banns published by the Curé — which won't be of much use — and by the Maire — which will. I want to go and speak to them both to-morrow. That's what we call the *billet de banque* in my country."

"Good; so be it then, Jules. We shall have plenty of time to get back for the wedding. Of course you will be a little impatient."

"Not I. You know, Monsieur, when one must, one must. Louise has been my sweetheart for more than eighteen months past. Though I should never have had any other wife, I own I marry myself now rather of a sudden."

That weighty, and yet seemingly indifferent point settled, we began to consider the road we should take as the best way of getting to Moulins. Most people would have preferred making a long roundabout, for reasons immediately to be stated; I decided on trying a short cut, believing that I knew more than I really did about the country we had to traverse.

What may be the comparative merit amongst themselves of the highways and byways of the south of France, I know not — or rather, I have forgotten, which comes to the same thing; but in

the north, where the scene of my story is laid, the respective difference is incredible, and sometimes also unaccountable. A hitherto decent road sometimes becomes unexpectedly impracticable; or a Slough of Despond, without any warning of improvement, capriciously offers a firm and bearably smooth surface to your feet and wheels. The change of quality is quite as abrupt as if a cord, stretched from town to town, were here spun of silk, there of tow, next of iron wire, and further on of golden thread. However, this uncertainty about your ways only occurs on cross-country roads. On the national roads, the departmental roads, and the ways of *grande communication*, you roll along in ease and safety; no turnpikes to pay, not a pebble out of its place, but every difficulty instantaneously smoothed by a set of men who are constantly employed, and whose hats are faced with a thin plate of brass, on which are cut the capital letters that spell their office, CANTONNIER. All these first-class roads are down in your map; and, if it is on a large scale, so are the cross-roads, likewise. But no map can give an idea of their quality. Some are merely a deep scratch in the earth, as if a giant had dragged a heavy weight along it in wet weather; others are the beds of water-courses, which happen for the time to be empty, and where you never feel sure, if a shower comes

on, that five minutes hence you may not be up to the axle-tree, or the waist, in water. A variety often to be met with in forests, is a pair of deep parallel ruts, which, being made by the powerful wheels of a wood-cart, are sure not to fit any private vehicle. In some, you have a bottom of slime, varying your transit over a bed of boulders. All these, and more, I had the pleasure of testing on the eventful eve of last Midsummer-day.

I wanted to go to Moulins: no matter for what special purpose. I thought I was well up in the topography of the district, and that I could pilot my way pretty nearly as the bird flies, instead of making an immense circuit, for the sake of sticking to the national and the departmental roads. So, as soon as Jules's *billet de banque* was made out, my usual cabriolet with the little brown mare stood waiting before my door; my trusty driver sat in his place, ready to give the parting whip-crack; my carpet-bag was under the seat, my map of the Department lay in the hood behind; but one little omission must be remedied: where — oh where! — are my *grelots*?

Everybody knows that all over the Continent every horse is adorned with bells — that is to say, every horse of respectability. But hirers of horses are sometimes indifferent what sort of figure their customers make along the road, and therefore turn them out in a bell-less state, reserving

all their means of migratory music for their own selfish and special use. To remedy this a part of my private and personal property has lately consisted of a leather wreath of little round bells, which are the *grelots* just mentioned. As soon as my horse appears they are buckled round his neck; when his work is done, and he departs to his stable, they take their place on a hook in our kitchen, until their harmony is again demanded to enliven the progress of the way-worn traveller. I cannot help liking these bells; without them I hardly enjoy a drive. "She shall make music wherever she goes" is a pleasing nursery rhyme to think of. If you are journeying by night without lamps they save you from many a rude collision; and if you leave your carriage to walk up a hill, or to take a short cut through a wood, or to look round a corner, as inquisitive people will, the jingling of your bells from time to time reminds you that you are not altogether deserted in the world. You soon get to know the sound of your own jingle, just as you would the step or the voice of a familiar friend.

Crick! Crack! Jingle! Jangle! — Off we are at last, Jules. If the road would only continue like this, we should get to Moulins pleasantly enough. That can hardly be expected though; we must take the rough along with the smooth. Here is the point where we quit the departmental

with great elasticity and powerful leverage of limb, a sort of resident brother-in-law, did the same as he entered soon afterwards. Altogether, my new acquaintances gave me that antagonistic and repulsive impression which rarely fails to turn out true. Of course, after so long and anxious a walk, an evening meal was acceptable.

While my supper was getting ready, I strolled round the outside of the house and noticed the position of one window of my bed-room, which looked into the yard. A stable, or cow-house, was the apartment contiguous to mine. Over my bed-room was a granary, which was not accessible either from the stable, or the interior of the house; a short flight of wooden steps had to be mounted to reach its door, which was carefully fastened with a padlock and chain. There was little enough to amuse in all this, so I asked whether they had a garden, and where it was? Yes they had a garden; not just here, but a few steps off. What did I inquire about the garden for? Oh! nothing particular; I was fond of gardening and should like to take a stroll round it. To be sure, I was a little too tired to dig there just now: but a stranger, I said, might be amused by observing its plan and arrangement. Dig! what did I expect to find by digging? Did I think there was anything concealed underground in a kitchen garden belonging to respectable publicans? They had

never been suspected in that way before. And they eyed myself, and each other, with strange and stolen glances.

A decent repast was set before me. The eternal cold roast veal with savoury jelly, a hot mutton cutlet grilled over the coals, some sweet slices of household bread, and a lump of fresh butter, constituted the solids. What would I drink? They had excellent wine, and not dear; only twenty-five sous for a bottle of Bordeaux. They reserved a particular bin for gentlemen travellers. A grin, and a twinkling eye, were the accompaniments to this offer. No; I could not afford wine to-night, unless they could change me an English bank-note for two hundred and fifty francs; otherwise, I should convert it into more convenient money as soon as I reached the town of Moulins. I wished to pay my bill to-night, before going to bed, as I expected to leave very early next morning. I would have some beer, out of the cask at the foot of the cellar stairs: the very same as they had just been drinking themselves. I must not exceed for my supper and lodging the trifling amount of small change which I happened to have in my pocket. Had Monsieur any gold about him? They could change either French or English gold. No; I had nothing smaller than bank-notes, as I had not anticipated being thus detained on the road. Other curious glances right and left. Never mind the

want of change! They desired greatly that Monsieur should taste the wine. A bottle of good Bordeaux could do no harm, after so long a walk as he seemed to have taken. He would pay, the next time he passed that way.

I firmly resisted the offer thus pressed on me, but drank my pint of beer, and retired to rest. While undressing, I could not help thinking how curious it was, that all the time I had been eating my supper, different members of the family had been passing and re-passing through the room, never leaving me to myself half a minute to make my observations in quiet, but looking at me, during those transient visits, in an odd sort of way, much in the manner in which, in certain prisons, a new arrival sits for his portrait to the entire body of turnkeys successively. But my candle was soon puffed out. It had hardly been necessary; for both the windows were quite unshaded, and the moonbeams lighted up every object in the room. The only means of fastening the door, was by an iron catch, so slight that it was a mere formality and pretence of seclusion. The hook and eye of a lady's dress would be as useful in the way of bolts and bars. Such as it was, it had been duly arranged, and in a few minutes I was fast asleep.

I slept till about three in the morning, when I awoke cool and refreshed. The day was breaking, and the moon, just past the full,

was shining brightly in the stable yard. I was tempted to get out of bed, to open the casement and let in the fresh morning air, but did not. Looking, however, in that direction, which was also towards the foot of my bed, I saw a man in his shirt and trowsers and white nightcap, of the peculiar height and build of my landlord, pass in the yard before my window, as if going to the granary steps. It was nothing extraordinary that a farming innkeeper should rise at three in the morning, to look after his affairs. Some live stock, perhaps, required his attention. I lay motionless on my back, wondering how soon Jules would come, and hesitating whether or not to court the morning doze, which is often the most delightful part of a whole night's rest.

I have the habit, in summer, of sleeping with my eyes covered, and sometimes bandaged, with a silk handkerchief, to do what eyelids cannot then do, namely, exclude the bright beams of the newly-risen sun. I was now blindfolded with no thicker covering than the simple screen of well-worn lawn, as thin as muslin, afforded by an old and treasured white pocket-handkerchief. It was, in fact, for want of another which I had left in my carpet-bag, nothing more than a transparent veil; and through it I was amusing myself with gazing at the planks of the ceiling overhead. A crack caught my eye; while looking at it, it became

wider — and wider still! till an oblong hole, the breadth of the entire plank, was opened into the granary above. The sliding portion of floor had been pushed back so noiselessly, that I should not have been aware of it though wide awake, had I not happened to be staring straight at the very spot. At this hole, my landlord's face soon appeared, gazing intently down upon me. My veil prevented his seeing that he was seen, and I took care to simulate sound sleep in my breathing. His eyes glittered for a second or two, as he grinned with satisfaction, and smoothly closed the slide again.

"Heaven! what does this mean? What shall I do?" Before I had answered the question to myself, I had jumped out of bed, and dressed myself with a rapidity which was anything but habitual. My landlord passed the window again, in the direction of the house. Odd, that he never looked in, to see how matters stood, if he meant any harm! I don't even now know why I acted as I then did. Instinct during danger sometimes fulfils the office of reflection, bestows presence of mind, and takes the place of the inventive faculties. I snatched the nightcap off my head, pulled it tightly over one corner of the pillow, made a sort of neck, by means of a ligature of string — one of the pieces I had in my pocket — fastened to the lower end of the pillow another piece of

string, to the foot of the bed, behind the scant curtain, and there took my station, after fashioning the effigy, as much as I could, to the likeness of a sleeping man.

A minute sufficed to look around me, and measure the difficulties of my position. What had seemed so plain and simple overnight, now bore strong symptoms of being a cutthroatly trap. The treacherous peep-hole in the ceiling was bad enough, even if it were made only for the purposes of peeping and listening. A man's chamber in an inn ought to be his castle, so long as he does not set fire to the house; and an honest innkeeper, receiving honest guests, is bound so to consider it. But here the very circumstances that would be expected to insure safety — although they rather ran counter to the possibility of privacy — were converted to the very opposite object. The position of the room on the ground floor, and the window at each end, giving a thorough light, would lull all suspicion of evil intentions which might arise in the thoughts of a nervous tourist. No one could dream of being murdered almost in public. But, on the floor of the room, exactly at one corner, beneath the window which looked into a little back yard, the light streamed in through an aperture in the wall, which might have been taken for a small rat-hole. It would occur to any one, that such an unnecessary opening

must admit a strong draught of cold air in winter time. It struck me that the whole floor sloped slightly in that direction, and that there was a perceptible channel leading towards it, by means of which arrangement the apartment could be thoroughly and rapidly washed out, the washings being received on a spot to which nobody but the inmates of the house had access. Again; the wall of partition of the stable, against which the bed was placed, was composed of the mud and wood structure so common in the cottages hereabouts. Well; on inspecting the wall below the level of the mattress on which I had slept, I perceived that a large empty space had been left, and merely filled up temporarily with sticks, straw, stones, and rubbish; so that by merely hitching the bedstead a little forward into the room, anything not exceeding the size of a full-grown man could easily be shoved away through the gap, into the stable, and carried off at leisure, without a single person in the house being a bit the wiser for the matter. What could I conclude from all these details? I had seen, not long since, the dungeons, the chambers of torture, the dry wells with what sounded like bones at the bottom when a pebble was cast down upon them, with a secret door leading from the torture-room to the mouth of the well; — all this I had seen at Tancarville Castle, on the Seine; and had thence, I think reasonably, con-

cluded that torture, and murder, and secret disposal of corpses had been done there. Now, there were before my view so many means of evil practices combined, that I could not doubt that evil was intended, and had been perpetrated, before my chance arrival.

But, I had no long time left me to speculate in. The slide again opened, and through it descended a rope, with a slip-knot at the end, — a halter, in fact. The knot was held in the cleft of a long stick, by which it was slowly directed towards the head of my slumbering effigy. Hang me, if this is not past a joke! A bold sort of hunting, this snaring of sleeping men! A villainous one, too, to lasso them thus in cold blood, without giving them a chance of escape. This time, cut-throats, don't be too sure! O, Jules, if you were but here, to make number two in my standing army. The halter approaches my very own night-cap. I gently draw the string attached to the lower end of the pillow, and the puppet follows the tug beneath the coverlid, as if it shrunk down to keep itself a little warmer. "Ha, ha, ha, ha!" with a silent and an inward chuckle. The trick, however deficient in art, has taken. I am not to be hung; perhaps they'll drown me. The rope is withdrawn, and the slide is closed.

A couple of minutes more of suspense, and the landlord passes before the window. Not a

suspicion that I am not fast asleep. A respite, until the second attack. Oh, Jules, Jules! what point of the national road have you reached? Hush! The landlord again, looking savage, flits past, like an angry phantom. I count the time required to mount the granary steps, to open the door, and steal to the vile spot overhead; and exactly as I count the seconds, the slide is withdrawn for a decisive blow. I can just see the barrel of a pistol, and part of a swarthy hand grasping the butt end of it — when, can it be he? — a faint tinkle steals on my listening ear, and in two seconds more, a still louder tinkle — the blessed sound of my own *grelots*. Their silvery tone has far preceded both the horse's footsteps and the cracking whip. Other ears than mine have heard it too, and do not care to proceed, while a traveller is approaching near. The slide is closed, and my innocent and unconscious representative remains unshot in his bed.

Jingle! jangle! crick! crack! trimp! tramp! It is Jules himself, and the little brown mare, or I'll be eaten alive by those cannibals! But they shall not have even my nightcap as a trophy. It is instantly taken possession of by the rightful owner; the window is thrown up with a sudden jerk; I leap into the stable-yard; and in a moment stand on the national road.

"Ah, Jules! you are here just

in time! I might have had an unpleasant struggle."

"Monsieur Feelsone, you do not know what pleasure it gives me to see you safe out of that house!"

"*Sacrée canaille!*" said I, rattling the *r*, with a better French accent than I thought I was capable of — "*Sacrée canaille!*" thrusting my hand into my pocket; "I will smash their windows with this handful of sous, which conveniently happens to be more numerous than usual, as a polite way of bidding them good-bye."

"Be sage, be tranquil, Monsieur Feelsone; do nothing of the kind, I pray you;" interposed Jules, putting the mare into a rapid trot, and soon carrying me off, far out of sous' throw. "You have saved your banknotes, and perhaps something of more consequence still; and I do not want to lose the benefit of having drawn my *billet de banque*. The trial will doubtless come on exactly at the time of my wedding; and, if anything happens to bring us in as witnesses, Louise will have to wait for a week or so."

"I do not understand what you mean by the trial."

"Listen, Monsieur Feelsone, and I will explain to you that; as well as how you happen to be sitting by my side at this hour, instead of defending yourself against the people there. I had not been long on the departmental road again, after parting with you last evening where we lost ourselves, before I came up to

my cousin Josephine, who is married to one of the gendarmes stationed half-way between that and Mambergue. She was walking home in a hurry to prepare Bravemouche's supper, so I took her up into the cabriolet. She asked me to stop and give good-day to her husband; and while there, I told them why it was I happened to be driving alone, and where you were going to sleep and wait till I called for you. Bravemouche looked uneasy, without saying anything at first; but Josephine at once told me that it was a very dangerous place, indeed. An Englishman, who was supposed to have robbed a bank, and then escaped to France, had lately been traced as far as Mambergue, and had never been heard of afterwards. They both informed me that, this very Midsummer's Day, a search was to be made in the house, and also in the garden, where it was expected strange things would be found; and that if I had any regard for your safety, I had better press on and join you as soon as possible, even if it were in the middle of the night, no matter how tired the horse might be. I assure you, Monsieur Feelsone, I did not loiter, and I see by your manner that something *has* happened."

"Something might have happened, Jules; though I cannot say exactly what. Whatever they may have intended to do, I should have a difficulty in charging them with anything they have done. Meanwhile, I am not sorry to be

on the road again, although the little mare is almost done up. But I thought, my friend, you were in no hurry to be married?"

"Well. Yes. But not particularly so. Louise and her friends, perhaps, are getting impatient. If you want me three or four days afterwards, I shall be ready to drive you wherever you please."

"Be it so, as you are so much of a philosopher; and the next time we lose ourselves in the cross-roads of a forest, Jules, I will be cautious where I take up my lodgings at night."

GONE ASTRAY.

WHEN I was a very small boy indeed, both in years and stature, I got lost one day in the City of London. I was taken out by Somebody (shade of Somebody forgive me for remembering no more of thy identity!), as an immense treat, to be shown the outside of Saint Giles's Church. I had romantic ideas in connection with that religious edifice; firmly believing that all the beggars who pretended through the week to be blind, lame, one-armed, deaf and dumb, and otherwise physically afflicted, laid aside their pretences every Sunday, dressed themselves in holiday clothes, and attended divine service in the temple of their patron saint. I had a general idea that the reigning successor of Bamfylde Moore Carew acted

as a sort of churchwarden on these occasions, and sat in a high pew with red curtains.

It was in the spring-time when these tender notions of mine, bursting forth into new shoots under the influence of the season, became sufficiently troublesome to my parents and guardians to occasion Somebody to volunteer to take me to see the outside of Saint Giles's Church, which was considered likely (I suppose) to quench my romantic fire, and bring me to a practical state. We set off after breakfast. I have an impression that Somebody was got up in a striking manner — in cord breeches of fine texture and milky hue, in long jean gaiters, in a green coat with bright buttons, in a blue neckerchief, and a monstrous shirt-collar. I think he must have newly come (as I had myself) out of the hop-grounds of Kent. I considered him the glass of fashion and the mould of form: a very Hamlet without the burden of his difficult family affairs.

We were conversational together, and saw the outside of Saint Giles's Church with sentiments of satisfaction, much enhanced by a flag flying from the steeple. I infer that we then went down to Northumberland House in the Strand to view the celebrated lion over the gateway. At all events, I know that in the act of looking up with mingled awe and admiration at that famous animal I lost Somebody.

The child's unreasoning terror of being lost, comes as freshly on me now as it did then. I verily believe that if I had found myself astray at the North Pole instead of in the narrow, crowded, inconvenient street over which the lion in those days presided, I could not have been more horrified. But, this first fright expended itself in a little crying and tearing up and down; and then I walked, with a feeling of dismal dignity upon me, into a court, and sat down on a step to consider how to get through life.

To the best of my belief, the idea of asking my way home never came into my head. It is possible that I may, for the time, have preferred the dismal dignity of being lost; but I have a serious conviction that in the wide scope of my arrangements for the future, I had no eyes for the nearest and most obvious course. I was but very juvenile; from eight to nine years old, I fancy.

I had one and fourpence in my pocket, and a pewter ring with a bit of red glass in it on my little finger. This jewel had been presented to me by the object of my affections, on my birthday, when we had sworn to marry, but had foreseen family obstacles to our union, in her being (she was six years old) of the Wesleyan persuasion, while I was devotedly attached to the Church of England. The one and fourpence were the remains of half-a-crown, presented on the same anni-

versary by my godfather — a man who knew his duty and did it.

Armed with these amulets, I made up my little mind to seek my fortune. When I had found it, I thought I would drive home in a coach and six, and claim my bride. I cried a little more at the idea of such a triumph, but soon dried my eyes and came out of the court to pursue my plans. These were, first to go (as a species of investment) and see the Giants in Guildhall, out of whom I felt it not improbable that some prosperous adventure would arise; failing that contingency, to try about the City for any opening of a Whittington nature; baffled in that too, to go into the army as a drummer.

So, I began to ask my way to Guildhall: which I thought meant, somehow, Gold or Golden Hall; I was too knowing to ask my way to the Giants, for I felt it would make people laugh. I remember how immensely broad the streets seemed now I was alone, how high the houses, how grand and mysterious everything. When I came to Temple Bar, it took me half-an-hour to stare at it, and I left it unfinished even then. I had read about heads being exposed on the top of Temple Bar, and it seemed a wicked old place, albeit a noble monument of architecture and a paragon of utility. When at last I got away from it, behold, I came, the next minute, on the figures at St. Dunstan's! Who could see those obliging monsters strike upon the bells and go? Between the quarters there was the toyshop to look at — still there, at this present writing, in a new form — and even when that enchanted spot was escaped from, after an hour and more, then Saint Paul's arose, and how was I to get beyond its dome, or to take my eyes from its cross of gold? I found it a long journey to the Giants, and a slow one.

I came into their presence at last, and gazed up at them with dread and veneration. They looked better tempered, and were altogether more shiny-faced, than I had expected; but they were very big, and, as I judged their pedestals to be about forty feet high, I considered that they would be very big indeed if they were walking on the stone pavement. I was in a state of mind as to these and all such figures, which I suppose holds equally with most children. While I knew them to be images made of something that was not flesh and blood, I still invested them with attributes of life — with consciousness of my being there, for example, and the power of keeping a sly eye upon me. Being very tired I got into the corner under Magog, to be out of the way of his eye, and fell asleep.

When I started up after a long nap, I thought the giants were roaring, but it was only the City.

The place was just the same as when I fell asleep: no beanstalk, no fairy, no princess, no dragon, no opening in life of any kind. So, being hungry, I thought I would buy something to eat, and bring it in there and eat it, before going forth to seek my fortune on the Whittington plan.

I was not ashamed of buying a penny roll in a baker's shop, but I looked into a number of cooks' shops before I could muster courage to go into one. At last, I saw a pile of cooked sausages in a window with the label, "Small Germans, A Penny." Emboldened by knowing what to ask for, I went in and said, "If you please will you sell me a small German?" which they did, and I took it, wrapped in paper in my pocket, to Guildhall.

The giants were still lying by, in their sly way, pretending to take no notice, so I sat down in another corner, when what should I see before me but a dog with his ears cocked. He was a black dog, with a bit of white over one eye, and bits of white and tan in his paws, and he wanted to play — frisking about me, rubbing his nose against me, dodging at me sideways, shaking his head and pretending to run away backwards, and making himself good-naturedly ridiculous, as if he had no consideration for himself, but wanted to raise my spirits. Now, when I saw this dog I thought of Whittington, and felt that things were coming right; I encouraged him by saying "Hi, boy!" "Poor

fellow!" "Good dog!" and was satisfied that he was to be my dog for ever afterwards, and that he would help me to seek my fortune.

Very much comforted by this (I had cried a little at odd times ever since I was lost), I took the small German out of my pocket, and began my dinner by biting off a bit and throwing it to the dog, who immediately swallowed it with a one-sided jerk, like a pill. While I took a bit myself, and he looked me in the face for a second piece, I considered by what name I should call him. I thought Merrychance would be an expressive name, under the circumstances; and I was elated, I recollect, by inventing such a good one, when Merrychance began to growl at me in a most ferocious manner.

I wondered he was not ashamed of himself, but he didn't care for that; on the contrary he growled a good deal more. With his mouth watering, and his eyes glistening, and his nose in a very damp state, and his head very much on one side, he sidled about on the pavement in a threatening manner and growled at me, until he suddenly made a snap at the small German, tore it out of my hand, and went off with it. He never came back to help me seek my fortune. From that hour to the present, when I am forty years of age, I have never seen my faithful Merrychance again.

I felt very lonely. Not so much for the loss of the small German though it was delicious, (I knew nothing about highly-peppered horse at that time) as on account of Merrychance's disappointing me so cruelly; for I had hoped he would do every friendly thing but speak, and perhaps even come to that. I cried a little more, and began to wish that the object of my affections had been lost with me, for company's sake. But, then I remembered that *she* could not go into the army as a drummer; and I dried my eyes and ate my loaf. Coming out, I met a milkwoman, of whom I bought a pennyworth of milk; quite set up again by my repast, I began to roam about the City, and to seek my fortune in the Whittington direction.

When I go into the City, now, it makes me sorrowful to think that I am quite an artful wretch. Strolling about it as a lost child, I thought of the British Merchant and the Lord Mayor, and was full of reverence. Strolling about it now, I laugh at the sacred liveries of state, and get indignant with the corporation as one of the strongest practical jokes of the present day. What did I know then, about the multitude who are always being disappointed in the City; who are always expecting to meet a party there, and to receive money there, and whose expectations are never fulfilled? What did I know then, about that wonderful person, the friend in the City,

who is to do so many things for so many people; who is to get this one into a post at home, and that one into a post abroad; who is to settle with this man's creditors, provide for that man's son, and see that other man paid; who is to "throw himself" into this grand Joint-Stock certainty, and is to put his name down on that Life Assurance Directory, and never does anything predicted of him? What did I know, then, about him as the friend of gentlemen, Mosaic Arabs and others, usually to be seen at races, and chiefly residing in the neighbourhood of Red Lion Square; and as being unable to discount the whole amount of that paper in money, but as happening to have by him a cask of remarkable fine sherry, a dressing-case, and a Venus by Titian, with which he would be willing to make up the balance? Had I ever heard of him, in those innocent days, as confiding information (which never by any chance turned out to be in the remotest degree correct) to solemn bald men, who mysteriously imparted it to breathless dinner tables? No. Had I ever learned to dread him as a shark, disregard him as a humbug, and know him for a myth? Not I. Had I ever heard of him as associated with tightness in the money market, gloom in consols, the exportation of gold, or that rock ahead in everybody's course, the bushel of wheat? Never. Had I the least idea what was meant by such

terms as jobbery, rigging the market, cooking accounts, getting up a dividend, making things pleasant, and the like? Not the slightest. Should I have detected in Mr. Hudson himself, a staring carcase of golden veal? By no manner of means. The City was to me a vast emporium of precious stones and metals, casks and bales, honour and generosity, foreign fruits and spices. Every merchant and banker was a compound of Mr. Fitz-Warren and Sinbad the Sailor. Smith, Payne, and Smith, when the wind was fair for Barbary and the captain present, were in the habit of calling their servants together (the cross cook included) and asking them to produce their little shipments. Glyn and Halifax had personally undergone great hardships in the valley of diamonds. Baring Brothers had seen Roes' eggs and travelled with caravans. Rothschild had sat in the Bazaar at Bagdad with rich stuffs for sale; and a veiled lady from the Sultan's harem, riding on a donkey, had fallen in love with him.

Thus I wandered about the City, like a child in a dream, staring at the British merchants, and inspired by a mighty faith in the marvellousness of everything. Up courts and down courts — in and out of yards and little squares — peeping into counting-house passages and running away — poorly feeding the echoes in the court of the South Sea House with my timid steps — roaming

down into Austin Friars, and wondering how the Friars used to like it — ever staring at the British merchants, and never tired of the shops — I rambled on, all through the day. In such stories as I made, to account for the different places, I believed as devoutly as in the City itself. I particularly remember that when I found myself on 'Change, and saw the shabby people sitting under the placards about ships, I settled that they were Misers, who had embarked all their wealth to go and buy gold-dust or something of that sort, and were waiting for their respective captains to come and tell them that they were ready to set sail. I observed that they all munched dry biscuits, and I thought it was to keep off seasickness.

This was very delightful; but it still produced no result according to the Whittington precedent. There was a dinner preparing at the Mansion House, and when I peeped in at a grated kitchen window, and saw the men cooks at work in their white caps, my heart began to beat with hope that the Lord Mayor, or the Lady Mayoress, or one of the young Princesses their daughters, would look out of an upper apartment and direct me to be taken in. But, nothing of the kind occurred. It was not until I had been peeping in some time that one of the cooks called to me (the window was open) "Cut away, you Sir!" which frightened me so, on ac-

count of his black whiskers, that I instantly obeyed.

After that, I came to the India House, and asked a boy what it was, who made faces and pulled my hair before he told me, and behaved altogether in an ungenteel and discourteous manner. Sir James Hogg himself might have been satisfied with the veneration in which I held the India House. I had no doubt of its being the most wonderful, the most magnanimous, the most incorruptible, the most practically disinterested, the most in all respects astonishing, establishment on the face of the earth. I understood the nature of an oath, and would have sworn it to be one entire and perfect chrysolite.

Thinking much about boys who went to India, and who immediately, without being sick, smoked pipes like curled-up bell-ropes, terminating in a large cut-glass sugar basin upside down, I got among the outfitting shops. There, I read the lists of things that were necessary for an India-going boy, and when I came to "one brace of pistols," thought what happiness to be reserved for such a fate! Still no British merchant seemed at all disposed to take me into his house. The only exception was a chimney-sweep — he looked at me as if he thought me suitable to his business; but I ran away from him.

I suffered very much, all day, from boys; they chased me down turnings, brought me to bay in

doorways, and treated me quite savagely, though I am sure I gave them no offence. One boy, who had a stump of black-lead pencil in his pocket, wrote his mother's name and address (as he said) on my white hat, outside the crown. MRS. BLORES, WOODEN LEG WALK, TOBACCO-STOPPER ROW, WAPPING. And I couldn't rub it out.

I recollect resting in a little churchyard after this persecution, disposed to think upon the whole, that if I and the object of my affections could be buried there together, at once, it would be comfortable. But, another nap, and a pump, and a bun, and above all a picture that I saw, brought me round again.

I must have strayed by that time, as I recal my course, into Goodman's Fields, or somewhere thereabouts. The picture represented a scene in a play then performing at a theatre in that neighbourhood which is no longer in existence. It stimulated me to go to that theatre and see that play. I resolved, as there seemed to be nothing doing in the Whittington way, that on the conclusion of the entertainments I would ask my way to the barracks, knock at the gate, and tell them that I understood they were in want of drummers, and there I was. I think I must have been told, but I know I believed, that a soldier was always on duty, day and night, behind every barrack-gate, with a shilling; and that a boy who could by any

means be prevailed on to accept it, instantly became a drummer, unless his father paid four hundred pounds.

I found out the theatre — of its external appearance I only remember the loyal initials (G. R. untidily painted in yellow ochre on the front — and waited, with a pretty large crowd, for the opening of the gallery doors. The greater part of the sailors and others composing the crowd, were of the lowest description, and their conversation was not improving; but I understood little or nothing of what was bad in it then, and it had no depraving influence on me. I have wondered since, how long it would take, by means of such association, to corrupt a child nurtured as I had been, and innocent as I was.

Whenever I saw that my appearance attracted attention, either outside the doors or afterwards within the theatre, I pretended to look out for somebody who was taking care of me, and from whom I was separated, and to exchange nods and smiles with that creature of my imagination. This answered very well. I had my sixpence clutched in my hand ready to pay; and when the doors opened, with a clattering of bolts, and some screaming from women in the crowd, I went on with the current like a straw. My sixpence was rapidly swallowed up in the money-taker's pigeon-hole, which looked to me like a sort of mouth, and I got into the freer staircase above,

and ran on (as everybody else did) to get a good place. When I came to the back of the gallery, there were very few people in it, and the seats looked so horribly steep, and so like a diving arrangement to send me, headforemost, into the pit, that I held by one of them in a terrible fright. However, there was a good-natured baker with a young woman, who gave me his hand, and we all three scrambled over the seats together down into the corner of the first row. The baker was very fond of the young woman, and kissed her a good deal in the course of the evening.

I was no sooner comfortably settled, than a weight fell upon my mind, which tormented it most dreadfully, and which I must explain. It was a benefit night — the benefit of the comic actor — a little fat man with a very large face and, as I thought then, the smallest and most diverting hat that ever was seen. This comedian, for the gratification of his friends and patrons, had undertaken to sing a comic song on a donkey's back, and afterwards to give away the donkey so distinguished, by lottery. In this lottery, every person admitted to the pit and gallery had a chance. On paying my sixpence, I had received the number, forty-seven; and I now thought, in a perspiration of terror, what should I ever do if that number was to come up the prize, and I was to win the donkey!

It made me tremble all over to

think of the possibility of my good fortune. I knew I never could conceal the fact of my holding forty-seven, in case that number came up because, not to speak of my confusion, which would immediately condemn me, I had shown my number to the baker. Then, I pictured to myself the being called upon to come down on the stage and receive the donkey. I thought how all the people would shriek when they saw it had fallen to a little fellow like me. How should I lead him out — for of course he wouldn't go? If he began to bray, what should I do? If he kicked, what would become of me? Suppose he backed into the stage-door, and stuck there, with me upon him? For I felt that if I won him, the comic actor would have me on his back, the moment he could touch me. Then if I got him out of the theatre, what was I to do with him? How was I to feed him? Where was I to stable him? It was bad enough to have gone astray by myself, but to go astray with a donkey, too, was a calamity more tremendous than I could bear to contemplate.

These apprehensions took away all my pleasure in the first piece. When the ship came on — a real man-of-war she was called in the bills — and rolled prodigiously in a very heavy sea, I couldn't, even in the terrors of the storm, forget the donkey. It was awful to see the sailors pitching about, with telescopes and speaking trumpets (they looked very tall

indeed aboard the man-of-war), and it was awful to suspect the pilot of treachery, though impossible to avoid it, for when he cried — "We are lost! To the raft, to the raft! A thunderbolt has struck the main-mast!" — I myself saw him take the main-mast out of its socket and drop it overboard; but even these impressive circumstances paled before my dread of the donkey. Even, when the good sailor (and he was very good) came to good fortune, and the bad sailor (and he was very bad) threw himself into the ocean from the summit of a curious rock, presenting something of the appearance of a pair of steps, I saw the dreadful donkey through my tears.

At last the time came when the fiddlers struck up the comic song, and the dreaded animal, with new shoes on, as I inferred from the noise they made, came clattering in with the comic actor on his back. He was dressed out with ribbons (I mean the donkey was) and as he persisted in turning his tail to the audience, the comedian got off him, turned about, and sitting with his face that way, sang the song three times, amid thunders of applause. All this time, I was fearfully agitated; and when two pale people, a good deal splashed with the mud of the streets, were invited out of the pit to superintend the drawing of the lottery, and were received with a round of laughter from everybody else, I could have begged and prayed them to have

mercy on me, and not draw number forty-seven.

But, I was soon put out of my pain now, for a gentleman behind me, in a flannel jacket and a yellow neck-kerchief, who had eaten two fried soles and all his pockets-full of nuts before the storm began to rage, answered to the winning number, and went down to take possession of the prize. This gentleman had appeared to know the donkey, rather, from the moment of his entrance, and had taken a great interest in his proceedings; driving him to himself, if I use an intelligible phrase, and saying, almost in my ear, when he made any mistake, "Kum up, you precious Moke. Kum up!" He was thrown by the donkey on first mounting him, to the great delight of the audience (including myself), but rode him off with great skill afterwards, and soon returned to his seat quite calm. Calmed myself by the immense relief I had sustained, I enjoyed the rest of the performance very much indeed. I remember there were a good many dances, some in fetters and some in roses, and one by a most divine little creature, who made the object of my affections look but common-place. In the concluding drama, she re-appeared as a boy, (in arms, mostly), and was fought for, several times. I rather think a Baron wanted to drown her, and was on various occasions prevented by the comedian, a ghost, a Newfoundland dog, and a church bell. I only

remember beyond this, that I wondered where the Baron expected to go to, and that he went there in a shower of sparks. The lights were turned out while the sparks died out, and it appeared to me as if the whole play—ship, donkey, men and women, divine little creature, and all—were a wonderful firework that had gone off, and left nothing but dust and darkness behind it.

It was late when I got out into the streets, and there was no moon, and there were no stars, and the rain fell heavily. When I emerged from the dispersing crowd, the ghost and the baron had an ugly look in my remembrance; I felt unspeakably forlorn; and now, for the first time, my little bed and the dear familiar faces came before me, and touched my heart. By daylight, I had never thought of the grief at home. I had never thought of my mother. I had never thought of anything but adapting myself to the circumstances in which I found myself, and going to seek my fortune.

For a boy who could do nothing but cry, and run about, saying "O I am lost!" to think of going into the army was, I felt sensible, out of the question. I abandoned the idea of asking my way to the barracks—or rather the idea abandoned me—and ran about, until I found a watchman in his box. It is amazing to me, now, that he should have been sober; but I am inclined to think he was too feeble to get drunk.

This venerable man took me to the nearest watchhouse; — I say he took me, but in fact I took him, for when I think of us in the rain, I recollect that we must have made a composition, like a vignette of Infancy leading Age. He had a dreadful cough, and was obliged to lean against a wall, whenever it came on. We got at last to the watch-house, a warm and drowsy sort of place embellished with great-coats and rattles hanging up. When a paralytic messenger had been sent to make inquiries about me, I fell asleep by the fire, and awoke no more until my eyes opened on my father's face. This is literally and exactly how I went astray. They used to say I was an odd child, and I suppose I was. I am an odd man perhaps.

Shade of Somebody, forgive me for the disquiet I must have caused thee! When I stand beneath the Lion, even now, I see thee rushing up and down, refusing to be comforted. I have gone astray since, many times, and farther afield. May I therein have given less disquiet to others, than herein I gave to thee!

SOMETHING DIVINE.

I do believe that neither quinine nor saline draughts were so effectual in curing me of the marsh fever which prostrated me in Rome, as the good little stories my excellent Doctor used to tell

me. One of his best was about a servant-maid.

Maria, the heroine, was the daughter of a farmer; but became, at a very early age, the servant of a sculptor of some celebrity in his day, named Pulci, who had removed from Florence to Rome to court inspiration in the Metropolis of Art, for a great work. He was a grave, serious man; and, after having instructed Maria in the duties required of her, retired within himself, and allowed her to do pretty much as she liked; so that she governed his little household in her own way. She was a comely girl, of quiet manners, and soon became a favourite with all Pulci's visitors. The engraver Savorini was struck with love at first sight for her, and offered to make her his wife; but she replied calmly that she had engaged with Signor Pulci to be his servant for three years, and could not think of breaking her engagement. "I will find a substitute," said Savorini. "I cannot be replaced," she replied. The engraver called her a Proserpine of pride; and his courtship ended for the time.

Master Pulci was busy with an important group; the subject being Religion leaning upon Science and Art — an allegory which Italians are fond of developing. Although not a first-class sculptor, he still occupied a sufficient rank to bring him in contact with all the celebrated artists of the day, who used to come from time to time to his

studio. Maria was often called in for one purpose or another, and listened greedily to their animated discourses on genius and its consequent fame. From the very outset she began to feel yearnings after earthly immortality. A year, however, passed before a definite plan succeeded to her vague impulses.

One day Pulci invited some of his friends to dinner, Savorini amongst the rest. The meal was taken in the studio, and the conversation naturally turned upon art. All spoke enthusiastically; for all were Italians, and were deeply devoted to their various departments. Savorini, who still retained a strong sentiment for Maria, and perhaps wished to dazzle her (she was moving quietly to and fro performing her usual duties; but listening to all that was said with respectful attention) rather exaggerated the dignity and the privileges of the profession to which they all belonged. Kings and emperors, the Pope himself, he said, ranked below great artists; and it was better to have produced that Diana—pointing to a clay model, which Pulci had just finished—than to guide the councils of nations. “I place my art,” he added, “not quite on an equality with yours, signori, but I own no superiors except you; for I also feel that I have a spark of something divine within me.”

He talked much in this strain, being excited by the good *Lachryma Christi* and by the pre-

sence of Maria. Although the girl admired what he said, she in no wise set it down to his account in the way he would have desired. She looked upon him only as an interpreter of truth, and went about the room—and backward and forward between it and the kitchen—pondering whether she had not also a spark of something divine within her. “Yes, I have it!” she said at length. As she said this, she pushed against Angela, an old dame who had come in to assist her in her duties, let go the dish that held the stewed prunes, and broke it, splashing the rich red juice over her own white stockings.

“Are they quite spoiled?” inquired Savorini. She gave him a familiar push, as if she was removing one of her father’s sheifers out of her way. “Let her alone!” cried Pulci. “We must not punish her for her accident. She has not chipped a statue or a model since she has been with me.”

“I would rather break one of my own limbs,” she exclaimed. “Brava!” cried they all; and, after complimenting her, they went on talking of their art, as cheerily as if they had not been disappointed of stewed prunes. Meanwhile, Maria became more and more convinced that there was a spark of something divine within her.

From that time she began in secret—in her own little bedroom—to endeavour to produce some of the forms of beauty that

filled her mind. The clay became life-like in her hands; and, in a very short time, she almost started with surprise at beholding a lovely countenance looking out from the unformed mass which she had placed on her window-sill. A natural fear of being ridiculed and repressed, prevented her from confiding her projects and her studies to her master. But her secret was too troublesome to be kept entirely to herself. At first she thought of the engraver Savorini; and possibly it would have been well had his honest love then found favour in her eyes. But the remembrances of his rough gallantries made her fearful of confiding in him. There was Caterina, the daughter of Angela; but, when she came to gossip of evenings, all her talk was about the handsome cavaliers who looked at her in church — impious men — and followed her home, trying to talk nonsense. This was not a proper confidante; so she chose my old doctor, Corona, who had attended her in an illness, and had won her confidence by his benevolent manners. She went to him, made him promise secrecy as if she had been going to confess a murder, and revealed that she felt the power to become a great artist.

"My fame will fill the world," said she.

"But will it fill your heart?"

"That is full already — of hope."

He saw that she did not come for advice but encouragement;

and he encouraged her. He would have preferred had she told all to Master Pulci; but that artist, though good and kind, had something cold and satirical in his manner. "He will never believe in me," said Maria, "until he sees that I can do something. He is not a man of faith. Besides, who will admit genius in the person that cooks one's dinner? These hands that have made so many messes can do nothing but spoil marble, he will think."

"She must take care," thought Corona, "not to deceive herself as to the motive that makes her unwilling to communicate her ambition to her master. If I mistake not, she hopes to dazzle him."

But the Doctor was mistaken. Maria's whole being was, from that time forward, devoted to art and art alone. It is true that she did not fail to perform her household duties; but she did so mechanically, and, if Master Pulci had been anything of a gourmand or a fidget, he would have found daily grounds of complaint. However, matters went on very well; and neither he nor any one else ever suspected that the girl had turned her bedroom into a studio, and that she was robbing herself of sleep in order to make up for the hours necessarily lost in the day-time. Savorini alone noticed that her cheeks grew pale, and that her eyes gleamed with unnatural brilliancy. "Her soul is wearing out her body, Doctor," said he to Corona. The

doctor assented sorrowfully, without daring to betray the secret.

Maria afterwards said that her life seemed to have begun only from the time when she perceived the presence of the "divine spark" in her. All the former years faded from her remembrance. Her imagination became filled with beautiful forms. Her ears were ever open to catch words of instruction from her master or his visitors. Her eyes greedily devoured the models that surrounded her. She took Pulci's books, one by one, to her room, and learned all that they could teach her. Whenever she went forth, it was to some church, or to the Vatican, to admire the achievements of the schools.

At length she felt herself sufficiently prepared to attempt original productions, and she began to model a statue of Minerva. A practised hand would probably have produced a result as good as hers in a much shorter time; but she was ignorant of routine, and many accidents retarded her work. However, as time proceeded, the figure grew under her hands; and, day by day, the consciousness of her own genius increased within her. Her determination was to send the figure to the annual competition for the prize — secretly — in order that she might hear the impartial opinion of the judges. The difficulties in her way were immense. But she overcame them all; and, when one day Master Pulci was

absent, some porters, sent by Dr. Corona, came and took away her model. Thus it was removed to the exhibition hall without accident.

Maria entered with the crowd on the appointed day, and contrived to place herself near to her statue. Her ambition did not extend to winning the prize. All she dared to hope was to escape ridicule. But her astonishment was indescribable on perceiving by degrees all the connoisseurs collect round her Minerva, and begin to speak enthusiastically in its praise. The judges stood before it in their turn. There was an unanimous cry of admiration. Her heart swelled mightily within her, and it was with difficulty she could repress her pride and exultation. These came to their height when the prize was unanimously given to her statue; and a crier began to exclaim, "Let the sculptor of the Minerva declare himself!" It then struck her — in her confusion — that a woman had no right to compete, and she hastened away unperceived.

Her object, however, was gained. She was now sure that she had not deceived herself by a false idea of her own merit; and she saw in the future a long series of triumphs. Doctor Corona, who had watched her, followed and complimented her. Even he had not dared to admire her work until public opinion had crowned it. He went with her to the studio of Pulci; and there she threw

herself on her knees before her master, and confessed the truth. He at first thought she was mad; and it was not until Dr. Corona confirmed her statement, that he could believe that his servant-girl Maria had won the first prize of sculpture by the unanimous vote of the first artists of Rome!

The news soon spread through the city; and Savorini came hastily to compliment the young artist. She allowed him to embrace her, and listened gratefully when he said, "She must be at once raised from her menial capacity. It is impossible to deprive the arts of this wonder." He did not now repeat his declaration of affection; but he seemed to claim a right to watch over her future fortunes. Pulci at once agreed to look out for another servant; but Maria refused to quit his house. "I will superintend everything still," she said.

The three supped together pleasantly that evening; and Savorini began the well-known etching which represents Maria sitting at the feet of her Minerva, pausing in her work to admire it. Next day, all the élite of Roman art came flocking to hail their new comrade. For some months, indeed, the fashionable society of the city talked of nothing else but this pleasant story; and it became a popular opinion that Maria would equal or surpass the greatest masters. There was some exaggeration in this. The causes which would have made them refuse to acknowledge her

talent, before her public triumph, induced them to magnify it now. It seemed so extraordinary that a servant-girl from the Campagna di Roma could do anything, that people began to suppose nothing was too great for her to perform. Even old Nosotti, Maria's father, undertook a journey to Rome for the purpose of seeing his daughter, and looked in at St. Peter's by the way. She received him with delight; but shook her head when he suggested that she might now marry farmer Raimondo. Savorini, who was by, ventured a hope on his own account, and he whispered something in her ear. She smiled faintly; and, giving him her hand, said: "If you ask me again in six months I will say, yes!" He did not understand.

The truth was, that the divine spark was burning too fiercely within. In vain Dr. Corona exerted his art and endeavoured, moreover, to wean Maria for awhile from the studio. The hectic flush and the brilliant eyes proved true prophets.

The Minerva was the only work of the servant Maria; who died on the twelfth of May, eighteen hundred and one.

WHY SHAVE?

THERE are misguided men — and I am one of them — who defile daily their own beards, rasp them away as fast as they peep out from beneath the skin, mix

them ignominiously with soap-suds, and cause them to be cast away with the offscourings of the house. We are at great pains and trouble to do this, and we do it unwillingly, knowing that we deprive our faces of an ornament, and more or less suspecting that we take away from ourselves something given to us by nature for our use and our advantage; as indeed we do. Nevertheless, we treat our beards as so much dirt that has to be removed daily from our persons, for no other reason than because it is the custom of the country; or, because we wish (according to the French philosopher whom we largely quote in another article), because we strive to make ourselves prettier by assimilating our appearance to that of women.

I am no friend to gentlemen who wilfully affect external oddity, while they are within all dull and commonplace. I am not disposed by carrying a beard myself to beard public opinion. But opinions may change; we were not always a nation of shavers. The day may again come when "T will be merry in hall, when beards wag all," and Britons shall no more be slaves to razors.

I have never read of savages who shaved themselves with flints; nor have I been able to discover who first introduced among civilised men the tonsure of the chin. The shaven polls and faces of ecclesiastics date

from the time of Pope Anacletus, who introduced the custom upon the same literal authority of scripture that still causes women to wear bonnets in our churches, that they may not pray uncovered. Saint Paul, in the same chapter, further asks the Corinthians, "Doth not even nature itself teach you, that, if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him?" Pope Anacletus determined, therefore, to remove all shame from churchmen, by ordering them to go shaven altogether. The shaving of the beard by laymen was, however, a practice much more ancient. The Greeks taught shaving to the Romans, and Pliny records that the first Greek barbers were taken from Sicily to Rome by Publius Tici-nius, in the four hundred and fifty-fourth year after the building of the city. The Greeks, however — certainly it was so with them in the time of Alexander — seem to have been more disposed to use their barbers for the pruning and trimming than for the absolute removal of the beard, and of that ornament upon the upper lip which they termed the *mystax*, and which we call — using the same name that they gave to it, slightly corrupted — moustache. In the best days of Greece few but the philosophers wore unpruned beards. A large flowing beard and a large flowing mantle were in those times as naturally and essentially a part of the business of a philosopher, as a signboard is part in these days

of the business of a publican. So there is a small joke recorded of an emperor, who having been long teased by an importunate talker, asked him who or what he was. The man replied in pique, "Do you not see by my beard and mantle that I am a philosopher?" — "I see the beard and mantle," said the emperor, "but the philosopher, where is he?"

The idea that there existed a connection between a man's vigour of mind and body, and the vigour of growth in his beard, was confirmed by the fact that Socrates, the wisest of the Greek philosophers, earned pre-eminently the title of the bearded. Among races of men capable of growing rich crops on the chin, the beard has always been regarded more or less as a type of power. Some races, as the Mongolians, do not get more than twenty or thirty thick coarse hairs, and are as likely then to pluck them out after the fashion of some northern tribes, as to esteem them in an exaggerated way, as has been sometimes the case in China. In the world's history the bearded races have at all times been the most important actors, and there is no part of the body which on the whole they have shown more readiness to honour. Among many nations, and through many centuries, development of beard has been thought indicative of the development of strength, both bodily and mental. In strict accordance with that feeling the strength of

Samson was made to rest in his hair. The beard became naturally honoured, inasmuch as it is a characteristic feature of the chief of the two sexes (I speak as an ancient), of man, and of man only, in the best years of his life, when he is capable of putting forth his independent energies. As years multiply and judgment ripens the beard grows, and with it grows, or ought to grow, every man's title to respect. Grey beards became thus so closely connected with the idea of mature discretion, that they were taken often as its sign or cause; and thus it was fabled of the wise king Numa, that he was gray-haired even in his youth.

To revert to the subject of shaving. Tacitus says that in his time the Germans cut their beards. In our times among that people the growth of a beard, or at least of a good *mystax* or moustachio, had come by the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight to be regarded so much as a mark of aristocracy that after the revolutions of that year the Germans took to the obliteration of the vain mark of distinction by growing hair on their own chins and upper lips. Hairs have been thus made significant in a new way. There are now such things to be seen on the Continent as revolutionary beards, and not long ago in a small German State, a barrister was denied a hearing because he stood up in his place in the law court, wearing a beard of the revolutionary

cut. Not only custom, but even to this day law regulates the cultivation of the hair on many of our faces. There is scarcely an army in Europe which is not subject to some regulations that affect the beard and whiskers. In England the chin and, except in some regiments, the upper lip has to be shaved; elsewhere the beard is to be cultivated and the whiskers shaven. Such matters may have their significance. The most significant of whiskers are, however, those worn by the Jews in the East, and especially in Africa, who in accordance with a traditional superstition, keep them at an uniform level of about half an inch in length, and cut them into cabalistic characters curiously scattered about over the face.

As there are some communities especially bestowing care and honour on the beard, and others more devoted to the whiskers, so there are nations, as the Hungarian, in which the honour of the moustache is particularly cherished. The moustaches of General Haynau were about half-a-yard long. A Hungarian dragoon who aspired to eminence in that way, and had nursed a pair of moustachios for two years until they were only second to Haynau's, fell asleep one day after dinner with a cigar in his mouth. He awoke with one of his fine nose tails so terribly burnt at the roots, that he was obliged afterwards to resort to an art used by many of his com-

panions, and to fortify the weak moustache by twining into its substance artificial hair.

Such freaks and absurdities are, of course, inconsistent with the mature dignity of bearded men. Let us have whisker, beard, and moustache, reverently worn, and trimmed discreetly and with decency. I am not for the cabalistic whisker, the Hungarian moustache, or a beard like that worn by the Venetian magnate, of whom Sismondi relates, that if he did not lift it up, he would trip over it in walking. Still worse was the beard of the carpenter depicted in the Prince's Court at Eidam; who, because it was nine feet long, was obliged, when at work, to sling it about him in a bag. A beard like either of those is, however, very much of a phenomenon in nature. The hair of a man's head is finer, generally, than that on the head of women, and if left uncut, would not grow to nearly the same length. A woman's back-hair is an apurtenance entirely and naturally feminine. In the same way, the development of the hair upon the face of men, if left unchecked — although it would differ much in different climates, and in different individuals — would very rarely go on to an extravagant extent. Shaving compels the hair to grow at an undue rate. It has been calculated that a man mows off in the course of a year about six inches-and-a-half of beard, so that a man of eighty would have chopped up in the course

of his life a twenty-seven foot beard; twenty feet more, perhaps, than would have sprouted, had he left nature alone, and contented himself with so much occasional trimming as would be required by the just laws of cleanliness and decency.

It has been erroneously asserted that a growth of beard would cover up the face, hide the expression of the features, and give a deceitful mark of uniform sedateness to the entire population. As for that last assertion, it is the direct reverse of what is true. Sir Charles Bell, in his essay on expression, properly observes that no one who has been present at an assembly of bearded men can have failed to remark the greater variety and force of the expressions they are able to convey. What can be more portentous, for example, than to see the brow cloud and the eyes flash and the nostrils dilate over a beard curling visibly with anger? How ill does a smooth chin support at any time the character assumed by the remainder of the face, except it be a character of sanctimonious oiliness that does not belong honestly to man, or such a pretty chin as makes the charm that should belong only to a woman or a child!

Therefore I ask, why do we shave our beards? Why are we a bare-chinned people? That the hair upon the face of man was given to him for sufficient rea-

sons it will take but little time to show. It has various uses, physiological and mechanical. To take a physiological use first, we may point out the fact that the formation of hair is one method of extruding carbon from the system, and that the external hairs aid after their own way in the work that has to be done by the internal lungs. Their use in this respect is not lessened by shaving; on the contrary, the elimination of carbon through the hairs of the face is made to go on with unnatural activity, because the natural effort to cover the chin with hair is increased in the vain struggle to remove the state of artificial baldness, as a hen goes on laying if her eggs be taken from her, and the production of hair on the chin is at least quadrupled by the use of the razor. The natural balance is in this way destroyed. Whether the harm so done is great I cannot tell; I do not know that it is, but the strict balance which nature keeps between the production of hair, and the action of the lungs, is too constant and rigid to be altogether insignificant. We have all had too much opportunity for noticing how in people whose lungs are constitutionally weak, as in people with consumptive tendencies, the growth of hair is excessive, even to the eyelashes. A skin covered with downy hair is one of the marks of a scrofulous child, and who has not been saddened by the charm of the long eyelashes

over the lustrous eye of the consumptive girl!

The very anomalies of growth show that the hair must fulfil more than a trifling purpose in the system. There has been an account published in the present century by Ruggieri, of a woman, twenty-seven years of age, who was covered from the shoulders to the knees with black woolly hair, like that of a poodle dog. Very recently, a French physician has related the case of a young lady over whose skin, after a fever, hair grew so rapidly that, at the end of a month, she was covered with a hairy coat, an inch long, over every part of her body, except the face, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet.

There are other less curious accounts of women who are obliged to shave regularly once or twice a week; and it may be asked why are not all women compelled to shave? If beards and whiskers serve a purpose, why are they denied to women? That is a question certainly not difficult to answer. For the same reason that the rose is painted and the violet perfumed, there are assigned by nature to the woman attributes of grace heightened by physical weakness, and to the man attributes of dignity and strength. A thousand delicate emotions were to play about the woman's mouth, expressions that would not look beautiful in man. We all know that there is nothing more ridi-

culous to look at than a ladies' man who assumes femininity to please his huge body of sisters, and wins their confidence by making himself quite one of their own set. The character of woman's beauty would be marred by hair upon the face; moreover, what rest would there be ever for an infant on the mother's bosom, tickled perpetually with a mother's beard? Not being framed for active bodily toil, the woman has not the man's capacious lungs, and may need also less growth of hair. But the growth of hair in women really is not much less than in the other sex. The hair upon a woman's head is, as a general rule, coarser, longer, and the whole mass is naturally heavier than the hair upon the head of a man. Here, by the way, I should like to hint a question, whether since what is gained in one place seems to be lost in another, the increased growth at the chin produced by constant shaving may not help to account for some part of the weakness of hair upon the crown, and of the tendency to premature baldness which is so common in English civilised society?

The hair upon the scalp, so far as concerns its mechanical use, is no doubt the most important of the hair-crops grown upon the human body. It preserves the brain from all extremes of temperature, retains the warmth of the body, and transmits very slowly any impression from without. The character of the

hair depends very much upon the degree of protection needed by its possessor. The same hair — whether of head or beard — that is in Europe straight, smooth, and soft, becomes after a little travel in hot climates crisp and curly, and will become smooth again after a return to cooler latitudes. By a natural action of the sun's light and heat upon the hair that curliness is produced, and it is produced in proportion as it is required, until, as in the case of negroes under the tropical suns of Africa, each hair becomes so intimately curled up with its neighbours as to produce what we call a woolly head. All hair is wool, or rather all wool is hair, and the hair of the negro differs so much in appearance from that of the European, only because it is so much more curled, and the distinct hairs are so much more intimately intertwined. The more hair curls, the more thoroughly does it form a web in which a stratum of air lies entangled to maintain an even temperature on the surface of the brain. For that reason it is made a law of Nature, that the hair should be caused to curl most in the hottest climates.

A protection of considerable importance is provided in the same way by the hair of the face to a large and important knot of nerves that lies under the skin near the angle of the lower jaw, somewhere about the point of junction between the whiskers and the beard. Man is born to

work out of doors and in all weathers, for his bread; woman was created for duties of another kind, which do not involve constant exposure to sun, wind, and rain. Therefore man only goes abroad whiskered and bearded, with his face muffled by nature in a way that shields every sensitive part alike from wind, rain, heat, or frost, with a perfection that could be equalled by no muffler of his own devising. The whiskerless seldom can bear long exposure to a sharp wind that strikes on the bare cheek. The numbness then occasioned by a temporary palsy of the nerves has in many cases become permanent; I will say nothing of aches and pains that otherwise affect the face or teeth. For man who goes out to his labour in the morning, no better summer shield or winter covering against the sun or storm can be provided, than the hair which grows over those parts of the face which need protection and descends as beard in front of the neck and chest, a defence infinitely more useful as well as more becoming than a cravat about the neck, or a prepared hareskin over the pit of the stomach. One of the finest living prose-writers in our language suffered for many years from sore throat, which was incurable, until following the advice of an Italian surgeon, he allowed his beard to grow; and Mr. Chadwick has pointed out the fact that the sappers and miners of

the French army, who are all men with fine beards, are almost entirely free from affections of the lungs and air-passages.

Mr. Chadwick regards the subject entirely from a sanitary point of view. He brought it under the discussion of the medical section engaged on sanitary inquiries at the York meeting of the British Association, and obtained among other support the concurrence of Dr. W. P. Alison of Edinburgh. We name that physician because he has since persuaded the journeymen masons of his own city to wear their beards as a preventive against consumption that prevailed among them.

For that is another use of the moustache and beard. They protect the opening of the mouth, and filter the air for a man working in smoke or dust of any kind; they also act as a respirator, and prevent the inhalation into the lungs of air that is too frosty. Mr. Chadwick, years ago, was led to the discussion of this subject by observing how in the case of some blacksmiths who wore beards and moustachios, the hair about the mouth was discoloured by the iron dust that had been caught on its way into the mouth and lungs. The same observer has also pointed out and applied to his argument the fact that travellers wait, if necessary, until their moustachios have grown before they brave the sandy air of deserts. He conceives, therefore, that the absence of moustache and beard must involve a

serious loss to labourers in dusty trades, such as millers and masons; to men employed in grinding steel and iron and to travellers on dusty roads. Men who retain the hair about the mouth are also, he says, much less liable to decay, or achings of the teeth. To this list we would add, also, that apart from the incessant dust flying in town streets, and inseparable from town life, there is the smoke to be considered. Both dust and smoke do get into the lungs, and only in a small degree it is possible for them to be decomposed and removed by processes of life. The air passages of a Manchester man, or of a resident in the city of London, if opened after death are found to be more or less coloured by the dirt that has been breathed. Perhaps it does not matter much; but surely we had better not make dustholes or chimney funnels of our lungs. Beyond a certain point this introduction of mechanical impurity into the delicate air passages does cause a morbid irritation, marked disease, and premature death. We had better keep our lungs clean altogether, and for that reason men working in cities would find it always worth while to retain the air filter supplied to them by nature for the purpose—the moustache and beard around the mouth.

Surely enough has been here said to make it evident that the Englishman who, at the end of his days, has spent about an en-

tire year of his life in scraping off his beard has worried himself to no purpose, has submitted to a painful, vexatious, and not merely useless, but actually unwholesome custom. He has disfigured himself systematically throughout life, accepted his share of unnecessary *tic-doloureux* and toothache, coughs and colds, has swallowed dust and inhaled smoke and fog out of complaisance to the social prejudice which happens just now to prevail. We all abominate the razor while we use it, and would gladly lay it down. Now, if we see clearly — and I think the fact is very clear — that the use of it is a great blunder, and if we are no longer such a slovenly people as to be afraid that, if we kept our beards, we should not wash, or comb, or trim them in a decent way, why can we not put aside our morning plague and irritate our skin no more as we now do?

I recommend nobody to grow a beard in such a way as to isolate himself in appearance from his neighbours. Moreover, I do not at all desire to bring about such a revolution as would make shaven chins as singular as bearded chins are now. What I should much prefer would be the old Roman custom, which preserved the first beard on a young man's face until it became comely, and then left it entirely a matter of choice with him whether he would remain bearded or not. Though it would be wise in an adult man to leave off shaving,

he must not expect after ten or twenty years of scraping at the chin, when he has stimulated each hair into undue coarseness and an undue rapidity of growth, that he can ever realise upon his own person the beauty of a virgin beard. If we could introduce now a reform, we, that have been inured to shaving, may develop very good black beards, most serviceable for all working purposes, and a great improvement on bald chins; but the true beauty of the beard remains to be developed in the next generation on the faces of those who may be induced from the beginning to abjure the use of razors.

LIGHTEN THE BOAT!

SHAKE hands, pledge hearts, bid fond adieus,

Speak with your brimming eyes;
To-morrow — and the dark deep sea
Will echo with your sighs.

To-morrow, and yon stately ship
Will bear to other lands
The kindred whom ye love so well:
Breathe hopes, pledge hearts, shake hands!

The Fairy Queen stands out to sea,
Each stitch of canvas spread,
Breasting the pearly laughing waves
With high and gallant head.

Her freight consists of human souls;
Her destiny, a land
Where scarce a human foot has trod
Upon the forest strand.

Five hundred souls she bears away
To find a distant home
Where toil will give them daily bread
And not a living tomb.

The ship speeds on; her sanguine freight,
A motley little world,
Revelling in the thousand scenes
By future hopes unfurled.

She creeps along 'mid cloudless calms,
Or dashes through the blast,
Till cheerless days and nights and weeks,
And weary months are passed.

At length the Captain shouts, "Stand by!"
The boatswain sounds his call;
"Trice up the yards and clear the decks
Secure against the squall."

Shipwreck and death! The doom is
sealed,

A bolt has riven the mast;
"We will not die — we must be saved,
The ship shall brave the blast!"

Pallor is on the strong man's cheek,
Woe in the mother's heart,
For round her throb those kindred ties
No power but death shall part.

A rending peal, a shuddering crash,
A wail of agony;
The shattered bark, with many a soul,
Sinks headlong in the sea.

Morning breaks o'er the world of waves,
But finds no Fairy Queen.
One single, tiny boat is all
To tell that she has been.

A crowded remnant of the wreck
With naked life escape,
No land for twenty souls — all sea,
Relentless, vast, agape.

Lighten the boat! or every soul
Will perish suddenly:
Enquiring eyes and throbbing hearts
Ask all, "Will it be I?"

A boy sits silent in the bows
Bereft of earthly tie;
He must be told: "Say, friendless boy,
Are you afraid to die?"

"Why should I die? My father's dead,
Mother and sister too;
O! let me not be drowned alone,
But live or die with you."

He ~~stands~~ in vain. "A moment then,
A moment longer spare!"
With fervent heart and lifted eyes,
He breathes his simple prayer.

Awe, deep and silent, struck each heart
As on that trembling tongue,
"Father in Heaven, thy will be done!"
In trustful accents hung.

He lightly steps upon the prow,
And, gathering up his strength,
Unblenched scans his yawning grave,
To feel its depth and length.

Who seals the doom? No hand is raised,
None hear the spirit knell;
A sudden plunge, a thrilling cry
Breaks in upon the spell.

They search the boat, they search the
sea;

The noble boy is gone,
Gone, let us hope, where angels are,
Self-martyred and alone.

DOWN WHITECHAPEL, FAR AWAY.

It is natural that a Metropolis so gigantic as the empress-city of Britain, should set the fashion to its provincial kinsfolk. It is, I believe, a fact not very much controverted, that London habits, London manners and modes, London notions and London names are extensively copied, followed, and emulated in the provinces. There is scarcely a village, not to say a town in Great Britain where some worthy tradesman has not baptised his place of business London House, or the London Repository; where he pretends to sell London porter, London hosiery or London cutlery. There are few towns that do not number among their streets several whose appellations are drawn from the street lists of the London Post Office Directory. Regent Streets, Bond

Streets, St. James's Streets, Pall Malls, Drury Lanes, Strands, Fleet Streets, Ludgate Hills, Covent Gardens, Cheapsides and Waterloo Places abound in great profusion throughout the whole of the United Kingdom. There is sometimes a ludicrous incongruity between the appearance, class, and species of street familiar in London, and the synonymous street presented in a country town. A man, for instance, is apt to be puzzled when he finds a little greasy cube of ill-favoured houses, resembling a bar of soap just marked for cutting into squares, figured down as Belgrave Place or Wilton Crescent. He will not be quite prepared to recognise Cheapside in a series of basket-makers' cottages with small kitchen gardens; nor will a dirty thoroughfare, principally occupied by old-clothes-vendors and marine-store-dealers, quite come up to his ideas of Bond Street or Regent Street. Islington — composed of a long avenue of merchants' warehouses each rejoicing in a plurality of stories, with gaping doors where there should be windows, and huge cranes from which perpetually balance sacks of meal or hogsheds of sugar after the manner of Mahomet's coffin — creates in the mind of the London-bred Islingtonian a curious dissociation of ideas. And when he comes upon a Grosvenor Street in the guise of a blind alley, or upon a Holborn fringed with pretty suburban vil-

las, or a Piccadilly next to a range of pigsties, or a Fleet Street planted with flowering shrubs, he cannot fail to doubt whether a street is still a street "for a' that."

These topographical incongruities have lately been brought under my notice in the great commercial port of Liverpool. In Liverpool, which can show — its suburbs and dependencies included — a population not much under four hundred thousand souls, I found Pall Malls, Fleet Streets, Covent Gardens, Drury Lanes, Houndsditch, Islington, and other places all with London names, and all with a most opinionated want of resemblance to their London sponsors. Islington, I found to be not a district, but a single street, the site of several public-houses, one or two pawnbrokers', and numerous chandlers' shops. Fleet Street is without bustle, Drury Lane without dirt, and Covent Garden without an apple or an orange. Park Lane — the very sound of which is suggestive of curly-wigged coachmen, high-stepping carriage-horses, (jobbed mostly; but such is life) silver-studded harness, luxurious carriages hung on feathery springs, ostrich feathers, diamonds, Danish dogs, blue ribbons, the ladies' mile, the Grenadier Guards, and the Duke of Somerset's coronet-tipped gas-lamps;* the whole pomp, pride, and circumstance of our glorious aristocracy — Park Lane I found to be filled with shops, pave-

ment, and population; and devoted to the vending of marine stores, the purveying of fiery gin, the receipt of miscellaneous articles in pledge, and the boarding, lodging, and fleecing — with a little hocussing, crimping, and kidnapping included — of those who go down to the sea in ships: in short, a West Coast Wapping.

There is, however, no rule without an exception; and I came ultimately upon a street, which, albeit possessing certain originalities of aspect and existence not to be found elsewhere, did nevertheless offer in its general characters something approaching a resemblance to the London highway from which it has drawn its name. Whoever built this street was evidently a man impressed with a sufficient idea of the general fitness of things. He must have been a travelled, or at least, a well-read man; and he evidently had a keen remembrance of that great London artery which stretches from Aldgate Pump to Mile End Gate, London, when he called that Liverpool street Whitechapel.

I am thankful to him for having done so; for had the Liverpool Whitechapel not resembled in some measure the London Whitechapel, and thereby become exceptional, I should — having walked Down Whitechapel Way,* in London, one Saturday night in eighteen hundred and fifty-one — not have walked down this

Whitechapel Way (two hundred and twenty miles away) one Saturday night in eighteen hundred and fifty-three.

Whitechapel in Lancashire is so far like Whitechapel in Middlesex, that it is passably dirty, moderately thronged by day, and inconveniently crowded by night; is resorted to by a variety of persons of a suspicious nature, and by a considerable number about whom there can be no suspicion at all: that, moreover, it has a kerb-stone market for the negotiation of fruit and small ware: that it is scoured by flying tribes of Bedouins, in the guise of peripatetic street vendors; that it is sprinkled with cheap tailoring establishments, cheap eating and coffee houses, cheap places of public amusement; and finally, that it is glutted with gin palaces, whiskey shops, taverns, and public-houses of every description.

Thus far, the two streets run in concert; but they soon diverge. The Liverpool Whitechapel is intensely maritime (or what I may call "Dockish"), intensely Hibernian — in its offshoots or side-streets almost wholly so — intensely commercial, and, during the day-time, not wholly unaristocratic; for it is intersected in one part by Church Street, the Eden of the haberdashers' shops and the pet promenade of the beauty and fashion of the City of the Liver. Lord Street the proud branches off from it, full of grand shops, and the pavement of which is daily trodden by those inter-

* See Household Words, Vol. X. p. 244.

esting specimens of humanity, "hundred thousand pound men:" — humble-minded millionnaires who disdain carriages in business hours, and in the humility of their wealth, condescend to pop at stray times into quaint little taverns, where they joke with the landlady, and ask for the "Mail" or the "Mercury" after you have done with it, as though they were nothing more than wharfingers or entering clerks. Nor are these all the high connections Whitechapel in Liverpool can claim. At the upper end branches off a short thoroughfare, leading into Dale Street, likewise patronised by the magnates of Liverpool. At its extreme end again is the confluence of streets abutting on the stately London and North-Western Terminus in Lime Street, and on the great open space, where stands that really magnificent building, St. George's Hall. The consequence of all this is that there is a constant cross-stream of fashionables mingling with the rushy river of the *pro-fanum vulgus*.

It is half-past ten o'clock; for the early closing system — on Saturdays, at least — is not prevalent in Liverpool; and thousands have yet their purchases to make on Sunday morning. Before we enter Whitechapel glowing with gas flowing from enormous jets, we are attracted by an extra blaze of light, by a concourse of people, and by a confusion of tongues, over which one strident and resonant voice

dominates; all being gathered round the booth of Messrs. Misture and Fitt, to which booth we must turn aside for a moment.

In the left hand centre of a piece of waste land, these gentlemen have boldly pitched — among the potsherds, the dead cats, and broken bottles — a monster marquee, gaily decorated with pink and white stripes and variegated flags. Here Messrs. Misture and Fitt have gone into the quack line of business, in a Bohemian or travelling manner. They are herb doctors, chiropodists, universal medicine vendors, veterinary prescribers, and much more besides. A mob of men, women and children are talking, screaming, laughing and jesting around the temporary laboratory of these medical sages, before a long counter which creaks beneath a bountiful spread of nasty-looking preparations, pills, pots of ointment, bottles of sarsaparilla, cases of herbs, blisters, plaisters and boluses. The whole affair has the appearance of the stock in trade of half-a-dozen unsuccessful chemists and druggists, who had been burnt out or emigrated to the backwoods, or set up business in Canvas Town, and here clubbed the remainder of their goods as a last effort to sell off under prime cost. There are several gaily decorated placards eulogistic of Misture's Epileptic Pills, and Fitt's Concentrated Essence of Peppermint. Fitt is haranguing his select auditory as we draw near. His style of clo-

quence is something beyond the old hocus-pocus diatribes of the old medical mountebanks. He is not so broad as Cheap Jack, not so lofty as Dulcamara, not so scientifically unintelligible as the quacks you see in the Champs Elysées or the Boulevard du Temple, in Paris. But he is astonishingly rapid; and mingles with a little bit of sporting a snack of slang, and a few genteel anecdotes of the nobility and gentry. He has so fluent a delivery, such tickling jokes for the men and such sly leers for the ladies, that the former slap their legs and break forth into enthusiastic encomiums in the dialect of Tim Bobbin. The latter simper and blush delightfully. Some of his jokes apply forcibly to the personal appearance of a select few of his auditory, and provoke roars of laughter. A happy allusion to the neighbouring church-yard, being close to a doctor's shop, tells immensely. At the upper end of the drug-heaped counter the other partner Mixture — hard-featured with a fox's face; one of those men who will wear black clothes and white neckcloths, and who never can look respectable in them — is silently but busily engaged in handing over divers packets of the medicines his partner has been praising to eager and numerous purchasers. I see through Mixture and Fitt in a moment. Fitt is the volatile partner, the fine arts professor. Mixture is the sound practical man of

business. Mixture is the careful builder, who lays the foundation and gets up the scaffolding: Fitt does the ornamental work and puts on the fancy touches. Do you not remember when Geoffrey Crayon and Buckthorne went to the bookseller's dinner, that the latter pointed out the partner who attended to the carving, and the partner who attended to the jokes? They are prototypes of Mixture and Fitt.

The busy throng tends Whitechapel way, and down Whitechapel we must go. So great is the number of orange-sellers and oranges in Whitechapel, that it would seem as if the whole of one year's produce of St. Michael's and the Azores had been disgorged into the narrow street this Saturday night. The poor creatures who sell this fruit — desperately ragged and destitute — were formerly much harried and beset by the police, who in their over-zeal made descents and razzias upon them, put them to horrid rout and confusion, and made so many of them captives to their bows and spears (or batons), that the miserable creatures scarcely dared to venture into the light for grievous fear and trembling. They offered oranges in bye-places and secret corners, as if they had been smuggled merchandise, prohibited under annihilating penalties. Latterly, however, some benevolent persons took their case in hand; and, demonstrating to the authorities that to obstruct a thorough-

fare was not quite high treason, nor to offer an orange for sale was not quite sufficient to warrant a human creature being hunted like a wild beast, the dread taboo was taken off, and some small immunities were conceded to the army of orange-vendors.

My Uncle's counting-houses, which abound here in Whitechapel, are all thronged to-night. As per flourishing gold letters on his door-jamb, he proposes to lend money on plate, jewellery, and valuables; but he is not much troubled with plate, jewellery, or valuables on a Saturday night. If you enter one of these pawnshops—they are called so plainly, without reticence or diffidence, here-about — and elbow your way through Vallambrosian thickets of wearing apparel and miscellaneous articles, you will observe these peculiarities in the internal economy of the avuncular life, at variance with London practice; — that the duplicates are not of cardboard, but of paper having an appearance something between Dock-warrants and Twelfth-cake lottery tickets, and that the front of each compartment of the counter is crossed by a stout wooden barrier; whether for the convenience of the pledger to rest his elbows on while transacting business, or to restrain the said pledger from violently wresting from My Uncle's hands any article before he has legally redeemed it, I am unable to say. Furthermore, it will be not without emotion that you will become

sensible that in very many of the pawnbroking ware-houses my Uncle is for the nonce transformed into my Aunt—not simply figuratively, in the French sense — but substantially. The person who unties your package, names the extent of the investment therein by way of loan, fills up the duplicate and hands you the cash is a Young Lady; sharp-eyed, quick-witted, and not to be done by any means.

I have said that my Uncle is troubled with few articles of any considerable value on Saturday nights. This is ordinarily the case; but not unfrequently a young lady of an inflamed complexion bears down on my Uncle, laden with the spoils of some galleon from the Spanish Main; the watch, chain, trinkets, and clothes of some unfortunate sailor fresh from abroad, whom she has plundered. Sometimes this tight craft disposes successfully of her booty, and sheers off with all her prize-money, and with flying colours; but occasionally, suspicions being awakened and signals made to the Preventive, she is compelled to heave-to, and to tack, and to change her course, and even to proceed under convoy to a roadstead known as Bridewell; the harbour-dues of which are so considerable, that an overhauling before a stipendiary magistrate, and a lengthened sojourn in a graving dock near Kirkdale gaol are absolutely necessary before she can get to sea again. Some-

times, again, a drunken sailor (they are every whit as apt to rob themselves as to be robbed) will drop in with a watch, or a gold thumb ring, or even the entire suit of clothes off his back to pawn. One offered a five-pound note in pledge on a Saturday night; upon which my Uncle considerably lent him (he was very far gone) five shillings — taking care to ascertain to what ship he belonged — and the next morning, to Jack's great joy and astonishment, returned him four pounds fifteen shillings.

Here is a "vault:" it has nothing to do with pallid death. It is indeed, a chosen rendezvous for "life," in Whitechapel. Such life as is comprised in spirituous jollity, and the conviviality that is so nearly allied to delirium tremens. The vault is large enough to be the presence-chamber of a London gin palace; but lacks the gilding, plate-glass, and French polish, which are so handsomely thrown in with a London pennyworth of gin. The walls are soberly coloured; the only mural decorations being certain and sundry oleaginous frescoes, due, perhaps, to the elbows and heads of customers reclining thereagainst. The bar-counter is very high, and there are no enclosed bars or snuggeries; but there is one unbroken line of shop-board. The vault is very full to-night. A party of American sailors in red flannel shirts, and bushy whiskers, and ear-rings, are liberally treating

a select party of ladies and gentlemen; hosts and guests being already much the worse for liquor. One mariner, to my personal knowledge, had been regaling for the last ten minutes on a series of "glasses to follow," of almost every exciseable fluid; taken without any relation to their chemical affinities or proper order of succession. He is now reduced to that happy frame of mind, common, I am told, in some stages of Bacchic emotion, which leads him to believe, and to state (indistinctly), that though he has spent his last sixpence, it is "awright;" and that things generally must come round and be as satisfactory (in a rectified point of view) as a trivet. Next to the sailors and their guests are a knot of Irish labourers, gesticulating, quarrelling, and all but fighting, in their native manner, and according to the custom of their country. Next are ragged women, and mechanics, who have already spent, prospectively, up to the Friday of the next week's earnings. Next, and next, and next, are sailors, and Irish, and women, and mechanics, over and over again.

We are arrested at the door by an episode of a domestic nature, which merits tarrying an instant to witness. A very broad Lancastrian chandler's-shop-keeper, speaking broad Lancashire, and of mature years, has been drinking in an adjoining apartment with a Sergeant and a couple of recruits of one of Her Majesty's

regiments of militia. Arrived at that happy state in which the celebrated Willie may reasonably be supposed to have been when he had finished brewing the peck of malt, it has occurred to this eccentric tradesman to slip on one of the recruits' scarlet jackets, and to represent to the partner of his joys, (who, according to the Hymeneal Statute in that case made and provided, has "fetched" him), that he has "listed;" at which she sheds abundant floods of tears, and beseeches him to "cast t' red rag off and coom awa." "Coom awa, Robert, coom awa," she passionately says, "yans nowt but jack-shappers (hangmen), yans nowt but 'shepstering rads' (whatever can they be?) coom awa! The'll crop 'te pow, lad. They'll mak thee shouter arms, lad, Dunna go wi' 'em, Robert." But her adjurations are vain. Her husband—who, however far gone he may be in liquor, is a long way too far North to 'list in reality—maintains the impossibility of violating the engagement he has recently entered into with Her Majesty the Queen. "I 'se geatten byounty, lass," he represents, "An I mun go wi Seargent!" At length, deeming further expostulation useless, she abandons the cause; "Go thy ways, thou fool," she exclaims, "Go thy ways and be hanged, thou *Plump Muck!*" with which last transcendent figure of rhetoric, she sweeps into the street. Whether the appellation of "*Plump-Muck*" (pro-

nounced "ploomp-mook") has touched some hidden chord in her husband's bosom, or whether the bent of his inebriety takes suddenly another direction, I could not discover, but he presently falls into a fit of grievous weeping, and to use his own words, "whips off t' shearlet rag" and follows his spouse into Whitechapel, into which we emerge likewise.

More gas, more music, and more crowds. Wax-work shows where Monsieur Kossuth, Queen Elizabeth, and Gleeson Wilson the murderer, may be seen for the small charge of one penny. Raffles for fancy articles on the Sea-side bazaar plan, with results nearly as profitable. Panoramas of Versailles, the Himalaya Mountains, and the City of Canton. Shooting Galleries (down cellar-steps), Dissolving Views, Dancing and Singing Saloons. These, with shops for the sale of chandlery, slop-clothing, hosiery, grocery, seamen's bedding, ships' stores, and cheap literature (among which, I grieve to say it, the blood and thunder school preponderates), make up the rest of Whitechapel. It is the same in the continuation thereof: Paradise Street, which, however, boasts in addition a gigantic building known as the Colosseum: once used as a chapel, and with much of its original ecclesiastical appearance remaining; but now a Singing Saloon, or a Tavern Concert, crowded to the ceiling.

As we wander up and down the crowded steaming thoroughfare, we catch strange glimpses occasionally of narrow streets. Some occupied by lofty frowning warehouses; others tenanted by whole colonies of Irish; ragged, barefooted, destitute; who lurk in garrets and swelter in back rooms, and crouch in those hideous, crowded, filthy, underground cellars, which are the marvel and the shame of Liverpool — warehouses and cellars, cellars and warehouses without end — wealth, the result of great commercial intelligence, rising up proudly amidst misery, hunger and soul-killing ignorance.

If I may be allowed to make a parting remark concerning the Lancashire Whitechapel, it is with reference to its astonishing elasticity. All the rags and wretchedness, all the huckstering merchandise, seem to possess a marvellous facility for expanding into gigantic commerce and boundless wealth. Not a cobbler's stall, a petty Chandler's shop, but seems ready to undertake anything in the wholesale way at a moment's notice, and to contract for the supply of the Militia with boots and shoes, or the British navy with salt beef and tobacco immediately. Hucksters change with wonderful rapidity into provision dealers, brokers into salesmen, small shopkeepers into proprietors of monster emporiums. The very destitute Irish in this city of all cities of commerce, (the Great Liverpool runs even

London hard in matter of fast trading!) after a preliminary apprenticeship to the begging and hawking business, become speculators and contractors on a surprising scale.

So may Whitechapel flourish all the year round, I say: may its dirt, when I next see it, be changed to gold, and its rags to fine linen, and its adjoining cellars to palaces. Although, to be sure, the one disastrous thing likely is, that, when the work of transmutation is completed, other rags, and cellars, and dirt, will take the place of what has been changed to fine linen, palaces, and gold. The ball must roll, and something must be undermost.

LILLIPUT IN LONDON.

At the hundred and eighty-ninth page of the seventh volume of this work will be found the substance of the tale told in connexion with the two stunted children, entitled Aztec Lilliputians. Their showman's career had then already been commenced at Boston in the United States. They appear now in this country after two years and a half of exhibition in America, during which no friends of Mr. Huertis "of Baltimore," or of Mr. Hammond "of Canada," have appeared to confirm any portion of the story, and Velasquez has remained a myth. We do not presume to decide with whom lies the offence of humbugging the

public, but there is evidence both internal and external of the gross falsehood of the story. That we can undertake, and it is all that we can undertake, confidently to affirm. The English public has of late been distinguishing itself by astonishing excesses of credulity. If we do not soon grow wiser we shall get a reputation on the continent for eating camels — not beef-steaks.

We have been to see the dwarfed children called Lilliputian Aztecs, who certainly are as truly to be described as coming from Lilliput as from Iximaya. We may at once observe that as examples of arrested growth they are extremely interesting — as a cancer may be interesting — to the physiologist. There is every reason why they should draw a concourse of the medical and surgical faculty; and, since they have been falsely put forward as A New Race of People, there is just reason why the ethnologists should gather round them and examine them, and come to the conclusion that they represent no separate species or variety of man; that their peculiarity, as Professor Owen puts it; in a letter printed as a portion of the exhibition puff, “depends on an arrested development of the brain and brain-case.” The interest shown in these children by scientific men is suggested by the showmen as a reason for exhibiting them to the nobility, gentry, and public generally. We object emphatically, and in the strongest

way to all such exhibitions. The removal of a bony tumour from the upper jaw, involving a most terrible dissection of the human countenance, would very properly attract a full house in the theatre of any London Hospital. Would the interest excited among men of science justify a showman in engaging Mr. Fergusson or any other eminent surgeon to go through a course of deeply interesting operations before the public generally, attracted to the Hanover Square Rooms, or Willis's Rooms, by posters decorated with exaggerated pictures and tableaux? We all want to be taught more and more to honour human nature: we are too apt to detect what is intellectually small in the life that surrounds us, and can see and handle smallness enough without paying half-crowns to finger the heads of stunted little children suffering under arrested development of the brain and brain-case. An affliction, because it is curious, ought not the less to be considered sacred.

To increase the wonder and the curiosity in this instance a wild romance has been invented, built upon a hint found in Stephens's Central America. Mr. Stephens had his fancy fixed by a queer story — told him by a jolly padre — of a mysterious city, from which no man had ever brought tidings, and of which he yet somehow had learnt that the inhabitants kept their cocks underground to prevent the world

outside the mountains that surrounded them, from being attracted inward by their crowing. Mr. Stephens liked to believe the story, and thought that two determined young men might reach the mysterious city. The romancer went to work and invented two determined young men — so at least we suspect — Messrs. Huertis “of Baltimore,” and Hammond “of Canada.” These fell in with Velasquez, a man of business, who was fired by the relation of their enterprise. Velasquez (whom nobody appears to have ever seen) finally came back after a series of adventures — evidently gone through with a view to tableaux upon posters — reported Hammond shot, Huertis sacrificed to the sun, a priest, Vaalpeor, from whom he got the children, dead “from the unaccustomed toils and privations of the journey;” a “faithful Antonio” also in some way disposed of; so that in fact every actor in the story was conveniently packed out of the world before the exhibition opened. Velasquez himself — having, we suppose, disposed of his interest in the children — seems to have retired into the clouds. Our belief is that he never did himself consist of anything much more substantial.

No confection can be coarser than the assumed journal of Velasquez. The writer has incessantly the exhibition-room before him, and is assuming candour, and forestalling objections to his

tale among the audience. What can be more intensely ridiculous than this picture of the man of business, who has been bitten with enthusiasm for the discovery of the mysterious city, sitting on the top of a mountain some ten thousand feet high, pencil in hand; and, while the first view of the city is obtained, keeping a running comment in his diary in this fashion: “Antonio says the Pacific will be visible within an hour; more and more of the lower mountains becoming clear every moment. Fancy we already see the Pacific, a faint yellow plain almost as elevated as ourselves. Can see part of the State of Chiapa pretty distinctly.... Brave Huertis is in ecstasy with some discovery, but will not part with the glass for a moment. No doubt it is the padre's city, for it is in precisely the direction he indicated. Antonio says he can see it with his naked eye, although less distinctly than heretofore. I can only see a white straight line, like a ledge of limestone rock, on an elevated plain, at least twenty leagues distant, in the midst of a vast amphitheatre of hills, &c. &c. Still, it is — no doubt — the place the padre saw, and it may be a great city.” Could any mortal on earth write a genuine diary in that way? Then too, how obvious is the last quoted affectation of indifference and candour to prepare the mind of the reader for the succeeding burst of conviction: “All doubt is at an end. We have all seen it

through the glass, as distinctly as though it were but a few leagues off, and it is now clear and bright to the unaided eye. It is unquestionably a richly monumented city, of vast dimensions, within lofty parapeted walls, three or four miles square, inclined inward in the Egyptian style; and its interior domes and turrets have an emphatically oriental aspect." Obvious again, is this appeal to a weak point in the old women who are supposed to be especial patrons of such tales. Touching the domes, says the romancer, "Christian churches they cannot be; for such a city would have an Archbishop, and be well known to the civilised world. It must be a pagan stronghold. . . . It may now be opened to the light of the true faith."

There is not a sound place in the whole story; but we waste time and space in a minute discussion of it. Let us turn to some authentic details.

We have before us a communication from a gentleman, M. de Waldeck, who has been at work for fifteen years as an antiquary in Central America. In the first place, concerning the truth that lies under the tale told to Mr. Stephens, M. de Waldeck says in the short account of "Picturesque and Archæological Travels in Yucatan," which he published in Paris in 1838, "There exists in the centre of the Cordilleras of Yucatan, a consider-

able population, which I suspect to be the remains of the natives of Tulumqui, and which holds no communication either with the whites, or even with the civilised Indians. Hitherto, they have not been reduced, nor have their retreats been penetrated. They are so well fortified by nature and art, that nobody would entertain the idea of invasion. Many of these Indians speak very good Spanish, and come *incognito* into the towns and villages to find a market for their tobacco. When they have got rid of their merchandise they disappear, and never come again to the same market. I have been told that they have whites among them. The place of their abode is known, but there is only one way of approach to it, and nobody has been bold enough to venture thither except a tax-gatherer," (the most all-pervading of all creatures) "who" (of course) "never reappeared. These men, whose life is surrounded by so singular a mystery, all carry fire-arms, and are thought, rightly or wrongly, to be very civilised. Of their religion nothing at all is known."

This race, no doubt, lay at the bottom of the story which the padre decorated a little; and which Signor Velasquez or his representative has decorated a great deal more by a little out of Layard's Nineveh, a little out of the old tales of the terror caused at the first sight of fire-arms, &c., a little out of the accounts of

Copan, and a great deal out of his own head.

Fifteen years of antiquarian and traveller's experience upon the ground in question may qualify M. de Waldeck to give a somewhat decisive criticism on the Aztec story. In his opinion the courtesy of the Spanish merchant who neglected his business to go on a wild goose chase with a couple of Tudios — as the English and North Americans are called contemptuously by the Spaniards and creoles in those parts — is very wonderful. As for the Indians who marched to Iximaya with the three gentlemen, they must have differed greatly from their class; who cannot usually be got for money or even for spirits to undertake a journey upon unknown ground.

The Indians met with other Indians whose language they could not understand. Yet the Maya tongue and the Tehol (the remains of the language of the old Palenquiens) are spoken for more than eighty leagues south of Peten, and Velasquez is said to have known the idioms of the country.

The padre is said to have seen an immense plain from the top of the Sierra. The whole district is covered with thick virgin forest. "I myself," says M. de Waldeck, "searched unsuccessfully for the mysterious city in the situation indicated by the Indians" most likely to know something authentic about the place, namely, the smugglers who are engaged

daily in the transport of prohibited merchandize from Belize to Peten, and thence (always through the thick forests) to Yucatan. "The priests throughout central America take their information from the old and incorrect books written by other priests shortly after the conquest, and so perpetuate errors in which they firmly believe. I have been regaled with numbers of wild theories during my travels in central America, wherein I believe no more than in the stone-swinging hammock of the ruins of Copan."

Such names as Vaalpeor given to a native, Kaanas to a set of idiotic priests, Cowana for intruders, stamp also, M. de Waldeck states, the whole story as an obvious fraud; since no such words could occur among people speaking — as the people of Iximaya were said to speak — a Mayan dialect. The letters r. s. w., for example, are altogether foreign to the Mayan language. As for the Aztec language, it must be remembered that the Aztecs were confined by the Chiapanec boundary to the south, and to the east by their natural enemies the Tlascaltecas, and could not pass to the coast without their permission, unless they went a great way round. The Aztec language has never been spoken in Chiapas, Yucatan and Tabasco. Those districts have their distinct idioms, which blend together as they border on each other. Malinche, the mis-

tress of Fernando Cortés, was born on the limits of Tabasco and Anahuac; therefore she was enabled to be his interpreter to the Mexicans.

M. de Waldeck is not only acquainted with the Maya races; but dwelt also for six months in a village of pure Aztecs, who had lived without an admixture of strange blood since the time of Montezuma. The people of the village called Huichilaqué were induced to receive the traveller by a pressing recommendation to the Alcalde, though he was the first white man allowed to make a home among them. He there studied their language, and of their appearance he gives the following report: — Both sexes are finely built; their features are severe, and rather of a handsome character, the hair coarse, black and very straight, beard very scarce, the external angle of the eye raised as in Asiatics. The height of the men five feet and four or five inches; of the women about two inches less. They lived chiefly on maize, with vegetables, fruit, and rattle-snakes. The Aztecs never got so far south as the imagined Iximaya. They came from a spot a hundred and seventy leagues above North California, and took more than a century to get to Mexico. In and before the time of Montezuma, the Mexicans used to cross the gulf to Yucatan in pilgrimage to the great deity of the island of Cuzamil (now Cosumul) and there was no other in-

tercourse between the distinct nations. Aztecs, of course, would not speak any dialect of the Mayan language.

More we need scarcely say about the fable coined to heighten the attraction of the dwarf children. They are, doubtless, a couple of dwarf children, bought from Indians, and made into a show. When we went to see them, a candid gentleman told to the assembled visitors the Velasquez story, in an artless and ingenuous way, that oiled its passage into our heads. He acknowledged that it looked here and there rather incredible, but there it was, just as it came to him: Velasquez might be a great cheat, but he hoped not; if he was, it was a pity. All they knew was — there were the children.

A gentleman who seemed to be the guardian-in-chief then stepped forward, and with still greater candour and liberality began thus: — “Gentlemen and ladies, with the story just told to you, we have nothing at all to do” — at that we halted somewhat. Why then did you write Aztec Lilliputians on our tickets? Why did you placard London with coloured tableaux representing atomies on pillars being worshipped, desperate and picturesque assaults, and so on, all belonging to the story that has just been told us? Why did not the flaming picture of the show outside correspond to the reality within? The gentleman dis-

claimed, however, all responsibility for the story. If it were false, what is the truth? As for him, there were the children. Account for them in any way, and still were they not wonders? If their guardians had meant to palm a tale upon the public they could easily have manufactured a Velasquez, and produced him. So on. Then the children were introduced; wonders certainly as dwarfs, and not the less — but all the more — unfit for popular exhibition. They began their performance by running very obediently together, like horses in a circus, round the long platform in the middle of the room. Then they were put upon the platform and played monkey tricks for the amusement of the public, which assembled round them very much as it collects about the monkeys at Regent's Park, and gave them cakes, and differed chiefly in its behaviour from the same public looking at monkeys, in the common manifestation of a desire to kiss them.

Next to kissing, the chief pleasure seemed to consist in feeling their heads. They are not themselves by any means so small as they are represented to be on the bills out of doors. In those bills they are shown as veritable Lilliputians, perched like sparrows upon columns, or "as exhibited before Her Majesty;" of dimensions that would allow them to stand comfortably in the hat held by one of the suite who is looking on. Bodily they are three feet

high; but their heads are disproportionately small, instead of being disproportionately large, as dwarfs' heads usually are. They are like dolls' heads, and so of course it is agreeable to feel them.

Her Majesty's name was judiciously introduced into the entertainment; and it was dexterously suggested to us that many ladies come repeatedly to observe whether the children make any progress as the days roll on. Perhaps that was the case of an enthusiastic lady, who made the air alive with cries of "Kiss me, darling — Come, Maximo, dear — kiss me, dear — O (to her friend, another lady), he is very much improved." Some cheap toys had been put forward from a hand or two about the room — one of them a cat capable of squeaking. Maximo was causing it to squeak. "What's that," asked the lady. "Isn't it a cat? Say cat. Say cat, de — ar!" Maximo at last was persuaded to obey. "It's the first time," said the lecturer, in an interested way, "that I have heard him pronounce the word — cat." We were all, of course, thrilled with interest.

Then there was a little boy who played with the children, and carried round the Illustrated History of the Aztec Lilliputians, price one shilling, with all the startling tableaux in it; and who seemed too much at home to be a page. He began walking round the platform with a "Daguerreo-

type picture of the Aztec Lilliputians, only half a guinea," and our ears deceived us if it was not the rapturous lady who told him that he was a silly fellow, and that it couldn't be sold to-night; certainly it was the rapturous lady's friend who scolded him *sotto voce* — we happened to stand close by — and told him that if his father heard him he would be very angry. Nevertheless he went off to try a little unobtrusive bargaining in another corner.

We began to crumple up the paper upon which letters from Professor Owen and Dr. Latham (both discrediting the Aztec story) had been made into a handbill, for the sake of connecting the names of those eminent philosophers with the show. Maximo was being asked to sit down. Presently he squatted with his legs turned out in idol attitude. "O," cried the enthusiastic lady, "that's the way he was worshipped! I am sure of it. I am sure," turning to her friend, but speaking so that every one might hear her, though in a low voice, "I am sure he was worshipped as a god, sitting in that way." After a little more such entertainment we departed.

If these children had been exhibited as American dwarfs, (as, for example, the abnormal offspring of a Hebrew father and a mulatto mother; which they are as likely as not to be), however much we might have deplored the taste of the town in gathering

about them with sponge cake and kisses, we should have quietly submitted to the passing folly. We are disposed to think, however, that a grave social topic is involved, whenever we observe success in any gross attempt to practise upon public credulity. As for gullibility itself, that, we suppose, will last among us till the schoolmaster shall have his own. It is a vulnerable part that we cannot remove; nevertheless we may defend it from barefaced attack.

BROTHER BRUIN.

"THE bear symbolises savage and primitive equality, and is therefore the aversion of the aristocracy." Such is the clue to ursine facts, according to *Pas-sional Zoology*; which subject, and Mr. TOUSSENEL's treatment of it, we now resume. It would appear that MR. SNEAK, in the Mayor of Garratt, had much reason in him, when he addressed the rough personage of the piece as Brother Bruin. Was he not a BEAR and a BROTHER?

Here again — M. Toussenel exclaims — is another poor, shamefully calumniated beast, respecting whom hatred and ignorance have imagined the wickedest tales! There is no sort of infamies which anecdote-mongers have refrained from using in order to defile the biography of this unfortunate quadruped. M. Toussenel read

in a frightful book published a century ago with authorisation and privilege of the king, the history of the acts and deeds of a brown bear of Jura, who had long been the terror of the country, by reason of his immoderate appetite for the flesh of young girls. It was not enough for human malice to attribute to the bear crimes and immoralities of which he is innocent; but it has been thought fit to turn the poor animal into ridicule, and to make him the butt of innumerable mystifications. The strife, amongst ancient and modern writers, is who shall hit him the most perfidious blows. Ælian, the Greek, a narrator of fables, and not less of a simpleton than Conrad Gessner and great Saint Basil, goes so far as to make the bear a murderer of the lowest grade, a mean assassin, killing for the pleasure of killing; all which is an atrocious calumny.

Once upon a time, he says, there was a lion and a lioness, who had a large little family, but who were not a bit the happier on that account. For one day, when they both were out of doors, a bear found his way in, and treacherously slew every one of their babes; a proof what an imprudent thing it is to leave children by themselves. The murderous deed was scarcely done, when a formidable roar announced the return of the masters of the house. Our bear, almost taken in the fact of infanticide, had only just time to

jump up into a tree hard by. It is impossible to describe the fury of the mother, at the sight of her slaughtered offspring. It is uncertain which feeling predominated in her heart, grief or anger. She gave way at once to furious imprecations and sorrowful groans; and, in her burning thirst for vengeance, she described a number of mad paraboles in the air, thrust her thirsty canines into the sides of the tree on which the assassin had found a refuge, and tore its bark with her sharp claws. Vain demonstrations of impotent rage! The heartless monster only laughed at her from his fourth story.

But now behold the father lion trot off. It will not be long before he is back again; for he has just caught a bright idea, which he has duly communicated to his spouse. He is determined to request the assistance of man to avenge his wrongs. He knows where there works a poor woodcutter, of extreme leanness, whom he has long held in reserve as the morsel for a fast day. He addresses him in a manner which he strives to render as pleasant as possible. The man, whose limited comprehension prevented him from attributing the visit of the king of animals to any other motive than a violent appetite for human flesh, at first felt himself a little put out at the sight of the hairy gentleman, and in his fright let his axe fall. "Nothing of the kind," the lion seemed to say, as

he politely raised the instrument, and returned it to the woodcutter's hand. Then he gently pulled him by the skirts of his coat, and showed him how happy he should be to have his company for a short walk. The man — who understood at last from such an unusual display of ceremoniousness, that the beast had occasion for his services — yielded to the invitation and followed his guide. On and on and on they went. By walking quick, they at last arrived at the theatre of Bruin's crime. The lioness still continued to rend the air and to perform extraordinary leaps. The lion explained everything — by signs — to his travelling companion. He pointed out the butchered whelps. He glared at the assassin — now escaped to the highest branches of a colossal pine — and nodded to the inconsolable mother awaiting her revenge. The re-assured and sympathising wood-cutter set to to fell the tree at once. Then unanimous and roaring "bravos" burst forth from the leonine pair: the husband, forgetting the expression of his sorrows, congratulated his wife on the happy notion which suggested his calling in a third person's assistance. What a different impression every stroke of the axe made upon the minds of the principal actors of the drama! How easy it was to see that at every fresh cut of the steel, remorse penetrated deeper and deeper into the tortured conscience of the guilty bear. Wouldn't he like to be off and

away, as he despairingly munches his paws in repentance? What will become of him soon? And if the thing were to do over again, how he wouldn't on any account do it at all.

No doubt; but it is now too late. The crime is committed; blood calls for blood. The catastrophe approaches; the tree falls, precipitating the murderer upon the ground, without giving him time to recover from the agitation inseparable from a fall of thirty odd feet. Scarcely has he measured his length upon mother earth, when the lioness is down upon him. She seizes him. Vengeance satisfied, the lion and the lioness divide the prey into two parts; and, offering the better share to the man, swear on their royal words, they will never forget the service he has rendered them. The story does not add whether the man and the lions did really live in friendly relations afterwards; for unfortunately the man did not write his memoirs.

M. Toussenel has read, in the voyages of many credible navigators, a multitude of anecdotes about animals as droll as Ælian's, but not a bit more probable. I was lately (he says) told the following story by a young Parisian sportsman, fresh from America; but I would not be at all more ready to guarantee its authenticity.

"My companion and I were traversing the vast pine forests of California, so remarkable for the

absolute silence which reigns beneath their vaulted shade. One day when we came upon the edge of one of the immense open glades which run through these sombre woods, and where resinous trees give place to other essences, we heard at a very slight distance a grunting sound, which seemed to proceed from over our heads, and which my companion, a Yankee sportsman of the old school, recognised at the first note as the music of a bear. We instantly shrunk ourselves up into nothing, and slipped through the bushes, endeavouring to discover where the animal was perched. A second grunt, in a more angry tone than the former, and which seemed to us to be followed by another grunt of inward satisfaction, attracted our attention towards a gigantic *alise* tree, about twenty paces in front of us; amidst whose branches and beneath whose shade a ridiculous scene was taking place. The two *dramatis personæ*, a few fragments of whose conversation we caught by the way, were a bear and a wild boar. The first, a personage of the tallest stature, was perched upon a leading branch of the *alise* (our cherry) tree, where he was earnestly employed in gathering *alises*. But as the fruit was excessively ripe, and adhered but slightly to its stalk, it happened that the reddest and most delicious portion fell on the ground as thick as hail, at the slightest disturbance which the bear made

on his branch. The stupid animal lost all patience, and grumbled away with angry oaths; for the very same reason, the epicurean wild boar, posted at the foot of the tree, was in a state of delight, and testified his satisfaction with a knowing 'Good, good!' at every shower of *alises*. At the moment when we entered on the scene, the bear's irritation had already risen to red heat, and it was easy to see that it would not be long before it mounted to white heat. 'Oh! I have got such a capital idea,' whispered in my ear the spiritual child of Tennessee. 'If we were to profit by the awful temper in which these two brutes now are towards each other, to engage them in a deadly quarrel' — 'How is that to be managed? Show us, if you can.' 'The method is very simple; one of the barrels of your gun is charged with small shot; fire it into the softest part of that young gentleman's body;' and he pointed out to me with his finger through the leaves the part of the bear which I ought to aim at. 'I know the bear,' he added; 'and when he once has an idea in his head, nothing can drive it out of him. He has been in a great rage the last quarter of an hour, with the boar down yonder, and it would be impossible to prevent him from believing that the boar has hit him. You will soon see him rush down upon his supposed assailant, and take his revenge for the malicious joke. I promise you we shall have some fun.' No

sooner said than done. I took good aim at the shaggy fellow, and fired. The bear had scarcely had time to feel himself pricked to the quick, when his fury rose beyond all bounds, and he fell like a bombshell upon the boar, who was as innocent of the trick as he was surprised at the aggression. The duel did not last long; the victorious bear laid his rival low. But he pretended not to be aware that his enemy, before he died, had ripped open his flank with a terrible stroke of his tusks. His own strength soon began to fail, and he tottered and sank down on the body of the slaughtered boar. I thus," modestly concluded the narrator, "gained the right to boast that I killed a black bear and a wild boar with a single charge of number sevens."

Fabulists and moralists have sadly contributed, according to their custom, to propagate an unfair estimate of the character of the bear, and M. Toussenel's mission is, he thinks, to correct their errors in his love for science and truth. For instance, the reproach most frequently addressed to the bear, is that he threw a homicidal paving-stone at the head of one of his friends, a gardener by trade, under the pretext of brushing off a troublesome fly. He believes, however, the story to be apocryphal, and that the bear is not only incapable of such a piece of left-handedness; but that he ought, on the contrary, to be considered

as 'one of the most dexterous beasts in the existing creation. Awkwardness and ferocity are two accusations made against the bear, which are one just as good as the other. The bear has also been selected as the emblem of misanthropy, taciturnity, moroseness, unsociability. He is nothing of the kind.

The bear is the emblem of Savagery, or wild life, as the elephant is the emblem of Edenism, or the period in the life of our planet which corresponds to the first phase of human life. His ruling passion is the love of independence and the woods. The whole history of the animal is comprised in that one sentence.

It is well known that the savage is the most hearty enemy of all unpleasant labour; for which M. Toussenel does not blame him. A savage would refuse all the refinements of luxurious civilisation, at the price of an hour's work at the loom or the plough. The case is exactly the same with the bear. The charms of a masked ball have never been able to seduce him; and he professes the most sovereign contempt for the majority of civilised fêtes. The only idea which the savage has of happiness, is a complete and constant enjoyment of the seven natural rights of hunting, fishing, gathering, pasturage, and so on. The same thing holds with regard to the bear, who has no notion of supreme happiness, beyond the exercise of the two natural rights

of helping himself, and of freedom from care. Not that the bear is utterly insensible to the pleasures of the hunter's and the fisher's art. The white bear, for instance, would be very much put out, if he were deprived of the latter privilege. I (we are still quoting the bear's apologist) only mean to say that a vegetable diet is more suitable than any other to the bear's temperament, fond as he is, above everything, of strawberries and indolence. The bear does not shut his eyes to the fact that the shape of his person is better adapted to climb a tree than to hunt down a deer, and he pursues a line of conduct in conformity with the aptitudes of his nature. His frugivorous appetite being easily satisfied, he profits by this facility of living in good style, to amass, during the autumn, a large provision of that hair-adorning grease, with which the apothecaries of the Rue Vivienne compose the precious cosmetic known to Parisian fashionables under the title of Lion's pomade! Prodiges of chemistry! All to persuade bald people that the king of animals entirely owes his thick and splendid mane to the daily use of the aforesaid cosmetic.

It is known that Brother Bruin, when once provided with his due store of stoutness, retires into a den, where he passes the two worst months of the year in sleep. But fabulists and historians may for ever, before they will persuade me that an animal with

such a character and disposition can possibly be the enemy of man. The animal which sleeps during the season of want and crime, and which prefers honey, sorbs, and other wild berries, to a quarter of kid, will never pass for an ogre thirsting after blood. The bear is a savage animal, M. Toussenel is willing to confess, but he is assuredly one of the most inoffensive carnivores that can be met with — that is to say the civilised bear, the French or Russian bear, the bear of the Pyrenees or the Alps; but the grey bear of the prairies of North America, and the white bear of the Polar regions, devour whatever they light upon, when they are pressed by hunger.

In accordance with his being the emblem of the savage, the bear, of all the great flesh-eaters, is the one who ought to suffer most from the loss of his liberty. And such is the fact; for, of all captives, the bear is the most difficult to keep imprisoned. He is tamed, but without ever abdicating either his personality or his rights. He has been beheld exercising the trade of a juggler to gain a livelihood; but his master knows not what amount of tribulation and remorse the consciousness of his degradation costs him, and how much philosophy he is obliged to make use of, to gnaw in silence the bridle of his servitude. More than one bear, after having broken his chain, has been known to preface the exercise of his re-conquered

liberty, by murdering his leader and all his family. In the history of popular vengeance, exist facts which were not without analogy to these revolts of the bears.

When the captive bear is not occupied in eating or drinking, he is meditating an evasion. The whole force of his imagination is directed towards that one single object. His perpetual agitation betrays the torments which consume his whole being. That head, whose monotonous and regular movement backwards and forwards fatigues your eyes, is the pendulum of a fixed idea, which is incessantly courted by the lover of liberty. If the Pyrenean and the Russian bear does not always sink under the wounds of sorrow, if he does not die suddenly of a fit of shame, when exposed in the public market-place, the reason is that the love of liberty is indestructible in his heart, and that hope never deserts him. But the icy bear, which cannot, like his congeners, snuff the solid earth and the breezes of his native land, dies with us, at the end of a few months, of nostalgia and lukewarm water.

Conquered, persecuted, shelterless, without profession, wandering from rock to rock, the bear, like Mithridates, has been from the first obliged to accustom himself to eat all sorts of things, and to train his stomach to resist all kinds of poisons. Arsenic, which acts as a most violent poison on

the human species, is innocuous to bears. A dose of a quarter of a pound has no apparent effect at all; a pound acts merely as a slight purgative.

The preceding remarks are necessary to aid us in appreciating the story — which has made too much noise in Paris and elsewhere — of the *invalide*. One bright moonlight night during the last days of the first Empire, a veteran was watching, alone and silent, near the dwelling of the bear Martin, in the Jardin des Plantes. Illumined by the deceitful light of Phoebe, the old warrior fancied that he saw a six-livres piece glitter at the bottom of the den. Immediately the demon of riches — who never willingly lets go the prey which he once has seized — instigated the ill-omened old soldier to desert his post. He fetched a ladder, and descended into the den. Alas! he had reckoned without his host. Martin, who was dreaming about battles — suddenly awaked at an unseasonable hour by an individual with whom he had not the slightest acquaintance, and whose intentions naturally appeared suspicious — Martin seized the intruder by the throat, strangled him, and scalped him, according to savage custom; that is to say, stripped off his head of hair; not without slightly blemishing the skin to which the hair is attached. It was this specially characteristic trait, which ruined the bear in the minds of the people, and which made them

say that the bear liked, better than anything else, ginger-bread cakes and veterans. The ignorant attributed to the sanguinary temper of the species the isolated act of one which the force of habit alone had inspired. The warlike nation which loved so well to adorn its leaders with the fur of bears, would not pardon a poor animal for having applied the law of retaliation to one of its warriors. But perhaps — now that the popular excitement is calmed — the public will have the kindness to re-consider its decided dislike to the bear, and will look upon things in a more healthy light. In fact, let an impartial judge calmly consider all the circumstances of the murder. The night attack, the storm by ladder, the exaggerated value which belonged to bearskin at that epoch, when the fur cap and its chin-strap took so high a position in society; and he will certainly admit, like me, a case of legitimate defence, and like me he will pronounce the bear, "Not Guilty." More than that; if it were proved that the old soldier in question wore at the time, as some one has suspected, a bear's-fur cap upon his head, then, indeed, the innocence of the bear can no longer be called in doubt.

When the bear is driven by hunger to declare war on animals and men, he willingly takes up an ambuscade in the lower branches of some tufted tree, or behind some rocky post commanding a defile, from which he

rushes upon the victim he is watching, seizes it by the neck, and strangles it. The muscular strength of the bear is prodigious, and exceeds that of our most powerful wrestlers. Bears have been seen to kill a horse or a bull stiff dead with a single stroke of their powerful paw. If the bear rarely has the upper-hand in his duels with man, as would appear from the number of bear's-fur caps with which the grenadiers are ornamented, that only proves the superiority of the arms of man, and the complete ignorance of the animal in matters of scrimmage. The bear, having the habit of rising on his hind feet to attack the hunter, naturally exposes his flank to the enemy, who only requires a little coolness and address, to pierce his heart with a poignard or a bullet. The poignard is the best mode, to avoid injuring the skin. There was a bear-hunter at Eaux-Boues in the Pyrenees, who stabbed in this way sixty bears during his life. Of course he missed the sixty-first—which did not miss him.

American travellers, who are well aware of the importance which the bear attaches to the least politeness or mark of consideration on the part of man, never omit, it is said, to salute him when they meet with him on their road. They accost him with "*Buenos días, hombre.*" "Good day, man." Trustworthy persons have asserted that this simple piece of flattery was often sufficient to

make the most ill-disposed bear forget his homicidal intentions and his hunger. The bear is not only polite, he is obsequious in the deference which he pays to constituted authorities. Every one has heard speak of the courtesy of the dancing bear who had taken his degrees at the school of mutual instruction in a certain commune, in the arrondissement of Saint Girons; and who, recognising one day, in the Place de la Bastille, in the midst of the crowd who surrounded him, the Maire of that locality, suddenly interrupted his performance, in order to offer to the honourable magistrate his devoted obeisances, and the compromising homage of his respect.

The bear, then, is not the enemy of man. He eats him sometimes; but almost always with regret, and in his own defence. When he is the aggressor, it is because hunger presses him, and because winter, that particular year, happens to have been unreasonably prolonged. Now, in this case, the rigour of civilised winter, and not the appetite of the poor beast, is responsible for the crimes of hunger. We ought to make the bear every allowance for the extenuating circumstance of famine, if we desire to be excused in turn; we, reasonable creatures, who amuse ourselves with fancy murders, who now and then poison our fathers and mothers in order to enjoy a little sooner the fruits which their affection has gathered for us; we,

who every day sell our daughters in marriage to aged dotards.

The bear is so little the enemy of man that he has never lifted a hand against him, unless in the exceptional cases of hunger and legitimate defence. She-bears, indeed, have often been seen to drive travellers violently away from the neighbourhood of their little ones; but who would dare to charge it as a crime against the mother, if she does exaggerate the perils which threaten her bearlings, and trembles for their skin, when she remembers the disastrous consumption of this article of goods which is caused by the single institution of Grenadiers? The bear is not less impatient than every other person of good taste, for the suppression of this ridiculous and too long-honoured head-dress.

The extreme fondness of the she-bear for her cubs is a text on which every writer has made his comment ever since beasts have been written about. The bearress has the habit of carrying one of her little ones under each arm, when it is required to clear any dangerous passage, such as a steep ravine or an impetuous torrent; and it is only in the midst of these perils that she displays a ferocious and unsociable character. Bear-hunters have equally assured me that they have more than once seen these creatures retiring peaceably to their homes bearing away, without the slightest difficulty, a sheep tucked under each arm, exactly

as a Roman augur carried his breviary, "But of this story," says M. Toussenel, "I only believe as much as pleases me."

The true enemy of the bear — the emblem of savage life and equality — is the horse — the emblem of gentlemanhood, and aristocratic disdain. There are not two known animals which detest each other more cordially than the horse and the bear. The hatred of the latter for grenadiers springs from less deep and more recent causes. The grey bear of California, the most dangerous and the strongest of all the bears in the world, has sworn, it is said, war to the death against the horse, and attacks him wherever he meets him, whether at large or mounted. It is stated that there are very few instances in that country of a cavalier's having to complain of the ingratitude or ill-behaviour of a grey bear after having previously made the sacrifice of his steed. Zoologists and hunters have long inquired, without being able to put their finger on the answer, the causes of the implacable hatred which the bear has vowed against the horse, and *vice versa*. Analogy alone can claim the honour of guessing this rebus, and of explaining the famous story of the herd of furious bears, against whom grapeshot and cauldrons took no effect, but who were put to flight by a couple of rolls proceeding from a drum made of horse's skin. Analogy answers with the superiority of

good sense and simplicity which characterises it: — "The animal which symbolises the love of independence and equality, is the born enemy of the animal which personifies the gentleman — the gentleman, that is to say, the oppressive and privileged class which makes use of the vanquished, and compels them to work." Then follows M. Toussenel's magnificent peroration: — "Thus true science tears and makes to fall, one after the other, all the veils of brass which Obscurantism interposes between the vision of Man and Nature!"

What is the cause of the hatred of man for Brother Bruin? This question our profound zoologist answers thus: — The bear, which incessantly retreats before the steps of man, and chooses the most uninhabited places as his dwelling, sufficiently testifies his pacific intentions, and his desire to avoid a struggle in which he is not sure of having the upper hand. But man, who wants a pretext for continuing his trade in fur caps and bear's grease, cannot, of course, appear to believe in the sincerity of these friendly wishes. He audaciously denies them in the interest of his business, and struggles hard to continue the hostilities, which will finish by and bye, alas! for want of combatants to carry them on. A great proof of the moderation of the bear's appetites, is to be found in the history of the sports of the circus at Rome. The Romans, who loved dramas

well spiced with human blood, scarcely ever exposed Christians to the teeth of the bear, who was officially suspected of indifference to the Pagan religion. One of the favourite amusements of Helio-gabalus consisted, as is well known, in intoxicating his guests of both sexes, and causing them to be awoken by the hairy arms of a bear; but history does not record that these jokes were ever attended with such serious consequences as those of the Emperor Nero, who stifled his friends under heaps of roses. They were, notwithstanding, great artists in horror, those Cæsars of Rome, setting aside the immoral and subversive portion of their imaginations.

Another proof which, in case of need, would testify to the gentleness of the bear's character, and the amenity of his manners, is his passion for music. You may read in the accounts of Olaus Magnus, the Buffon of Northern Europe, that when the shepherds of his country (where the bear is very common) find themselves hemmed in by a troop of those quadrupeds, they make believe not to be aware of the disagreeable visitors, and continue to enliven the wilderness with the sweet sound of their clarionettes. Then, selecting the moment when their ursine neighbours are completely under the influence of the melody, they suddenly let fly at their hearers so sudden, sharp, and harsh a howl, that the unfortunate amateurs start off at

full gallop, never to come back again.

The bear does not like bloodshed; and those who accuse him of clumsiness, have never seen him at work. Nor is he, any more, the enemy of gaiety. Some have been known that were actually disagreeable through the excess of their amiability. The bear is perhaps even, next to the cat and the ape, the merriest and the most waggish of quadrupeds. Like all clever folks, he is fond of idleness and dancing. He is a loungeur, overflowing with humour, and a pattern of dexterity. These qualities are what have made him so popular with the *gamins* of Paris — a race of beings jocose by nature, and born enemies of all work. Keep on good terms with a bear, and you will find him full of assiduity and delicate attentions. His favourite exercises are wrestling and boxing; but if you make a match with him, he will never hug you more tightly than is absolutely necessary to carry on the pretence of a serious battle. If he throws you down in sport, he will take good care to tumble the first upon the ground, and serve as the mattress to break your fall. Far from fracturing your skull with a paving-stone, to rid you of a fly, he will strip your shirt from off your body, without even touching your epidermis. At night, if you are keeping watch on the deck of a vessel, he will cheerfully offer you his warm and shaggy coat

for blanket and pillow, to prevent the dampness of the night from giving you a terrible cold in the head. He will then abstain from making the slightest movement, for fear of disturbing your slumbers; and he will take good care that troublesome people shall treat you with becoming respect. The lieutenant of the ship *De Flotte*, who, at the age of five-and-twenty had travelled something like thirty thousand leagues over the seas, and who has thoroughly studied the animals of every latitude and of both hemispheres, declares that he has reason to congratulate himself enormously on the sociability and friendship which he met with from the bear, during his hyperborean peregrinations. Only, he remarked, that in order to continue in favour with the bear, and to maintain with him relations of affectionate cordiality, it was necessary to treat him on the footing of perfect equality. It would seem that the bear will not put up with those airs of superiority, which people so often give themselves with inferiors, still less with a disrespectful gesture or a stroke of a cane. The bear is the most ticklish of beasts on the point of honour; and his susceptibility is perfectly legitimate. The truth is, the bear enjoyed the pleasure of reigning in the world before man made his appearance on it, and, not caring to be reminded of his misfortunes, he refuses to accept our pity.

Of all the serious charges that

are brought against the bear, the one of which he will find it hardest to wash his hands, is his passion for honey. Sometimes the reason is asked of this violent propensity, which drives the bear to pillage the treasures produced by attractive labour? The reason is simple enough. The bear is the emblem of savagery; and the savage is an idler, a non-producer, an enemy of work, and the right of out-of-door theft is one of the seven articles of his charter. He plunders the treasures of the industrious bee, to show that in every "limbic" society (whether Savagery, Patriarchate, Barbarism, or Civilisation), the fruit of the labour of the industrious is destined to become the booty of do-nothings and unproductives. He never, like the human savage, sets fire to a field of sugar-cane, simply by way of a little pastime.

LITTLE BITS.

Do we doubt that pictures and decorations, of a very graceful kind, depend upon little bits? Have we heard nothing about mosaics, and inlayings, and buhl, and marquetry, and parquetry, and niello, and pietre dure, and tessellated pavements, and encaustic tiles? All these are but so many applications of little bits — bits of enamel, bits of glass, bits of gems, bits of stone, bits of marble, bits of metal, bits of

wood, bits of cement, bits of clay. Marked developments of skill and patience are connected with the working up of these little bits; and all the world knows that productions of great beauty result. Enamel, pebbles, marble, and clay, irrespective of metal and wood, form a very pretty family of little bits, as a brief glance will easily show us.

The little bits of enamel which constitute mosaic are the subjects of a most minute and tiresome routine of processes — perhaps more than the products are worth. A true mosaic picture consists of an infinity of little bits of enamel, disposed according to their colours, and imbedded in a frame-work prepared for their reception. Enamel is nothing more than opaque glass, the colours being given by the admixture of various metallic oxides. The number of varieties is quite enormous; for in order to produce all the hues of a picture, there must not only be every colour, but many shades or tints of each. The Pope himself is a mosaic manufacturer. He keeps up an establishment near St. Peter's; and, at this establishment there are, it is asserted, no fewer than seventeen thousand tints of enamel, all arranged and labelled in boxes and drawers, whence they are selected as the compositor would select his type. The enamel is cast into slabs; and each slab, by means of hammers, saws, files, lapidary-wheels, and other mechanical aids, is cut into tiny

bits; or else the enamel, while hot and plastic from the furnace, is drawn out into threads or small sticks; for some of the bits for a small picture are as thin as sewing-thread. A back or ground-work for the picture is prepared, in marble, slate, or copper; it is hollowed out to a depth varying from a sixteenth of an inch to an inch, according to the size of the picture. The cavity is filled up with plaster of Paris; and the artist draws his design with great care on the plaster. When the ground and the enamels are ready, the mosaicist begins. He digs out a very small portion of the plaster, in accordance with particular lines in the design, and fills up this cavity with a kind of putty or soft mastic, into which the little bits of enamel are pressed one by one. Thus hour by hour, week by week, and even year by year, the artist proceeds; guided by the design on the plaster in scooping out each little portion; and guided by the original picture or sketch in selecting the colours of the enamels. When the picture is finished, it is ground perfectly level with emery; and any minute defects or interstices are filled with a mixture of wax and ground enamel.

The works produced in this enamel-mosaic are in some cases really wonderful. When Napoleon was lord of the destinies of Italy, he ordered a mosaic copy of Lionardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of the Last Supper, the

same size as the original, twenty-four feet by twelve. Ten mosaicists were employed for eight years on this work, at a cost of more than seven thousand pounds. The Emperor of Austria, we believe, now possesses this extraordinary production. The face in a portrait of Pope Paul the Fifth is said to consist of more than a million-and-a-half of bits, each no larger than a millet-seed. There was exhibited in London, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, a mosaic table-top, containing a series of beautiful views in Italy. Perhaps the most wonderful specimens ever produced were two which had no back or groundwork whatever, presenting a mosaic picture on each surface. They were formed of coloured enamel fibres fitted side by side, and fused together into a solid mass. One specimen was an ornamental device; the other was a representation of a duck; and both exhibited great delicacy of outlines and tints by the occasional employment of transparent coloured glass intermixed among the opaque coloured enamels. So minutely were the details worked out, that the eye of the duck, and the feathers on the breast and wings, were imitated almost as exactly as could have been done by a miniature painter. It was one consequence of the mode in which these singular mosaics were produced, that the picture on one surface was a reverse of that on the other: the duck's head being

to the right in the one and to the left in the other.

True mosaic pictures are not common in this country, being very expensive productions. In an artistic point of view, too, there is a limit to the excellence; for there must necessarily be a certain hardness of outline, unless the bits be almost infinitely small and almost infinitely varied in colour. If a mosaic be examined, all the separate bits will be readily seen, joined by lines more or less visible, according as the work is coarsely or finely executed. Like a young lady's Berlin pattern, the little squares are of many colours, but each square is of one definite uniform colour; indeed, we do not see why Berlin work should not be honoured with the name of mosaic.

The theory of little bits is as susceptible of practical application with humble glass as with imperial enamel. There is a substance known as Keene's cement, which becomes as hard as marble, and receives a polish very little inferior to it. An ingenious artist has contrived so to combine little bits of coloured glass as to form a mosaic adornment to articles fabricated in this cement; the white polish of the cement and the coloured brilliancy of the glass contrasting well with each other. Productions of a very fanciful kind have in this way been sent forth; one consists of a pair of twisted columns upon pedestals, six or seven feet high,

and intended to hold lamps or vases; the columns themselves are made of the cement, and the glass mosaic is introduced around the spiral shaft of the column in bands of different patterns; while the pedestal exhibits the mosaic in a geometrical rather than an ornate style. The bits of glass are imbedded in the cement while wet, and the whiteness of the cement assists in rendering apparent the colours of the mosaic. It is evident that, if once this art should tickle the fancy and open the purse of his majesty, the public, an infinite variety of applications would be forthcoming—to walls, table-tops, chimney pieces, pilasters, and so forth. It must be admitted, however, that this sort of mosaic is a very humble competitor to that in enamel; it is upholsterer's mosaic instead of artist's mosaic.

There is an elegant kind of mosaic or inlaying practised by the Italians, and called by them *pietra dura*, or hard stone. It consists of little bits of pebble imbedded in a slab of marble. The stone is really hard, for it comprises such varieties as quartz, agate, jasper, chalcedony, jade, cornelian, and lapis lazuli; and the formation of these into a regular pattern calls for the exercise of much patience and ingenuity. The artist first takes a slab of black marble, level in surface, and very little exceeding an eighth of an inch in thickness; he draws upon this the outline of his design; he patiently cuts away

the requisite portions by means of files and saws; and he has thus prepared the ground-work on which his labours are to be afterwards bestowed. He then attends to the *pietra dura*, the gems, the little bits; every piece is, by lapidaries' tools, cut to the exact size and form necessary to fit it for the little vacuity which it is to occupy; and all are thus adjusted until the mosaic pattern is completed. This fragile tablet thus prepared would never bear the wear and tear of active service unless further strengthened; it is on this account applied as a veneer to a thicker slab of marble or other stone. This is an extremely difficult art to accomplish with any degree of success; for in the imitation of natural objects, or in anything beyond a mere geometrical design, it is necessary to exercise great judgment in selecting the colours of the stones, and in fashioning each to a particular shape. The Florentine artists are especially skilled in this elegant art; they generally use pebbles picked up on the banks of the Arno. The Russians also show a fondness for these productions, which they vary by applying the small pebbles in relief on the surface of a slab; but this is not properly mosaic—it is a sort of stone-modelling in relieve, or it may deserve the name of cameo-mosaic, which has been given it. The jaspers and other pebbles, found abundantly in Siberia, enable the Russians to imitate va-

rious kinds of fruits with surprising correctness, in this cameo-mosaic. But the Hindoos excel both Florentines and Russians in *pietra dura* work; their designs are more elegant, and their workmanship more minute and delicate.

If a variegated marble pavement be called mosaic — which may be done by applying the theory of little bits to big bits — then we have many mosaics in England. But even here the Italians beat us hollow; for that is a land in which marble seems especially at home. The pavement of our own St. Paul's Cathedral shows how rich a design may be worked out by this application of marble. The artist, of course, sketches his design originally on paper; and by giving to each piece of white or grey or black marble the size corresponding with the proper ratio, the design becomes developed on the whole area of the pavement.

But there are other applications of marble, approaching a little more nearly to the character of mosaics. As the pattern is made smaller, so can the details be made more delicate, more pictorial, more approaching to a work of art. Indeed, every one can see at a glance, that as stone can be cut into very little bits, so can these bits be combined in ornate or mosaic forms. Derbyshire is a redoubtable workshop for such productions, on account of the numberless varieties of stone, marble, and spar which it

possesses; most of them very readily cut. Devonshire is another of our counties in which this mosaic art is practised. Sometimes a pattern is cut, in *intaglio*, in a solid block or slab of marble, and the cavities are filled up with a mosaic of small coloured pieces; whereas in other specimens a thin veneer of mosaic is formed, and is then cemented upon a slab of inferior stone, or else is cemented down piece by piece without being previously formed into a veneer. The Derbyshire mosaics produced, until recent years, were scarcely worthy of the name, being little more than a jumble of bits, placed side by side because they differed in colour and shape, and imbedded in cement; but they now approach to the excellence of Florentine mosaic or *pietra dura*; and some of the works produced at Derby, Matlock, Buxton, Bakewell, and Castleton, are really beautiful. Chimney-pieces, table-tops, chess-boards, panels, caskets, and ornaments, are thus produced by a combination of British marbles in the natural state, stained marble, Sienna and other foreign marbles, malachite, aventurine, shells, and glass — forming a rich if not artistic kind of mosaic. There are not wanting, and are not likely to be wanting, those who can and will produce marble mosaics, if purchasers can and will pay for them. Three or four years ago, a German artist, Herr Ganser, a pupil of the distinguished sculptor,

Schwanthaler, exhibited in London a mosaic which must have called forth a vast amount of time and patience. It was about a yard in length, and not much less in breadth. It represented the Gemini — Castor and Pollux — on horseback. The two naked youths were built up with little bits of marble, varying in tint to imitate the lights and shades of the nude figure, the whole having more or less a warm or reddish tinge; while the two grey horses were represented by numerous tints of grey and white marble.

Little bits of granite, of freestone, of limestone, and of such-like building materials, would be out of place; we should as soon think of setting an elephant to dance on the tight-rope, as to make a mosaic picture of such bits. Yet, can we imagine that houses, and terraces, and pavements, by a judicious combination of warm-tinted, and yellow-tinted, and blue-tinted stones, might have an effect given to them agreeable to the eye, without degenerating into meretricious tawdriness; all would depend on the taste with which this was done. Since the art of polishing granite has become better known and more practised, the dark varieties of this stone have been much used to give a pleasing contrast with stones of a lighter colour.

Little bits of clay have been formed into mosaics since the times of the Romans certainly — perhaps long before. We call such mosaics by the learned

names of tessellated pavements and encaustic tiles. The red bits, at least, in the Roman pavements, are clay; but the majority of the pieces are formed of stone or marble. The best and costliest pavements (such as that still existing at the Baths of Caracalla) were made of coloured marbles of various kinds; but the inferior productions, such as those occasionally dug up into light in England and other parts of Europe, are usually made of such coloured stones as happened to be found in the vicinity. As there is no easily-obtained stone having so bright a red colour as burned clay, it was usual to employ the last-named material for this tint. In respect to the name, a *lessera* was a cubical piece of stone or other substance; a *tessela* was a smaller piece of the same shape; and thus a pavement of small cubical pieces came to be called a tessellated pavement. The pavement found at Woodchester, some years ago, had grey tessellæ of blue lias, dark brown of gritstone, light brown of hy-piat limestone, and red of fine brick. The tessellæ, in the rougher specimens, had joints, exhibiting gaping vacuities, which were filled up with cement.

When our pottery-people, or (to be more respectful) our porcelain-manufacturers, began to make clay pavements and slabs, they were puzzled to decide on the best combination of materials. One plan was to inlay tessellæ of stone with coloured cement; an-

other was to inlay tessellæ of terra-cotta (baked clay) with similar cements. But it was found that in such combinations the tessellæ and the cement were of unequal hardness, and that the pavement consequently wore away into holes. Another plan was to use tessellæ of cement coloured with metallic oxides; and a fourth consisted in the substitution of bitumen for the cement. At length, the experiments arrived at the method of employing clay in varying degrees of softness, and treated by very ingenious processes.

There are three methods, altogether different, now employed in producing these clay mosaics for pavements; we may call them the soft, the liquid, and the dry methods. In the soft method, clay of fine quality is coloured in different tints; thin slabs are formed in each colour; small cubes or other-shaped pieces are cut from each slab, and the cubes are cemented, side by side, upon any required ground-work. The surface of such a mosaic would wear well, because the clay tessellæ, after baking, would have equal density. In the liquid method, the pavement is built up of square tiles, instead of small tessellæ, and each tile is made by a combination of liquid clay with soft clay. A model of the tile is first made in stiff clay, with the pattern cut out to the depth of a quarter of an inch; a mould is taken for this, having, of course, the pattern in relievo. Stiff co-

loured clay (perhaps brown) is forced into this mould by means of a press, and there is thus produced a damp heavy square tile with a sunken pattern. To fill up this pattern, liquid clay is prepared (perhaps yellow), or clay with a honey-like consistence; this is filled into the cavities with a trowel or knife; and the tile, after being very slowly dried, is scraped level and clean at the surface, baked in a kiln, and glazed — making its final appearance as an ornamental highly-glazed brown and yellow tile, which may be combined with its brother tiles in the formation of a pavement. The tact required in this art is, to select such materials that the liquid clay shall shrink in drying just as much as the stiffer clay, and no more: this is essential to the production of a sound and level surface. The third or dry method is a very remarkable one. When flint and fine clay are reduced to powder and thoroughly mixed, they may be brought into a solid form by intense pressure, without any softening or liquefying process. The ground materials are mixed with the requisite colouring substances — black, red, blue, yellow, green, and so forth — and are then forced into small steel moulds with such enormous force as to reduce the powder to one-fourth of its former bulk. Thus is produced an intensely hard and durable solid cube — or it may have a triangular or a hexagonal or a rhomboidal surface. Having thus

provided himself with an army of tessellæ, little bits, the maker unites them into a slab by a substratum of cement, and lays this slab upon any prepared foundation.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Far away there glide along
Streams with ceaseless murmuring song,
Glistening, as ocean-ward they run,
Their golden net-work in the sun.
For, from secret caves of earth,
In the mountains of their birth
Golden sand they bear away:
And I dreamed the other day
That each atom was endowed
With a voice distinct and loud,
That they sang as on they roll'd
Of the future fate of Gold.

Thus sang one: "I shall be seen
In the crown of some great queen,
And shall sometimes condescend
To the shouting crowd to bend.
Yet the circlet's leaden weight,
In the midst of pomp and state,
Shall, with an incessant pain,
Press upon the wearer's brain.
Prisoned in its golden cage,
The brow shall furrowed seem with age."

Sang another: "I shall gleam
In a bracelet's dazzling beam;
And its form shall be a spray,
Roses set with rubies gay;
And the bracelet's golden twist
Shall encircle beauty's wrist,
While, beneath her pulse shall measure
Seconds of a life of pleasure."

Sang another: "I shall shine
In a slender golden twine;
And a woman, thin and spare,
Shall embroider flowers fair
In a costly robe of state.
Yet that woman, desolate,
Has not seen a blossom wild
Since she was a prattling child;
But, with little pay or praise,
She has measured out the days
Of her life, so cheaply sold,
With the slender threads of gold."

Household Words. XXI.

Sang another: "I shall aid —
In the pommel of a blade,
Wielded by some valiant knight —
To win the well-contested fight;
Nor rest until the weapon's hilt
Blushes with blood of foeman spilt."

Sang another: "In the case
Of a watch shall be my place,
And its voice shall whisper low
Of the minutes as they go.

In the portly sheriff's hand
Scanning the hour with moisten'd eye,
I shall time his loud command:
'Bring the felon forth' — to die!
For the culprit's time is told
By the sheriff's watch of gold."

Sang another: "I shall shine
In the wedding-ring; the sign
That shall bind two hearts together.
To be fondly linked for ever."

Sang another: "I shall rest
On an aching human breast
In a locket; and, below,
A single silky auburn tress,
Shall the life-tide ebb and flow,
Of a heart dead to happiness."

Sang another: "They will mould
Me into a coin of gold.
Bartered oft for happiness,
Bartered oft for deep distress,
Buying joy and buying grief.
Surely money is the chief
Of the uses manifold
That mankind can make of gold."

Sang the last one: "As a pen
In the hands of mighty men
I shall rouse the world to wonder,
Keen as lightning, loud as thunder.
If the sword can win and keep,
'Tis the pen can rouse from sleep
Dormant spirits of a nation
To freedom and emancipation."

Emblem of pomp, of pledges broken;
Trinket, sword, or marriage token,
Ye are metal vainly spent
Beside the pen omnipotent!

GORE HOUSE.

THE vicissitudes in the occupation of houses are curious.
The first tenant we meet with in

Gore House, Kensington, (we forget his name) is a Government contractor, who was so stingy that he would not lay out a penny to keep his garden in order. To him succeeded Mr. Wilberforce, famous in the annals of evangelism and the slave trade. The next distinguished name is Lady Blessington. Then comes Monsieur Soyer, who turns the place into an eating-house for All Nations during the Great Exhibition; and now it has been bought by Government, in connexion with the new views for the cultivation of art.

Wilberforce, whose head was not strong enough to keep him out of the pale of religious bigotry, but whose heart was most kindly, and his temperament most happy, contrived (though it is difficult to conceive how even the merriest of such theologians manage it) to combine the most terrific ideas of the next world (for others) with the most comfortable enjoyment of this world in his own person. He was a little plain-faced man, radiant by nature with glee and good-humour; very "serious" at a moment's notice; an earnest devotee; a genial host; a good speaker and member of parliament; now siding, and now differing with his friend Pitt, now joining in devotion with Lord Teignmouth; now laughing heartily with Canning; now sighing over the table-talk of the Prince Regent; but, above all, deep in tractarianism, and at the

same time advocating the freedom of the poor negroes; which was by no means the case with all persons of his way of thinking, political or religious.

"About a year and three quarters ago," says this worthy, ultra-serio-comic person, "I changed my residence, and found myself in the habitation which my family now occupies and which we find more salubrious than Clapham Common. We are just one mile from the turnpike gate at Hyde Park Corner, which I think you will not have forgotten yet, having about three acres of pleasure ground around my house, or rather behind it, and several old trees, walnut and mulberry, of thick foliage. I can sit and read under their shade, which I delight in doing, with as much admiration of the beauties of nature (remembering at the same time the words of my favourite poet: 'Nature is but a name for an effect, whose cause is God,') as if I were two hundred miles from the great city."

This is excellent; and would have been more so, if Mr. Wilberforce could have allowed others, not quite of the same creed, to have the same right to a comfortable enjoyment of nature, and the same reputation for piety. He was of opinion that you must be continually thinking about God, otherwise God would be very angry. As if the Divine Father could not dispense with these eternal references to him from his children; or would bur-

then them with the weight of even too much gratitude. Our prosperous and lively-blooded saint, however, bore the burthen with singular vivacity, owing to a notion he had (hardly burthened with modesty, though he always professed to wonder at the circumstance) that he was a special favourite of God.

His meditations down Kensington Road were certainly very different from those of Mr. Wilkes. "Walked" (he says, in his diary) "from Hyde Park Corner, repeating the hundred and nineteenth Psalm in great comfort." This is the longest of the Psalms, extending to a hundred and seventy-six verses, full of pious self-congratulation, and of rebukes of its deriders.

The vicissitudes in the history of houses are curious. Here, in the grounds of Gore House, the Government contractor meditated how he could save himself a penny; Mr. Wilberforce meditated psalms; Lady Blessington novels; Monsieur Soyer the composition of sauces, and how many dinners the place would hold; and now the district is to be occupied by the new National Gallery, its schools of art and science, and bowers for the exhibition of sculpture. A display of Cabinet-work, and of studies from the Schools of Art, has already commenced operations, and the public are re-admitted to the grounds. This, however, it must be allowed, is a good absorption of the antecedent indi-

vidualities, pleasant as some of them were; though it is to be doubted, whether Mr. Wilberforce's ghost will be quite easy at the sight of the Venuses and Apollos.

England, a teacher of nations in so many respects, is but now discovering, what has so long been known to Italy, and partially known to France, that utility and beauty, instead of being antagonists, are friends; that the one without the other, besides being in danger of falling into the gross and the sordid, cannot thoroughly work out its purposes; form and proportion, and adaptation of means to ends, being constituent qualities of the beautiful; and finally, that as Nature, far from disliking the beautiful, thought fit to be the cause of it, and loves it, and deals in it to profusion, often in the very humblest of her productions, so it becomes Art to imitate her great mistress in the like impartiality of adornment, and show us what opulence and what elevation, in the scale of discerning beings, await the perceptions of those whose ideas are not limited to the commonest forms of the desirable. The use of use itself is but to administer to our satisfactions; and the use of beauty is to refine and perfect those satisfactions, and raise them by degrees, in proportion as we cultivate a true sense of it, to thoughts of the beauty and goodness of its great First Cause. To ask with a sneer what is the

use of beauty, is to ask with impiety why God has filled the universe with beauty; why he has made the skies blue and the fields green, and vegetation full of flowers, and the human frame a model for the sculptor, and gifted everything in existence with shape and colour. The commonest piece of grass, with the straightness of its stem, the flowing contrast of its leaves, and the trembling fullness of its ears, is a miracle of beauty. So rich in grace and suggestiveness has it pleased Him to make the houses of the very insects, and the food of cattle! Is it not better to discern this, in addition to the other uses of grass, than to see in it nothing but those uses? — nothing but hay for the market, and so much return of money to the grower? Very good things both no doubt, and not to be dispensed with, but so much the more requiring the accompaniment of nobler perceptions to hinder us from concluding that man was made to live by bread alone; that is to say, by the satisfaction of his material, as opposed to his spiritual wants. So little was that the conclusion of the good emperor and philosopher, Marcus Antoninus, that, with the uncontentious eye of a sage, and with a curious familiar anticipation of that sense of the picturesque which has been thought by some peculiar to modern times, he directs our attention to the outside of a loaf itself, as possessing something grace-

ful and attractive in its ruggedness, or what an artist would call the "freedom of its forms." The whole passage in his *Meditations* is itself so beautiful, and in spite of his want of thorough artistic perceptions as to form and line, expands into such a comprehensive and noble sense of what has been termed the art of nature, that although we have already kept the reader standing much longer than we intended at the steps of Gore House with this prefatory digression on such matters, we are sure he will be pleased at having it laid before him.

"Such things as ensue upon what is well constituted by Nature, have something graceful and attractive. Thus, some parts of a well-baked loaf will crack and become rugged. What is thus left beyond the design of the baker looks well and invites the appetite. So when figs are at the ripest, they begin to crack. Thus, in full ripe olives their approach to putrefaction gives the proper beauty to the fruit. Thus, the laden ear of corn hanging down, the stern brow of the lion, and the foam flowing from the mouth of the boar, and many other things, considered apart, have nothing comely; yet because of their connexion with things natural, they adorn them, and delight the spectator. Thus, to one who has a deep affection of soul, and penetration into the constitution of the whole, scarce anything connected with Nature will fail to recommend itself agreeably to him. Thus, the real vast jaws of savage beasts will please him, no less than the imitations of them by painters or statuaries. With like pleasure will his chaste eyes behold the maturity and grace of old age in man or woman, and the inviting charms of youth. Many such things will he experience, not credible to all, but only to those who have the genuine affection of soul to Nature and her works."

Yes, most excellent Emperor. And the same might have been said by thee, and probably was said, of the commonest objects of Art round about thee, in thy home and thy goods and chattels, thy cabinets and caskets and chairs: for Art is nature's doing also, being the work of her workmanship; man, and all forms and graces, being referable to her suggestion. The chair, as well as the plant, has its straight and its flowing lines; the casket and the cabinet its ornaments of fruit and foliage, its efflorescence in metal or precious stone; some their figures of men, beasts, and birds; and all, more or less, their colours, proportions, and uses. Shall we not then observe, and as much as possible, spiritualize them accordingly, giving them the grace and beauty which nature suggests, and so rendering them assistants of our best perceptions against our worst? For effeminacy, the danger of delight, is not a consequence of enjoyments founded in truth and in the spirit of things, but of grovelling in the false and the gross; not a consequence therefore of good art, but of bad; of art lulling to sleep on the chair for the mere body's sake, and not of art awakening us to intellectual perceptions, and thus dividing the empire of body with that of mind. Luther was not the less prepared to hazard martyrdom, because he was a player on the organ. Socrates was not the less an actual martyr, and one of the

greatest of men, because he had been a sculptor, and wrought figures of the Graces.

The collection at Gore House, besides tapestry, mirrors, and a few other things, consists of cabinet work in oak, walnut, ebony, &c., carved, sculptured, inlaid, sometimes with pictures, oftener in the Buhl style of ornamentation; in short, presenting all the reigning styles of treatment from the latter part of the fifteenth century to the close of the eighteenth. There are cabinets, coffers, commodes, buffets, chairs, tables, clocks, drawers, presses, couches, flower-stands, fire-screens, and even pairs of bellows. The rooms in fact are not big enough to hold them; so that the visitors are crowded; and as the materials are chiefly dark and ponderous, the general effect, notwithstanding occasional gorgeousness, is heavy, and even somewhat gloomy. You might imagine that the fortunes of half a dozen ancient houses had been suddenly ruined, and their goods and chattels despatched in haste to an auctioneer's, to be sold. Better justice would have been done to the individual objects, had there been space enough to show them; for all productions of Art have so much to do with proportion, that the proportions even of the spaces round about them become of importance to their display. Perhaps, however, it was not easy to refuse offers from contributors: variety too was a temptation; and a liberal

abundance is welcome after all, even at the expense of inconvenience.

The Government Commissioners, with great judgment, have drawn attention to these curiosities, not as models for indiscriminate imitation, but as illustrations of the taste of successive periods; as samples of merit on particular points, especially ornamentation; and in several instances as warnings against inconsistencies and bad taste. Foreigners, they say, can teach the English workman nothing in point of mechanical fitness and completion, but he may learn much from them in the art of decoration. This, no doubt, is true; and we hope and believe that foreigners and natives will benefit one another by these exhibitions; the Englishman learning to make his cabinets elegant, and the Frenchman and Italian to make their keys turn smartly, and their drawers come forth without sticking. We cannot greatly admire such things as Buhl-work; elaborations of brass ornaments upon dark grounds. We prefer the inlayment of paintings, the additions of bas reliefs, and the quaintest old carvings of human figures, fruits, &c., provided they have any truth of expression. Buhl is no company, has nothing to entertain us with, but its unmeaning flourishes. Gilding is something, for it is a kind of sunshine. The jumble called Rococo is in general detestable. A parrot seems to have

invented the word; and the thing is worthy of his tawdriness and his incoherence. We confess, however, to a sneaking kindness for the shepherds and shepherdesses of the times of the Pompadours and the Madane Dubarrys. They were the endeavour of no feeling to get at some feeling; to "assume a virtue, if they had it not;" to play at lovers, though they could only be gallants; nay, let us do our best for them, and say, it was the endeavour to conciliate the remnant of truth and simplicity lurking in their hearts, and to persuade themselves what a golden age kind of people they were intended by nature to have been, provided only they could have their own way, and luxurious suppers instead of bread and cheese.

Many of these extraordinary pieces of furniture are nevertheless excellent of their kind, those in the rococo style not excepted. There are cabinets and coffer trunks truly worthy of holding treasure; tables, at which it would be an elevation of mind as well as body to sit; clocks, that symbolise the value of time (and not seldom its heaviness) by the multiplicity and weight of their ornamentation; and chairs which sometimes render the request "Not to touch" provoking; for how, otherwise, are we to test the smoothness of the "Genoa velvet," taste the pleasure of sitting as sovereigns and beauties sate, or comfortably contemplate the very objects before us, considering that

there are no seats in the rooms for visitors, and that pleasure itself is fatiguing.

Some interesting memories also are attached to these costly moveables. There is a magnificent writing table, ostentatiously recording some of the projects of the famous busy-body Beaumarchais, authour of the comedy of Figaro; a Buhl writing-table that belonged to the De Retz family; a grand cabinet in *pietra dura* (precious stones) made expressly for Louis the Fourteenth; a carved Venetian coffer, that was the property of Thomas, the first Earl of Dorset, the poet, the worthy precursor of Spenser; and another Venetian coffer, adorned in wonderful *alto relievo* with the story of Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, most life-like and masterly. The work is dated in the catalogue "about one thousand five hundred and sixty;" and the arms on the escutcheon (a lion rampant, and a head in a cap) are stated to be "unknown." We know not the arms of Cæsar Borgia, otherwise the story is just like one of the allusions of that energetic miscreant. Or might it have illustrated some lawless exploits of the Malatesta family, one of the most ferocious of whom was a great patron of art?

We have indulged ourselves at such length in these passing notices of art and manufacture, that we must dismiss with a somewhat unpatriotic brevity the other part of the exhibition, the copies from

originals and from nature, sent in by students of the various Government Schools of Art established throughout the kingdom. Indeed, we could take no very long view of them, and therefore must not be understood as throwing any slur upon those on which we are silent, when we say that we were most struck with the Flamingo of Miss Olden (No. 10); the Madre Dolorosa (from Carlo Dolce?) by Miss Ganthorp (No. 24); the Magdalen, from Correggio, by Mr. Bowen (No. 27); Moneygetter—we know not from whom — by Mr. Collinson (No. 32); Fruit, by Mr. Gibson (No. 47); the study of Ornament in Colour, by Mr. Ellison (No. 101); and those after Cuyp and Crievelli — each wrongly referred — by Mr. Armytage. The Flamingo is admirably coloured; only we wish he looked less like an ogre, with that long beak of his, holding the eel. It is all true to nature, no doubt; but why need ornithological painters select only those moments? The Madre Dolorosa is very dolorous, and well done, but we have little faith in the permanent colour of those cheeks. This, however, is the original's fault, and not the copyist's. For the real, natural grief, the amiable, surprised, and patient regret, in the face of Correggio's Madonna, we are most thankful, because we feel certain that it brings the original before us — which cannot be said of a late beautiful engraving of the subject, — very lovely, but not

at all sorrowful. The Fruit is partly bruised with its own ripeness, — very true and beautiful. The Ornament in Colour is truly graceful and consistent; hangs charmingly together; and the Cuyp and Crivelli carry with them their testimony to the fidelity of the copies. These works are all upstairs; chiefly, we believe, in the garrets. They look as if a parcel of artists had fallen in love with the maid-servants, and hung their dormitories with evidences of their homage.

Little need be said of the grounds belonging to Gore House. Turf and trees are good things, with or without flowers; and the grounds are of unexpected dimensions, considered as appurtenances to a suburban residence; but, as Johnson said of a dinner, that it was a good enough dinner, but "not a dinner to invite a man to," so it may be said of the Gore House grounds, that they hardly sustain the dignified announcement of being "thrown open to the public;" especially too, as this "throwing open" is confined to the visitors who have paid their way to the cabinet work. You must think of the late fair possessor, Lady Blessington, to give an interest to their pathways.

The estate purchased by the Commissioners for the site and grounds of the New National Gallery includes those just described, which consist of about twenty acres; and it will probably, when all the purchases are completed,

approach to a hundred. It widens as it goes south, and reaches to Old Brompton.

LICENSED TO JUGGLE.

ABOUT fifteen years ago a short iron-built man used to balance a scaffold pole upon his chin, to whizz a slop-basin round upon the end of it, and to imitate fireworks with golden balls and gleaming knives, in the public streets of London. I am afraid his genius was not rewarded in his own country; for not long ago I saw him starring it in Paris. As I stood by to watch his evolutions, in the Champs Elysées, I felt a patriotic glow when they were rewarded with the enthusiastic applause of a very wide and thick ring of French spectators.

There was one peculiarity in his performance which distinguished him from French open air artistes — he never spoke. Possibly he was diffident of his French accent. He simply uttered a grunt when he wished to call attention to any extraordinary perfection in his performance; in imitation perhaps of the "La! — la!" of the prince of French acrobats, Auriol. Whatever he attempted he did well; that is to say, in a solid, deliberate, thorough manner. His style of chin-balancing, knife-catching, ball-throwing, and ground and lofty tumbling, was not so agile or flippant as that of his French competitors, but he

never failed. On the circulation of his hat, the French halfpence were dropped in with great liberality.

As the fall of the curtain denotes the close of a play, so the raising of the square of carpet signifies the end of a juggler's performance; and, when my old acquaintance had rolled up his little bit of tapestry, and had pocketed his sous, I accosted him—"You are," I said, "an Englishman?"

"That's right!" he observed, familiarly.

"What say you to a glass of something, and a chat?"

"Say?" he repeated, with a very broad grin, "why, yes, to be sure!"

The tumbler, with his tools done up in a carpet-bag closed at the mouth with a bit of rope, and your humble servant were speedily seated in a neighbouring wine-shop.

"What do you prefer to drink?" I inquired.

"Cure-a-sore," he modestly answered.

The epicure! Quality and not quantity was evidently his taste; a sign of, at least, a sober fellow.

"You find yourself tolerably well off in Paris?"

"I should think I did," he answered, smacking his lips, "for I was a wagabon in London; but here I am a artiste!"

"A distinction only in name, I suspect."

"P'raps it is; but there's a good deal of difference, mind

you. In England (I have been a'most all over it) a feller in my line is a wagabon. He don't take no standing in society. He may be quiet, never get into no trouble, and never give nobody else none; but that don't help him. 'He gits his livin' in the streets,' they say, and that's enough. Well, 'spose he does? he 'as to work tremenjus hard for it?"

"His certainly cannot be an idle life."

"It just ain't; if they'd only let us alone; but they won't—them blessed Peelers I mean. How would you like it?" he continued, appealing to me with as hard a look in the face as if I had been his most implacable enemy, "how would you like it, if you had looked up a jolly good pitch, and a rig'lar good comp'ny was a looking on—at the west end, in a slap up street, where there ain't no thoroughfare—and jist as you're a doin' the basin, and the browns is a droppin' into the 'at, up comes a Peeler. Then it's 'Move on!' You must go;" he stared harder than ever, and thumped his hand on the table; "I say you *must* go and lose per'aps a pick up as 'u'd keep you for a week. How would you like that?"

"I should expostulate."
"Spoustallate!—would you?" a slight curl of the lip, expressive of contempt at my ignorance of the general behaviour of policemen. "Ah! if you say 'bo!' to a Peeler he pulls you, and what's the consequence? Why, a month

at the Steel!"—which hard name I understood to be given to the House of Correction.

"But the police are not unreasonable," I suggested.

"Well, p'raps some of 'em ain't," he remarked, "but you can't pick out your policemen, that's where it is."

"Do the police never interfere with you here?" I asked.

"They used to it; and I've had to beg back my traps more than once from the borough of the Police Correctionell, as they call it; but then that was 'cause I was hignorant of the law. When they see that I could gita'onest living, an old cove in a cocked hat ses he to me, ses he, 'You're a saltimbanc, you are. Wery good. You go to the borough of police for public morals, and the minister (not a parson, mind you, but the 'ed hinspector), if he's satisfied with your character he'll give you a ticket."

"And did he?"

"Course he did; and I'm now one of the reg'lar perfession. I ain't to be hinterfered with; leastways, without I'm donkey enough to go on the cross and be took up. *That's* the ticket," he exclaimed triumphantly, pulling out a bronze badge, "I'm number thirty-five, I am."

"And can you perform anywhere?"

"No; the police picked out thirteen good places — 'pitches,' we calls 'em — where we can play. There's the list — thirteen on 'em all of a row — beginning

on the Boulevards at the Place de la Colonne de Juillet, and ending in the Champs Elysées." He unfolded a neatly written document that plainly defined the limits of Paris within which he, in common with his co-professors, was allowed to display his abilities.

With a small gratuity for the new light thrown upon the subject of street performances, I parted from my enterprising countryman, wishing him every success.

I have sometimes wondered whether — considering that we have all sorts of licensed people about us; people who are licensed to cram us upon steam-boats; to crowd us into omnibuses; to jolt us in ramshackle cabs; to supply us with bad brandy and other adulterated drinks; licentiates for practising physic; licentiates for carrying parcels; licentiates for taking money at their own doors for the diversions of singing and dancing; licentiates for killing game with gunpowder, which other people have been licensed to make — it would not be wise to license in England out-of-door as well as in-door amusements.

WHAT MUSHROOMS COST.

In spite of never-ending talk about "perfidious Albion," the French cannot justly be reproached with being either a suspicious or a timid people. On the contrary, they often suffer, individually, from placing too much

confidence in those who really deserve it not; and nationally, from having no sort of fear or forethought; but rashly rushing forwards into all sorts of messes and disasters, which are as visible as the course of the highway under your feet to every living creature except themselves.

In one point, however, they carry distrust and wariness far beyond a heroic, or even a reasonable point of caution. They are not particularly afraid of facing their enemies; but they are ridiculously fearful of touching a fungus. They will often give credit to a plausible stranger; but they will have nothing to do with any member of the cryptogamic class, of whose antecedents they are not fully cognizant, and for whose future proper behaviour they have not the most trustworthy guarantees. A pair of lovers would as soon shut themselves up in an air-tight chamber, with a dish of burning charcoal for their entertainment, as sit down to sup off a mess of mushrooms which their most trusty friend had gathered in a meadow. The fool-hardiness of those insular experimentalists in *l'eccentrique Angleterre*, who feast themselves on inky toad-stools, cotton-woolly puff-balls, and leathery morels, is to them sufficient proof that, droll as we are, we are by no means deficient in courage. "Ketchup" is a British sauce, which many a Frenchman would label POISON; and it must be honestly confessed that we

are not over-nice about the ingredients which enter it. Unless mushrooms can be warranted as garden produce, it is in vain to set them before a Gallic epicure. The mouth may water, and the palate may smack — for it is in human nature to suffer temptation; but the head will shake a firm negative, and the lips will utter a decided "*Merci!*" A wild agaric grilled ever so deliciously, bathed in butter and powdered with blended pepper and salt, would have less chance of being swallowed in a *restaurant* than the very strange things which, we are told, are not strained at in such places at all. But if only educated in an authorised seminary, mushrooms, served as a side-dish, are forked up and devoured by ardent admirers before you have time to look at them twice.

We grow mushrooms in England, but on a much smaller scale. Any dark outhouse or convenient cellar, of tolerably equable temperature, will furnish a liberal supply; and they may be cultivated in the heart of a town just as successfully as in the midst of the purest country air. Hollow spaces, something like shallow wine-bins, of any size that may be judged convenient, from a yard or two square to larger dimensions, are made with boards upon the floor; or, they may be disposed, one above the other, after the fashion of shelves, only leaving between them a space sufficient for the

gardener to introduce his head and shoulders. These bins are then filled with animal manure, beaten down firmly with a mallet, and covered an inch or two thick with a layer of garden mould. The object of having a multitude of bins or beds, is to insure a successional supply of mushrooms. The bed is suffered to ferment for a while, without anything more being done to it; but when the heat is reduced to the warmth of milk from the cow, (which may be known by thrusting a stick into the bed, and leaving it there for a few minutes before withdrawing it) morsels of what is known to nursery-men as mushroom spawn, about the size of a hen's egg, are stuck here and there in the coating of earth, which is again beaten down firmly and covered with straw. This spawn soon spreads itself through the mass of the bed, in the form of irregular filmy threads, much in the same way as a mouldy Stilton cheese increases in ripeness from day to day. The progress, however, of the spawn is very uncertain; sometimes it will lie dormant for weeks. Too much watering destroys the bed, while a certain degree of humidity is absolutely necessary. Symptoms at last become apparent that the capricious crop is about to burst forth into full bloom. The whole surface of the bed breaks out with a violent eruption of innumerable little white pimples, at first not bigger than pins' heads. It is actually seized with

the mushroom-pox, which has been communicated to it by inoculation, or to coin a more correct word, by the act of *mycelation*. The pimples daily grow bigger and bigger. As you watch them, you see they are coming to a head; but instead of odious boils and blains, the result is what you find in Covent Garden Market, neatly packed in tempting punnets. A mushroom-bed continues productive for a month or six weeks, or thereabouts, after which, you must make another. So far, about mushrooms in England: let us now return to those across the water.

Amongst the celebrities of the town of Lille is a restaurateur who entertains *Au Rocher de Cancale*, at the favourite sign of "The Rock of Cancale." The real rock is a hump-backed lump jutting above the surface of the sea, not far from St. Malo, and just visible from the summit of the famous Mont St. Michel. Why a granite rock should be thus selected as the symbol of good living, is explained by the very general belief that the choicest oysters of the Channel hold their rendezvous, or permanent session, there. Accordingly, the mere words, Rock of Cancale, are enough to make a gourmand's heart leap. But, as a great deal more genuine Champagne wine is drunk than ever was grown in that historic province; so, if all the oyster shells were gathered together, which have been opened as, true and native *Cancales*,

they would go a good way towards filling up the Gulf of St. Malo, if they were suddenly restored to their warranted home. There are hundreds of Cancale Rocks in France, all overhanging the same sort of benevolent establishment, but I doubt whether there be one whose master has undergone more than him of Lille in furtherance of his recreative heart. He merits therefore to be known by name; and I have little fear of giving offence, by recommending all whom it may concern to taste the good things of M. Puy, of the *Vieux Marché aux Poules*, or Old Chicken Market — which sometimes may have also served as a market for old chickens.

Everybody is aware that the *carte* of a *restaurant* contains a number of delicacies which are not to be had. They are not merely inserted to complete the number — like stuffed or painted supernumeraries on a provincial stage, or leather-backed blocks of wood in a choice but still deficient library. No! They are paraded with a refinement of art, to lash the appetite into a state of irrepressible keenness, so that what does come to hand at last, is devoured with as much esurient relish as if the eater had stood a seven-months' siege, or had just returned from a voyage round the world. The knowing reader is also cognizant that there is something which a *restaurant* always has ready; which is often the very best thing you can get,

the foundation-stone of the reputation of the house, and of which if you do not speak in terms of respect, you must not be surprised to be shown the door. You have seen a Professor of Legerdemain fool a grass-green spectator into the idea that he had chosen a card from the offered pack, when it was a Hobson's choice impudently forced upon him. In like manner, the *restaurant* waiter contrives, that while you fancy you are ordering a dinner — you being still in crassest ignorance — the very things for which the place is noted should be the prominent points of your impromptu feast. This is well, and I do not grumble at it, provided that the delicacy be not tripe. To avoid swallowing the dose, whatever it may happen to be, is quite a culinary impossibility. If the dish goes against the grain, the guest had better rush out of the house at once. One of the best cooks in France that I know compels you to eat chitterlings (*andouillets*) and roasted lobster, if any are to be had within twenty miles round. That, however, is a species of martyrdom which will be quietly submitted to with a little practice.

At Puy's, somehow, you find before you fillet-of-beef steak, with mushroom sauce. Other things, to be sure, are there, all exceedingly good of their kind; but what between the merits of the *plat* and the insinuating influence which pervades the plate, it would not be easy to dine there

often and refrain from the steak and its mushroom garnish. You sin, too, in the midst of a crowd. The gentleman on the left hand, nearest your table, acts like a spoiled child with a lump of plum-cake. He picks out the plums, or "buttons," one by one, and gobbles them up to the very last, leaving the vulgarer material, the every-day viand, to shift for itself, and be consumed or not, as appetite may allow. It is necessary now to make the statement that this interminable mushroom feast is entirely the result of skilful culture, under circumstances which may be designated as "very peculiar."

M. Puy is a man of energy. At Lezennes, a village a little to the south-east of Lille, he has a garden which produces an abundance of dainties. Tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, and all sorts of forced vegetables start from the earth as if they were escaping for their life. They find a refuge under glass, when the open air gives them too cold a reception. But it is useless to look for mushrooms there. And yet they are nearer than you might imagine.

Besides his garden and his fields above-ground, M. Puy is lord of a subterranean realm. Other potentates have found their dominions so vast and straggling, as to become in the end unwieldy and dangerous. Exactly such is the fact with M. Puy. Suppose, to bring the case home to yourself, that any kind benefactor were to bequeath to you as an in-

heritance, the Catacombs [of Paris. Pray what would you do with them, Sir? M. Puy has the catacombs, or *carrières* of Lezennes, and he applies them to mushroom growing on a large scale. Permission granted, they are curious to see; but — and I now write in serious warning — if you do go to see, Beware! Do not dare to visit them after a champagne luncheon, nor in company with people who like to play the fool, and who mistake bravado for wit and spirit.

You are conducted to a village inn, to which inn belongs a cellar. In the side of the cellar is a little door, through which you descend by wooden steps to the caverns below. The depth is nothing, and varies scarcely at all; you are only six-and-thirty feet beneath the surface. You are furnished with a little hand-lamp, and a guide of course accompanies you. There can be no harm or cowardice in requesting one or two others to join the party; and the man who should resolve never to enter these underground quarries without a store of lucifers and wax-lights in one pocket and of biscuits in the other, ought not to be set down as either a fool or a poltroon. I am ashamed to confess to having thrust myself into what might easily prove a fatal dungeon, without the least precaution of the kind.

The spot to which you first descend is the centre of a series of irregular ramifications, extending hither and thither be-

neath the earth, running off to the right and left, interlacing and starting away afresh for four or five leagues, no one knows whither and is not a bit too anxious to ascertain. They are three or four yards wide on the average, and about as many high, cut through the soft limestone rock (which now and then falls in, in places), but are really of quite irregular dimensions, sometimes so low and so narrow as only to allow the passage of a single person. There are cross-ways, branching roads, and blind alleys leading to nothing. As far as the mushroom culture is carried on — a very considerable extent of cavern — there are now and then (rarely) gratings to the upper air, through which the necessary manure is let down, and also serving as ventilators, without which the workmen could not continue their labours. Beyond the mushrooms not a ray of light enters; but even amongst them, and with a light, I should be sorry to be strayed and left to find my way back again in the course of four-and-twenty hours.

Instead of any bins, or shelves, the mushrooms here are grown on ridges about a couple of feet high, and of the same breadth at foot, containing manure and covered with earth flattened close by the back of the spade, like miniature ridges for the preservation of beet-root. No straw is used to cover them, nor is needful in such an invariable condi-

tion of moisture, atmosphere, and darkness. They follow the windings, and run along the course of the caverns, which are made to contain one, two, or three ridges, according to their breadth of floor, leaving a convenient pathway between each ridge, for the labourers to walk and gather the produce. At the time of my visit, the growth was slack; I had been told beforehand there were no mushrooms: but I found ridges in all the intermediate states between the first pimply symptoms of the mushroom-pox, to full-sized buttons as big as crown-pieces. Other ridges, again, were exhausted; and were soon to be removed, to be replaced by fresh materials for the generation of fungi. Only a small proportion of the crop is consumed in the *restaurant*, although the demand there must be to no trifling amount; the bulk is sent off to distant towns, and is even purchased by "the stranger."

Seven or eight men are constantly employed in mushroom growing in the *carrières*. They receive higher wages than their friends above ground, and they well deserve every *sou* they earn. "But," said a daylight-er who walked by my side, "I like sunshine, Monsieur; so I stick to the garden, though I don't get quite so much pay as they do." The ruddy bronzed complexion of the speaker contrasted strangely with the waxy pallid face of our guide; — and delicate ladies

ought to know how good it is for the health to be well tanned in the sun-beams at least once or twice a year. The men work twelve hours a day; consequently, in winter they never see sunlight, except on Sundays and fête-days, which they have to themselves. They are more subject to illness than field-labourers are, not only in consequence of losing the stimulus which light affords to the constitution, but also from chills, and the imperfect ventilation of the place and the gases emitted by the fermenting dung intermingled with those from the sprouting mushrooms.

On the tenth of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, M. Puy entered his caverns, to plan the arrangement of his future crop. He went on and on, thinking of business, without discovering that he had lost his way. On attempting to return, he found that he was traversing paths hitherto unknown to him. Sometimes he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees, to proceed in what he believed the right direction, but still he could not hit upon any beaten and recognisable portion of the interminable grotto. At last, his light went out, and further progress, any way, if not impossible, was perfectly useless. He sat down, determined to wait, knowing that he should be missed, and that search would be made for him. It was the wisest, in fact, the only thing he could do.

There he remained in the dark all night, seated on the floor of the cavern, he knew not where. Next morning, Madame Puy, his mother — for M. Puy is still a single man — finding that he did not return home to Lille to sleep as usual, felt sure that he had wandered too far in the *carrières*. Madame Puy is still living, and in health, but she “well remembers that day, and those which followed it.” She immediately called upon her friends and neighbours to assist the workpeople in making a search. They readily answered to the appeal, incurring themselves no slight danger. The man who guided me through the mushroom beds, in his zeal to find his missing master lost himself for thirteen hours, although well provided with lights.

Another day elapsed, and no M. Puy. The whole population of Lille was filled with anxiety. The authorities were called upon to lend their aid. The troops were ordered down into the caverns. Drums were beaten, and guns were fired; but it is singular that, in those horrid recesses, the most powerful sounds make but little way. *Douaniers*, or customs-men, were sent for from the frontier, bringing with them their powerful, keen-scented, and well-trained dogs. But instead of the dogs finding M. Puy, they themselves narrowly escaped being lost. One magnificent brute got so completely strayed, that he must have perished had he not

been at last discovered. Parties tied one end of various balls of string to frequented portions of the cavern, and then went forward in opposite directions, unrolling them as they proceeded, in the hope that lost man might stumble upon the clue. Others penetrated as far as they dared, bearing with them bundles of straw, a single one of which they laid on the ground, at short intervals, with the head or ear pointing the way to go in order to escape from this den of horrors. No fear there that the wind, or an animal, or a human passenger, should disturb so slight and frail an index! Everything, in short, was done that courage and friendship could suggest; but for three days the benevolent hunt was fruitless.

After M. Puy had disappeared for three whole days, he was found at last by a bold young man, in the place where he had determined to remain till sought for. The spot is just under a mill in the neighbouring village, and is a long, long way from the point of starting. His first inquiry was, how long he had been there? for he had no means of measuring the lapse of time. He was astonished to learn that three days had been passed in that lone concealment, without either food or drink. It was well for him, perhaps, that he was obliged to remain in that state of ignorance. As the hour of his deliverance became more and more delayed, he might otherwise have fallen

into a fatal despair. As it was, in spite of every care, six months elapsed before he recovered from the consequent illness; and it was probably at least a twelve-month before he was exactly himself again.

This, then, is the cost of Mushrooms in France, in consequence of people refusing to eat wild ones, even if gathered by persons competent to distinguish the wholesome from the poisonous kinds; namely, the constant deterioration of health, and the occasional risk of life, on the part of those whose profession it is to cultivate them.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BABY CHARLES became KING CHARLES THE FIRST, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Unlike his father, he was usually amiable, in his private character, and grave and dignified in his bearing; but, like his father, he had monstrously exaggerated notions of the rights of a king; and was evasive, and not to be trusted. If his word could have been relied upon, his history might have had a different end.

His first care was to send over that insolent upstart, Buckingham, to bring Henrietta Maria from Paris to be his Queen; upon which occasion Buckingham — with his usual audacity — made

love to the young Queen of Austria, and was very indignant indeed with CARDINAL RICHELIEU, the French Minister, for thwarting his intentions. The English people were very well disposed to like their new Queen, and to receive her with great favour when she came among them as a stranger. But, she held the Protestant religion in great dislike, and brought over a crowd of unpleasant priests, who made her do some very ridiculous things, and forced themselves upon the public notice in many disagreeable ways. Hence, the people soon came to dislike her, and she soon came to dislike them; and she did so much all through this reign in setting the King (who was dotingly fond of her) against his subjects, that it would have been better for him if she had never been born.

Now, you are to understand that King Charles the First — of his own determination to be a high and mighty King not to be called to account by anybody, and urged on by his Queen besides — deliberately set himself to put his Parliament down and to put himself up. You are also to understand, that even in pursuit of this wrong idea — enough in itself to have ruined any king — he never took a straight course, but always took a crooked one.

He was bent upon war with Spain, though neither the House of Commons nor the people were quite clear as to the justice of that war, now that they began to

think a little more about the story of the Spanish match. But the King rushed into it hotly, raised money by illegal means to meet its expenses, and encountered a miserable failure at Cadiz in the very first year of his reign. An expedition to Cadiz had been made in the hope of plunder, but as it was not successful it was necessary to get a grant of money from the Parliament, and when they met — in no very complying humour — the King told them, “to make haste to let him have it, or it would be the worse for themselves.” Not put in a more complying humour by this, they impeached the King’s favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, as the cause (which he undoubtedly was) of many great public grievances and wrongs. The King to save him dissolved the Parliament without getting the money he wanted; and when the Lords implored him to consider and grant a little delay, he replied “No, not one minute.” He then began to raise money for himself by the following means among others.

He levied certain duties called tonnage and poundage which had not been granted by the Parliament, and could lawfully be levied by no other power; he called upon the sea-port towns to furnish, and to pay all the costs for three months of, a fleet of armed ships; and he required the people to unite in lending him large sums of money, the repayment of which was very doubtful. If the poor people refused, they

were pressed as soldiers or sailors; if the gentry refused, they were sent to prison. Five gentlemen, named SIR THOMAS DARNEL, JOHN CORBET, WALTER EARL, JOHN HEVENINGHAM, and EVERARD HAMPDEN, for refusing were taken up by a warrant of the King's privy council, and sent to prison without any cause but the King's pleasure being stated for their imprisonment. Then the question came to be solemnly tried, whether this was not a violation of Magna Charta, and an encroachment by the King on the highest rights of the English people. His lawyers contended No, because to encroach upon the rights of the English people would be to do wrong, and the King could do no wrong. The accommodating judges decided in favour of this wicked nonsense; and here was a fatal division between the King and the people.

For all this, it became necessary to call another Parliament. The people, sensible of the danger in which their liberties were, chose for it those who were best known for their determined opposition to the King; but still the King, quite blinded by his determination to carry everything before him, addressed them when they met in a contemptuous manner, and just told them, in so many words, that he had only called them together because he wanted money. The Parliament, strong enough and resolute enough to know that

they would lower his tone, cared little for what he said, and laid before him one of the great documents of history, which is called the PETITION OF RIGHT, requiring that the free men of England should no longer be called upon to lend the King money, and should no longer be pressed or imprisoned for refusing to do so; further, that the free men of England should no longer be seized by the King's special mandate or warrant, it being contrary to their rights and liberties and the laws of their country. At first the King returned an answer to this petition, in which he tried to shirk it altogether; but, the House of Commons then showing their determination to go on with the impeachment of Buckingham, the King, in alarm, returned an answer, giving his consent to all that was required of him. He not only afterwards departed from his word and honour on these points, over and over again; but, at this very time, he did the mean and dissembling act of publishing his first answer and not his second — merely that the people might suppose that the Parliament had not got the better of him.

That pestilent Buckingham, to gratify his own wounded vanity, had by this time involved the country in war with France, as well as with Spain. For such miserable causes and such miserable creatures are wars sometimes made! But he was destined

to do little more mischief in this world. One morning as he was going out of his house to his carriage, he turned to speak to a certain Colonel FRYER who was with him; and was violently stabbed with a knife, which the murderer left sticking in his heart. This happened in his hall. He had had angry words upstairs, just before, with some French gentlemen, who were immediately suspected by his servants, and had a close escape from being set upon and killed. In the midst of the noise, the real murderer, who had gone to the kitchen, and might easily have got away, drew his sword and cried out, "I am the man!" His name was JOHN FELTON, a Protestant and a retired officer in the army. He said he had had no personal ill will to the Duke, but had killed him as a curse to the country. He had aimed his blow well, for Buckingham had only had time to cry out, "Villain!" and then he drew out the knife, fell against a table, and died.

The council made a mighty business of examining John Felton about this murder, though it was a plain case enough, one would think. He had come seventy miles to do it, he told them, and he did it for the reason he had declared; and if they put him upon the rack, as that noble MARQUIS OF DORSET whom he saw before him, had the goodness to threaten, he gave that marquis warning, that he would accuse him as his accomplice. The King

was unpleasantly anxious to have him racked nevertheless; but as the judges now found out that torture was contrary to the law of England — it is a pity they did not make the discovery a little sooner — John Felton was simply executed for the murder he had done. A murder it undoubtedly was, and not in the least to be defended: though he had freed England from one of the most profligate, contemptible, and base court favourites to whom it has ever yielded.

A very different man now arose. This was Sir THOMAS WENTWORTH, a Yorkshire gentleman, who had sat in Parliament for a long time, and who had favoured arbitrary and haughty principles; but who had gone over to the people's side on receiving offence from Buckingham. The King, much wanting such a man — for, besides being naturally favourable to the King's cause, he had great abilities — made him first a Baron, and then a Viscount, and gave him high employment, and won him most completely.

A Parliament, however, was still in existence, and was *not* to be won. On the twentieth of January, one thousand six hundred and twenty-nine, Sir JOHN ELIOT, a great man who had been active in the Petition of Right, brought forward other strong resolutions against the King's chief instruments, and called upon the Speaker to put them to the vote. To this the Speaker answered, "he was commanded otherwise

by the King," and got up to leave the chair—which, according to the rules of the House of Commons, would have obliged it to adjourn without doing anything more — when two members, named Mr. HOLLIS and Mr. VALENTINE, held him down. A scene of great confusion arose among the members, and while many swords were drawn and flashing about, the King, who was kept informed of all that was going on, told the captain of his guard to go down to the House and force the doors. The resolutions were by that time, however, voted, and the House adjourned. Sir John Eliot and those two members who had held the Speaker down, were quickly summoned before the council. As they claimed it to be their privilege not to answer out of Parliament for anything they had said in it, they were committed to the Tower. The King then went down and dissolved the Parliament, in a speech wherein he made mention of these gentlemen as "Vipers" — which did not do him much good that ever I have heard of.

As they refused to gain their liberty by saying they were sorry for what they had done, the King, always remarkably unforgiving, never overlooked their offence. When they demanded to be brought up before the Court of King's Bench, he even resorted to the meanness of having them moved about from prison to prison, so that the writs issued for

that purpose should not legally find them. At last they came before the court and were sentenced to heavy fines, and to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure. When Sir John Eliot's health had quite given way, and he so longed for change of air and scene as to petition for his release, the King sent back the answer (worthy of his Sowslip himself) that the petition was not humble enough. When he sent another petition by his young son, in which he pathetically offered to go back to prison when his health was restored, if he might be released for its recovery, the King still disregarded it. When he died in the Tower, and his children petitioned to be allowed to take his body down to Cornwall, there to lay it among the ashes of his forefathers, the King returned for answer, "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he died." All this was like a very little King indeed, I think.

And now, for twelve long years, steadily pursuing his design of setting himself up and putting the people down, the King called no Parliament, but ruled without one. If twelve thousand volumes were written in his praise (as a good many have been) it would still remain a fact, impossible to be denied, that for twelve years King Charles the First reigned in England unlawfully and despotically, seized upon his subjects' goods and money at his pleasure,

and punished, according to his unbridled will, all who ventured to oppose him. It is a fashion with some people to think that this King's career was cut short; but I must say myself that I think he ran a pretty long one.

WILLIAM LAUD, Archbishop of Canterbury, was the King's right-hand man in the religious part of the putting down of the people's liberties. Laud, who was a sincere man of large learning but small sense — for the two things sometimes go together in very different quantities — though a Protestant held opinions so near those of the Catholics, that the Pope wanted to make a Cardinal of him, if he would have accepted that favour. He looked upon vows, robes, lighted candles, images, and so forth, as amazingly important in religious ceremonies; and he brought in an immensity of bowing and candle-snuffing. He also regarded archbishops and bishops as a sort of miraculous persons, and was inveterate in the last degree against any who thought otherwise. Accordingly, he offered up thanks to Heaven, and was in a state of much pious pleasure, when a Scotch clergyman named LEIGHTON, was pilloried, whipped, branded in the cheek, and had one of his ears cut off, and one of his nostrils slit, for calling bishops trumpery and the inventions of men. He originated on a Sunday morning the prosecution of WILLIAM PRYNN, a barrister, who was of

similar opinions, and who was fined a thousand pounds, who was pilloried, who had his ears cut off on two occasions — one ear at a time — and who was imprisoned for life. He highly approved of the punishment of DOCTOR BASTWICK, a physician, who was also fined a thousand pounds, and who afterwards had his ears cut off, and was imprisoned for life. These were gentle methods of persuasion, some will tell you: still, I think they were rather calculated to be alarming to the people.

In the money part of the putting down of the people's liberties, the King was equally gentle, as some will tell you: still, as I think, equally alarming. He levied those duties of tonnage and poundage, and increased them as he thought fit. He granted monopolies to companies of merchants on their paying him for them; notwithstanding the great complaints that had, for years and years, been made on the subject of monopolies. He fined the people for disobeying proclamations issued by his Sowship in direct violation of the law. He revived the detested Forest laws, and took private property to himself as his forest right. Above all, he determined to have what was called Ship Money, that is to say, money for the support of the fleet — not only from the sea-ports, but from all the counties of England; having found out that, in some ancient time or other, all the counties paid it.

The grievance of this ship money being somewhat too strong, JOHN CHAMBERS, a citizen of London, refused to pay his part of it. For this the Lord Mayor ordered John Chambers to prison, and for that John Chambers brought a suit against the Lord Mayor. LORD SAY, also, behaved like a real nobleman, and declared he would not pay. But, the sturdiest and best opponent of the ship money was JOHN HAMPDEN, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, who had sat among the vipers in the House of Commons when there was such a thing, and who had been the bosom friend of Sir John Eliot. This case was tried before the twelve judges in the Court of Exchequer; and again the King's lawyers said it was impossible that ship money could be wrong, because the King could do no wrong, however hard he tried — and he really did try very hard during these twelve years. Seven of the judges said that was quite true, and Mr. Hampden was bound to pay; five of the judges said that was quite false, and Mr. Hampden was not bound to pay. So the King triumphed (as he thought), by making Hampden the most popular man in England, where matters were getting to that height now that many honest Englishmen could not endure their country, and sailed away across the seas, to found a colony in Massachusetts Bay in America. It is said that Hampden himself and his relation OLIVER

CROMWELL, were going with a company of such voyagers, and were actually on board ship, when they were stopped by a proclamation, prohibiting sea captains to carry out such passengers without the royal license. But O! it would have been well for the King if he had let them go!

This was the state of England. If Laud had been a madman just broke loose, he could not have done more mischief than he did in Scotland. In his endeavours (in which he was seconded by the King, then in person in that part of his dominions) to force his own ideas of bishops, and his own religious forms and ceremonies, upon the Scotch, he roused that nation to a perfect frenzy. They formed a solemn league, which they called The Covenant, for the preservation of their own religious forms; they rose in arms throughout the whole country; they summoned all their men to prayers and sermons twice-a-day by beat of drum; they sang psalms, in which they compared their enemies to all the evil spirits that ever were heard of; and they solemnly vowed to smite them with the sword. At first the King tried force, then treaty, then a Scottish Parliament, which did not answer at all. Then he tried the EARL OF STRAFFORD, formerly Sir Thomas Wentworth, who, as LORD WENTWORTH, had been governing Ireland. He, too, had carried it with a very high hand

there, though, it must be frankly admitted, to the benefit and prosperity of that country.

Strafford and Laud were, of course, for conquering the Scottish people by force of arms. Other lords who were taken into council, recommended that a Parliament should at last be called; to which the King unwillingly consented. So, on the thirteenth of April, one thousand six hundred and forty, that then strange sight, a Parliament, was seen at Westminster. It is called the Short Parliament, for it lasted a very little while. While the members were all looking at one another, doubtful who would dare to speak, Mr. Pym arose and set forth all that the King had done unlawfully during the past twelve years, and what was the position to which England was then reduced. This great example set, other members took courage and spoke the truth freely, though with great patience and moderation. The King, a little frightened, sent to say that if they would grant him a certain sum on certain terms, no more ship money should be raised. They debated the matter for two days; and then, as they would not give him all he asked without promise or enquiry, he dissolved them.

But they knew very well that he must have a Parliament now; and he began to make that discovery too, though rather late in the day. Wherefore, on the twenty-fourth of September,

being then at York with an army collected against the Scottish people, but sullen and discontented like the rest of the nation, the King told a great council of the Lords, whom he had called to meet him there, that he would summon another Parliament to assemble on the third of November. The soldiers of the Covenant had now forced their way into England and taken possession of the northern counties, where the coals are got: so, as it would never do to be without coals, and as the King's troops could make no head against the Covenanters so full of gloomy zeal, a truce was made, and a treaty with Scotland was taken into consideration. Meanwhile the northern counties paid the Covenanters to leave the coals alone, and keep quiet.

We have now disposed of the Short Parliament. We have next to see what memorable things were done by the Long one.

WANT PLACES.

I CAREFULLY peruse every day the Want Places columns of the Times newspaper. As I shall presently show, I happen to know every one of the advertisers, and intend to introduce them to public notice. The ladies first:—

AS HOUSEKEEPER to a nobleman or gentleman, a respectable middle-aged party, fully conversant with her duties. Unexceptionable references. Address—K. G., 3, Preserve Street, Piccadilly Gardens.

Mrs. Barbara Blundy is the "party." She is fond of mentioning, casually, that she was born in eighteen hundred and ten: but she is at least fifty; stiff, starched, demure. Two bands of well-pomatumed brown hair, and two thin pendants of cork-screw ringlets are perpetually on duty, on either side of her severe cap, caparisoned with grey ribbons of price; Mrs. Blundy's keys and key basket are her inseparable companions. She carries the one, she jingles the others with an inflexible rigidity of purpose. Her dress is of iron grey; and in it, with her iron keys she looks like the gaoler, as she is, of the pickles and preserves; the Charon of the still-room, the Alecto of the linen-chest, the Megæra of the house-maids, the Tisiphone of domestic economy. From her waist descends a silken apron of rich but sober colours, supposed to have been originally a genuine Bandanna handkerchief; one indeed of a set presented to her by General Sir Bulteel Bango, K. C. B., formerly colonel of the old hundredth regiment (raised by Colonel Sternhold in sixteen hundred and ninety-one, and known in the low country campaigns as Hopkins's foot). Mrs. Blundy wears a spray of ambiguous transparencies, accepted by a great exertion of faith by those who pay her court to be Irish diamonds; but which bear a stronger resemblance to the glass drops of a bye-gone girandole. Afternoon and evening she wears a black, stiff, rustling silk dress — like a board, as I have heard ladies say. None of your fal-de-ral lavender boots; but rigid, unmistakeable shoes of Cordovan leather, with broad sandals, and stout soles. Nogew-gaws, or vain lappets, for Mrs. Blundy, when it pleases her to walk abroad; but a severe, composed, decorous, comfortable grey plaid shawl, a real sable muff (how the cook envies it!), a drawn silk bonnet, black kid gloves of stout Lamb's Conduit Street make, and the keys in a reticule like a silken travelling-bag. On Sunday evening she sweeps round the corner to chapel, and "sits under" the Reverend Nahum Gillywhack (of Lady Mullington's persuasion); and afterwards, perchance, condescends to partake of a neat supper of something warm at Mr. Chives'; formerly a butler; but now a green-grocer (and a widower) in Orchard Street.

When Mrs. Blundy is "suited" in a nobleman or gentleman's family — as she was at Lady Leviathan's in Plesiosaurus Square — she is a fearful and wonderful sight. She moves down the back stairs with the dignity of a duchess who had come that way by mistake. Yet she is profoundly humble. She hopes (oh, how humbly!) that she knows her place. To see her curtsy to Lady Leviathan, you would have imagined she was wont to stand on a descending platform instead of on a square of the carpet — so

low did she bend. Mrs. Blundy considered Miss Poonah (governess to the Honourables Bovina and Lardina Lambert, her ladyship's eldest daughters) as a very well-behaved young person, highly accomplished, no doubt; but with a "want of moral fitness;" an ambiguous expression which told immensely with the schoolroom maid, who stated that it exactly tallied with her opinion of Miss Poonah; who was, *she* should say, a "stuck up thing."

Mrs. Blundy left Lady Leviathan's in consequence of a "difficulty" with the lady's maid respecting Mr. Chives.

Mrs. Blundy is not "suited" just now, and she is temporarily residing at a serious butcher's, in a narrow court, behind a great church at the West End, where Mr. Cuffe, the beadle, not unfrequently condescends to insert his gold-laced person, and to purchase a plump chump chop, or a succulent lamb's fry. When Mrs. Blundy is "suited," (which will be soon, for her references are unexceptionable,) she will rule the roast as completely as ever. She practises, perhaps unconsciously, Frederic Barbarossa's maxim — "Who can dissimulate can reign." She will bully the still-room maid and the footman; and Heaven only help the housemaids! The terrible lectures they will have to endure on the sinfulness of ribbons, the unloveliness of love-locks, the perdition of jewellery! The dismal anecdotes they will

have to endure of errant housemaids who, disregarding the advice of their pastors and friends — the housekeepers — fell into evil ways, and were afterwards seen walking in the Park on Sunday, with fourteen frouces one above the other, and leaning on the arms of Life Guardsmen. All this will be, as it has been before, when Mrs. Blundy is "suited."

To be housekeeper to a duchess is the culminating point of every Mrs. Blundy's ambition. To dine with the groom of the chambers, and my lord duke's steward — to have her own still-room footman behind her own still-room chair — to hear the latest Court news from her grace's lady's maid, or from Monsieur Anatole, the hairdresser, invited in to partake of a glass of particular Madeira. These, with the comfortable perspective of a retiring pension, or of a stately superannuation at his grace's great show-house in Hampshire; with rich fees for showing Claudes and Petitots, Sèvres porcelain and Gobelin tapestry to visitors. Any duchess, therefore, who may want such a person, will know where to apply.

AS HOUSEKEEPER to a Single or Invalid Gentleman, a Single Person of experience. Can be highly recommended. — Address, Alpha, at Mr. Mutts, 72, Kingsgate Street, Holborn.

Attached relatives and friends of Sir Dian Lunes, Bart. — who, beyond occasional aberrations and delusions respecting his head being a beehive and himself being

heir to the throne of Great Britain, is a harmless, helpless, paralytic, bed-ridden old gentleman enough — may be safely assured that Alpha is the housekeeper for him — Alpha, otherwise represented by Miss Rudd.

Mr. Mutts, trunk-maker, of Kingsgate Street, Holborn, knows Miss Rudd. Does he *not*? Ugh! Who but a meek, quiet, little widowed trunk-maker, with three daughters (grown up, and all inclined to redness at the nose), would have known that terrible female half as long as he has done. She lodges with him in the frequent intervals between her situations. "Hang her, she *do*," says Mutts to himself as he is busy at work. And, as he says it, he gives a nail which he fancies has a Ruddish appearance such an exasperated rap, that Grapp, his apprentice, begins rapping at *his* nails, in professional emulation, harder than ever; and the two between them engender such a storm of raps, that Mr. Ferret, the surly attorney opposite, sends across with his compliments, and really he shall be obliged to indict Mr. Mutts for a nuisance — indeed he shall.

Miss Rudd — she is tall, lank, and bony! She has some jet ornaments in heavy links about her neck; but, resembling the fetters over the gate of the Old Bailey, they have not a decorative effect. She wears a faded black merino dress, the reflections from which are red with rust. Her feet are long and narrow, like canoes.

Her hands, when she has those hideous black mittens on, always remind me of unboiled lobsters.

When Judith Jael Mutts, aged twenty-three, tells her father that Miss Rudd — having left Mrs. Major Morbuss's family, in consequence of the levity of Miss Corpus, that lady's niece — is, pending her acceptance of another engagement, coming to stay a week in Kingsgate Street, the poor man breaks out into a cold perspiration — yet his daughter Judith always adds, "Really Miss Rudd is such a superior person, and has so strict a sense of her moral mission, that we should *all* be benefitted" (a glance at Mutts over his Sunday newspaper) "by her stay." Mutts knows that it is all over with this same newspaper during Miss Rudd's stay; which, though announced as to be only of a week's duration, he knows, from sad experience, will very probably be indefinitely protracted. Miss Rudd's moral mission ordinarily involves an unusual tartness of temper in Mr. Mutts's three amiable daughters; it makes — on the general question of theology at meal times and extra exposure to being "worretted" — Grapp, the apprentice's life a temporary burden to him. There is no rest for Mr. Mutts while the single gentleman's housekeeper is good enough to lodge with him. He is in daily perturbation lest Miss Rudd should take his state of widowhood as a state of sin; and, willing or not willing,

marry him severely. With what alacrity he carries the notification of Miss Rudd's wishes to Printing House Square! How devoutly he hopes that the advertisement will be speedily answered!

Not only to Sir Dian Lunes, but to Thomas Tallboys, Esq. (known when in the House from his taciturnity as "Mum" Tallboys), Miss Rudd would be a most eligible retainer. That stiff, stern, melancholy, silent man would find a treasure in her. Trestles, the footman, who is more than half brother to a mute, would have a grim and silent respect for her. Her lank canoe-like shoes would go noiselessly about the stairs; into Mr. Tallboys' ghastly dining-room, where there is a Turkey carpet, of which the faded colours seem to have sunk through the floor, like spectres; into the study, where there are great book-cases filled with vellum bound volumes, which seem to have turned pale with fright at the loneliness of their habitation, a neat view of the Street of Tombs at Pompeii, and a model of an ancient sarcophagus; where every morning she would find Mr. Tallboys in a dressing-gown like a tartan winding-sheet, with a bony paper-knife cutting the pages of the Registrar-General's returns, which he will have sent to him weekly: into the silent kitchen, where an imposing and gleaming *batterie de cuisine* (never used but twice a year) blinks lazily at the preparations for his daily chop: into the mournful

housekeeper's room, garnished with unused sweets and condiments; into the strange crypts and vaults of the silent cellar would Miss Rudd roam noiselessly, gloomily. Mr. Tallboys will, after she has served him for a year, have the highest respect for her. "She is a person," he will write to his friend Colonel Vertebra, judge advocate of the colony of Kensalgrenia, "of singular discretion and reticence." When he dies he will leave her a considerable sum in those mortuary securities, South Sea annuities. Then, perhaps, she will espouse the grim Mr. Trestles, and conduct a dreary lodging-house in some dreary street adjoining an obsolete square; or, adhering to celibacy, will retire to a neat sarcophagus cottage in the Mile-end Road, or the vicinity of Dalston.

It is a mistake to suppose that a single gentleman's housekeeper proceeds uniformly to her end — which is naturally connected with the probate duty — by means of coaxing, complaisance, and general sycophancy. Such means may be employed in certain cases, where the patient — like a man who has been addicted to opium-eating — cannot be kept up to the mark without doses of his habitual medicine, flattery. But, in nine cases out of ten, the successful treatment is tyranny and intimidation. A proper impression once implanted in the mind of the single gentleman that his housekeeper is indispensable to

his health and comfort, and she is safe. Her knees need be no longer hinged, her neck corrigible, her tongue oiled. The little finger of the domestic becomes a rod of iron, with which the celibatarian may be scourged, or round which he may be twisted at will. How many fierce major-generals there are, once the martinets of garrisons, who are now the submissive Helots of cross old women who cannot spell! How many Uncle Toms crouch beneath the lash of a female Legree, whom they feed and pay wages to! This is human nature. We know that we can turn Legree out of doors, and break her cowskin over her back, to-morrow; but we don't do anything of the sort.

There are many other housekeepers who want places just now. There is Mrs. Muggeridge, who is not too proud to seek a domestic appointment, in which the high art of the housekeeper is joined to the more homely avocations of the cook. As cook and housekeeper, Mrs. Muggeridge will suit genteel families in Bloomsbury and Russell Squares, Gower Street, Mornington Crescent, or Cadogan Place. She would be just the person for the upper end of Sloane Street. She has a neat hand in cutting vegetable bouquets, for garnishing, out of carrots, turnips, and parsnips; also for the decorated frills of paper round the shank-bones of legs of mutton and the tops of candle-sticks. She can

make gooseberry fools, custards, and jellies; but, if trifles or Chantilly baskets are in question, they must be referred to the pastrycook; for Mrs. Muggeridge is genteel, but not fashionable. She is a stout, buxom woman, very clean and neat; and, to see her going round to her various tradespeople in the morning with her capacious basket and store of red account-books, is a very cheerful and edifying spectacle. Mrs. Muggeridge has a husband — a meek little man with a grey head and a limp white neckcloth — who is head waiter at a large hotel; but he is seldom seen at home, and is not of much account there when he is.

Then there is Mrs. Compott, who is desirous of obtaining a situation as housekeeper in a school or public establishment, and who would not object to look after the linen department. Mrs. Compott is a very hard, angular, inflexible woman, with a decidedly strong mind. She is not exactly unfeeling, but her sensibilities are blunted — not to say deadened — by the wear and tear of many boys; and such a tough integument has been formed over her finer feelings as might be supposed to be possessed by a Scotch assistant surgeon in the navy after a sharp sequence of cock-pit practice. At Mr. Gripforth's academy for young gentlemen, Hammersmith, she would be an invaluable scholastic housekeeper and matron. The little maladies to which school-boys

are liable; — such as chicken-pox, hooping-cough, chilblains, ringworm, boils, chapped hands and cuts — all of which ailments she classes under the generic term of “rubbage” — she treats with sudden remedies, generally efficacious, but occasionally objected to by the patient. Mr. P’tarr, the visiting apothecary — a fawn-coloured young man in a shiny macintosh, very harmless, and reputed to sustain nature by the consumption of his own stock of cough lozenges, humected with rose water — has a high opinion of Mrs. Compott. “I will send Tumfey,” he says to the principal, “another bottle of the mixture; and that, with Mrs. Compott’s good care, will soon bring him round.” Have you never known a Mrs. Compott? In your young days, at Mr. Gripforth’s academy, at Miss Whalebone’s preparatory establishment, or Doctor Rubasore’s collegiate school; where it was so essential that the pupils should be sons of gentlemen, and where you had that great fight with Andy Spring the pork-butcher’s son? Can’t you remember your sycophancy to that majestic woman for jam and late bread and butter? You could not crawl lower, now, for a Garter or a tide-waiter’s place. Don’t you yet feel a sort of shudder at the remembrance of Mrs. Compott’s Saturday night’s gymnastics with the towel, the yellow soap, the hard water, and — horror of horrors — the small tooth comb?

Mrs. Compott is always a widow. Mr. Compott was “unfortunate,” and had “a house of his own, once;” but what his misfortunes or his house were is as mysterious as a cuneiform inscription. Mrs. Compott very often contracts a second marriage, and becomes Mrs. Gripforth or Mrs. Rubasore, the more so as otherwise it is inexplicable to me what that rugged, inflexible, terrible personage the schoolmaster’s wife could originally have been; or how indeed schoolmasters themselves find time and opportunity to court wives. I never knew a young lady who kept company with a schoolmaster, nor was I ever at a scholastic wedding. Others may have been more fortunate.

The schoolmaster’s housekeeper would not mind undertaking the superintendence of a public establishment, which may mean Somerset House, an union workhouse, a female penitentiary, or a set of chambers in the Adelphi. But she is not to that manor born: the orthodox public housekeeper is a widely different functionary. Such public establishments as chambers, public offices, warehouses, &c., are peculiarly adapted to Mrs. Tapps, married, but without incumbrance; entertaining, indeed, a small niece, but who is so far from being an incumbrance that she does, on more or less compulsion, as much work as a grown-up housemaid. Mrs. Tapps is a cloudy female, with a great

deal of apron, living chiefly underground, and never without a bonnet. What her literary attainments (if any) may be I am unable to say; but for all catechetical purposes she is profoundly ignorant. She knows positively nothing upon any subject holding with the external world: less (if that were possible) about any of the lodgers or occupants of the house she dwells in. "She can't say:" — "she don't know, she's sure:" — "she's not 'aweer,'" and so on to the end of the chapter. "She'll ask the landlord." The landlord is her Alpha and her Omega. The landlord is the Grand Thibetian Llama of her creed — as mysterious and as invisible — the Cæsar to whom all appeals must be made. The landlord is all Mrs. Tapps knows or seems to know anything of. Her niece Euphemia is also naturally reserved; of a timidity moving her to violent trembling and weeping when addressed, and afflicted moreover with an impediment in her speech. All you ordinarily see of her is a foreshortened presentment as she is scrubbing the doorsteps or the stairs — all you hear of her are the slipshod scuffling of her shoes about the house, and her stifled moans in the kitchen when being beaten by her aunt for black-leading her face instead of the stove. Mr. Tapps is a postman, or an *employé* in the docks, or a railway porter, or engaged in some avocation which necessitates his

coming home every night very dirty and tired. He smokes a strong pipe and studies yesterday's newspaper till he goes to bed; but how ever Mrs. Tapps, and her niece, and the gaunt grey cat, and the long lean candle with the cauliflower wick, pass their time during the long winter evenings in the silent kitchen in the empty house is beyond my comprehension.

There is another public establishment which boasts a housekeeper — I mean a theatre. Spruce visitors to the boxes, jovial frequenters of the pit, noisy denizens of the gallery, little deem of, or did they would care as little about the existence of a dingy female, "Mrs. Smallgrove, the housekeeper," a personage well known to the stage-doorkeeper and the manager, and the chief of that sallow, decayed, mysterious band of women called "cleaners," who poke about the private boxes and pit benches with stunted brooms and guttering candles during rehearsals, who are dimly visible in dressing-rooms and dark passages. The people behind the scenes, actors, musicians, workmen, are conscious of the existence of these functionaries, but scarcely more. They are aware of Mrs. Smallgrove; but they do not know her. It is a question, even, if they know her name. She superintends the lowering of the grim brown holland cloths over the gay decorations after the performances. Where she lives is a

mystery — somewhere underneath the "grave-trap" in the mezzanine floor, or high in the tackled flies, perhaps. No man regardeth her; but when the last actor is descending from his dressing room at night; when the last carpenter has packed up his tools to go home, the figure of the theatrical housekeeper may be descried duskily looming in the distance — covering up the pianoforte in the green-room, or conferring with the fireman amidst the coils of the engine hose, or upon the deserted stage, which, an hour ago, was joyous with light and life and music. When the Theatre Royal Hatton Garden has a vacancy for a housekeeper it is through some occult influence — some application totally independent of the three-and-sixpenny publicity — that Mrs. Smallgrove is inducted into the situation. She may have been a decayed keeper of the wardrobe, a prompter's wife fallen upon evil days, a decrepid ballet mistress. But what her antecedents have been is doubtful: likewise the amount of her salary.

A S NURSE, in a Nobleman or Gentleman's Family, a Person of great experience in the care of Children. Can be highly recommended by several families of distinction. Address P., care of Mr. Walkinshaw, Trotman's Buildings, Legg Street Road, South.

As nurse! For what enormous funds we can draw on the bank of Memory, on the mention of that familiar word. With her are connected our youthful hopes and

fears — our earliest joys, our earliest sorrows. She was the autocrat of our nonage. Her empire over us commenced even before memory began. When Frederick the Great tempted the soldier on guard to smoke a pipe, adding that he was the king, what was the reply of the faithful sentinel? "King," he said, "be hanged—what would my captain say?" So, when even the parental authority winked at our infantine shortcomings, the dread thought, "What will nurse say?" shot through our youthful minds; and the parental wink, though it might be urged in alleviation, could not purchase impunity.

Charles Lamb, in one of his delightful essays, says, that if he were not an independent gentleman he would like to be a beggar. Alexander of Macedon expressed a somewhat analogical wish in reference to Diogenes in his tub. Thus, to come farther down, and nearer home, I may say that next to being the Marchioness of Candyshire, I should like to be the Marchioness of Candyshire's nurse. I will not enlarge on the gorgeous estate of the monthly nurse in an aristocratic family, on her unquestioned despotism, her unresisted caprices, her irreversible decrees, her undisputed sway over Baby, her familiarity with the most eminent of the faculty, and the auriferous oblations offered to her in the shape of guineas in the christening cup, because the

lady of Trotman's Buildings is the nurse I propose to sketch, not a lunar but a permanent nurse, one of the arbiters of the child's career, from its emancipation from the cradle to its entrance into the school-room.

And surely, when we hear so much of what schoolmasters and mistresses have done towards forming children's minds; when old Fuller bids us remember "R. Bond, of Lancashire," for that he had the "breeding the learned Ascham," and "Hartgrave in Brundly school, because he was the first did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker," and "Mulgrave for his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews;" when we are told what influence this first schoolmistress had towards making Hannah More a moralist, or that governess L. E. L. a poetess, should we not call to mind what mighty influences the nurse must have had in kneading the capacities, and after-likings and after-learnings of the most famous men and women? What heroes and statesmen must have learnt their first lessons of fortitude and prudence on the nurse's knee—what hornbooks of duty and truth and love and piety must have been first conned under that homely instructress? On the other hand, what grievous seeds of craven fear, and dastardy and rebellion, and hypocrisy and hate, and stubborn pride must have been sown in the child's first nursery garden by the nurse? Shakespeare, who never over-

looked anything, was mindful of the nurse's mission: you may turn up a score of quotations on the nursery head without trouble; and (most ludicrous descent of analogy) even that American showman had some shrewd knowledge of the chords that are respondent in the human heart, when he foisted an old black woman on his countrymen as Washington's nurse.

Mrs. Pettifer, now desirous of an engagement in a family of distinction, must have been originally, I take it, a nursery-maid; but if ever lowliness were her "young ambition's ladder," she now decidedly —

— looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which she did ascend.

Between her and nursery-maids there is a yawning gulf as impassable as Niagara in a cock-boat. "Bits of girls," "trumpety things," thus she characterises them. She overflows with the failing by which angels are said to have fallen — pride. There is no humility, real or simulated, about her. She knows her place thoroughly; but she knows that place is to command, to imperate, to overawe high and low, from the Marchioness of Candyshire to Prue the smallest maid, who is the slave of her gunpowder teapot and a bond servant to her arrowroot skillet.

At the Marchioness of Candyshire's (where we will suppose her, for the nonce, to be installed), at that imposing town

house in Great Griffin Street, Brobdingnag Square, about which Messrs. Gunter's myrmidons are always hanging with green boxes; where the clustered soot from bye-gone flambeaux in the iron extinguishers on the area railings is eloquent of entertainments past; and where the harlequinaded hatchment of Goliath the last Marquis (a sad man for chicken-hazard, my dear) hints what a great family the Candyshires are. Here, in this most noble mansion, from the nursery wicket to the weathercocks over the chimney cowl, Martha Pettifer is Empress and Queen. The lower suites of apartments she condescendingly concedes to the Marquis and Marchioness for balls, dinners, and similar trifles; but hers are the flight of nursery stairs, both back and front; hers the airy suite of upper rooms; hers the cribs, cradles, and tender bodies of the hopes and pride of Candyshire.

The youthful Earl of Everton, aged four, Lord Claude Toffie, aged three, Ladies Dulciana and Juliana Toffie, aged two years and eight months, respectively, are her serfs, vassals, and vassals. Over them she has all rights of soccage, jambage, free warren, turbary, pit and gallows (or rather corner and cupboard) and all other feudal and manorial rights. Lord Candyshire — a timid marquis with a red head, manifestly afraid of his own footman, who was expected to do something great in the House on

the Bosjesman Bishoprics (additional) Bill, but did not — is admitted to the nursery on suffrance; and gives there his caresses with perturbation, and his opinions with deference. Lady Candyshire — a majestic member of the female aristocracy (you remember her portrait by Flummery, R. A., as Semiramis), and whom her cousin and former suitor Lord Tommy Fetlock frequently offers to back in the smoking-room of his club as "game" to "shut up" any number of ladies in waiting in a snail's canter — is subdued and complaisant in the nursery. She has an uneasy consciousness that she is not quite mistress there; and though Mrs. Pettifer is not at all like Semiramis, and no Flummery, R. A., ever dreamt of taking her portrait, she defers to her, and bears with her humours, and bends to her will. As for the Candyshire carriage, sleek horses, tiger-skin hammercloth, coachman's wig, footman's batons, and herald painting, they are quite as much Mrs. Pettifer's as her ladyship's. If the youthful scions of that illustrious house are to take, according to her sovereign will, an airing in the Park, and the Marchioness is desirous of attending a meeting of the ladies' committee of the Penitent Cannibals Society, she may take the brougham; Martha Pettifer must have the greatbody vehicle. If, on the other hand, a visit is to be made to Mr. Manismouth, the dentist's, Martha

boldly usurps the close carriage, and, bleak as may be the day, and lowering the clouds, leaves her mistress to shift for herself — even when Lord Candyshire (whose silent services at the House of Lords involve the carrying about of a huge mass of papers) has bespoken the curly-wigged coachman and the horses for the conveyance of himself and blue-books to Westminster. Astor poor Mademoiselle Frileuse, the thin Swiss governess, with her charge, Lady Ariadne Toffie, aged eleven, she may take what vehicle she can get.

Martha Pettifer, notwithstanding her high estate of carriage, and curly-wigged coachman and batooned footman, does not ape the apparel of an aristocrat. There is no mistaking her for a marchioness; she is above that. She towers high among the youthful Candyshires, erect and stately, comfortably clad in woolen and stout silk. At shops and exhibitions, at the gate of that favourite resort of the juvenile aristocracy, the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, you may see the great Candyshire carriage standing; or you may watch it rolling leisurely through Hyde Park, the Candyshire children looking as beautiful and as delicate as only British children can look. Aristocratic mammas roll by in their carriages and remark, with languid complacency, how well the dear children look, and what a treasure Lady Candyshire must have in her nurse.

Which is best, think you, Mademoiselle Frileuse, to be — after a tedious intellectual training which may fit you to become a duchess, inasmuch as you are expected to impart it to a young lady who may be a duchess some day — a governess with forty pounds a year "salary," or to be Mrs. Pettifer, a nurse, with fifty pounds a year "wages"? Have you a tithe as much authority over your pupil as she has over her nurslings? Can you command the footmen, and make the nursemaids tremble? Does the Marchioness defer to you, and say, "Pettifer, I dare say you know best, therefore do as you like." Can you contradict the doctor, the mighty Sir Paracelsus Powgrave, and make poor little Mr. Pildrag, the apothecary, tremble in his cloth boots when he comes to lance the children's gums? Is all your lingual skill, your drawing, your painting, your harp and pianoforte cunning, your geography, your use of the globes, and your rudiments of Latin, held as of half so much account as Mrs. Pettifer's experiences in the administration of a foot-bath, in the virtues of lambs' wool socks, in the efficacy of a Dover's powder? You are to teach the children the learning which is to fortify their minds, the graces which are to adorn their persons for the tournament of the world; but yonder illiterate woman who gives the children their physic, superintends their washing and dressing, and

cuts their bread and butter, thinks and knows herself to be infinitely superior to you, "a bit of a governess, indeed!"

There are nurses in all grades and conditions of life who want places just now, but they all, on a correspondingly descending scale, are fashioned after the Pettifer model. Some are temporary and some permanent; some ready to take the child from the month, some preferring the care of children of more advanced growth. Then there is the transition nurse — half nurse, half nursemaid, and not averse to subsiding into the anomalous position of a "young ladies' maid." There are nurses of tender hearts apt to conceive an affection for their charges greater than that a mother ever had for her own children; who grieve as passionately when they are separated from them as those good Normandy women do who take the babes from the Foundling Hospital in Paris. Such nurses will, after lapses of long years, and from immense distances, suddenly start up looking as young, or rather as old as ever, and shed tears of delight at the sight and speech of their nurse children, grown men and women with children of their own to nurse. Woe is me that there should be found, among this apparently simple-minded and affectionate class, persons who make of their once state of nursehood a kind of prescriptive ground for future claims. "Nurses!" says my friend

Brown, with a groan, "I've had enough of 'em. My mother had thirteen children, and I have had seven of my own; and every now and then I am beset with importunate old women curtsying, hang 'em, and saying, 'Please, Sir, I nursed you,' or, 'Please, Sir, I was master Tommy's nurse,' and expect five shillings and a pound of green tea."

Then there is Mrs. Crapper, whom I may characterise as the "back streets nurse," who is strictly temporary, and whose connection lies chiefly among small tradesmen and well-to-do mechanics. She dwells somewhere in Drury Court or Carnaby Street, Golden Square, or Denmark Street, Soho, in a many-belled house, over a chandler's shop, or a bookstall, perhaps. The intuitive prescience of being wanted possessed by this woman is to me astonishing. She never requires to be "fetched" like the doctor — apparently so, at least. She seems to come up some domestic trap. There she is at her post, with a wonderful free-masonic understanding with the doctor, and the Registrar of Births, and the undertaker, and the sexton, and all the misty functionaries, whisperingly talked of but seldom seen, connected with our coming in and going out of the world. For Mrs. Crapper is as often an attendant upon the sunset as upon the sunrise of life.

There is also the Indian Nurse, the Ayah, a brown female in

crumpled white muslin, who comes over, with her nurse child, or *baba*, with Mrs. Captain Chutney in the Puttyghaut East Indian, or with the widow of Mr. Mofuzzle of the civil service overland. Her performances in England are chiefly confined to sitting upon the stairs, shivering and chattering her teeth pitifully, and uttering heart-rending entreaties to be sent back to Bengal. Back to Bengal she is sent in due time, accordingly, to squat in a verandah, and talk to her *baba* in an unintelligible gabble of Hindostanee and English, after the manner of Ayahs generally.

There is a lady of the nurse persuasion who does not want a place in the Times, but who is not above wanting nurse children. The custom of putting children out to nurse is decidedly prevalent. The present writer was "raised" in this manner. I have no coherent remembrance of the lady, but I bear yet about me an extensive scar caused by a humorous freak of hers to tear off a blister before the proper time. She also, I understand, was in the habit of beating me into a very prismatic condition, though, to do her justice, she distributed her blows among her nurse children and her own with unflinching impartiality. The termination of my connexion with her was caused by her putting me into a bed with two of her own children who were ill of the measles; following out a theory she entertained, that it was as well that I

should catch that complaint then as in after days; on which occasion I was rescued from her and conveyed home, wrapped up in blankets. I have also an indistinct remembrance of having been, in some stage of my petticoathood, introduced to a young gentleman in a trencher cap and leather breeches, on the ground that he had been my foster-brother. Carrying memory farther back, and remembering sundry cuffs and kicks, and mutual out-tearings of handfuls of hair, I had some faint idea that I really had been acquainted with the gentleman at some time or other.

The person who takes children out to nurse resides at Brentford, or at Lewisham, or Sydenham. Her husband may be a labourer in a market-garden, or a suburban omnibus driver, or a river bargeman. She may be (as she often is) a comely, kindly, motherly woman, delighting to make her little knot of infants a perfect nosegay of health, and beauty and cleanliness; or she may be (as she very often is, too) an ignorant, brutish, drunken jade; beating, starving and neglecting her helpless wards, laying in them the foundation of such mortal maladies, both physical and moral, as years of after-nurture shall not assuage. And yet we take our nurses, or send our babies to nurse, blindfold, although we would not go out partridge shooting with a gun we had bought of Cheap Jack, or adventure our merchandise in a

ship of which we knew not the name, the tonnage, and the register.

One more nurse closes my list — the hospital nurse. Mrs. Pettifer's high-blown pride may have, from over distension, at length broken, and the many summers she has floated "in a sea of glory" may, and do, find a termination sometimes in the cold, dull, dark pool of an hospital ward. Yet power has not wholly passed away from her; for, beyond the doctors, to whom she must perforce be polite and submissive, and the students, whom she treats with waggish complacency, she is *prima donna assoluta* over all with whom she comes in contact. Mrs. Pettifer, formerly feared and obeyed by the Candyshire vassalage, is here Nurse Canterbury or Nurse Adelaide, still feared, still obeyed in Canterbury or Adelaide Ward. Controller of physic, of sweet or bitter sauce for food; smoother of pillows, speaker of soft or querulous words, dispenser of gill or balsam to the sick, she is conciliated by relatives, dreaded or loved by patients. I often think, when I walk through the long, clean, silent wards of an hospital (nothing, save the lower decks of a man-of-war, can come up to hospital order, neatness, and cleanliness) watching the patients quietly resigned, yet so expressively suffering, the golden sunlight playing on their wan faces, the slow crawling steps of the convalescents, the intermit-

tent cases sitting quietly at their beds' foot, waiting patiently till their time of torture shall come, hearing the monotonous ticking of the clock, the slow rustling of the bed-clothes, the pattering foot of the nurse as she moves from bed to bed, consulting the paper at the bed-head as to the medicine and diet, and slowly gurgling forth the draught: I often think of what an immense, an awful weight of responsibility hangs in this melancholy abode upon the nurse. The doctor has his vocation, and performs it. He severs this diseased limb, and binds up that wound. The physician points out the path to health, and gives us drugs like money to help us on our way. But it is for the nurse to guide the weary wanderer; to wipe the dust from his bleared eyes and the cold sweat from his brow; to moisten his parched lips; to bathe his swollen feet; to soothe and tend and minister to him until the incubus of sickness be taken off and he struggle into life a whole man again.

Sometimes the hospital nurse is not an aristocrat in decadence, but a plebeian promoted. Often the back streets nurse, at the recommendation of the doctor, changes the venue of her ministrations from Carnaby Street to Saint Gengulphus's or Saint Prudes. The hospital nurse is ordinarily hard-working, skilful, placable, and scrupulously cleanly; but she has, too frequently, two deadly sins. She drinks, and

she is accessible to bribery, and, where bribery begins, extortion, partiality and tyranny to those who cannot bribe soon follow. I wish I could acquit the hospital nurse of these weaknesses, but I cannot. And this is why I hail as excellent and hopeful the recent introduction into some hospitals of superintendent nurses, called Sisters, superior in intelligence and education to the average class of attendants.

As nurse-maid; as nurse-girl; as wet-nurse ("with a good" &c., a lady generally sensitive as to diet, and whose daily pints of porter are with her points of honour); as schoolroom-maid: all these "want places" speak for themselves. They are buds and offshoots and twigs of the nurse-tree proper, and as such are highly useful, each in their distinctive sphere, but beyond that they do not call for any detailed notice here.

SICK GRAPES.

FOR two years the country round Naples has been suffering from the Vine Malady. Not only husbandmen but proprietors have become indigent, and there is no hope of improvement. The promise in spring was good. Many Vines, it is true, had died off during the winter, but those which remained, as if last year's attack had not impaired their vigour, gave out their leaves as gay and green as ever, sent forth

their branches long and strong, and hung out their wealth of fruit most tempting to the eye. The aspect of things is now, however, entirely changed; and so thorough is the ruin, that, whilst people, sober as well as thirsty, are considering what beverage to substitute, the priests declare that it will be necessary to send out of the country for pure wine; the very purest being required for the right performance of the offices of their religion.

Looking out from my windows as I now do on most lovely scenery, and on land which generally at this season of the year is teeming with the rich promise of the grape, nothing can be more melancholy than its present appearance. Winds from the Dead Sea might have swept over it and blasted it, so withered are the trees. But instead of dealing in generalities, I will enter into details as to the origin and progress of the malady. The first perceptible symptom of the coming disease was a certain loss of vigour in some of the vine leaves, they hung down like so many pieces of green silk, so flaccid had they become: my impression at first was that they were suffering from a hot sirocco; but, as there was no revival, it was very evident what had come upon them. From tree to tree the malady extended with incredible rapidity of infection: so rapid, that one could almost see its progress, until whole plantations appeared as if they were suffering

from dearth of water. About the same time, the backs of the leaves became white, as if covered by a fine cobweb or finer flour; and then they withered up like a scroll, and I plucked them from the vines and crumpled them into powder with my hands, like a last year's leaf which had been spared by the storms of winter. The next phasis of the disease was a change in the surface of the new shoots, which were marked like the marks on a human face of the small pox; small brown and red pustules covered each branch, and will no doubt remain; as they do upon the old wood which was similarly affected last year.

No sooner had the grapes attained the size of a pin's head than many of them lost all vigour, and dried to a powder. Such as remained had just strength enough to blossom — at all times a very trying season for the grape — and then for the most part withered, whilst the bunches which still struggled on are covered with what to the naked eye appears a very fine flour. I flip them, and a cloud falls off, without, however, in the slightest degree relieving the plant. Their fate will be doubtless that of the fruit which lingered on last year until the end of the season. As they attain their natural size, the juice will all flow out; leaving nothing but the skin and seeds; which become as hard as stones. There is, therefore, less reason for hope this year than there was

last. In eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the produce of wine was one-seventh or one-eighth of what it usually has been, and that was above the average; this year it will be much less, and will probably fall to zero. One most provoking feature of the disease is, that it will force itself upon the attention of more than one sense; for so strong and offensive is the odour, that the air around a vineyard is impregnated with it. As all the wine made last year was made — even the best — of infected grapes, and was therefore of an inferior quality, great fears were entertained at first that it might prove prejudicial to public health, and orders were issued to destroy the most diseased grapes; but, as the malady spread more rapidly and extensively than was expected, the precaution, I suppose, was deemed the greater evil of the two, and people were permitted to poison themselves if they chose. The wine, however, has proved perfectly innocuous. I do not know whether the following facts will have any novelty in them; yet, as they are the result of close observation during the last two years, I will communicate them, if only to swell the mass of information which has been gathered on so widely interesting a subject.

It has been a common prejudice in this neighbourhood — *che l'aria la porta* — that the air brings the malady — and whilst some have placed their hopes of relief in heavy rains, others have

as confidently prayed for hot suns. I have never, however, perceived that any change of wind, or weather, or temperature, has arrested the malady. It has ever pursued its sure and silent course, unaffected by climateric influences, and baffling all speculations as to its character. Then, as to the vines themselves, an interesting question has arisen as to which species have suffered most, and in what position. With us, near Naples, the black grape has been damaged much more than the white, and especially the rich and deeply coloured grape, called here the "Albanico." In conformity with a great law of Nature, the old vine succumbed the soonest — many of my older trees have died, and many are dying, whilst the young plants are, by comparison, looking tolerably vigorous. Position has much affected the condition of the vines: those which grew on high grounds — very nearly all of them — escaped last year's attack, whilst those in low grounds not only have suffered the most, but have been attacked the first. Ventilation, in fact, has much to do with the health of the plant; yet it is a contradictory fact, that the fruit on the lower branches, and nearest the ground, has invariably preserved its healthy state the longest, and in many instances has survived the malady. Either it found there more shelter, and a cooler atmosphere, or it imbibed more moisture from the soil.

The vines in "terra grassa," in a rich soil, have suffered much more than those which grew on a scanty and stony soil. When their roots have had an opportunity of twining themselves around rocks, they have continued in a much healthier state, and have produced some small quantity of wine.

A paper on the vine malady might perhaps, not unreasonably, be expected to treat of remedies; but the Italians of the south of Italy, at least, are a 'lascia fare' people — as fatalistic as Turks. Practically, they throw all thought for the future on Heaven; leave everything to their Saints, as if it was no business of their own. Thus, in a firm belief in Divine Providence, they find excuses for their indolence. Tell them that the harvest has failed: they answer, *Lascia far Dio*; or hint at approaching starvation, they lift their finger to Heaven and, with impassable resignation, exclaim, *Dio ci pensa*. Of remedies, therefore, I have nothing to say. A priest close to me, more enterprising than the rest, has burnt sulphur and pitch under his trees without any perceptible good effect. I have barked mine, and cut the roots near the surface. I have thrown ammonia and the fuse of stalls strongly dilutedⁿ, lime-water, over the leave the fruit; yet they fade^{ad}. so that having exhaustedⁿ, pharmacopœia, I am half^{see!} to become Turk or Itali^{aid}.

"The night it cometh on full fast,
And the dark fills either eye.
Oh, there is but a little step
Between the earth and sky!"

"When I am gone, take care of her
Whom I leave to weep and rue;
But let her not know all at once,
Or her heart will break in two."

III.

"Good mother-in-law, I pray thee tell
Why my husband keeps away."

"My child, he has ridden into the town,
And must awhile there stay."

"But why, oh mother-in-law, but why
Do the priests their dirges sing?
And why do the bells in the windy tower
So sadly rock and ring?"

"My child, we succoured an aged man
Last night; and this morn he died."
As she spoke, her tears burst out like
rain,
And her head she turned aside.

"Dear mother-in-law, when I go to
church,

What coloured gown shall I wear?"

"My daughter, in church all people now
In nought but black appear." —

As they past into the old churchyard,
She saw a grave new made:

"My mother, who of our family
In the ground has here been laid?"

Out then burst the mother's heart
Betwixt a groan and a cry:

"Oh, daughter, thy husband lieth here
With dead and closed eye!"

"My child, I sought to hide the truth
Till you had stronger grown.
Oh, I have played a weary part,
And all must now be known!"

The young wife sank upon the grave,
And lay as though in sleep:
Of all who gathered about her there
Not one could cease to weep.

They took her back into the house,
And laid her on the bed;
But long before the night had come,
They saw that she was dead.

EQUINE ANALOGIES.

THE Horse, even more than Literature, is the expression of the society in which he exists. "Tell me what sort of horse a people have," exclaims M. Toussein (whom we continue to quote), "and I will tell you the manners and institutions of that people. The history of the horse is the history of the human race; for the horse is the personification of the aristocracy of blood — the warrior caste; and all societies of men, alas! have been obliged to pass through a period of oppression by the warrior caste. I strongly advise all Professors of History to open their ears attentively. There is only one horse in the world — that is to say, one real horse, the Arab horse. I am aware that the world is full of ambitious quadrupeds, which unlawfully assume the title; but the place of the majority of these usurpers could be easily supplied by steam or the camel."

The real horse is the emblem of the true gentleman. So perfect is the resemblance between the two types, that there can be no dispute about their analogical relationship. Either the Arab horse signifies the cavalier, or he has nothing at all to say for himself. Observe, in fact, how the animal seems to pant for war in every movement of his body and every aspiration of his soul. His burning nostrils expand and smoke; his impatient feet tear

up the ground; his ardent eye darts lightning, and devours space; his mouth champs the bit, and whitens it with foam; his elegant and dishevelled mane undulates and rises as his passions boil; his tail expands into a fan-like plume. He displays self-adulation and pride before the eyes of the crowd, and prances at the sound of his own praises. Listen to the shrill neigh which is the declaration of his jealous fury; hear that voice, which is more warlike than even the trumpet itself. It is ever a provocation to combat, a menace of death. If you cannot recognise in these features the legendary knight, the hero of the crusades, the cavalier with glittering arms and floating plumes, anxious only to shine and to please — thirsting for tournaments, perils, pomp, and din — M. Toussenel will not waste words upon you.

The wild horse, who is still master at the present day of a good third of the terrestrial surface of the globe, also bears the haughty character, the warlike habits, and the chivalrous manners of the Arab courser; but it would be unfair to require of him that exquisite grace of carriage, that courtesy of behaviour, that richness of condition, that elegance, in short, which education alone and contact with the great world are able to communicate. Speed itself is a quality which is completely developed in the horse, only under the influence and care of Man. It is well

known that the entire space which stretches from the banks of the Danube to the frontier of China — that is to say, all the central plain of Asia, and the region of the steppes, belong to the horse in complete sovereignty; and that in America his domains embrace the immeasurable solitudes of the prairies in the North, and of the pampas in the South — from the banks of the Amazon to the fields of Patagonia; and that, not content with reigning over so vast an extent of territory, the ambitious animal has lately planted his foot on the lands of Australia and Polynesia. The sun never sets on the present empire of the horse. This empire, greater than that of Charles V. or Genghis Khan, greater than those of England and of Rome, is cut up and parcelled out into a myriad of little aristocratic republics, authority in which — the source of endless combats — lapses by right to the strongest for the time being. So many cantons, so many chiefs; exactly as, during the feudal system of the Middle Ages, so many manors, so many states. There, young stallions who aspire to power strive to render themselves worthy of it by brilliant actions, and ordinarily commence their career of glory by the slaughter of a wolf. In the steppes of Russia it is not rare to see a two-year-old colt rush singly to attack a band of four or five wolves, kill one, or two of them, lame the rest, and

spread the terror of his name throughout the country. The wild horse strikes with his fore feet, like the stag, and not with his hind legs, as is popularly believed. He draws himself up to his full height against his enemy, pounds him beneath his murderous pestles, then seizes him between the shoulders with his formidable incisors, and tosses him to his mares to make sport for themselves and their offspring. The mare herself requires very little pressing to fly to the combat whenever danger looks impending. War is the element of the species.

It is impossible to deny the identity of the passional dominant in the gentleman and the charger, when we remember that, of all animals, the thoroughbred horse is the only one, till very lately, possessing a genealogical tree;—when we see a horse parading himself on public occasions, like an Austrian chamberlain in the exercise of his functions. The pride of the animal is sometimes carried to such an excess, as to degenerate into disdainfulness. Bucephalus, according to Plutarch's account, when once caparisoned, would condescend to speak to no one of lower rank than Alexander. The Arab poet Eldiniri also relates that the caliph Merouan had a horse who would not permit his own *valet de chambre* to enter his apartments, without being called. One day, when the unfortunate groom had forgotten the rule,

the horse, indignant at his want of respect, seized him by the back, and crushed him against the marble manger. But, without invoking further testimony to demonstrate a truth which is clearer than daylight, the book of Job, composed three thousand years ago, under the cover of a tent in the open Arabian desert, overflows with magnificent allusions to the warlike and chivalrous nature of the courser. Here our enthusiastic zoological psychologist is obliged to hint, "in a subdued whisper," that the thorough-bred horse is slightly carnivorous. M. Toussenel wrote, too, in ignorance of an anecdote which has been recently circulated in the English newspapers. A Doncaster stallion, having some violent objection to being taken out to exercise, cunningly allowed the jockey to get upon his back; but, when his master approached to adjust the stirrups, the animal suddenly seized his thigh between his teeth, turned him over and began to worry him as a cat worries a mouse; throwing the jockey over his head unharmed. Perhaps the gentleman between his teeth thought at first that the noble thorough-bred was only in play; but, when stripped of his coat, shirt, and a few other garments, the joke, he felt, was becoming serious. The victim's son, however, came to the rescue and used a stable-fork so effectually over the brute's head and face, that the victim was saved from

being eaten up alive, with only a few bruises on his head and teeth-marks in his thigh.

The Town Council of Athens had to make their choice between Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and Neptune, the god of the waves; who warmly contested the honour of becoming patron saint of the new parish. The goddess of peace, when requested to display her talents, caused the earth to send forth the olive tree, the emblem of toilsome but profitable labour; — a dull-looking plant, with hard, knotty wood, and harsh, intractable fruit; but capable of producing, if labour be bestowed upon it, an abundant supply both of light and riches. The god of the sea then took his turn. He vehemently struck the earth with his trident, and out there sprung from it a fiery horse, who instantly exhibited his qualifications by kicking and neighing viciously, very much after the prompt and stormy fashion of the boisterous raiser and ruler of tempests. The wise and liberty-loving people of Athens had the good sense to prefer the symbol of emancipative industry — of free trade, in short — to that of oppressive aristocracy; and they were fortunate in their choice. Who can doubt that Rome would have voted for the gift of Neptune?

If you want thoroughly to understand the character and institutions of the patriarchal world, you have only to put a few ques-

tions to the horse. Amongst the patriarchs of the Arab tribes, the horse, the companion of the glory and the perils of his chief, stands the first in his affections: his wife and children only hold a second place. Coquettish attentions, tender caresses, and poetical praises are his by right. His genealogical tree is better kept than that of the family, just as his mane is more artistically brushed and polished than the raven tresses of the wife. The reason is, that in the patriarchal world the warrior caste is everything; and the barbarian father has the right of life and death over his wife and children. It is a sorrowful fact that the oppression of the weak, and the misery of the labourer, are always in direct proportion to the prosperity of the horse. Every revolution which exalts the people abases the horse. This profound remark has escaped the sagacity of historians in general.

If we follow the fortunes of the horse, the panorama of the successive phases of the human race will unfold itself before our eyes. The horse is the first conquest of the dog; he is one of the pivots on which the very existence of a patriarchal tribe hinges. One day or other, the tribe appears in the character of conquerors, and deserts its tents for the palaces of Babylon. That is the transition from the patriarchate to barbarism. The victorious horde is soon obliged to organise itself, in order to insure a firmer settle-

ment upon the conquered territory. The first step it takes, is to ennoble the services of the horse, who has contributed his share in the achievement of success. The dogs and the horses of the Gauls in every battle sided with their masters. The ennobling of the horse is, properly speaking, the institution of the feudal system. The highest functionary of state, next to the king, is called Constable (*comes stabuli*, or Count of the stable); then comes the Marshal (*maréchal*, or shoeing-smith and veterinarian); then the Grand Esquire (first footman to the horse), and so on. The apogee of the horse's splendour tells of the flourishing times of ennobled feudality and chivalry. The horse is mentioned, in the songs of the poets, side by side with the noblest heroes. But fortune changes after a time. Gunpowder has killed both the horse and feudality at one blow. The spirit of inquiry rises, and protests; the dawn of popular liberty is breaking on the horizon. The war-horse has told us of days that are past, of the patriarchate and barbarism, of Abraham and Semiramis, of Athens and Rome; it will just as easily explain to us the spirit of the present time, and perhaps, if we entreat it earnestly, the spirit of the time that is yet to come. Let us look to the present of England and France.

In what country of Europe does the thorough-bred horse

still enact the most brilliant part? It is in England, undoubtedly, that he takes the lead. If we were not previously aware that an inordinate love of the perpendicular, and a horror of the ellipse, were the most striking traits of the English character, the treatment which the Arabian horse has experienced would be quite sufficient to demonstrate that truth. The Arab horse, as he came from the hands of his Creator, was an admirable animal; a harmonious compound of suppleness, vigour, and lightness; taking rank, in the list of creatures that are eminently graceful, immediately after woman and the cat. The contour of his chest and croup respectively rival, in their delicacy and purity, the sweetest outlines of the feminine form. The system of elastic curves, which succeed and correspond to each other over the whole extent of the creature's body, from the crown of his head to the extremity of his limbs, had been contrived for no other purpose than to save the rider from all possibility of shock, and to convert the movement of the gallop into a gentle oscillation. Hence, also, the secret of the infinite smoothness of the paces of the Arab horse, the grace of his gait, and the sureness of his foot.

M. Toussenel writes of English horses with a very hard pen. He declares that his British admirer thought fit to improve these points, and to model them after his ideal type of beauty — the

right angle — which his imagination delights to revel in. England has spent thousands upon thousands of pounds, and two whole centuries of pains-taking, to obtain the marvellous result called the race-horse, which recalls, to all those who have yawned over their geometry, certain charming details of the square of the hypothenuse. It has atrocious action, a hard mouth, and a perfidious foot. For this last reason it is never suffered to run except on perfectly level ground, which must not be in the least slippery, but entirely free from stones and pebbles. It has to work three or four times a year, for three or four minutes each time, and is in other respects completely useless, either for war, sport, or for taking an airing. Such preposterous steeds require a special race of riders. By means of elaborate chemical processes, England has succeeded in creating the genus "jockey" — an intermediate race between the Laplander and the jockoo monkey, deriving its name from the latter quadruman. The race-horse, in fact, is not a horse; it is a pure piece of abstract speculation — a betting machine — and nothing more.

France, with her hundred million acres, cannot produce a sufficiency of chargers, even to supply the miserable demands of her cavalry. That fact alone is enough to indicate that the French nobility have passed away, and have undergone the

great change from life to death. Privileges, parchments, rights of lordship, and other tinsel trappings of human vanity, were all burnt together, in one night, sixty years ago; and the castles of the last descendants of crusaders have been sold by auction, to become the property of the heroes of the treacle-tub and the spirit-cask. The yoke of barbarous conquest is broken; but France is none the freer for that. For, if the territory of France no longer produces the war-horse, the emblem of feudal nobility, it makes up for the deficiency by abundantly producing the diligence horse, the emblem of mercantile feudality. France is (or rather, was) in the hands of stock-jobbers, bankers, and monopolists of the public ways. The only horse, therefore, which is heartily cherished, is the transport horse, the beast of draught and burthen. The other was the handsomest, but his loss need not be regretted.

Paris is the mirror and the focus of France. The capital gives its tone to the provinces. The horse which plays first-fiddle at Paris and throughout the rest of the Empire; the horse which is the most frequently talked about, is the stagecoach-post-diligence-and-omnibus horse. The statistics of the administration prove that this burdensome quadruped lames, in Paris alone, two persons and a fraction per day; and that it costs the Parisian population the life of exactly two vic-

tims monthly. But it is not entirely the fault of the animal. In the metropolis of France, the abode of opulence and happiness, there exist a number of individuals who have no other means of livelihood than to cast themselves under the wheels of a carriage, to get a limb or two broken, in order to receive a compensation from the owner which shall find them in bread for the rest of their days. Some are successful; others fail; whilst others, again, are cut in two — they don't mind it: it is all in the way of the profession they have voluntarily adopted.

The most inoffensive of all horses, but not the least estimable, is the *fiacre* or hackney coach horse, a modest race of Breton or Ardennaise extraction, and which does not pant for war, with flaming nostrils. It is the emblem of the humble workman, who is incessantly goaded by the spur of want, and who is obliged to rest wherever he happens to find himself, without any friendly shelter to protect him from the rigour of the seasons; whilst his unhappy head, weighed down with fatigue, sorrowfully droops towards the ground. The brutal driver, who scourges him, scarcely gives him time to stop and eat. But, alas, the driver himself is tortured by the lash of a master more barbarous and pitiless still — competition, the fury of civilisation. The cabriolet horse, and the *coucou* horse, speak eloquently of the diverse phases, the unexpected falls, and the

eclipsed splendours of equine existence.

What gave rise to the mendacious proverb that Paris is the Hades of horses and the paradise of women, is not known. If ever two destinies ran parallel to each other, it is surely that of the Parisian belle and the Parisian horse, considered both as objects of luxury. The Boulevard and the Bois de Boulogne are their common paradise, as long as beauty, health, and youth endure. The hackney coach, and public disdain, are afterwards the Erebus of each; and lovely creatures, which had been endowed with so many faculties to please, arrive at last at the fatal goal — at Montfaucon and the hospital — after having run through the very same career. Paris consumes annually nearly fifteen thousand horses. About the same number of young girls are every year sacrificed there before the Minotaur of vice.

Yes! The horse is fallen in France; and so is gentlemanhood. The offspring of Bayard are dragging the tumbril; whilst the peer of France murders his wife, or traffics in mining and railway shares. The son of heroes sells the shield of his ancestors to serve as a sign for the stalls of Judah. If the proud Gallic horse, so terrible in battle, who fought himself, by kicking and biting, as fiercely as his cavalier — if both he and his noble rider have perished, because they knew not how to make a worthy

use of the precious gifts with which they were endowed;— at least let their ruin be a lesson for the future to all others of the samerace. Ye horses, and gentlemen, be warned by the avenging voice of revolutions, and learn that the duties of individuals are in direct proportion to their faculties: that the more we can, the more we ought to do, to increase the happiness of our brothers in God: that the indolence and parasitism of those who are neither idiots nor paralytic, are veritable robberies committed against society — and strive, henceforward, to conform your conduct to these principles.

A step lower amongst the varieties of the genus *Equus* is found the Ass, the primitive emblem of the peasant, the thorough despiser of finery and fine words; and who, in return for board and lodging, is content to put up with anything. The water-carrier, fellow-labourer of the ass, and native of the mountains of Auvergne, is not at all his superior in the Atticism of his language, the elegance of his manners, and the niceness of his gastronomical tastes. There is the same kindred between the ass and the Auvergnat as there is between the gentleman and the Arabian horse. Asses, and analogies, have been understood before to-day. Some thousands of years ago history and fable have placed them in close relationship.

The spirit of obscurantism, and of systematic repulsion to

new ideas, is the passionate dominant of the donkey; and he is very fond of boasting of it. But the spirit of obscurantism has never constituted wisdom; quite the contrary. The donkey, who is the emblem of the coarse peasant and of the conservative boundary post, specially sins through his sluggishness of intellect. It is not so much the love of ancient usages and customs which retains him in the wheel-rut of routine, as the horror of new ones. Our author is good enough to give cheerfully both to the ass and to his image, the peasant, full credit for the virtues which they possess in common; — for their sobriety, their perseverance in toil, and their resignation in indigence; but he declines to make virtues of their vices. "As I well know," he continues, "that it is only through default of elevation of thought that the ass and the peasant support so patiently the yoke of tyranny, I will not look upon their patience as a merit. When their odious provincialisms grate upon my ear, I cannot begin a panegyric upon the sonorous energy of their masculine accents. Erasmus, who is unable to conceal his sympathies with the ass, confesses, nevertheless, that the cruciferous quadruped has very little taste for music; but he tries to bring forward in favour of his protégé the extenuating circumstance, that if the ass, during his lifetime, but slightly contributes to harmony, he makes ample re-

compense after his death, by furnishing the best leather in the world for drum-heads, and the best *tibias* for clarionets."

A very slight knowledge of the language of animals, and a limited appreciation of the peculiar style of each, is sufficient to show that three quarters of the proverbs of Sancho Panza were whispered in his ear by the donkey he rode. No more complete identity between beast and man exists than that between Don Quixote's squire and his steed. On both sides you find the same coarse good sense, the same selfishness, the same absence of feeling, the same propensity to jeer at just principles and generous ideas, the same contempt for right, and the same respect for fact. It would not take longer than a week to draw up a complete treatise on morals and politics without using an atom of any other material than the donkey's most popular aphorisms. With practical men, Don Quixotism is the proper word for devotion, delicacy, and faithfulness. But let us not deceive ourselves. The ass, like the Auvergnat, is a great deal more cunning and ignorant than foolish, and history has made a large collection of his incontrovertible sayings; notably this, "Our enemy is our master;" proving that the awkward-tempered brute can speak plainly enough, when he chooses. The essential folly of the ass is, never to vote in conformity with this opinion, but al-

ways to bestow his suffrage on him who ill-uses him the most brutally. This strange contradiction between his *bon-mots* and his votes demonstrates that the ass's opposition is only an opposition of temperament, which in most cases goes no further than epigram and restiveness.

We have measured the interval between the horse and the ass, the gentleman and the clown. It now remains to speak of the intermediate race — the hybrid resulting from the alliance of the two species — the wealthy *bourgeois* or burgess, the Mule.

The mule is the sad emblem of the feudalism of money. The mule, or rather the mules, adores, like the horse, all sorts of bells, plumes, embroidered caparisons, and pompous galas. In like manner, the vain *bourgeois* hunts after decorations and titles, and his spouse aspires to figure in the crowd that haunts the ante-rooms of princes. The mules loves to be harnessed to the chariot of popes and queens, peaceable royalties. The *bourgeois* is not a bit less mean in his interested adulation than the real gentleman and the courtier. The mules steps high, and sounds her bells as she walks along. The big-bonnetted burgess of little towns, the cottle-crowned cock-o'-the-walk on 'Change, loves to talk of his riches and jingle his purse.

Unfortunately for the mule's reputation, that ardour for the fight, and that boiling courage, which poetise the tyranny of the

aristocratic caste, are not to be found in him. In vain will the wealthy *bourgeois* try to give himself an imposing air, by covering his military representative with the fur cap. He strains after the majestic and only reaches the ridiculous. The martial head-dress, instead of aiding to conceal the tips of the ass's ears (it is a Frenchman who says this, remember), only seems, on the contrary, to display them in undue and gigantic proportions. One of the unfortunate passions of the trader, the manufacturer, and the officer of the National Guard, is the passion for horses. But there is an unsurmountable antipathy between the two species. Consequently, it is exceedingly rare that the forced marriages which now and then take place between them, do not speedily come to issue in a separate maintenance.

The generous horse, like the true gentleman, is always ready to fly to the assistance of the state in danger; the mule (read *bourgeois*) is equally fond of finding a substitute to fulfil that very displeasing function. The mule (always read *bourgeois*) is heartily delighted to abuse all the privileges of manorial rights, such as hunting, fishing, and all the rest of it; but he would like at the same time to escape the charges. He prefers to pay for the defence of the land — to maintain order by coming down with his cash — rather than to burden his own dear self with the duty. Moreover, this brave and

worthy monopolist, who has got thousands out of society by the exercise of the corn and flour trade, only asks of society one thing in return; namely, to insure him the peaceable enjoyment of his rights, the fruit of his LABOUR. He is the friend of peace and order at any price; he regularly subscribes to the journal of Judah, and is exact in his payments.

The mule takes much more after the intellectual faculties of his father the ass, than of his mother the mare. Although less adventurous and more deliberate than the horse, he is much more headstrong and obstinate. In respect to literature and public performances, like the ass and the peasant, he relishes above all things melodrama and the guillotine. The mule, the emblem of mercantile feudalism, of the obstinate, vain, and timid *bourgeois*, the mule has not been destined to leave a posterity. Heaven be praised!

QUICKSILVER.

HALF the world knows that the quicksilver mine of Almaden, sixteen miles north of Seville, is the finest that exists. Its annual produce is twice as great as that of all the mines of the same kind in Carniola, Hungary, the Palatine and Peru put together. Almaden therefore is worth visiting. The place has its own traffic, and no other. There is

no high road in its neighbourhood, and the quicksilver raised is carried by muleteers to the Government stores of Seville, where only it may be distributed; not being delivered at the mine to any purchaser. The muleteers take to Almaden wood, gunpowder, provisions and all necessities; and thus the town lives and supports its eight thousand inhabitants. It is built chiefly in the form of one very long street, on the ridge of a hill, over the mine, which in every sense forms the foundation upon which it stands. It used to be under the care of a sleepy old *hidalgo* of a governor, but it is now controlled by a scientific officer, entitled the superintendent, and there is a good deal of vigour and practical sense displayed in the arrangements of the place. There is a town-hall in Almaden, a well-endowed school, and a hospital for the diseases of the miners.

The diseased forms of the men working as excavators belong only too prominently to a picture of Almaden. You meet men in the street with wasted faces, fetid breaths, and trembling hands; blind, paralytic. The heat in the lower workings of the mine is very considerable, the ventilation is imperfect, vapour of quicksilver floats upon the air, and condenses on the walls, down which it trickles in little runlets of pure liquid metal. Even visitors are sensibly affected by it, and retain for some time the metallic flavour in their mouths.

The miners — who number more than four thousand — are divided into three gangs, or watches, working six hours each, and leaving the fourth six hours of the twenty-four — from ten at night until four in the morning — as an interval of perfect rest. On account of the heat, and the deleterious nature of the vapour, summer is made the idle time, winter the great period of activity among the population. As the winter closes, the appearance of the miners begins very emphatically to tell its own tale, and great numbers hasten to their native plains and mountains to recruit.

Their homes are chiefly scattered about Estremadura, Andalusia and Portugal. Crowds of Portuguese, after harvest, flock to obtain employment at Almaden, selling not their labour only but their health. The most robust cannot work in the mine longer than for about fourteen days in succession, generally eight or nine days make as long a period of such labour as can be endured without rest. Those who exceed that time are obliged eventually to give up work and breathe unadulterated air for perhaps two months together. If they work without due precaution, and almost inevitably if they indulge in wine, miners at Almaden aged between twenty-five and thirty waste away, lose hair and teeth, acquire an insufferable breath, or become sometimes afflicted with tremblings that render them

unable to supply their own wants; they have to be fed like infants. If the disease be not checked vigorously, cramps and nervous attacks of the most agonising kind follow upon these symptoms and lead on to death. They who work within due bounds, and live moderately, using a good deal of milk, if they take care always to cleanse their persons thoroughly after each six hours of work — the full day's labour — live not seldom to old age. These diseases afflict the miners only. The men engaged upon the ore and quicksilver outside the mines, in smelting and in other operations, do not suffer.

Storehouses, magazines, and workshops, are the leading features of the little town. Everything manufactured that is used — even to the ropes — is made upon the spot; and the workshops, like the whole engineering details of the mine itself, are planned in an unusually massive way, and carved out of the solid rock. The quicksilver mine belongs to the Crown (under which it is let out in four year leases to contractors rich enough to pay a very large deposit), and its details are all somewhat of a legal character. There used to be disasters frequently occasioned by the sinking of the works, and by fires. The last fire raged for upwards of two years and a half. The employment of wood, except for temporary purposes, has therefore been abandoned, and magni-

ficent arched galleries of stone are built through every one of the new cuttings. The deposits are almost vertical; and great pains are taken to supply the void left by the removed ore, with a sufficiently strong body of masonry. Half the ore is, however, everywhere left standing as a reserve in case of any future accidents; and the whole yearly supply drawn from the mine is limited to twenty thousand quintals. This supply is drawn by mule power from the bowels of the hill through a grand shaft constructed on the usual impressive scale. There is not much trouble given by water in the mine. What water there is has to be pumped up by means of an engine built for the place by Watt himself, which would be a valuable curiosity in a museum.

The ore lies, as I have said, in a lode, almost perpendicular. There are three veins of it, called respectively St. Nicholas, St. Francisco, and St. Diego, which traverse the length of the hill and intersect it vertically; at the point where they converge galleries connect them all together. The thickness of the lode varies between fourteen and sixteen feet; it is much thicker where the veins intersect, and seems to be practically inexhaustible; for as the shaft deepens, the ore grows richer both in quality and quantity. The yield consists of a compact, grey quartz, impregnated with cinabar and red lead. Associated

with it, is a conglomerate called by the miners *Fraylesca*, because in colour it resembles the blue grey of the familiar cassock worn by *frayles* (friars) of the Franciscan order.

The chief entrance to the mine is out of the town, on the hill side, facing the south, the town itself being on the hill-top. The main adit leads by a gallery to the first ladder, and by galleries and very steep ladders the descent afterwards continues to be made. Though the mine is one of the very oldest in the world — the oldest I believe of any kind that still continues to be worked — the workings have not up to this time penetrated deeper than a thousand feet.

The quicksilver is procured out of the ore by sublimation over brick furnaces about five feet in height, and as the furnaces are fed with the wood of *cistus* and other aromatic shrubs, this part of the process is extremely grateful to the senses. There are thirteen double furnaces and two quadruple ones, partly erected at Almaden, partly at Almaden-ejos — Little Almaden — in the neighbourhood. The minerals having been sorted, are placed in the chambers over the furnaces according to their quality in different proportions and positions, the best at the bottom. The whole mass, piled upon open arches in the form of a dome, is then roofed over with soft bricks made of kneaded clay and fine particles of sulphuret of mercury, a free

space of about eighteen inches being left between the ore and roof, in which the vapour can collect and circulate. The mercurial vapour finally conducted along stoneware tubes luted together, condensing as it goes, is deposited in gutters, which conduct it across the masonry of a terrace into cisterns prepared to receive it. The quicksilver there carefully collected is then put into jars of wrought iron, weighing about sixteen pounds a-piece, and each holding about twenty-five pounds English of the finished produce of the mines.

As for the antiquity of the mine at Almaden, that is immense. Pliny says, that the Greeks had vermillion from it seven hundred years *b.c.*, and that the Romans in his day were obtaining from it ten thousand pounds of cinnabar yearly, for use in their paintings. The working of the mine fell of course into abeyance in the Dark Ages, but was resumed at some time in the fifteenth century. After the expulsion of the Moors the mine was given as a present to the religious knights of Calatrava, and it reverted finally to the Crown more than three centuries ago.

The present workings are not quite on the old spot. Fugger Brothers, of Augsburg, farmed it in those past days; and having drawn a fortune out of it, by which they became a byword for wealth ("Rich as a Fucar," say the Spanish miners still), they gave up their lease as worthless.

Government could make nothing of the mine, and therefore caused the ground to be attentively explored. The extraordinary deposit upon which the miners now are operating was in that way discovered.

AN IRISH STEW.

I HAVE found them! The rags, the bones, the sawdust and the dirt, which I was at first unable, as I endeavoured to explain in a former article, to discover in Dublin. But I have found them now. Not in Sackville Street, or Westmoreland Street, or Dame Street, or Grafton Street; not in aristocratic Merrion Square or College, or Stephen's Green; not in the Phoenix Park — but in the Coombe.

A swift steam-engine has wafted me from the ancient city of Chester, across, or rather through the great tubular bridge, through the picturesque Welsh country, by a multiplicity of stations whose names, being utterly unpronounceable, it would be a waste of time to transcribe here, to the promontorial port called Holyhead. Whence a sea-monster has borne me across St. George's Channel. It has borne me to the clean sparkling suburb of Kingstown — once an aristocratic, humble, lobster-smelling little village, called Dunleary, but since the visit of the Georgium Sidus to Ireland, in eighteen hundred and twenty-one, baptised, and thence-

forward known as Kingstown. I may observe, however, that while he was about it, the regal toucher for the evil of nomenclature might have changed the three stations on the road between Kingstown and Dublin: Booterstown, Black Rock, and Salt Hill, into Pumpville, Jet-ornament, and Salinopolis, or something pretty of that description.

So I have come to Dublin, and I have taken my fill of the monuments and public buildings, and of the Industrial Exhibition. But I have been keeping a wary lookout meanwhile in the rag and bone interest; hence I found myself in the Coombe. I did not know then that the Coombe was the Coombe; so I straggled out of it again, bewildered, dazed, in a labyrinth of dirty streets, rubbing the eyes of my mind, as one of the Seven Sleepers might have rubbed his corporeal eyes on his first ramble after his nap. The Lord Lieutenant (whose carriage I stopped to see sweep out of the Vice-regal yard into Dame Street) was the primary cause of my wandering Coombe-wise; but a personage somewhat removed from him in worldly station and appearance was the secondary load-stone which pointed to this pole. This was no other than a Dublin fishwoman, very much disguised or rather undisguised in rage and alcohol, who was scattering the flowers of her eloquence broadcast on a female with a barrow at the door of a whisky shop — the *casus belli* be-

ing a disputed question as to the right of property in a flat-iron — here called a "smooth." — "Isn't it the smooth that's mine?" and "Sure it's not a skirrick of it that's yours," were bandied about for some time, till the dealer in *mollusca*, after the manner of persons quarrelling, diverged from the main point at issue to some retrospective griefs and *torts* by her suffered at the hands of her opponent. "Isn't it yerself," demanded this female Demosthenes in a concluding Philippic, "that daren't go to chapel, forbye Father M'Anasser forbad ye ivery brick of it? Isn't it yerself that kem down only Wednesday was a fortnight to the corner of the Coombe, foreinust the whole world and called me a murderin' ould excommunicated gaseometer?" With which latter trope she folded her arms and looked oyster-knives at her enemy.

At the corner of the Coombe! Where was the Coombe? I had heard that St. Patrick's Cathedral, which I was anxious to see, was down in the Coombe, but the guide-books were all silent as to where the Coombe was. I found the Coombe—which is indeed a very long, straggling estuary between houses (I cannot call it a street) running from the bottom of Francis Street to Ardee Street and Pinlico, and possessing *vomitoria* seemingly innumerable, in the shape of lanes, back streets, courts, and blind alleys — to be a thoroughfare of the same description as its neigh-

bour, with a strong additional dash of Petticoat Lane, Broker's Row in Birmingham and Newgate Market; but with an almost indescribable aspect of dirt and confusion, semi-continental picturesqueness, shabbiness — less the shabbiness of dirt than that of untidiness — over-population, and frowsiness generally, perfectly original and peculiarly its own. I wandered up and down and about the Coombe for hours, till I was hungry, thirsty, and tired, and I would strongly advise all travellers in Ireland, all painters of still life and *genre* subjects, and lovers of the picturesque catholicity, by no means to omit a walk in the Coombe when they visit Dublin, the silence of the guide books and the ciceroni notwithstanding. Let me see if I can, in my small way, recall a few of the oddities I saw.

First the old clothes. A man who has seen the Temple in Paris, and Rag-fair in London, is apt to imagine that very little can astonish him in the east-of-garment line. Let him come to the Coombe. This, its subsidiaries, succursals, and tributaries, don't teem but swarm, don't swarm but burst, with old clothes. Here is a shop out of a hundred which is a mass of old clothes, so thickly sown, so deeply heaped, that the proprietor and proprietors, squatting among them smoking their pipes, look like bundles of old clothes (they are little else) themselves. Every

imaginable article of male and female attire seems clustered together in this shop. The broken windows have old clothes stuffed into their shattered panes; the sleeping department of the establishment is walled off by a screen of old gowns and petticoats; the wind is excluded by old stockings thrust into chinks, and sleeveless coats laid at the bottoms of doors. There is a tattered shawl for a carpet, and a fragment of some under-garment for a tablecloth; old clothes for counterpanes, old clothes for window curtains; the pockets of old clothes (I shouldn't wonder) for corner cup-boards. All the mortals that sleep in the valley of dry bones seem to have left their garments here. All Jason's army must have deposited their civilian's costume or "mufti" in the Coombe, before they went into uniform, and took the dragon's-tooth bounty — stay! another solution: *this* is what becomes of our old clothes. How many jackets, pinafores, petticoats, tunics, skeleton-suits, tail coats, frock coats, pantaloons, waistcoats, pairs of boots and shoes, hats, caps, shirts, and stockings, have we had since we were children, and where are they now? Has any man or woman a complete set of his or her wearing apparel from his or her youth upwards? If any such, let him or her stand forth! Some we may have given to our valets (such of us as possess such retainers); some we may have bartered, sold,

lost, or had stolen from us. But all cannot have gone this way. Neither can we wear a garment (be it ever so threadbare — ever so tattered) but some vestige, some remnant must remain (though I once knew an Irish gentleman who was assured, and convincingly so by his valet, that he had worn a favourite green hunting-coat for which he made inquiry — "clean out"). What, then, becomes of the old clothes? This: they take unto themselves wings and fly away — to the Coombe.

Yes, here they all are, and you may see yourself retrospectively in a mirror of rags. Here is the black frock and black sash and broad-flapped hat with the black plume you wore for your father's death. You wear these rags, ay! You wonder now whether you could ever have worn them, as much as when at five years old you marvelled why they were substituted for the glowing plaid merino and showy Leghorn purchased for you only three weeks before. Here are your first school-clothes, the marks of the wiped pen yet on cuff and collar, the whitened elbows attesting how doggedly you leant with them on the desk, over *verbum personale* — the wrinkled arms, and frayed cuffs, and cracked seams, bearing witness how much too big you grew for that last jacket before you were provided with a new one. Here is the tail coat you courted your first wife in;

here in dank sable tatters is the black suit you wore at her funeral; and here is the blue body coat and fawn-coloured kerseymeres you made the second Mrs. Reader a happy woman in. Here is your schoolmaster's grey duffel dressing-gown, the very sight of which throws a shudder through you, even now; your grandmother's well remembered black satin (worn only on high days and holidays, and reposing during the rest of the year in a dilapidated piebald hair trunk like a quadrangular cow); your sister's cashmere shawl you brought her after your first voyage, and in the centre of which Gyp the puppy bit a neat polygonal hole. Here are all the boots and shoes you ever wore — that have paced the deck, or plodded Cheapside, or tripped along chalked floors to merry tunes, or crawled through mud and mire up to high places, or shuffled about prison-yards, or faltered in docks, or stumbled in drawing-rooms, or kept the "pot a boiling," or stood on the damp ground over the dampest clay beside the dampest grave, while you peered down to see the last of kindred or of love. Oh man, man, go to the Coombe and learn! Strive not to read futurity, but con over that past which is surely spread out before you there in ragged leaves. Did the Teufelsdröck of Carlyle's Sartor Resartus ever come to the Coombe? If he live yet — and when will he die! — let him come.

Seriously, (if among bizarre and fantastic speculations a man can claim credit for seriousness) there is really and truly a cause for this extraordinary accumulation of old clothes not only in the Coombe, but in every back street of Dublin. The Irish, from the peasantry even to the numerous class of petty shopkeepers and mechanics are, it is patent, almost universal wearers of old clothes. At what season of national depression, what climax of suffering and destitution they were first reduced to this degrading strait is yet to be discovered; but to this day, and in this day thousands of persons (whose equals in England would disdain it) are content to wear second-hand garments — not only outer but inner and under. Again, the extraordinary exodus, which every year takes tens of thousands of Irishmen from their native shores (principally to America) creates an enormous demand for second-hand wearing apparel; for in the United States clothes are among the very dearest articles of supply, and a newly arrived emigrant without money or without some wardrobe, however tattered, would soon have to go as Adam did. And again, many many hundreds of poor creatures (I have seen it and know it) are only enabled to cross from Dublin to Liverpool (even on the deck with the pigs and geese) at the sacrifice of a waistcoat, a shawl, or a coat sold for anything they will fetch. In like manner, in Liverpool, is

the passage-money to New York often completed, or the miserable stock of provisions eked out by the sale of such old clothes as can be spared. Thus a great system of clothes barter and exchange, sale, purchase, and re-sale, goes on in Ireland. Step into the many old clothes depôts about Rag Fair, or the Clothes Exchange in London, and ask the dealer where the majority of his stock is to be exported to. He will tell you to Ireland — for the Irish market. I dare say many gentlemen of the Irish press would vehemently deny this, and asserting that the Celt, their compatriot, never condescends to wear anything but spick and span new broad-cloth, and denouncing my atrocious mendacity and general Saxon brutality insinuate besides that I murdered Eliza Grimwood, fomented the Gunpowder Plot, and set the Thames on fire; but the Coombe is my evidence on the old clothes question, and I will stick to it.

Diverging, temporarily, a little from the Coombe I enter Patrick Street, which leads to Patrick's Close, and to the great Protestant Cathedral of St. Patrick. Patrick Street is of the Coombe, Coombish. One side is occupied by an imposing manifestation of the old clothes interest, the other by a continuous line of stalls for the sale of butcher's-meat and provisions in general — the stalls being overshadowed by projecting bulkheads prodigiously productive of *chiaro oscuro*, picturesque-

ness, rottenness, and dinginess. This and the neighbourhood is the most ancient, raggedest, dirtiest, wretchedest part of Dublin's proud city. I become sensible of the presence of incalculable swarms of tattered children nearly all without shoes or stockings, and the average number of whose articles of dress varies from one and a half to two and three-eighths; likewise of a multiplicity of grown-up females, also barefooted — the elder ones astoundingly hideous, the younger ones not unfrequently exceedingly well-favoured, and for all their bare feet, modest and demure. The men seem to carry the allowance of shoes for both sexes, exhibiting their lower extremities cased in huge shoes, which in heavy weather on heavy roads must make walking anything but a labour of love. I opine the men of all ages and the women of mature years are nearly all smoking the national short-pipe, its top protected by a small leaden cupola, perforated, like a miniature dish-cover with a hole in it. And I cannot fail to observe a salient and a melancholy national peculiarity in men and women and children. They all crouch, or loll, or cower, or lean on something somehow — on door-steps and counters, over chairs and window-sills. The climate is not sultry, it is not enervating; yet here they crouch, and cower, and loll and lean, with the same pervading, listless, wearied, *blasé* expression. The

first thing I saw on landing at Kingstown was a railway porter, lounging with both elbows outspread over a truck, with a thoroughly "used up" and languid air; and I see scores of counter-parts of him as I walk along Patrick Street.

You will say that a visit to any London or Anglo-provincial district, colonised by Irish, will show you what I have been describing; but there are sights here, in addition, that you will not see out of Patrick Street and the Coombe. Groups of men and children carrying neatly-cut sods of "turfs," peat sods for fuel, about for sale; little dusky shops, full of big white jugs and huge iron-hooped buckets and churns full of buttermilk; more pork and bacon and eggs within a few square yards than you would see in some town-miles; open shops like coal-sheds, but where, instead of coals, there are piles on piles and sacks on sacks of potatoes, which the dealers are shovelling and carting about as though they really were closed, and to show the quality of which for the behoof of customers there is, on a little tripod, a plate of brown-jacketed murphies ready boiled and half-peeled; numerous stalls for the sale of salt fish — cod and ling — for this is Friday, and the Coombe, though hard by the cathedral close, is Catholic; sweep and dustman's carts joggling slowly by — the cart a long low contrivance like a horse-

trough on wheels, and the vicinity of its owner being announced by a bell attached to a wire on the horse's collar. Lastly, all through Patrick Street and the Coombe, and Francis Street and the vicinity, one corner of every outlet, sometimes both, are garnished with a grocer's shop, and also a tobacconist's, and also a whisky shop. The author of *Lalla Rookh* and the *Loves of the Angels* was born in such a shop.

At the first cursory view, Dublin seems very deficient in houses of public entertainment. No swinging doors invite the passer by — no glistening bars dazzle the toper's eyes. He sees plenty of hotels and plenty of grocers, but few what may be called public-houses. When, however, he has been a very few days in Dublin, he discovers that in almost every "hotel" (the Sackville Street and aristocratic ones I exclude, of course) he may be provided with refreshment as moderate as a "dandy" of punch, or modicum of whisky and hot water, which costeth twopence; or that in almost every shop where tea and coffee and sugar are sold, there also is sold the enlivening beverage extolled by poets but denounced by Father Mathew, the "rale potheen," from a pennyworth up to a gallon, which costeth eight shillings. There are, I believe, some excise and municipal regulations, limiting the drinking of whisky on the premises, which prompt some grocers of tender con-

sciences to provide back yards, with back outlets, into which customers accidentally stray to drink their whisky, and find, as accidentally, such waifs and strays as "materials," *i. e.*, hot water, sugar, and lemons, under a water-butt, or what not; but, in general, there seems no disguise about the matter; and, in the dram-drinking line, the grocery as plainly means whisky, as, in England, the Alton ale-house means beer.

I turn into Bull Alley, a very narrow and filthy little bulk-headed avenue of butchers' stalls — the very counterpart of a street in Stamboul. I have but time to notice that the butchers' wives and daughters are very rosy and comely looking — as all butchers' wives and daughters in all climes and countries seem to be — and make my escape as soon as ever I can; for Bull Alley has anything but an agreeable perfume, and there are puddles of blood between the uneven paving-stones, and should an animal of the species from which Bull Alley derives its name be disposed to manifest himself therein (which I do not consider unlikely), stung to frenzy by a "sense of injured merit," I would rather (Bull Alley being but contracted) be anywhere else, so I wend my way into Patrick's Close,

Where, looming large in the very midst of the old clothes, dirt, bare feet, slaughter-houses, and whisky-shops, is the metro-

politan church of Dublin — the Cathedral of St. Patrick. It is a venerable majestic building — a chaste and elegant example of that most glorious period of pointed Gothic architecture, the close of the twelfth century. Originally built, so it is said, by St. Patrick, the present church dates from the year one thousand one hundred and ninety, when John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, demolished the elder structure.

It is magnificent in conception and detail, built in one uniform style, with a glorious nave and transept, a chapter-house and a Lady chapel. The banners of the Knights of St. Patrick hang over the arches of the nave. There is a fine choir, and monumental tombs, and cathedral service daily; but within and without the whole fabric is in a lamentable state of decay, and the feelings that come over one in gazing on it are inexpressibly melancholy. With its gray tower and noble proportions it dominates the city; but it stands here an anomaly, a discrepancy, an almost unused fane, unreverenced, unsympathised with, unhonoured, disavowed, disliked.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral are the tombs of Dean Swift; of the woman who loved him so truly, and whom he used with such fantastic cruelty, the unfortunate Stella (Mrs. Hester Johnson); of Michael Tregury, Archbishop of Dublin; of the famous Duke Schomberg killed at the battle

of the Boyne in one thousand six hundred and ninety; and of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork. The noise and riot, and lumbering cars and waggons in the Coombe will not wake them, though they may shake the chain near the communion table, from which hangs the cannon ball that dealt the death blow to General St. Ruth at the battle of Aughrim, in one thousand six hundred and ninety-one. Hie we back to the Coombe.

Pursuing my further researches in this interesting district, I am struck by the apparently irresistible liking that the Irish have for hanging miscellaneous articles, principally rags, from their windows. Pantaloons, coats, and body-linen, and textile odds and ends of every imaginable hue and stage of raggedness flutter and dangle from poles and nails and clothes lines from every window. The effect in the Coombe and in the numerous little *vomitoria* I have hinted at, adjoining it, is pictorial, scenic, continental in the highest degree, but scarcely, I should say conducive to interior comfort — a defect I have somewhat largely observed in this aspect of the Picturesque, in the course of my small travels. Further, I confess my inability to discover why the male portion of the Coombian population should monopolise the whole available stock of boots and shoes and hose, to the detriment of the ladies or Coombianæ; why they should appear to hold soap

and water in such apparent detestation — the Liffey being close at hand, and a clear stream; and why they should not live a little less like pigs, and a little more like human beings.

LODGED IN NEWGATE.

POLICE Constable Keggs, when he put his hand upon my shoulder and informed me that he had a warrant for my apprehension, caused me to feel sick at heart. In face and voice he seemed to be the most repulsive of all mortals. I must go with him, he said, to Bow Lane station-house. I might go home for half-an-hour and explain matters to my wife; but the night I must spend "locked up." As we went along he advised me — supposing I might be deficient in tact or feeling — how I could best break the news, so that the sudden blow should fall as lightly as it might upon her. I think when we got home that, with an easy soothing way, he really did help very effectively to comfort her.

At Bow Lane — the charge against me having been entered, and the contents of my pockets entrusted to the inspector on duty for the night — I was locked up in a cell containing only one other person — "highly respectable" they told me. His snoring was not interrupted by the clash and rattle of doors, bolts, and keys upon my entrance; and, as he occupied the whole of the nar-

row bench, which was the only available bed, I took my boots off and walked up and down throughout the night. A small gas lamp in a niche at the top of the wall (lighting two cells at once) enabled me to see that he was a horny man who had done rough work in the world. Towards morning he awoke and saw me: "Halloa!" he cried; "what time did you come in?" "Between eleven and twelve." "Drunk and riotous, or incapable?" "No," I replied. "Oh!" he said, "some heavy business p'raps. Well, I'm in for forgery."

He got up and walked up and down, and told me a wild story of his former life, to which I gladly listened as a break on my own painful meditations. At eleven o'clock the officer came for me, and conveyed me in a cab (paid for with the money that had been found in my pockets) to the Mansion-house. Through the dark passage under the Police Court I was ushered into an apartment like a vault, lighted with gas, though there was the bright noon of summer flooding all the streets outside. The vault was crowded with policemen in uniform, among whom there were also some officers in plain clothes, and two or three minor officials of the court above. The warder of the place — a thoroughly kind-hearted man, dangling a huge bunch of bright keys upon his finger — led me down a passage to the left into a corridor, along the walls of which were iron cages, like the dens which confine beasts of prey at the Zoological Gardens. Into one of these he locked me. Other prisoners were brought afterwards into the cages, so that we soon came to be rather closely packed. A huge gas burner glared upon us, and the place was very close; but there was nothing in the air half so unwholesome as the wandering utterances,

"The voices and the shadows,
And images of voice,"

which filled my ears with the knowledge that I was among people morally degraded. Old offenders winked their recognitions to each other; men — self-occupied, as is the way with all the ignorant — talked of themselves to their neighbours; discussed crime as a calling, and their chances of escape, or the character of their several convictions, as a set of farmers might discuss their prospects for the harvest, only with less decorum and more mirth — a very ugly habit. A quiet-looking boy asked in a meek voice, as the warder passed him, "Oh, if you please, Sir, might I have a little drop of water?" Everybody was at once struck with intense thirst, and the joke was relished all the more as there was only one tin can to supply the whole. It was handed round, and every one praised the ale, declared it was in prime condition; some adding that they would "tick it up this time," but that the next time they happened

to be passing they would be sure to call in and rub off the score.

My solicitor having come down we held a conference. He told me that, although — as it was in due time shown — I had been accused of a grave crime hastily and in error, he should apply for a remand; for he would be unable to meet the charges against me effectually at once. I expected immediate liberation on bail; and, as I dreaded no stain upon my character, considered that my trouble was already over. After the magistrate had taken his seat, and the forms proper on opening the court had been completed, the various officers came down, ready each at the fit time to uncage his "cases." Mine was the second case called. I followed Mr. Keggs up an extremely narrow staircase; and, waiting at the top of it for a minute or two, saw that a trap-door was raised over my head, through which I was to be wound up, like a stage ghost, and quite as pale. I made my first appearance as a prisoner in the dock, and stood before the robes and chains of City magistrates. My mouth was dry, and I felt faint. I scarcely heard the case. I saw, as through a mist, a witness at the witness's rail. I heard persons on my right and left speaking loudly, as it seemed, against me; and a quiet, resolute voice, which seemed to speak on my behalf. In my confusion I could not tell to what end the proceedings tended, until I caught the words from the

Bench: "Well, if all parties are agreed, I see no reason for not granting it. Let the case be remanded until this day fortnight."

Then my thoughts dwelt upon the prospect of immediate deliverance. There was more talking, and whispering, and consulting on my right hand. Every man engaged in it was irksome to me, for prolonging my detention as the mark for a vague crowd of staring eyes. The voice from the Bench was again audible to me: "Oh, decidedly not. I cannot think of accepting bail. Bail is out of the question."

Before I had attached a meaning to the words the trap was raised, and I was being hurried down the narrow staircase. In a minute or two I was again locked up in the den with my old companions, who received me with a simultaneous pull of long, commiserative faces, meant to be comical.

"You can have a cab if you like" — of course, out of my own funds — "instead of going with the rest," said Mr. Keggs.

"But where am I to go to?" I asked in bewilderment. "Where is Mr. Bartle, my solicitor?"

"Mr. Bartle will be down to speak to you directly."

"And then?"

"Why, then you must go to Newgate."

I was taken to Newgate in a cab. In the entrance-hall of that dark building I was officially delivered over to the warden; who, with a cheery comfortable face,

suggested thoughts rather of warden pie than gruel.

"Prisoner on remand," said Mr. Keggs, handing to him the committal from the Mansion-house.

Having asked me a few questions formally, to satisfy himself that I was the person specified in the document, and having inquired whether I had anything in my pockets, he shouted once or twice to some one who was slow to come out of the innermost recesses of the place. His voice echoed among the labyrinth of passages, beating itself against the thick stone walls, until another voice came echoing an answer to it. In a short time a man appeared behind the massive iron gate, and threw it open with a heavy sound, terrible to one who had not been scared before by anything more wretched than an unopened bedroom hinge. "Here's one for the remand ward," said the warden. "Very well," said the man, who was in no good temper. "Come this way." I shook hands with the officer, and felt, when he departed, as if I had lost a valued friend. He would meet me, he said, at the Mansion-house, punctually on the appointed day; talking of it as genially as if it were a dinner appointment. Then, as administrator of my funds, he gave to the warden sixpence wherewith to buy for me postage stamps, and left me to make myself at home in Newgate.

Strong and stony as the prison

seems to passers by, it looks much stonier and stronger to the men who enter it. The multiplicity of heavy walls, of iron gates and doorways; of huge locks, of bolts, spikes and bars of every imaginable shape and size, make of the place a very nightmare dungeon. I followed the gruff under-warden, through some dark and chilly vaulted passages, now turning to the right, now to the left. We crossed a large hall, in the centre of which is a glass room for the use of prisoners when they are giving instructions to their lawyers. When it is so used, a prison officer walks round and round it, seeing all that may take place within, but hearing nothing. In another passage was a small recess, in which three or four under-wardens in their regulation uniform were dining. One vacant seat, with a half emptied plate before it, let me know why my guide was not in a good humour. Had I arrived ten minutes later, he would have been, I do not doubt, in an excellent humour. Still following, I was led into another large recess or chamber, on one side of which was a huge boiler with a furnace glowing under it, and on another side a large stone bath. On the third wall there were a couple of round towels on a roller, with a wooden bench beneath them. "Stop," cried the warden, "take your clothes off." I hesitated. "Take off your clothes, do you hear?" My clothes were soon laid on the bench, and

a hot bath filled, and I went in. The officer had then his opportunity of taking up my garments one by one, searching their pockets and their linings, feeling them about and holding them against the light. My boots appeared to be especially suspicious. After he had put his hands into them, he thumped them violently on the stone floor; but there rolled nothing out. Having bathed, I was led down another passage, at the end of which were two gratings of iron bars, closely woven over with wire-work, distant about two feet from each other. Unlocking both he pushed me through, and started me up two or three steps into a square court-yard, where there was a man walking to and fro very violently. After shouting "One in!" he locked the two gratings, and retreated rapidly in the direction of his dinner. Another warden with a bunch of keys came from a gloomy building that formed one side of the court. "Go up," he said to the pedestrian; who disappeared up a staircase instantly.

"Where are you from?" the jailor asked me, and "What are you here for?" Being replied to on these points, he said shortly, "Come this way." He led up the dark stone staircase to a corridor with cells on one side, having iron doors to them a foot or more in thickness. One of those cells was to be mine. Venturing as I went in to ask "Whether I might be allowed to walk in the yard

when I pleased?" he answered sharply, "You'll just please to walk where and when you're told." He slammed the door, bolted it, locked it, and padlocked it.

The cell was about eight feet by four, lighted by a loophole above eye-level. It contained, besides an iron bedstead with a straw mattress and two coarse rugs upon it, an uncomfortable stool and a slanting reading-desk fastened to the wall, on which were a Bible, a prayer-book, and hymn-book. Alone for the first time since my apprehension, I stretched myself upon the bed; and, with my hands over my eyes endeavoured to collect my thoughts. I was soon aroused by the undoing of bolts and bars below, while a stentorian voice shouted from the yard, "All — down!" I heard the cell doors being opened in the corridor; and, in due turn mine was flung open, and the jailor looked in. The impression my body had left upon the rugs enraged him dreadfully. "What," he cried, almost in a scream, "you've been a lying on that 'ere bed, have you! You just let me catch you on it again till night, that's all!"

"Oh," I said soothingly, "I didn't know. Now that I do know, I will not lie down again."

"If I find you on it again I'll have you up before the governor or stop your supper. That's all. Go down."

In the yard I found nine fellow "remands;" two or three of them

well dressed, the others ragged. Those who were near me asked particulars about myself, and were communicative about themselves. We fell into line. An iron gate was unbolted, and at the same time there was a cry of "Hats off!" The governor appeared, with the head warden and a small pet spaniel. "Have any of you anything to say to the governor?" asked the warden. The governor himself repeated the question, and at the same time looked at us critically. There was silence, and the governor departed. We returned then to our cells; and, for the rest of the afternoon I remained undisturbed, except by the clock of St. Sepulchre's and the occasional shout of "One in;" which let me know that time as it passed on never found Newgate idle.

Almost simultaneously with the striking of five from St. Sepulchre's, I heard the shout of "Gruel!" followed by a clink of cans and spoons. My cell was unbolted, and there was handed in to me a tin of smoking gruel, and a piece of dry bread. I am not squeamish, but I could not eat it. I knew that my wife with our home walls about her felt more desolate than I. I left my gruel and my bread, after a vain struggle to eat them. In a short time the jailor came and took away the can, ordering me down for a half hour's walk in the yard.

Just before locking up for the night at eight o'clock, the cell doors were again opened and the

prisoners invited to drink from a bucket of water, by the help of a little can. Chains, padlocks, and additional bolts noisily adjusted, made all safe for the night; and, when the work of fastening was finished, the head warden came through the silence with a measured tread, and, raising a little peephole in each door, bade "Good night" to each prisoner; awaiting a reply, in order that he might report to the governor that all was well. Until six in the morning all was quiet.

The sounds of keys and bolts aroused me in the morning. I had some experience of soldiers' beds and how they are made; and the Newgate beds are of the barrack character. Hearing my neighbours who had made their beds up clumsily sharply admonished, I packed mine up in military style before the jailor came to me. He looked surprised and gratified. The order being "Go below and wash," I obeyed it, and washed with the help of a bucket at the cistern tap in the yard and a very small piece of soap, finishing off with a towel that had been made very damp by having gone the rounds before I took my turn at it. When I came back, the jailor — who had not lived down his admiration of my bed-making — took me to a cell not far from my own and bade me teach that shiftless Bilson how to make up a bed, exhorting Bilson at the same time to heed the lesson. Bilson of course introduced himself to me with the questions

"When are you going up?" "What are you in for?" &c., which supply to Newgate prisoners such a topic as the weather is, to men out in the free air.

I was glad to get with my gruel and bread, at half-past seven, the information that if, when my friends came to see me, they left any money with the porter at the gate I might buy myself provisions out of it. Of course there were restrictions. Cold beef and mutton were admissible, pork and veal were excluded. I could be allowed a little butter or cheese, but not eggs and not bacon. There is a person, I was told, just outside the gates who regularly supplies prisoners in Newgate for whom the door-keeper has funds in trust, with the regulation comforts, including coffee and rolls in the morning, tea and toast in the afternoon. There was incidental relaxation also, as I found, connected with this arrangement. All those who are victualled by this worthy man are allowed to leave their cells and to go into the corridor where he serves out prison luxuries. Then for a minute or two rapid conversation could take place among us; but, if it were protracted half a minute beyond the time sufficient for the drawing of our allotted portions, the stern voice of the jailor waiting to lock up again made us run like rats into our holes.

It being the first day of my residence in Newgate, I received a

visit from the doctor, who made diligent inquiry on the subject of my health. Soon afterwards I was sent down, with all the others who had come in on the previous day, to see the Ordinary in the vestry. Through an intricate stone labyrinth, by aid of numerous directions shouted out by the warden, we found our way into the comfortably furnished chamber at the foot of the chapel stairs. The Ordinary sat in a large easy chair at a table covered with papers, and he was backed by a large book-case, on the top of which were proper Newgate ornaments, consisting of casts of the features of men who had been hanged. I found him kind and gentle. He interrogated me as to the charge which was entered in a book before him; conversed with and advised me for a few minutes in a considerate and humane way, and sent me back with a pamphlet which he considered suitable to my condition. It was entitled *A Warning of Advice to Young Men in the Metropolis*.

In the exercise yard I found all the remanded prisoners turning out for chapel parade. There was a gentlemanly young man who possessed a clothes brush which all — down to the most ragged — were solicitous to borrow. The desire was for something to do, and there were great brushings. That young man had been in the remand department for three months or more, on suspicion of having been implicated in a bank

robbery. He went out at last with a clear character, the police having in his case been on a false scent, for even police sometimes err. There was a showy foreigner anxious that I should tell him — as I was a newcomer — what the public thought about his chances of acquittal. There were some boys accused of larcenies, perverting the light-heartedness of childhood into a play of wretched mockeries and jokes, not checked by the authoritative "Keep quiet you there, won't you;" but greatly promoted by the smile into which now and then the jailor was betrayed.

The part of Newgate chapel set aside for the congregation differs of course in its planning from any church or chapel used by people who have liberty to come and go. There are only four pews, separate and far apart. One is for the governor, one for the head warden or deputy governor, and the other two, one in each gallery, for the sheriffs or City authorities who came at special times: on condemned sermon Sundays for example. We were marched across the chapel to the cage set apart for remands; which is in close contact with the governor's pew, and I observed that the jailor so formed the line of our procession every morning that the well-dressed men of our party were placed nearest to the dignitary. A black veil from the ceiling hung before the gallery above us and concealed the fe-

male prisoners. The locks of our cage having been fastened, and our jailor having seated himself so as to command a full view of all who were in his charge, the convicts in their grey suits were marshalled into a cage opposite to ours. When they had been locked up, some other prisoners were brought into the body of the chapel and ranged upon forms. There came a fine-looking old man who walked with an air of great consequence to a seat at the communion rails. He proved to have been a prisoner for some years past, a collector of taxes who had pocketed the public money. We were all so well classified in chapel that remands before committal, committals awaiting trial, convicted and sentenced prisoners could at a glance be distinguished from each other by the governor or chaplain.

Chaplain and clerk being in their places, the governor entered his pew; a prison bird sitting behind me, wanted to know whether he had his boots on? Yes, he had. "Then," said the whis-perer, "he'll visit us after this. When he is not going over jail till afternoon and keeps to himself all morning, he always comes to chapel in his slippers. I've not been here a dozen times for nothing, I can tell you." After prayers and psalms we had a sermon on the lesson of the day, in which we were not specially addressed as sinners, but as dear brethren who were to avoid sin. I was struck by the force which

the whole body of prisoners threw into hymn singing; the jailors led, and there was scarcely a prisoner who did not take the opportunity to use his lungs. The hymns were really well sung, but my experience among the denizens of Newgate made me feel vexed at the hollowness of adoration so expressed. And yet, what would one have? Even such shows may lead the way to something more substantial.

After chapel service, we were marched back to our wards: I with the new arrivals being first taken to the governor's office and paraded there before the door, near the great entrance gate. We were called in one by one, and found the governor sitting on the table, having a warder before him with writing materials, and a book in which he wrote what was dictated to him. Looking steadfastly at me, the great authority over us rapidly dictated the description of my person: "Light — grey — small — short — no distinguishing:" the last words, I suppose, meant that I had no mark upon me by which I might be at once identified. "What are you charged with?" "Ever in gaol before?" Then I was measured by the standard rule, (I had before been measured in the station-house,) and dismissed by the governor with a sharp reproof to the warden for having brought me before him in a highly improper state (I had a two days' beard). He was to see at once and have me cleanly shaved.

Next followed the "ninety minutes" which to me were all the day. I had been locked up only a short time when I was unbarred and ordered to "the grate," at which I had been left by the first warden yesterday. It was the place for seeing visitors, and there I found my wife. The comfort and quiet of the other prisoners and prisoners' friends, who formed two close files opposite each other with the space between the two gratings parting them, was disturbed that morning. My dear wife cried loudly the whole time. The head warden came to her, and with a kindness not to be forgotten, begged her "not to take on so, it would be all right." Then he brought her a form to sit upon, telling her she would find it tiresome work to stand an hour and an half on the cold stones. When the two gates were opened that the bundles brought by visitors might be passed in, he made her advance half-way through, that she might shake hands with me. His heart was not of Newgate stone.

Indeed, I found that while there was a great deal, especially among the under-wardens, of the roughness that they considered necessary to discipline, there was no lack of a right human feeling anywhere. The hour and half of interview at the grate, from half-past ten to twelve for female relatives and friends, and the hour from one to two o'clock for male friends, were always full of noticeable scenes, that on the

whole were to the credit of the people concerned in them. Only one visitor was allowed to each prisoner at a time; and, considering the pressure for front places, that was a fair rule. At the grate, prisoners of every grade jostled one another vigorously, and the confusion of tongues was terrible. Some visitors were sad, and came weeping or dejected; others, at home in Newgate, sought to encourage their caged acquaintances with rude fun. The turnkey of the ward favoured us sometimes with his company and exchanged recognitions with familiar people; adding a contribution of good-humoured turnkey jokes. It was worthy of observation, that although there might be tears seen and regrets heard, no wife ever reproached her husband, no mother her son, no sister her brother. It was not the time for admonition, their hearts knew. With one exception the same right feeling was shown by the men.

A young man guilty of a small embezzlement, who had given himself into custody, had been brought into Newgate a day or two after my arrival, and made all night such dreadful lamentations in his cell, that at chapel parade we all had to compare notes about our broken slumbers. He was walking up and down the yard with his face buried in his hands; and, at chapel, groaned so much before the arrival of the Ordinary, that the warden sung out "You had better, I think, stop

that cat's noise here, you Sir!"

The next morning he told me that he had expected his brother; but that nobody had been to see him. He wanted to see his brother very much. That afternoon while I was at the grate talking to a friend, a sedate-looking, sanctimonious, well-dressed man arrived. It was the expected brother. He did not appear much affected, and addressed his repentant relative in a way that made the turnkey stare. The turnkey always came to have a thorough look at a new visitor. "Well, Sir," said the good brother, "so here you are, and here of course you shall remain. I have just come; not because you sent for me, but to say that none of the family will have anything to do with you." The castaway had no answer, for he was groaning and lamenting; but the turnkey shouted after the righteous one as he was departing, "I say, Sir, you must send him a clean shirt and a collar, and a bit of a hairbrush. And I tell you what, he don't relish his gruel; so just you leave a shilling at the gate to get him something better."

The brother was exasperated at the impudent demand. "Prison fare," he replied, "is good enough for him, too good for him. I'll send the other things, if you assure me I can have them back when he is sentenced. And mark me, brother," he said, turning with fierce deliberation on his old home play-fellow, "if by any chance you should escape punish-

ment, don't come near any of us. We'll have nothing to do with you. The sooner you get out of the way the better." Shouldering his umbrella he marched off, and the turnkey speaking for the first time gently to the youth, said, "Come now! up to your cell. There's a good fellow! You wanted to see your brother. Now I hope you're satisfied."

The chief event of the afternoon in Newgate, next to the constitutional walk in the yard, is being locked up in a large cell on the basement story with pen, ink, and paper. There we wrote letters which a turnkey saw us sign and marked with his initials; they were then taken to be read by the authorities before they were posted. Sometimes I was locked up with one of the many prisoners who could not write, or even dictate sensibly; but such men never would allow that it was possible to make their meaning clearer than they made it, by another than their own appointed form of words.

When being escorted through the passages to the glass-room for interviews with my solicitor, I used often to meet a man carrying wine bottles in a basket, and wondered who it was that had so large a traffic to and from his cellar. I found out that the bottles contained black draught and physic for the prisoners, and then my interest abated.

At last the morning came on which I was to be again taken to the Mansion-house. Before break-

fast, I was got up for the event like a school-boy who is wanted in the parlour. As I had never shown any symptoms of a desire to defeat the ends of justice, I had been trusted with my razor, and allowed to shave myself. The warder, however, lounged against one of the window-sills in the yard (the barber's shop) the while, indulging in gruff but well-meant remarks on the young men who had come under his care. On this particular morning he was more than usually chatty. "Ah! I have known some first-rate men in here; and enjoy themselves very much, they 'did. Poor fellows; all their troubles commenced when they left here. That's the time — you'll find that when you get out. Every man that looks at you a little harder than usual in the streets you'll think knows you have been in Newgate. You'll think every one knows where you've come from; and, sure enough, it's wonderful what a sight of people do find it out." He ended by hoping he should not see me back again in Newgate.

Soon after morning chapel there was a cry heard of "Send down them remands!" I was taken down with half-a-dozen others, and paraded in line waiting for the van. When all was ready we were led through the long dark passage to the entrance-hall. The warden at the gate, having seen that we were the right persons to go out, required me to enter my name in

his account-book as an acquittal for his disbursements in the character of steward to my funds. The great iron gate then swung upon its hinges, and we passed to the van one by one through a lane of curious observers.

The van contained separate cabins, with swing shutters to the doors fastened by buttons, and all opening into the central passage. A young man, "very faint," requested that his shutter might be left open. "Yes," said the sergeant — "then you'll be all talking, you will." — "O no indeed, Sir, we won't, I assure you. Do let me have it open if you please, Sir." The plaintive tone prevailed; and, after the van door was locked, the young man, putting out his arm, unbuttoned the other shutters, and a romp began. Jokes were bandied, arrangements and appointments made in the event of release, and the great game was for each to lie in wait watching the other shutters, and be ready to box the ears of any one who popped his head out. In that spirit of levity young and old men, accused of grave offences, went to trial. At the Mansion-house the hand of Mr. Keggs appeared at the van door ready to help me down. That amiable friend bade me good day, and took me to the cage again.

I did not reappear in Newgate to add to my experience a knowledge of the kind of life led by committed prisoners or others in a lower deep — the convict

department. I have told my tale simply as so much experience, and have no desire or talent for constructing any theories upon it.

A DIGGER'S DIARY.

IN OCCASIONAL CHAPTERS.

September 7th. — So, here we are at last, in sight of Australia. That faint grey something, seen through the worst of weather, we are told is Cape Otway. What a time we have had of it these last three weeks. It is all over with my Diary, as indeed it has very nearly been all over with everything else in the Rodneyrig, ever since we passed the little black rocky islands of St. Paul's and Amsterdam. If I ever again take to keeping a journal, it must be on the plan of no-plan — I mean of no sort of regularity as to the intervals.

The condition of our cabin — our berths — every cabin, and every berth in the 'tween decks, no tongue can tell. All washed out, and everything left, not high and dry, but moist, rotten, broken, trodden up, strewn about, and turned to rags and slush. The grand summit of all our sea-disasters we reached on the 10th inst. — was it the 10th or the 9th, or the 7th? — oh, I forget, but it topped everything. We had gone to bed during gales, and got up in the morning to find a storm, to say nothing of any of the roaring hours between,

for some time; but one day we had a hurricane that never ceased for a minute, so that when it grew dark we all fairly turned into our berths to avoid being knocked and battered to pieces against the ship and each other, and there we all lay wide awake, listening to the various effects — such as roars, howls, hisses, gushes, creaks, clanks, shrieks, flaps and flanks, rumbles and falls, and sudden shocks, with the steady, monotonous, vibrating drone of the mighty wind holding on through all, without intermission. This lasted in all its force through the night, till from sheer exhaustion by attending to it I dropped off to sleep. Sometime between twelve and two I awoke with a start, caused by a loud and violent booming blow, followed by a rush of water, which came dashing down the main hatchway, and flooding all the 'tween decks, every cabin inclusive. A lurch instantly followed, which sent all the water swosh over to the other side of the ship, but this seemed only done to give a more vehement impulse to the counter-lurch on our side, the roll of which went to such an extent lower and lower that I thought this time at last we must go clean over, and while the result was yet suspended in the darkness, down came rushing to our low-sunken side an avalanche of all the moveable contents of the entire 'tween decks — cooking tins and crockery, washing things, all

loose articles of every description, with boxes, jars, and tubs, and kegs and cabin furniture bursting away from their fastenings, through cabin doors, and bringing many cabin doors and panels along with them, together with the heavy crashing hatchway ladders — in one tremendous avalanche, cataract, and chaos, like the total destruction and end of all things. It was so sudden, so complete, so far exceeding all we had previously experienced, put together, that it produced for a second or two a dead silence. The suspense was momentary, for out of that silence there arose one loud, unanimous, spontaneous, simultaneous *huzza!* from nearly every cabin in the 'tween decks, just as though we had received the first broadside of an enemy on going into action. This is literally true. I felt proud of my countrymen. Most of us on our first voyage too. Certainly we English were meant to be a nation of sailors.

10th. — The foulest weather of the whole voyage was in the Indian Ocean, when we were first nearly abreast of Cape Lewin, off the invisible Australian coast. Our boats'n said he had been out here fourteen times, and always had a storm off this coast. The boats'n a first-rate sailor. Had two holes, and one long rent in his blue trowsers — the largest patched with a great canvas heart, the next with an anchor cut out in leather — and the long rent was covered with a Turkish scymetar,

also of canvas. But here we were at last nearing the "Heads," and I did not care how soon I lost sight of all these petty objects and interests of the stupid old Rodneyrig. Took pilot on board. Crowd surrounded him with eager looks and questions. Pilot said gruffly at once, "All right as to the gold — now, I won't answer another question. Haul up the mainsail!"

11th. — Hobson's Bay. Who would have expected to see so many ships? Could not help feeling a momentary alarm, lest all the gold should have been picked up. But the ships looked all empty, deserted, as we passed. In one there seemed to be nobody but the captain, who was leaning disconsolately over the side. Others showed no signs of life at all. On this deck perhaps a boy, or that a dog, but generally no moving thing at all. Felt that if the gold had been picked up ever so extensively, at least it had not been carried away.

A row on deck between passengers and Captain Pennysage. Hobson's Bay was not Melbourne — yet he declared he had no more to do with us now, and that we must get ashore in boats, how we could, at our own expense. We learnt from the pilot that the charges of boatmen for passengers and baggage ashore, were most exorbitant, and no help for it. How we raged at the captain! We all execrated Saltash and Pincher!

13th. — Thirty shillings for

every forty cubic feet of luggage by the steam-tug that took us ashore, measured by their own off-hand men, besides paying for our own passage. Nobody with all his luggage, so that we had this to go through several times. Steam-tug calling at all manner of vessels by the way, round about and in and out, made it dark when we were landed on the wharf. In a few minutes, to our surprise and dismay, the air became dark — it was night, and the rain began to fall heavily. Rain had fallen before in the day, and all under foot was mud and slush. Most of their luggage all the passengers had to carry or drag ashore themselves; the rest, excepting what was carelessly left behind by the sailors of the tug, was bundled after us, pell mell. Cattle would never have been put ashore in so reckless a manner. There was not a single lamp on the wharf, nor even the temporary help of a lanthorn. Boxes, bales, cases, fragments of machinery, bundles of diggers' tools, merchandise of all sorts bursting from their confines and being trampled into the mud, men, women, large families, with the children all crying, now a dog running between your legs, now you running up against a horse who had also lost his master, and all this in a strange place, in the rain and dark, and nobody knowing anything you wanted to know, but retorting precisely your own question in a wild tone — especially "Which is the way to the

town?" — "Where can we get lodgings for the night?" — "What on earth is to become of our luggage?" Arrowsmith, by agreement, had rushed ashore directly we touched the edge of the wharf, to go up to Melbourne and try and find lodgings for us, which we knew must be no easy matter. I had lost Waits in the scramble and confusion. I saw no more of either of them all night. In the miserable company of some forty or fifty passengers by the Rodney-rig, and another ship that had just sent a cargo of forlorn wretches ashore, I passed the whole night on the wharf, standing with my back against a large packing case, and occasionally lying with my hand and elbows upon it indulging in no very lively train of reflection. I was very wet and cold of course, but not so cold as I had fancied I should be. About daybreak I discerned a large rusty boiler of a steam engine (one of the numerous pieces of machinery which for want of cranes, or other apparatus, besides labourers, had been left, as I subsequently found, to rot on the wharf), and into this boiler I crept, and coiling myself as nearly into a ball as I could, gave a sigh, and went to sleep.

24th. — Horrible bad cold, aches in every joint of my bones, more rain, wandering about on the wharf searching for our luggage, with no breakfast, everybody rushing to and fro in a scramble, and nobody able to answer any question, or refusing to listen a

moment. About nine o'clock, the sun came out bright and hot. Saw Arrowsmith hurrying along covered with mud, and followed by Waits with a bloody nose and one of the skirts of his coat hanging in shreds. They would answer no questions, but cried out, "The luggage! all the things!" Oh what a job it was! They accuse me of deserting the luggage, it was they who had deserted me! Found most of it, and in a pretty pickle. We had to carry it ourselves up to the town, with the exception of a large heavy chest of Arrowsmith's which we left at an old shackety shed of planks and dirty canvas called a "store," for which he was to pay ten shillings "entrance," and half-a-crown a week.

Went to a one-storied, yellow-ochred, impudently squalid place in Flinders Lane, a sort of gin-shop, beer-shop, lodging-house, eating-house, and coffee-shop all in one, where they also sold potatoes, tin-pans, and oats, outside at a stall, and bought gold to any amount. Here (our luggage being bundled into a muddy yard at the back, where there was already a chaos of boxes, bundles, and rubbish) we got some very muddy coffee, with the chill off, some remarkably dirty brown sugar, stale bread, bad potatoes, the filthiest knives, forks, and table-cloth the house could afford, and a huge dish piled up with at least nine or ten pounds of smoking hot fried beef-steaks. We were

all fiercely hungry, from what we had gone through since yesterday afternoon, but the hopeless toughness absolutely made us all leave off with aching jaws long before our craving was satisfied. We finished, therefore, upon stale bread and potatoes, with some rancid butter, and lots more coffee. We paid seven-and-sixpence a head. I asked to be shown to my bedroom, and was answered by a grin from the bearded brute who condescended to act as waiter *pro tem*. "You see it before you," said Arrowsmith, "and here" (tapping the table) "are our bedsteads. They will find us blankets of some kind or other." I asked him if he and Waits had slept here last night. He said no, he had not, and he now proceeded to tell us (he and Waits having lost each other) why he had not returned to me on the wharf, and what had been the adventures of the night. I shall give it in Arrowsmith's own words, as nearly as I can recollect.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN MELBOURNE.

Everybody, said Arrowsmith, from all I can hear, is astonished and disgusted with the first night in Melbourne; but the first night of the arrival of three ladies, perfect strangers in the place, will show the extraordinary state of affairs here in a peculiarly strong light.

Arrived in the town, I at once began to hunt for lodgings, and went from street to street in vain,

till at last, finding a house where they agreed to find room for three more — dead or alive, as the landlord invitingly said — I was on my way back to the wharf, when who should I see paddling along in the mud but our fellow passengers, Mrs. Watson, Miss Dashwood, and Mrs. Pounderby, who had very knowingly left the Rodneyrig with the earliest boat, in order to secure lodgings before they were all taken. They came luckily without any luggage but their nightbags. They had been from house to house almost, and during six or seven hours had been treated with such insult or unseemly ridicule at nearly every door, that each fresh application — which they undertook in turn — had been a greater effort, they said, than going to a dentist with an aching tooth. It had rained more or less the whole day, and they were wet to the very bones, as Mrs. Watson expressed it. Mrs. Pounderby was crying — indeed they had all cried several times in concert. Captain Watson had come ashore with them; but, never dreaming of this difficulty, had gone to dine and sleep at the private house of a merchant in the bush, with whom he had some business. And here they were! They besought me not to leave them, as they were sure they should all be dead before morning. So of course I could but remain with them, and try after lodgings once more.

We renewed our inquiries — humble solicitations, preparatory

overtures, cautious advances. If I had had you two fellows with me, it might have been managed more than once, but directly they found that women were in question (the term ladies was absolutely dangerous to breathe, as it instantly received an inverted interpretation from these brutal householders) all hope was dashed out in a moment. I ought as a gentleman — as a man — to have engaged in five regular fights, besides countless tortures of passive self-command, in consequence of the atrocious, unmanly, ten times worse than black savage replies that were made to my request touching my three dripping, bedraggled, half-fainting companions. The answers — divested of all their goldmania ferocity — were to the effect that they wanted no women or children here, and they might all just go to a place which the speakers considered infinitely worse than Melbourne! Well, these things are not merely accidental adventures — I know that numbers have experienced the same — they are historical, and very bad bits of history everybody must admit them to be.

By this time poor Mrs. Pounderby, being, you know, very fat, was sobbing and puffing as though she would burst — and no joke to see, though ridiculous to relate. Mrs. Watson, with her hands clasped, continually referred to the Captain dining in the bush; and Miss Dashwood, having good Irish blood, still

tripped along, sore-footed as she was, with tears in her eyes, but saying that surely, perhaps, Providence after all would stand their friend. Now, in my own mind (I could have made that girl an offer on the spot — but that by the by), I had fully prepared myself for passing the night in the streets. I went on, pretending still to look for lodgings, but in reality I was looking for a dry archway, or other covered place with a moderate draught. Each of the ladies having a cloak or shawl, besides what they might have in their nightbags, I thought they might manage pretty well considering.

While looking out for such a place, and coming upon nothing but hideous lanes of mud and rubbish, I was beginning to think we must content ourselves with getting under the lee of some lonely wall (at the risk of being robbed and murdered — of course, I kept this fancy to myself), when passing the door of a long shed-like house, a tall man smoking a short pipe, said "Walk in, mate." To this polite novelty I was about to respond with alacrity, but the fellow spoilt it by adding, "Oh, you've got women with you!" and turned on his heel. But catching sight of a woman inside whom I took to be his wife, I instantly went in and accosted her, representing the predicament of my fair companions, in which I was immediately supported by all three in despairing tones begging the

mistress of the house to give them shelter for the night. The woman seemed rather moved by this case of real distress, but said she had no room. "Oh, put us anywhere! — anywhere!" cried my poor dripping companions. The woman hesitated, and as we renewed our entreaties at this glimpse of hope, she went to speak with her husband. In a few seconds she returned, saying she thought it could be managed; a "stretcher" would be put up for me in the lodgers' room below, and my friends could sleep "in the place above, where they would be quite safe, and to themselves." Rejoicing at this, and with a thousand thanks, we bade each other good night, the ladies following our kind hostess along a dark passage, and I, groping my way as directed, towards a door on the left with a light showing through the chinks.

I advanced by a descending foot-way of broken bricks and slush till I arrived at the door, and pushed it open. The room was a large one, for Melbourne, and as it lay about a foot and a half lower than the street, the whole surface was literally flooded by the day's rain. This was the lodgers' bed-room. It was full of stretchers—some thirty of them—with blankets, or rugs, or other rough covering by way of bed-clothes. Nearly all were occupied, and the men for the most part sound asleep, though it was barely nine o'clock. Many of the beds held two huddled to-

gether, and here and there a complicated bundle with feet sticking out, looked like three. In one corner a gruff conversation on the subject of gold scales and weights was going on in an under tone; several lay smoking; others gave an occasional roll and grunt in a drunken sleep, or muttered incoherent imprecations. Scarcely any of them had their clothes off, but I noticed two exceptions—one of a man who had evidently taken off everything but his boots (which clung no doubt from the wet), and a beaver-skin cap tied under his chin; the other displayed a pair of immense legs from beneath his dirty blanket, decked in a pair of scarlet stockings with yellow clocks, a recent purchase perhaps from some clown at the circus at an exorbitant price. Blue shirts and crimson shirts were also visible at intervals, and one shirt seemed to be of some drab colour, with great Orleans plums all over it. A large gold watch with a gaudy chain was hung upon a nail near one of the sleepers' heads, and a massive gold chain and seals were dangling over the edge of a quart pot (the watch being safe and softly lodging in the beer dregs inside) standing on the window-ledge. There could not have been less than five-and-forty or fifty people here. Of the few who were awake no one took the least notice of my entrance—a total stranger being no event where nearly all are total

strangers to the place or to each other.

The landlord of this delectable retreat now pushed open the door behind me by a lurch with his starboard shoulder, and placing himself against the wall, being by this time very drunk, pointed to a stretcher which luckily had no occupant (having just been sent in), and holding a tumbler towards me asked roughly if I'd take a nobler afore turning in. I thanked him — drank off the brandy — and returned the tumbler. He rolled round against the door, and disappeared.

The room was lighted by one bad candle, stuck in the neck of a beer-bottle, placed on a flour-cask near the opposite wall. Its flickering reflection in the dark waters beneath contributed an additional gleam to the comfortable scene around. I was standing at this time on a sort of raised step, or threshold mound of loose bricks above the level of the floor, or rather lagoon, of the bed-room, considering how I should attain my stretcher. I felt that it would not do to step from stretcher to stretcher, because if I escaped treading upon a limb of any of the sleepers, I might still tip the thing with all upon it clean over; so I deliberately walked through. From the inequalities of the ground the depths varied from six to twelve or fourteen inches. I mounted my ricketty couch — drew off my boots, at the imminent risk of upsetting the concern with my

struggles in a seated position — and enveloped myself in the blanket, trusting that my wet clothes would produce a warm steam on the water-cure principle; before the realisation of which, being very tired indeed, I fell asleep.

So much for my bed-room; but now for the ladies. Miss Dashwood related it to me this morning directly we were outside the house, and while walking along, though at every crisis all three spoke together.

The woman of the house led the way through a dark narrow passage full of water, being also below the level of the street, with a brick here and there to step upon, for those who could see them, or knew where they were planted, till they came to a yard. This yard was a slough, having been torn up by the wheels of heavily laden drays and the hoofs of bullocks. They crossed by means of several broken planks, half embedded in the mud, close under the horns of a team of bullocks standing there till the driver got sober enough to attend to them, and then getting behind a muddy wheel, the ladies found their hostess had paused at the foot of a ladder. This they all by a very slow and difficult process ascended; but one of the spokes having been broken out, it was thought that poor Mrs. Pounderby would never accomplish the task; nor would she, but that the drunken bullock driver seemed to be coming to

her assistance, which induced a succession of struggles that were at last successful. Of course, being so fat as she is, it was a dangerous moment for the ladder.

The hostess now led the way along some cracking boards till they arrived at the entrance of a loft or lumber attic. This loft, however, was only fragmentary, being quite unfloored, the only apology for which consisted of some eight or nine long planks laid across from side to side, and resting on ledges on the top of the walls, just where the upward slant of the roof commenced. "Oh gracious heavens alive!" cried Mrs. Pounderby; but her ecstasies were cut short by the woman of the house who said, "Better than the streets, I'm thinking;" with which curt remark she set down the candle on a plank, and departed before they could at all make out where they were.

Surveying their apartment, as well as the squalid gloom would permit, they saw that about the centre of the planks lay a horribly dirty old bag made of packing canvass, and stuffed with straw and some lumps and rolls like cast-off clothes and rags made up into bundles. Upon this a couple of distempered looking blankets were placed, while the bolster was a sack filled with straw and brick-rubbish, which knocked upon the floor when moved.* Between the edges of

this bed and the outside planks was a space of about two feet at most on each side, and beyond that was an unknown abyss. To the verge of this, Miss Dashwood cautiously approached, held fast behind, by the skirts of her dress, by Mrs. Watson, who was held in turn by Mrs. Pounderby in the same way. Peering over the brink, Miss Dashwood thought she could distinguish through the dark haze a large tank or reservoir, below, covered with strange shapes sleeping in little boats; gradually, however, she was enabled to see that it was a room carpeted with water, and containing a bevy of occupied stretchers enlivened by the gleam of one candle and its reflection. They were just over our heads.

The three poor ladies now sat down upon the bag-bed, and all had a good cry. Talked of having had every comfort at home, and lamented they had ever set foot in Australia. After this, feeling rather better, Mrs. Watson produced some biscuits and potted beef from a little basket she had, and reserving half for the morrow, shared the remainder, while Mrs. Pounderby found she had got a little flask of spirits in her bag, which was good against the spasms. They now began to feel their minds somewhat relieved. At least there was no danger here, except of falling over; but of this they all agreed

bourne seems destined to have a place in history) that all this apparently extravagant description is a record of fact,

* It may be necessary to state (as Mel-

to be very careful. Covering themselves over with the blankets, with many expressions of disgust at their dirt and stains, and strong odour of stale tobacco-smoke and cheese, our three fair friends crept and nestled close to each other, holding very fast round each others' waists. Miss Dashwood believes that they all fell asleep almost immediately.

But the fates had not willed that there should be any sleep for them during their first night in Melbourne. Squeaks and scimmages soon aroused them, quickly followed by rattlings, and rushings, and sharp impatient irate little cries, and then a pattering over the planks. Three or four rats came, as *avant couriers*, to reconnoitre, and in no time there were a dozen describing circles round them. The ladies screamed, and the rats made a precipitate retreat; but presently returned in full force, apparently in open column, and again made a circuit of the bed, till several of the chivalrous took to making a dash across the bed. At this the ladies renewed their screams for help so loudly that it awoke some of the men below, who answered by brutal shouts and imprecations. Meantime the numbers of the rat-army augmented, and a whole squadron being detached, made a sharp wheel to the left, and galloped clean over the shrinking, writhing, plunging, and vibrating bodies of our three luckless ladies. Mrs. Watson fainted away, and Mrs. Poun-

derby was in hysterics. The candle had been knocked out and eaten; they dared not rise in the darkness to attempt an escape for fear of tumbling over into the place below; and they dared not again cry for help lest some of the savages below should come up to them. As for me, I slept through it all, and never heard anything.

These tortures they endured beneath the close drawn blankets, with buried heads, till daybreak. All the remaining biscuits and potted beef had been carried off from Mrs. Watson's basket; and the night-bag of Mrs. Pounderby had been torn to atoms, as it had a savoury smell of medical comforts which had been secreted there during the voyage.

June 1, 1853. Although many extraordinary changes have occurred in Melbourne since the above transpired, now six or seven months back, the march of improvement has gone on but slowly. The constant influx of people retards almost everything, themselves included. Passengers are still landed at dusk; luggage banged and dashed about in confusion; no pavement, or even road, on the wharfs; no lamps; only one crane; no common civility to new arrivals; and certainly no respectable or even decent lodgings for ladies, who want them immediately, and have no resident friends.

CROWNS IN LEAD.

BEFORE railways were established, the traveller from Paris to Boulogne, whilst journeying down those vales of dust they called a road, which was confined between great rows of trees from which all shade was taken by the lopping of the lower branches, the spire of St. Denis was a well-known object. Towering above the plain, it was visible for miles around, and formed a beacon to the stranger who approached the capital. That spire is now no more, and the basilica of which King Dagobert and St. Elvi laid the lowest stones is lopped of its most precious relics. What outeries would be heard from the architects, antiquaries, and lovers of the picturesque in England, if Westminster Abbey were treated thus! But suppose a greater desecration — suppose the tombs were rifled; the bones of our kings and queens removed; our generals, and admirals, and poets taken from their resting-places, and thrown into the Thames; under what pretence could the despoilers screen themselves?

The Abbey of St. Denis has been thus despoiled. It is not alone deprived externally of that which made its fame, but it has been rifled also of all that age makes sacred. The sepulchres and monuments are there; you mark the spots where anxious tourists have lopped off a finger or a nose to carry away and place

in their museums; but the bones or ashes which these monuments were wont to cover have been gone for many years. Not a King of France, since Dagobert, remains; for the grim assaults of the republic no more spared the long departed than the living. We know that the bones of Cromwell were taken at the Restoration and hung upon a gibbet; that the tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy were opened at Dijon for purposes of plunder. We know that for curiosity and in search of food for history, the old Egyptian sepulchres have been rifled, and that their linen-covered and well-preserved contents adorn the museums of the world; and we are told that grains of wheat were found in one of them, which, being planted, grew, and left a progeny whose yearly produce feeds the English people. Of the tombs of all the Cæsars only one remains undesecrated, for heaps of gold were thought to rest in them; but the object of the French republicans when they swept the tombs of their ancient kings, was not gold. They required lead.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three, when France was hemmed in by hungry enemies who pressed upon her undefended frontiers, the manufacture of warlike missiles did not keep pace with their consumption. Measures of extraordinary kinds were then resorted to to fill this void. To get saltpetre, the cellars of every house were dug and

sifted till not a particle of salt remained. The roofs were stripped of everything that could be melted into bullets; pots and pans and leaden spouts were melted down. All was insufficient; and, as a last resource, it was determined to exhume the old sarcophagi of St. Denis, to pass them through the bullet mould, and to throw the venerable relics into a common ditch.

An edict was therefore passed by which that energetic body, the Constituent Assembly, called upon the municipals of La Franciade — for so St. Denis had then been christened, from patriotic hatred of a saint — to enter the basilica, and open in succession the tombs of all those tyrants the kings of France, despoil their coffins of the lead contained in them, and mix the bones and ashes of the royal houses in a common tomb. On the evening of its reception the orders were proceeded with. There was no faltering. A troop of soldiers accompanied by diggers with picks and shovels, and armed with torches, and with frying-pans for burning vinegar and powder, entered the abbey; and — whilst the lurid glare lit up the aisles and colonets, which the smoke blackened; amidst the crash of piling muskets and the oaths of mustachioed veterans — the work began.

In searching for the relics of the Bourbons the workmen were not at first successful; and by a strange fatality it was not a king

they first dug up; but, on raising the earth from the first tomb, they found the frame and features of the great Turenne. They treated him with great respect; that is to say, they left him in his coffin, placed him in the sacristy, where he was shown for months, at a penny per head; and, afterwards, in the Garden of Plants, where he was shown for nothing. They then interred him beneath a splendid monument erected on the spot where he was disinterred.

The scrutiny proceeded, and at last they found a Bourbon. He was perfect. The lineaments were those of Henry of Navarre, the father of that long line of Louises of whom the last had recently met with so melancholy a death. His beard, moustache, and hair were perfect; and, as the soldiers standing round looked on in awe at the strange spectacle, one of them drew his sword, and, casting himself down before the body of the victor of the League, lopped off one of his moustaches, and placed it upon his own lip, giving vent, at the same time, to a vehement burst of national enthusiasm.

There was no enthusiasm when the pick and shovel had laid bare the cold and vacillating features of the thirteenth Louis; which were in perfect preservation also; but it was not without respect and admiration that Louis the Fourteenth, decrepid though he seemed and deprived of wig and every other ornament which

adorned him when called "The Great," was exposed to view. Near him were discovered Maria Theresa and his son the dauphin; on whose frame were visible the traces of his violent and untimely death.

For days and nights the search continued. Some of the remnants of the House of Stuart were taken from the ground. Among others, the remains of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles the First, and her daughter, Henrietta Stuart. Strange that of that family the body of the father should be buried in an unknown grave, and that, ages after, the remnants of those he loved should be desecrated, and thrown into a common ditch. Philip of Orleans, father of Egalité, and Regent of France, was next discovered; and near to him Louis the Fifteenth, who seemed still living, so rosy were the tints on his face preserved. Mary of Medicis and Anne of Austria, and, with them, all the relatives of Henry the Fourth, Louis the Fifteenth, and Louis the Sixteenth, lay close together near the same spot.

Older monuments, more difficult of reach, were then broken into. Charles the Fifth of France, who died in thirteen hundred and eighty, was found beside his wife, Joan of Bourbon, and his daughter, Isabella. In his coffin was a silver frosted crown, a hand of justice, and a silver frosted sceptre four feet long. In that of Joan there were the

remnants of a crown, a ring of gold, and the fragments of a spindle and a bracelet. Her feet — or the bones of them — were shod with a pair of painted slippers, known in her time as *souliers à la poulaine*, on which were still the marks of gold and silver workmanship. Charles the Sixth and his wife, Isabeau of Bavaria, Charles the Seventh and Mary of Anjou, were taken up immediately after; and the ditch in which the remnants of all the Bourbons had been thrown was closed for ever.

A vault was then disclosed in which were found Marguerite de Valois, the gay and beautiful wife of Henry of Navarre; and near her Alençon, whose love for her originated a romantic chapter in history. The remains of Francis the Second and Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the Ninth, were next disinterred. The vault of Charles the Eighth, which was next opened, contained Henry the Second and his wife, Catherine de Medicis, and her favourite son Henry the Third, who was murdered. Louis the Twelfth and Anne of Brittany were discovered a little further on.

The workmen began at this time to reach the oldest tombs and vaults in the Abbey. They discovered Joan of France in a stone coffin lined with lead in strips, leaden coffins not being then invented (one thousand three hundred and forty-nine). Hugues, the father of Capet, was known

by an inscription on a stone sarcophagus, which contained his ashes. The pulverized remains of Charles the Bold were also found enclosed within a leaden casket in a stone sarcophagus, and the relics of Philip Augustus, cotemporary and competitor of Cœur de Lion, were found in the same state. The bones of Louis the Eighth were found in perfect preservation in a bag of leather, which retained its elasticity although buried in the year one thousand two hundred and twenty-six.

At dead of night and by the light of torches held by weary troopers, the searchers stumbled on the sealed stone vault which contained the body of Dagobert, who died in six hundred and thirty-eight. Did the profanators know that he had founded that old church? It was with difficulty that they penetrated into it, so strongly was it buttressed and closed up. They broke a statue at the entrance and found inside a wooden box two feet in length, which contained the bones of Dagobert and his wife Nanthilde; who died in six hundred and forty-five, both enveloped and kept together in a silken bag.

The skeleton of the Knight of Brittany — Bertrand Duguesclin — the terror of the Spaniards, was found in the vaults of the chapel of the Charles's

It was not till after long and laborious search that the vault of Francis the First was found. The

leaden coffin which held his body was of gigantic proportions, and confirmed the historical accounts of his enormous size. Near him were his mother Louise of Savoy, his wife Claude of France, his dauphin Charles, and his other children the Duke of Orleans and Charlotte of France. The thigh of Francis on being measured was found to be twenty inches long. Below the windows of the choir the vault was opened which contained the relics of St. Louis and his immediate circle. They were chiefly bones and dust confined in leaden caskets, and were thrown into the grave where lay the remnants of Philip Augustus, Louis the Eighth, and Francis the First.

The last tombs discovered were those of Philip of Valois, King of France and Duke of Burgundy, and his wife Anne of Burgundy, and that of John who was taken prisoner by the Black Prince and brought to England, where he died in one thousand three hundred and sixty-four. In the tomb of Philip and his wife were found a sceptre, and a bird of copper, a spindle, and a ring; and in the tomb of John a crown, a sceptre, and a hand of justice of silver gilt. The searching after this was given up. Thus the Abbey of St. Denis was despoiled of its most ancient relics.

ECHOES.

STILL the angel stars are shining,
 Still the rippling waters flow,
 But the angel-voice is silent
 That I heard here long ago.
 Hark! the echoes murmur low
 Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely,
 Still the plashing fountains play,
 But the past and all its beauty,
 Whither has it fled away?
 Hark! the mournful echoes say
 Fled away!

Still the bird of night complaineth
 (Now, indeed, her song is pain),
 Visions of my happy hours,
 Do I call and call in vain?
 Hark! the echoes cry again
 All in vain!

Cease, oh echoes, mournful echoes!
 Once I loved your voices well;
 Now my heart is sick and weary,
 Days of old, a long farewell!
 Hark! the echoes sad and dreary
 Cry farewell, farewell!

NUMBER FORTY-TWO.

THE true original Number Forty-two — of which a copy may be seen in any of the thousands of towns and cities between Nepaul and Ceylon — is situated in the very heart of the black town of Colombo, amidst the streets in which dwell natives, half-castes, and Eurasians, or country-born descendants of Europeans. It is to be found in the chief thoroughfare of the town, if such a term as thoroughfare can properly be applied to the narrow choked-up passage boiling over with hot coolies, enraged bullock-drivers, furious horsekeepers, dusty hackeries, and ricketty palanquins.

This state of tropical conglomeration will be more readily understood when I mention that the carriage-way or street is the only passage available for pedestrians and equestrians, for bipeds and quadrupeds. The Dutch, when masters of the place, had provided every house with broad luxuriant verandahs, covered in and nicely paved; so that the dwellers in the town might not only sit out under shade in the open air of an evening; but, during the furious heat of the day, could walk from one end of the street to the other under these broad and pleasant covered ways. Now, however, these verandahs have been appropriated and railed off, as open receptacles of all sorts of merchandise. Where in former jolly days radiant Dutchmen sat and smoked their pipes, and quaffed Schiedam, are now piled up vile masses of iron and crates of earthenware. Where buxom, merry-eyed lasses once flirted with incipient burgomasters, are shiploads of rice, and cargoes of curry stuffs. The perfume of the rose and the oleander are supplanted by the caustic fragrance of garlic and salt-fish.

Dotted along this fragrant street, among rice stores, iron depots, and dried fish warehouses, are the shops of the Moormen traders, the only attractions for Europeans in this quarter. The supply of all descriptions of useful or fancy articles of domestic use to the

English is in the hands of these people, who may be said, indeed, to be the Jews of India. Here and there a Burgher or Eurasian may be seen vending pickled pork, perfumery, and parasols, but never one of the indigenous natives of the country. They cannot make up their roving, unsettled minds to shopkeeping; although some of their women have now and then the industry to become manufacturers and vendors of "hoppers," "jaggery," and other Indian village luxuries.

Your regular Moormen shopkeepers, or bazaar-men, possess such terrifically unpronounceable names that, by common consent, their English customers designate them by the numbers of their shops. In this way a little, thin-faced, shrivelled-up Moorman, a small portion of whose name consists of Meera Lebbe Hema Lebbe Tamby Ahamadoc Lebbe Marcair, is cut down to Number Forty-eight; which is the title he is usually known by.

The most flourishing of these gentry is certainly Number Forty-two; a portly, oily-skinned, well-conducted Moorman, with a remarkably well-shaven head, surmounted on its very apex by a ridiculously little white linen cap, like an expanded muffin. His bazaar is admitted on all hands, especially amongst the fair sex, to be "first chop." Yet a stranger would imagine that the fiscal had possession of the place and was on the point of selling off by auction the entire

contents: so confused and motley an appearance do they wear.

The doorway, narrow and low, is jealously guarded by a pile of grindstones, surmounted by a brace of soup-tureens on the one side, and by tools and weapons of offence on the other; so that the chances are that, in trying to escape the Newcastle and Staffordshire Charybdis you get caught upon the sharp points of the Sheffield Scylla. Once past these dangers, however, you forget all your anxiety and nervousness in the bland sunny countenance of Number Forty-two. He is truly delighted to see you, he is so anxious to place the whole contents of his store at your complete disposal that one might fancy his sole object in life was to minister to the pleasure of the English community.

Number Forty-two directs your attention, in the most winning manner, to a choice and very dusky collection of hanging-lamps of the most grotesque fashion. His fowling-pieces are pointed out to you as perfect marvels. If you require any blacking-brushes, or padlocks, or Windsor soap, or smoking caps, or tea-kettles, he possesses them in every possible variety, just out by the very latest ship.

Our bazaar is by no means aristocratic. On the contrary, it is most decidedly republican in all its tendencies. It admits of no distinction of ranks. The higher born wares are placed on an equal footing with the most lowly

merchandise, the most plebeian goods. Earthenware jostles cut-glass; ironmongery — and some of it rare and rusty too — elbows the richest porcelain; vulgar tinware hob-nobs with silks and satins. Tart-fruits and pickles revel in the arms of forty yards of the best crimson velvet. Pickled salmon in tins are enshrined amongst Coventry ribbons.

I don't happen to require any of his perfumery or preserves, nor am I anxious about muslins or plated-candlesticks; I simply want to select a few very plain wine-glasses, and I know there are none better than at Number Forty-two. Piles after piles of the fragile glass-ware are raked out from under a mass of agricultural implements, and it is really marvellous to see how harmlessly the brittle things are towseled and tumbled about amongst ponderous wares and massive goods. How peacefully the lions and the lambs of manufactures repose together within the dusty dark walls of Forty-two.

My portly friend with the muffin-cap is never disconcerted by any demand, however out of the common way. From ships' anchors and chain-cables down to minnikin-pins, he has a supply of every possible variety of wares. I have often asked for things that I never dreamt of requiring, just to try the wonderful resources of Number Forty-two, and sure enough he would produce the articles one by one. I thought I had caught him once when I re-

quested to look at a few warming-pans, and pictured to myself how hugely chap-fallen he would appear, to be obliged to confess that he had no such things in his store. But not a bit of it. He stole away very placidly into some dismal dark hole of a place, amongst a whole cavern of bottles and jars, and just as I pictured him emerging into broad daylight, dead-beaten, he came upon me radiant and cheerful as ever, bearing a gigantic and genuine "warming-pan," apologising to me, as he removed the coating of dust from it, for having but that one to offer — it was the last of his stock. I had it sent home as a real curiosity, and hung it up in my library amongst other rare articles of vertu.

There was one peculiarity about my muffin-capped friend which must not be omitted. He never made any abatement in the price demanded for his articles, be they of the latest importation, or the remains of an invoice standing over since he first started in business. A shop-keeper in nearly any other country in the world would, at the end of a certain number of years, clear out his old stock, and dispose of it as he best could to make room for new wares. But not so Number Forty-two; nor indeed any other number in that bazaar. There lay the old-fashioned cotton-prints, and silk waistcoat pieces, and queer-looking ribbons of no colour at all. Years have rolled past since they first entered

their present abode. The merchant who imported them died of a liver attack a dozen years since. They would not sell in eighteen hundred and twenty, and therefore are not very likely to move off in eighteen hundred and fifty; but the same price is affixed to them now as then, and the only chance for their disposal appears to be by the direct interposition of a fire or an earthquake. Number Forty-two had doubtless heard that wines are improved by age, and he may possibly imagine that some mellowing and enriching process goes on in a lapse of years with regard to silks and cottons.

This class of Indian shopkeepers have moreover a very confused and mystified conception of the real value of some goods. They can tell you to a trifle the worth of a dinner-set, or of a dozen of Dutch hoes, but in millinery and other fancy articles they are often fearfully mistaken. A Moorman buys what is termed, in technical language, a "Chow-chow" invoice — in other words, a mixed assortment of hardware and soft-ware, of eatables and wearables. He is told the lot is valued at a hundred pounds sterling; he offers eighty, and takes them at ninety. He refers to the invoice on opening out the goods, and gets on very well in pricing them until he comes to such things as ribbons, gloves, lace, &c.; which are the dear and which the cheap he cannot possibly tell, and he, therefore,

tickets them at so much the yard or the pair all round, as the case may be. In this way I often pick up a glorious bargain at Forty-two, buying kid-gloves for eighteen-pence, for which in London I should have to pay at least four shillings; and a trifle of real Brussels lace for my wife at the price of the very commonest Nottingham article.

The fortunes of Forty-two were once placed in the most imminent jeopardy from a circumstance which happened in his shop while I was there, and which became, at the time, the food of all the hungry gossip-mongers of the place. My friend had a Moorish assistant remarkably active, but dissipated and impertinent. He was ugly beyond measure, and when he grinned, which he frequently would do in spite of strict injunctions to the contrary, he distended a cavern of a mouth that was perfectly repulsive. This creature had one day become unusually excited, and it appears in the fervour of his jollity had laid a wager with a young neighbour of kindred habits, that he would kiss the first female customer who should set foot within his master's shop on that morning, be she fair or dark. I can imagine the horror with which poor Forty-two beheld his grinning deputy fulfil his engagement by saluting the fair cheek of an English lady, and that lady — as chance would have it — the wife of one of the highest civil functionaries of the

place. The affair was hushed up as much as it could be, but in the end it oozed out; and people, so far from deserting Number Forty-two, actually flocked to it to hear the particulars of the affair. The offender was dismissed; but not until he had imparted to that particular shop a celebrity it had never previously enjoyed.

There are other numbers besides Forty-two which enjoy a considerable reputation, all things considered, but they certainly lack the fashionable repute of the aforesaid. For instance, there is Number Forty-seven, a remarkably well-conducted man, very steady, very civil, and exceedingly punctual in settling his accounts with the merchants, who esteem him accordingly. This worthy Moorman transacts business much on the same principle as his neighbours, but unlike Forty-two and one or two other active numbers, he is given to indulge in certain *siestas* during the heat of the day, which no influx of customers can debar him from enjoying. As the hour of high noon approaches, he spreads his variegated mat upon the little, dirty, rickety, queer-looking couch, under the banana tree in the back courtyard by the side of the well, and there, under the pleasant banana shade, he dozes off, fanned by such truant breezes as have the courage to venture within such a cooped-up, shut-in pit of a yard, dreaming of customers, accounts and promissory-notes. During

this slumber, it is in vain for any one to attempt to coax a yard of muslin, or a fish-kettle out of the inexorable Forty-seven. The somniferous spell has descended upon his dwarfy deputy; who, rather than wake his master, would forfeit his chance of Paradise; and he, no less drowsy himself, opens one eye and his mouth only, to assure you that the article you require is not to be found in their shop. You insist that it is. You know where to lay your hand upon it. The deputy Forty-seven shakes his drowsy head in somniferous unbelief. You seek it out from its dusty, murky hiding-place, and produce it before his unwilling face. He opens another eye, smiles, nods to you, and is away again far into the seventh heaven. There is no help for it, but to appropriate the article and pay for it on your next visit.

Number Forty-eight is a small bustling variety of Moorman, making a vast show of doing a large stroke of business; but, as far as I could ever perceive, doing next to nothing. He bought largely, paid as regularly as most of other numbers, was constantly opening huge packing-cases and crates, and sorting out their contents into heaps; but I never remembered to have seen a single customer within his shop. How the man lived was, for a long time, a perfect mystery to me; but I learnt at length that he disposed of his purchases entirely by means of itinerant

hawkers who, armed with a yard-measure and a pair of scales, and followed by a pack of loaded coolies groaning under huge tin cases and buffalo-skin trunks, perambulated from town to village, from house to hut; and by dint of wheedling, puffing, and flattering, succeeded in returning with a bag full of rupees and pice.

For Number Sixty-two I entertained a more than ordinary respect. Unlike his Moorish brethren he possessed a remarkably rational name; — Saybo Dora. Originally a hawker, he had by his steady conduct won the confidence of the merchants, who supplied him with goods wherewith to open a store, at a time when such places did not exist in the town. From small beginnings he rose to great transactions; and now, beside a flourishing trade in the bazaar, carried on pretty extensive operations in many smaller towns throughout the country. It was by no means an unusual thing for this simply-clad, mean-looking trader to purchase in one day from one merchant muslins to the value of a thousand pounds, crockery for half that amount, and, perhaps, glass ware for as much more. For these he would pay down one-fourth in hard cash, and so great was the confidence reposed in him, that his bags of rupees, labelled and endorsed with his name and the amount of their contents, were received and

placed in the strong-room of the Englishman without being counted. Saybo Dora's name on the packages gave them currency.

So much for their business aspect; but once I paid a visit to Forty-two in his private dwelling. In one of the dullest, dirtiest, and most squalid-looking streets of the black town dwelt he of the muffin-cap and portly person. The hut was perched high up on a natural parapet of red iron-stone, with a glacier of rubbish in front. The day had been fearfully hot, even for India; the very roadway was scorching to the feet though the sun had set, yet the tiny windows and the ramshackling door were all closed. Nobody was lying dead in the house, as I first imagined might be the case. They had only shut out the heat.

I found Forty-two enveloped in a sort of winding-sheet, reclining on some coarse matting, and smoking a very large and dirty hookah. A brazen vessel was by his side, a brass lamp swung from the ceiling; and, on a curiously carved ebony stand, was a little sort of stew-pan minus a handle filled with sweetmeats. In an adjoining part of the dwelling, divided off only by some loose drapery for want of a door, lay sprawling on the earthen floor a leash of infantine, embryo Forty-twos; while, shrouded in an impenetrable mass of muslin, crouched Mrs. Forty-two, masticating tobacco leaves and betel nut. Smoking,

eating sweetmeats and curry, and sleeping form the sum total of the earthly enjoyments of this race of people. Their sole exception to this dreary, caged existence being an occasional religious festival, or a pilgrimage to some shrine of great sanctity, when the muslin-shrouded wife, the muslin-less children, the sweetmeats, the hookah, and the brazen vessels are packed into a hackery which, with its huge white bullock, jingles and creaks over the ruts and stones as though the wheels and axle had got a touch of Saint Vitus's dance, and for that one day at any rate Number Forty-two may be fairly said to be out of town.

AN EXPLODED MAGAZINE.

SOME years, ten or a dozen ago, during the Repeal agitation conducted by the late Mr. O'Connell, an outburst of retrospective patriotism and poesy took place in a ballad furnished with the title, "Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight?" It was first published in a newspaper, and referred, I suppose, to the unhappy rebellion which in that year desolated the fairest portion of Ireland; but I have never read it, nor, beyond its title, have I anything more to do with it here. It awakens no partisan feelings within me, and might as well be the song of The Boyne Water, or the Shan van Vaugh, Vinegar Hill, or Croppies lie down

— intensely orange, or vividly green, for any effect it could have on my susceptibilities.

'Ninety-eight was not a *annus mirabilis*, although Nelson's great victory at Aboukir was won in its autumn. But every year was one of wonder then, and the age was one of marvels. Dynasties and thrones were being pounded up by the French armies like rotten bones in mortars. Wherever over the globe there were no wars, there were, at least, rumours of wars. And yet the world ragged, and the seasons came and went. There were as many wet and sunny days under republics as there had been under monarchies — in anarchy as in tranquillity. The months brought their same tributes of fruit, or flowers, or grain; and were the same months, though the calendar had been remodelled, and they were henceforth to be Fructidors, Thermidors, or Ventoses. And it was the same death that kings suffered on the scaffold and soldiers in the field that a poor shepherd or a servant maid suffers to-day, and that you and I may suffer to-morrow. Sleeves and hose may alter, but legs and arms remain the same. Hunger was hunger and thirst thirst in 'Ninety-eight as it is in 'Fifty-three.

The other day, rambling about I stumbled upon an odd volume of an old Magazine for my favourite 'Ninety-eight. This was at a book-stall close to the Four Courts, Dublin; and I immediately became its possessor at

the outlay of sevenpence sterling. The book-stall keeper, who was quite a Sir Charles Grandison of bibliopoles, politely offered to send my purchase home for me, but I took it to my habitat myself, and revelled in 'Ninety-eight half that night.

I found my Mag. to be in the hundred and third volume of its age, a very respectable antiquity even in 'Ninety-eight; and, had it lived to the present day, it would have been a very Methuselah among Mags; but the work went the way of all waste paper, I am afraid, years ago. I cannot pretend to give you any detailed description of its contents; for, as per title-page they included letters, debates, antiquity, philosophy, mechanics, husbandry, gardening, fifteen more subjects, and "other arts and sciences," besides "an impartial account of books in several languages," the "state of learning in Europe," and the "new theatrical entertainments" of 'Ninety-eight. And mark that my Mag. was only a half-year's volume, from June to December. So I will say very little about philosophy or husbandry, the state of European learning, and the new theatrical entertainments of 'Ninety-eight, merely culling as I go on what seems to me curious, principally among the domestic occurrences of my year, and which may interest even those who have no peculiar solicitude concerning 'Ninety-eight.

First, I found a frontispiece

elegantly engraved on copper-plate, representing a wood or bosky thicket, in which reposed a lady in the costume of Queen Elizabeth, but much handsomer; behind her the poet Dante; by her side a lady in a Grecian costume, name unknown; and around her a lion, several sheep, and a rabbit. In the fore-ground a hideous dwarf in a fancy dress, whom I was uncertain whether to take for the fabulist Esop or the Polish Count Borulawski, was presenting a laurel wreath to a gentleman in a full bottomed wig, large cuffs, ruffles, shorts and buckles, who seemed very anxious to get the wreath indeed, and was incited thereto by the poet Horace; who egged him on with a large scroll, backed up by another gentleman, of whose person or dress nothing was visible but a very voluminous wig looming above his friend's shoulder, and was on that account perhaps intended as an allegory of Mr. Charles James Fox. On reference to my Mag. for an explication of this engraving, I was informed that it was emblematic of Summer, and some lines from the Seasons followed the information; but as I could not see what he of the wig and ruffle had to do with summer and Queen Elizabeth, I considered it, and passed it over as a mystery of 'Ninety-eight, to be solved by future study and research.

Mrs. Muscadine writes to the editor during June, complaining of the mania for volunteering.

She bewails the fact that her husband, and all the husbands of her acquaintance, have now the same squareness of the shoulders to the body and the front, their heels are all in a line, and their thumbs are all as far back as the seams of their trousers. She complains that her husband's affections are completely alienated from her by the rival charm of one Brown Bess, and that at prayer time he calls out "front rank, kneel!" for all of which she rates the Duke of York heartily, but good humouredly. I wonder whether the re-embodiment of the Militia, or the recollections of Chobham will call forth any Mrs. Muscadines in 'Fifty-eight. Next I find a long biography of John Wilkes. Wilkes died in the year before. In addition to his biography, my Mag. has this month a notice of Dr. Farmer, the author of the Essay on the learning of Shakespeare, also deceased in 'Ninety-seven. In the House of Lords, on the twenty-eighth of March (my Mag. only reports it in June), the Bishop of Rochester attributes the numerous applications for divorces, which have recently taken place in their lordships' House, to the Jacobinical principles which had been inculcated from France. In the House of Commons, on the third of April, on a motion for leave to bring in a bill for the abolition of the slave trade at a period to be specified, which had been moved by Mr. Wilberforce, there are

eighty-three ayes, and eighty-seven noes — majority for the middle passage, the barracoons, the pilboes, and the cartwhip, four.

April the twenty-fifth, in a social little committee of ways and means, Mr. Pitt moves for a trifle of twelve millions eight hundred and fifty-seven thousand pounds sterling for the army. He states, pleasantly, that he thought last Christmas that ten millions or so might have done; but that "into the particulars of that sum he will not now enter." Considerate, this, of the pilot that weathered the storm. To make things pleasant he claps on, in the same cosy little committee, the "additional tax upon salt," and the "additional duty upon tea," and the "tax on armorial bearings," "which," says Mr. Pitt, "rests upon a principle exceedingly different," which in truth it does.

Three-fourths of this month's number of my Mag. are occupied with a narrative of the events of the Irish rebellion, and of the battle of Vinegar Hill. They belong to history.

On May the third the Whig Club dine together at the Freemasons' Tavern, London, Mr. Fox in the chair. They are all very merry, and Mr. Fox gives the "Sovereignty of the People" (the Habeas Corpus Act has just been suspended). The Duke of Norfolk, on his health being drunk, sensibly observes, that "where the people have no

rights, the nobility have no privileges worth enjoying;" and the Duke of Bedford in a neat speech intimates that the meeting is respectable. Mr. Erskine is rather glum; and when his health is drunk, coupled with "Trial by Jury," he contents himself with merely thanking the company, telling them that they know the reason why he is silent. Whereupon Mr. Sheridan (indefatigable in the pursuit of a joke under difficulties) gets up and proposes, "Our absent friend, the Habeas Corpus;" at which it needs no very retrospective effort of second sight to see the bumpers tossed off, and hear them jingled lustily by the Whig Club.

The suspension of "our absent friend" authorises, on the first of June, the arrest by Townsend the Bow-street officer, of Mr. Agar, a barrister, Mr. Curran (the son of the Curran), Mr. Stewart, and the Hon. V. B. Lawless (now Lord Cloncurry, and still alive I think), all under the authority of the Duke of Portland's warrant on a charge of treasonable practices. Failing our "absent friend," justice, in the shape of Mr. Townsend, lays hold of Mr. Lawless's French valet and of his papers. Mr. Lawless was taken in St. Alban's Place, Pall Mall,—that peaceful, shady, tranquil little thoroughfare, hard by the Opera Arcade, the Patmos of half-pay officers. 'Tis as difficult for me to fancy an arrest for high treason in St. Alban's Place, as to picture the rotting skulls of

Jacobites over Temple Bar; yet both have been almost within the memory of man.

On the seventh of June three persons named Reeves, Wilkinson, and Adams, are hanged in front of Newgate. All for forgery. My Mag. says that this was "the most awful example of justice ever witnessed." Doubtless; but the example, however awful, was not efficacious enough to prevent its repetition many many more times in 'Ninety-eight. On the eighth of June there is another awful example (though my Mag. does not say so) on Pennenden Heath, one O'Coigley being hanged for high treason, in carrying on an improper correspondence with the French.

The next day dies, in Newgate, Dublin, of his wounds, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the Duke of Leinster. On the twenty-first of May a proclamation offering a thousand pounds reward for his capture had been issued. Through the treachery of a servant-girl the place of his retreat was made known. A Captain Ryan, Mr. Swan, a magistrate, and the well-known Major Sirr, went with three coaches and some soldiers, as privately as possible to the house of one Murphy, a feather-dresser, in Thomas-street. There they found Lord Edward lying on a bed, without his coat and shoes. He feigned, at first, to surrender; but a desperate struggle ensued, he being provided with a cut-and-thrust dagger.

With this he gave Captain Ryan seven wounds between the collar and the waistband, and Swan the justice too. He was at last disabled by a pistol-shot from Major Sirr; overpowered, conducted to the castle, and thence to Newgate, where, as I have said, he died on the ninth of June. Captain Ryan died of his wounds two days before his prisoner. Major Sirr lived till within a short period of the present day. He was for many years one of the Dublin city magistrates, and sat in the Carriage Court to determine disputes and hear complaints against that eccentric race of beings, the Dublin car-drivers. He was of course cordially hated by all the cabbies. One Jehu, a most inveterate declarer of the thing which was not, on being remonstrated with by the usher of the Court for tergiversation (to use a mild word) retorted "Musha then! Cock him up with the truth! It's more than I ever told the likes of him!" Singularly enough Major Sirr's last moments were spent among his enemies. He was taken mortally ill while riding in an inside car, and was scarcely carried from it before he died: it was even currently reported that he did actually die in the vehicle. A short time after his death a car-driver was summonsed (or, as the carman calls it, "wrote by the polis") for stumping a brother whip, i. e. inveigling a fare away from him. "I wouldn't a minded his stumping me," said the complainant;

"but didn't he call out, when the lady was getting into the kyar, that it was mine was the kyar that the black ould major died in? And one couldn't stand that yer honour!"

In the month of July my Mag. has great news from the Convict Settlement at Botany Bay. Not the least curious among these is the notification of the appointment of the notorious George Barrington the pickpocket to be a peace-officer or superintendent of convicts — with a grant of thirty acres of land, and a warrant of emancipation. Barrington had rendered considerable services to the executive during a mutiny on the passage out, and since his arrival in the colony had behaved himself to the entire satisfaction of the authorities. I believe he died a magistrate, in easy circumstances, and universally respected.

But the most noteworthy item in this Antipodean budget, is the account of the opening of a theatre at Sydney; the manager (Mr. John Sparrow), the actors and actresses, and the majority of the audience being convicts. Of the men Green, and of the women Miss Davis, best deserved to be called actors. The first performance appropriately commenced with the "Fair Penitent," and on another occasion the "Revenge," and the "Hotel," were presented. The dresses were chiefly made by the company themselves; but some veteran costumes and pro-

perties from the York Theatre were among the best that made their appearance. The motto of these histrionic exiles was modest and well chosen, being "We cannot command, but will endeavour to deserve success." I suppose that it was on this occasion that the celebrated prologue, the production of Mr. Barrington, was spoken, in which were to be found the appropriate lines:—

"True patriots we, for be it understood
We left our country for our country's
good."

The authorities on licensing the undertaking gave the manager to understand that the slightest infraction of propriety would be visited by the banishment of the entire company to another settlement, there to work in chains. The principal drawback to the prosperity of the Sydney theatricals seems, according to my Mag., to have been the system of accepting at the doors, in lieu of the price of admission, as much flour, beef, or rum, as the manager chose to consider an equivalent. It was feared that this would act like gambling, as an inducement to the convicts to rob; and more serious evil arose in the frequent losses of watches and money by the respectable portion of the audience during the performances, and in the advantage some of the worst of the fair penitents took of the absence of the inhabitants at the theatre to

break into their houses, and rob them of their contents.

On the twenty-eighth of July my constant Mag. returns to the "Awful Examples." Two gentlemen, barristers and brothers, Henry and John Sheares, are hanged and decapitated in Dublin for high treason. At the last moment an urgent appeal was made to the Government for mercy, were it even to one of the brothers, and with an offer on their parts to make ample confessions; but the Government replied "That they had a full knowledge of everything that could come out in confession, and that the law must take its course." Which the law does.

July the twenty-first, William Whiley is flogged through the fleet at Portsmouth for mutiny on board Her Majesty's ship Pluto. On the same day, Brian, for the same mutiny on board the same ship, is hanged at the yard-arm.

July the twenty-third McCann is tried for high treason in Dublin, as being the author of some treasonable papers found in the house of Mr. Oliver Bond. He is found guilty, sentenced to death, and hanged on the nineteenth of August. On the twenty-sixth, Michael William Byrne is also tried for the same offence, and the jury, after five minutes' consideration, find him guilty. He is impenitent, and exclaims, "with a warm accompaniment of

action," that "he glories in the event of his trial." He is executed on the twenty-fifth of August. "Several other persons," adds my Mag., as if weary of particularising the examples, "have also been hanged for high treason during the present month."

On the thirty-first of July, the *Blenheim*, a whale ship, arrives at Hull from the Greenland seas. Passing Whitebooth Roads the *Nonsuch* and *Redoubt* men-of-war, guardships, fire several shot into her (as a species of welcome to England, home, and beauty, I presume), but without effect. Three boats are then manned and sent towards her, for the purpose of impressing the seamen of the *Blenheim*; but these opinionated mariners "agree to differ" from the men-of-war's men, and arming themselves with harpoons, Greenland knives, and spears, resolutely oppose their coming on board. The *Nautilus* sloop of war, having, by this time, joined the other two, also sends a boat, and fires more than thirty shot into her "with intent to bring her to," but without effect. A deadly struggle ensues; and the seamen of the whale ship fire a swivel, loaded with grape-shot, into the men-of-war's boats, and desperately wound two men and an officer; and at last their opponents row off. One of the wounded men dies in the hospital the next night, and the life of another is despaired of; whereupon, a coroner's jury sit on the

body of the seaman deceased, and return a verdict of wilful murder against a person unknown. Meanwhile, the crew of the *Blenheim* have reached the shore and concealed themselves — none of them being wounded. I wonder, if any one of them had been killed, and the same coroner's jury had sat on the corpse, what would have been the verdict upon *him*. I must not omit to state that, the day after this abominable affray, warrants are issued for the apprehension of such of the *Blenheim's* crew as had been identified by the crews of the men-of-war boats. My Mag. does not state if they are captured or not; but our friend the Habeas Corpus being still absent, I am not without misgiving for them if they are arrested.

On the second of August an event takes place with which most readers of the annals of the stage must be familiar. Mr. John Palmer, a favourite actor, while enacting the part of the "Stranger" in the Liverpool theatre, drops down dead upon the stage. He is buried on the thirteenth, at Warton near Liverpool, and on his tombstone (with questionable taste) are engraven these awfully significant words —

"There is another and a better world!"

My Mag., to add to the vulgar horror of the catastrophe, states that these very words were the last he uttered on earth; but a

reference to the text of the Stranger will show that the words in question are in the part of Mrs. Haller.

On the sixth of September, my Mag. chronicles the result of six informations heard before the magistrates at Bow Street, London, and laid by the Stamp Office against a Mr. Williams, for suffering, in his room in Old Round Court, Strand, sundry persons to read the Daily Advertiser, and other newspapers, for the consideration of one penny each. The offence being held to be clearly made out, Mr. Williams is convicted in the penalty of five pounds on each information; "which is certainly sufficient," sagely concludes my Mag., "to convince the proprietors of reading rooms that newspapers must not be among the number of the publications which they suffer to be read for hire, or, as they call it (my Mag. is ironical) admission money." From which it would appear likewise that even penny news-rooms have had their persecutions and their martyrs. Ludicrously and inconsistently enough my Mag. in thus pleasantly recording Mr. Williams' malpractices, does so in a "Historical Chronicle," clearly news, and taxable accordingly, but of which the Stamp Office does not take the slightest notice.

On September eleventh, at six o'clock in the evening, the north-east bank of the New River bursts near Hornsey-house, and inun-

dates a circuit of four miles of meadow land.

On the 17th September, Robert Ladbroke Troys is tried for forgery. Guilty. Death. On the same day John Collins is indicted at the instance of the Stamp Office for forging a plate to counterfeit the "two shilling hat stamps." The principal evidence against him is that of a Jew, Barnard Solomons, who acknowledges his having suffered about two years previously, three months' imprisonment for coining counterfeit halfpence. For the forgery of the "two shilling hat stamps" the verdict on John Collins is, Guilty. Death. The next day, the 18th, twenty-five men are tried on board the ship *Gladiator*, at Portsmouth, for mutiny. Nineteen are found Guilty. Death. Thirteen are executed; two are to have two hundred lashes; two one hundred, and one is acquitted. On the twentieth, Mr. Silvester, the common-sergeant at the Old Bailey, pronounces judgment (Death) upon ten men and four women. Twenty-six are to be transported, twenty-six imprisoned, and two whipped. And so from month to month 'Ninety-eight pursues the even tenor of its way. The "awful example" harvest is unvaryingly fruitful; but it would be wearisome to continue recording the statistics of each hemp crop.

—Mr. Sabatier, impressed with the prevalence of poverty and crime in 'Ninety-eight, attempts

to elucidate their causes. One great cause of poverty according to this gentleman is in "buying of unprofitable food. "Tea and bread and butter," he says, "is a very unprofitable breakfast for working people." Cheese and porter are still worse: "The former of these have very little nourishment, and the latter is costly." Unfortunately Mr. Sabatier does not point out the profitable food. A paramount cause of poverty is keeping a pig; "a pig, if it runs about, consumes time in looking after it; it frequently gets into the pound; and eats up the scraps of the family where there should be none; it occasions the boiling of victuals merely for the sake of the pot-liquor; and then this stunted, half-starved creature must be fattened." I wonder that in Mr. Sabatier's virtuous indignation against the pig, he did not add in aggravation of its crimes that it squeaks in infancy and grunts when grown up, and that in feeding, it puts its foot in the trough, quite ungentlely. Giving children pence to buy tarts is, in Mr. Sabatier's eyes, a heinous offence, and invariably productive of poverty. He clenches his argument by a moral piece on the downfall of the eldest son of a peer, who was reduced by providence (beginning with penny tarts) to the sad necessity of enlisting as a common soldier.

The causes of crime, Mr. Sabatier ascribes, among others, to fixing the same punishment to

different crimes, the greater of which has a tendency to conceal the lesser: To impunity as in unconditional pardon, or in commuting death into transportation: To the confinement of prisoners before trial in idleness and bad company: To allowing legal passages for escape: To proscribing a man's character by visible dismemberment, such as public whipping, the pillory, or the stocks: To legalising, or rather not prohibiting pawnbrokers "and other receivers:" To permitting profligate characters to fill the religious ministry: To non-residence and neglect of incumbents: To permitting mendicancy: To suffering seditious to escape punishment: To allowing temptations to lie in the way of poor people, such as game and wood in forests: To the sale of spirituous liquors and lottery-tickets: To levying high duties on foreign commodities, and thereby encouraging smuggling. Among a variety of notions eminently germane to 'Ninety-eight Mr. Sabatier, as it will be seen, is in some respects many many years in advance of it.

So I lay by my Mag. for the present. Years hence perhaps our grandchildren may take up some exploded magazine for this present year; and, as they turn it cursorily over, wonder how such things, therein recorded, could ever have been. I sincerely trust, however, that little advanced as we may be, 'Fifty-three has not evinced any symp-

toms of retrogression towards 'Ninety-eight.

OUT FOR A WALK.

You people with portmanteaus, trunks, Macintoshes, and umbrellas, handboxes, carpet-bags, shawls, plaids, rugs, and muffetees, gentlemen who wear travelling caps and carry about hat-boxes, are not to suppose that you have ever travelled. You may have bought a newspaper at every railway station in Europe, but, believe me, you must tread your way if you desire to feel honestly that you have travelled it.

I am not a great traveller. Have never been in the East, and never been in the West, have only heard of the North Pole, and do not up to this date entertain any idea that I shall ever take a passage to Australia. Barring a quiet walk up the Moselle, and little trips of that sort, I have never been out of my own country. But I have spent some of the happiest days of my life afoot in England.

I should recommend any one in want of a good home walk not to stop out longer than about a week. He may let the railway take him quickly to new ground — it does not in the least matter what or where; there is no dull ground anywhere for the pedestrian — and then let him step out. He should never look up to the sky in fear, but in love and enjoyment. The more changes

there are in it, the more variety and pleasure is provided for him. Let the sun beat at him, and the rain dash cheerily in his face, and the wind blow all ill-humours out of him. He should go out impeded with nothing; have no knapsack, not even a sly scrap of luggage in his hat, no second coat upon his back, and no umbrella in his hand. He should go out nothing but a bold, unfettered man, to have communion thoroughly with nature. He must make up his mind for the week to disregard his personal appearance. In fine exciting stormy weather he will get a little draggled-tailed: he must not mind that. He must be content for the week with a comb, a toothbrush, a towel, and a pair of socks, in one coat pocket, and a single reserve shirt in the other. That last-named garment will very likely have been wet through once, and certainly be crumpled, by the time he puts it on. Its appearance does not matter in the least; the purposes of cleanliness will be for the nonce sufficiently answered, and he must demand no more. Every morning he should bathe in the first sparkling stream with which he meets, and that is why the towel should be carried. More impediment he ought not to take with him. Unless attached to it by habit he ought not to take even a stick: hands absolutely free are altogether preferable. I need not say that he must have a little money in his purse; it ought,

however, to be little, and should be used only to satisfy simple wants.

It is not necessary that a walk should last a week. One may get a joy that will become a memory for ever out of the walking of a single day or night. I remember one night taking a thirty miles' walk into Birmingham to catch a train that started before sunrise. There were not more shades of light between sunset and darkness, than there were emotions begotten by the scenery that shifted during such a walk. First, the long sunset shadows of the trees; then a glimpse from a hill top of the Severn between deep banks with the blue darkness of evening about it; then twilight softening into delicious thought, promoting gloom, and the moon rising over a flat surface of trees and hedges, contrasting its pure light with a red glare of fire on other parts of the horizon, as I got into Wolverhampton.

Properly I meant to have taken the train at Wolverhampton, but I found the train gone when I reached the little station, and there were a couple of sleepy men sitting with a lantern on one of the benches, making a great noise in the place whenever they coughed or moved their feet. Then they looked up when they heard my footfall, and saw how the moon threw the big shadow of my hat over the railway sleepers. I was glad the train was gone, and trudged away again rejoicing over the ten, thirteen, or fifteen

miles — I forget how many they were — to Birmingham. That is the most wonderful night walk in this country; all blighted soil, and glare of fire, and roar of furnaces. The intense purity and calm of the moonlight and the starlight seen from among such fires impress the mind with an entirely new sensation. I got into Birmingham a couple of hours too soon, and found the town calmly asleep. The place was my own, and I occupied the empty streets with a full heart, rejoicing.

One great source of enjoyment in that walk was its unexpectedness. A walk is never so good as when it comes upon one by surprise. I had set out originally, meaning to walk four miles to the mail-coach, from an out-of-the-way inn. I had not booked my place; the mail was full; and so the walk began.

Another improvised walk was contrived in company. One quiet autumn afternoon, I sat with a couple of good friends, one old, one young, in the garden of a rustic public-house in Cheshire. There was a big tree overhead, and a small spire among adjacent bushes, and there was some tea (the produce of our native hedges) on the table before us. Far away the Mersey glittered in the afternoon sun; the smoke of Liverpool dulled the horizon. On the other side were the Welsh mountains.

"Glorious out-door weather," said one of us.

"How beautiful the mountains look!" said another.

"I should like to be among them."

"Let us go!"

Elder friend laughed, but younger friend looked serious. "It is only nine miles to Chester; we can sleep there to-night, and walk round North Wales in about five days." Elder friend thought us mad; but, finding us in earnest and not disposed to be knocked down by a mere clean shirt difficulty, he agreed to carry word to our friends that we should be home in less than a week. Off we set.

Oh, the delight of a first trudge into North Wales thus suddenly presented to the fancy; when satisfaction comes at once with the first burst of strong desire. We might have made up our minds to go on that day fortnight, have thought about it, have got up out of our beds to start, and finally have set about it as a preconcerted business, with a fog upon our spirits. But we did nothing so stupid. Since there was no reason why we should not give rein to the humour, while our hearts were open to the promised pleasure and under the very sunlight, while still in the very mood of buoyancy that had begotten the desire to tread the mountains, off we went. The Cheshire girls in their Welsh jackets were figures on the frontispiece of the great book of pictures with which we were setting

out to fill our memories. Villages fixed themselves house by house, and black beam by black beam upon our hearts. We can tell any man upon our deathbeds how many geese were busy about nothing on a little triangle of green that faced us as we rested by the handle of a village pump. The short cut over the fields that we made brought us, to our dismay, when evening was far advanced, down to the dirty banks of the broad estuary of the Dee — ever so many miles from Chester — and there were our Welsh mountains ominously full of night, over the way, quite inaccessible.

That is another of the glories of foot travelling. I would not give a song for the society of a pedestrian who was not a bold fellow at short cuts. There is an excitement in trespassing and going astray out of the bondage of paths over an unknown country — steeple chasing for a place to which one has never been in his life before, but which he hopes by his superior ingenuity to get at by a road unknown to any of his fellow-creatures. The wonder as to what may be the result, and the strong, wholesome emotion that makes the heart beat, as though one had taken suddenly a shower bath when something wonderfully unexpected comes in sight, is a fine tonic for the jaded spirits. It was a fine surprise for us to come down upon the muddy expanse of the Dee, when we believed we might

be on the point of getting into Chester. A finer surprise of the kind is to come down from behind a hill upon the dashing breakers of the sea itself by moonlight, when one thinks he has achieved a short cut to some town twenty miles inland. The dashing of fire is nearly as good an accompaniment to such a surprise as the dashing of water. I remember one night being out on business in deep snow. I was on horseback then. Trying to get home in the dark, long after midnight, I became more and more perplexed; and suddenly a turn of the road brought me into the immediate presence of a set of blast furnaces, spouting up fire into the dark sky, and clamouring fiercely in my ears. I did not in the least know what blast furnaces they were, had never seen them before; and their huge power made me aghast at the sense of my own helplessness. I suppose that is the reason why such a thing as a blast furnace, or the thunder of the sea upon a shore, can impress helpless mortals who have lost their way with such peculiar emotion. It is an emotion very wholesome in the main, as every emotion is that is entirely natural.

To go back to the Dee. I need not say that having come upon its estuary, we had nothing to do but trace the river up its course to find our way to Chester. There we slept soundly, true to our purpose, and the next morning, we set out into Wales. Some

day I may think it worth while to trouble the world with some of my experiences in Wales during one or two trips as a pedestrian. I intend nothing of that sort now. As I write, I can recall the solemn closing of the hills about our road at twilight, and the glitter of the afternoon sun through the bushes as we lay over the clear trout stream in some happy valley. We enjoyed also the trout; we did indeed. We were amused at the portmanteau travellers, who at Llanberis furnished themselves with guides and ponies and donkies (lacking mules), for the ascent of Snowdon, the great British Chimborazo. The path being obvious, we took no guides, and simply walked up after dinner and walked down again. To the top of Snowdon from Llanberis is not a bit more difficult or complex an adventure than a climb up Snow Hill from Holborn. The way from Beddgelert is more tedious.

Upon the strength of my first walk about Wales I set up as a guide, and was showing a friend over the Welsh mountains on a subsequent occasion. He did not fully enjoy rain, and set out after breakfast from Carnarvon one wet morning, only induced so to do by the assurance that it was only seven miles to Llanberis, and that I, being an old Welshman, knew the way. But ways look different in different weather, especially to people who have only seen them once or twice. We got up among unknown mountains, passed ro-

mantic lakes, over which now and then the sun broke fitfully. The walk was glorious, but we were out of the Llanberis road; and, as it shortly became evident, on the wrong side of Snowdon. Then the rain came down in sheets, and we arrived, wet through and glowing famously, at a small straggling village. Disposed naturally to fortify our constitutions with brandy and water, we stopped at the village inn. Pure Welsh — no English spoken. "Have you brandy?" Shake of the head. "Have you rum?" Shake of the head. "Have you gin?" Nod — "Yek, yek." And the good woman brought us whiskey. Each of us had accordingly a glass of hot whiskey and water, for which the landlady knew enough English to make a charge of twopence a head. Cheap, certainly, but we had not wherewith to pay. A dire catastrophe broke in upon our peace, we had both left Carnarvon without change, and were afloat with nothing smaller than a sovereign. Change for a sovereign was not to be had in Bettwys. I doubt whether twenty shillings in silver could have been raised by the united fundholders of the whole village. A sovereign was too much to leave for fourpence with a magnanimous wave of the hand and a "never mind the change," while not to pay so moderate and fair a demand, would have been absolutely wicked. The women stared at us and grinned, and left us to do as we could. Then my good genius reminded me that in the

compendious list of my luggage was included half-a-dozen postage stamps. We thought the problem solved. I offered them in triumph; but, alas! the worthy woman shook her head — she had not the least idea what they were. We said that she might sell them — take them to the Post Office; she shook her head and smiled on helplessly. Nobody in Bettwys writes or receives letters, it appeared. Then there arose from the chimney-corner a grey-headed Welshman who had been looking on. He picked up the stamps, examined the gum at the backs, and looked at the Queen's heads. Having satisfied himself, he put the six stamps into his pouch, and gave the woman fourpence. She curtsied and looked pleased. The man looked solid and commercial. If ever Bettwys be a great town, that was the sort of man you would expect to see thriving on 'Change there. He ought to have been born in Change Alley.

We went on through wind and sun and rain, under wild snatches of cloud, that rolled in great volumes, chorussing to the eye a music of their own through the broad heaven. Instead of making a seven mile walk to Llanberis, we traversed nineteen miles of a most glorious county — all of it new and unexpected — and at last contrived to find our way into Beddgelert. It was a place quite out of our route; but the pedestrian who cares about his route does not deserve the legs he walks upon. That unexpected march

upon Beddgelert is another of my choice remembrances.

I might go on conjuring up such recollections by the hour together, but I do not want to be a bore, so I will leave off. I have wished simply to show people how they may go out for a pleasant walk. There is a fine season now before us, though indeed every season is fine to the man whom I should regard as a right-minded pedestrian. Only I mean to say, that a season of travelling caps, trunks, portmanteaus, plaids, and so forth has set in; and while half of our neighbours are up the Rhine and down the Rhone, we who remain behind have no reason to envy any man his continental trips. We have only to make up our minds, and take a hearty walk or two at home in the old country.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

WHAT is it you ask me, darling?
All my stories, child, you know;
I have no strange dreams to tell you,
Pictures I have none to show.

Tell you glorious scenes of travel?
Nay, my child, that cannot be,
I have seen no foreign countries,
Marvels none on land or sea.

Yet strange sights in truth I witness,
And I gaze until I tire;
Wondrous pictures, changing ever,
As I look into the fire.

There, last night, I saw a cavern,
Black as pitch; within it lay
Coiled in many folds a dragon,
Glaring as if turn'd at bay.

And a knight in dismal armour
On a winged eagle came,
To do battle with this dragon;
His towering crest was all of flame.

As I gazed the dragon faded,
And, instead, sat Pluto crowned,
By a lake of burning fire;
Spirits dark were crouching round.

That was gone, and lo! before me,
A cathedral vast and grim;
I could almost hear the organ
Roll along the arches dim.

As I watched the wreathed pillars
A thick grove of palms arose,
And a group of swarthy Indians
Stealing on some sleeping foes.

Stay; a cataract glancing brightly,
Dashed and sparkled; and beside
Lay a broken marble monster,
Mouth and eyes were staring wide.

Then I saw a maiden wreathing
Starry flowers in garlands sweet;
Did she see the fiery serpent
That was wrapp'd about her feet?

That fell crashing all and vanished;
And I saw two armies close —
I could almost hear the clarions
And the shouting of the foes.

They were gone; and lo! bright angels,
On a barren mountain wild,
Raised appealing arms to Heaven,
Bearing up a little child.

And I gazed, and gazed, and slowly
Gathered in my eyes sad tears,
And the fiery pictures bore me
Back through distant dreams of years.

Once again I tasted sorrow,
With past joy was once more gay,
Till the shade had gathered round me
And the fire had died away.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

THERE is a good deal of romance to be found even in the details of pure science, and a book of wonders could very well be made out of what might be called the social history of optical discoveries. Much of it would be co-extensive with a history of the black arts — dark sciences that often get their darkness out of light.

Every one has been told that the old priests of Egypt and of Greece were better skilled in optics than in necromancy; that many an awful ghost, riding upon a cloud, was the result of hocus-sing and focussing. Any commentator is entitled to suppose that an old form of incantation (said to have had a more sacred origin) has become slightly corrupted by the exchange of convertible letters in the lapse of time, and was, in the first instance, really hocus, focus. Let him take up a pseudoscope, and look through it, properly focussed. Let him look at some man on the other side of the way. He will not appear to be on the other side at all, the street will have come in doors, and the house will be turned out of window. Let him look at a friend's face. The cheeks will so decidedly fall in, that the face will become no face, but a hollow mould. Let him look into the bottom of a teacup. For a minute he may see it as it is; but — O, hocus, focus — in the twinkling of an eye, it has turned inside out. It has no hollow, but is all solid. Let him look at a framed picture hung against the wall. It will seem to be, not hung against the wall, but to be let into it. The frame will appear to surround it like a moat. There is a pretty instrument for turning every thing hindside foremost! If it were possible to take a bird's-eye view of the whole world through a pseudoscope, and get it all at one time into focus, every mountain would

appear to be a valley, every valley would exalt itself into a mountain. Such abasement of the lofty, and such exaltation of the lowly, such bringing forward of the backward, and putting backward of the forward, is effected by two simple prisms of glass — properly focussed.

Again, a couple of flat daguerreotype pictures of any scene are put into a little box. When they are looked at in a couple of reflectors properly arranged, the scene itself seems to be visible in bold relief. So, for example, we may perchance look in upon the river Volga flowing between its banks, and inspect the piles and works of a great unfinished bridge, forming a track partly across the tide from bank to bank, every post as round and real as though the river and its banks and the great work there in progress had been modelled by the fairies. Goethe tells a story of a fairy who was carried about by a mortal in a small box, through the chinks of which there could be seen her sumptuous palace. Here is a box of about the same size, containing any fairy-scene that by the help of photography we may be disposed to conjure up. It is called the Stereoscope. And of what use is its magic? To go no farther than the particular picture just suggested, of very great use. The Emperor of all the Russias is in a great hurry for the completion of the bridge therein represented. He used to make frequent long expeditions to the works, and

if he remained long absent, the architect never seemed to him to be sufficiently industrious. The architect now saves all trouble to his imperial master, and maintains his own credit, by having a couple of true and undeniable copies of the works taken once a fortnight by the sun, and sent to St. Petersburg. There they are put into a stereoscope, with which the emperor may sit in his own room, and in which he may count every dam and post, see every ripple of the distant tide.

The pseudoscope is of the same parentage as the stereoscope. In speaking of photography we said about the stereoscope, that it was invented some years since by Professor Wheatstone to illustrate his discovery of the principles of binocular vision. As we are now, however, treating specifically of the stereoscope and not incidentally, we shall go into a little more detail, as to the history of the instrument.

Although Professor Wheatstone's discovery was alluded to in Herbert Mayo's *Outlines of Physiology* in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three, it was not until the twenty-first of June eighteen hundred and thirty-eight that Professor Wheatstone detailed the true theory of binocular vision, together with a description and diagram of his illustrative apparatus, which he there first called the Stereoscope, (after two Greek words meaning "solids—I see") before the Royal So-

ciety, in a paper; for which, in eighteen hundred and forty, he was awarded the Royal Medal. The stereoscope was afterwards produced and explained by Mr. Wheatstone at the Newcastle meeting of the British Association in September, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. The form of instrument then exhibited remains to this day the most efficient that has been constructed. It is the most beautiful, because it is the simplest; it is the most useful, because it can be applied to the inspection of all drawings made upon the stereoscopic principle, whatever may be their size, and it is capable of every kind of adjustment. A very little exercise of ingenuity has sufficed to make it also not less portable than any other, for it is made on the lazy-tongs principle, and can be opened and packed like scissors. Of this instrument, when first shown to the British Association, one literary journalist, expressing the opinion of the time, now perfectly confirmed, said that it rendered the phenomena of double vision, about which volume upon volume have been written, clear to the comprehension of childhood; and by a contrivance so simple, that when once seen, any person can construct a copy in an hour. The importance of the discovery was recognised at once on all sides.

In a report of that meeting of the Association, published in the same year, it is recorded, that "Sir David Brewster was afraid that the members could scarcely

judge, from the very brief and modest account given of this principle, and the instrument devised for illustrating it, of its extreme beauty and generality. He considered it one of the most valuable optical papers which had been presented to the section." Sir John Herschel, on the same occasion, justly characterised the discovery as "one of the most curious and beautiful for its simplicity in the entire range of experimental optics."

At that time photography was an unheard of science, and there could be used in the stereoscope only drawings made by the hand of an artist. Geometric figures, and a few simple sketches could be made, but the eye of the best artist was not accurate enough to catch the delicate distinctions of outline, light and shade existing in the same landscape or figure, as it would appear seen from two points at a distance of only two and a half inches from each other. At the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, photography became known, and Mr. Wheatstone, not slow to perceive that the sun would supply his stereoscope with pictures of the necessary accuracy, soon obtained from Mr. Talbot stereoscopic Talbotypes of statues, buildings, and even living persons. The first Daguerreotypes were produced for Mr. Wheatstone by M. Fizeau and M. Claudet. The application of the stereoscope to photography having been communicated by Mr. Wheatstone to

M. Quetelet, specimens being at the same time sent, was made public in the bulletins of the Brussels Academy for October, eighteen hundred and forty-one. Eight or nine years afterwards, Sir David Brewster helped to popularise the idea by prompting M. Dubosq Soleil (as we have elsewhere said) to the construction of a number of stereoscopes, in which, by the use of a couple of semi-lenses with their edges directed towards each other, a form of instrument was obtained very convenient for the Daguerreotypist, who deals rarely in large pictures. This instrument is a slight modification of the second form of stereoscope—the refracting—suggested by the original discoverer. The old reflecting instrument, the first form, remains, however, for all purposes of experiment and study, as well as for many purposes of common use, by far the best.

Before we proceed to an account of the steps which led up to the discovery of the stereoscope, and of some facts in nature which it proves and illustrates, we should say two or three words about the method of investigation also illustrated by it. Mr. Wheatstone is Professor of Experimental Philosophy in King's College, London, and one of the most successful of the experimental philosophers of our own time. Down in the vaults of King's College we remember seeing, years ago, a great array of wires which we were told belonged to an experi-

ment of Mr. Wheatstone's then in hand. Those wires were the unborn electric telegraph, which came into life out of the experiments of Mr. Wheatstone on electrical velocity. The discovery of the stereoscope furnishes an interesting illustration of the method by which the chief operations of experimental philosophy are conducted. The surest way to get a secret out of nature — if one is clever enough to do it — is to overreach her: to entrap her into a confession by compelling her to work under unheard of conditions. She cannot go to work on fresh material of your own choosing without betraying some part of her mode of setting about business. If all the information that you want is not to be had by playing the mysterious mother one trick, try her with another and another. The secrets of double vision, which could never have been either thought out or discovered by a mere watching of nature at her daily work, have been wormed out of her by such tricks or such experiments.

Place any irregular or angular solid body on the table before you. Close each eye in turn, while you observe the object accurately with the other. You will not fail to observe that a slight — but very sensible — difference exists between the results of the two sights taken from two points in the same head at the same object. The points of sight in the two eyes are of course different, and by the laws

of perspective it is easy to determine that the views of the same thing taken from those two points could not be identical. That is very obvious and very simple. Yet that simple observation is the whole basis of the theory of the stereoscope, and it had not been made or rather when made had been always set aside as immaterial, before Professor Wheatstone built upon it one of the most beautiful little discoveries that grace the science of our day. There is a reason, thought Mr. Wheatstone, for this difference. It had been commonly supposed that single vision with two eyes only resulted from the falling of the same point of the picture formed by an object on the same point in each eye. But that is what can take place only in the case of a painted landscape. If we look at a Claude or a Canaletto the eyes both see the same picture, and both see it in precisely the same way, but the result is that they see it as a flat painting on canvas, and are so convinced of its flatness, that the best skill in shadow and perspective will not cause the houses to look really solid, the hills really to appear as lumps arising on a broad flat earth. The best picture will not, as an illusion, stand the test of two eyes. But if we look at it with one eye, the painter can cheat that. If one eye be not allowed to compare notes with its neighbour, and to see the objects which profess to lie one behind another from

a second point of view, then accurate lights and shadows in a picture, corresponding to the real light in the room, will be assumed as evidence of actual solidity. In a landscape that consisted of real fields and trees, or in a real street, one eye could have obtained not much more evidence than that, and the mind, satisfied to get the utmost evidence attainable, would upon that have founded a conclusion. For this reason, connoisseurs may be seen often shutting one eye when they examine a painting. If use be made of a hollow tube, or a roll of paper, which is the same thing, in such a way that the frame, and all surrounding objects of comparison are carefully excluded, the cheat perpetrated upon one eye by a really good picture is very complete indeed.

Leonardo da Vinci noticed this method of examining a picture with one eye, and is the only person who before our times had reasoned on the matter. He pointed out, that if you look at a solid globe with one eye it conceals a certain piece of background, which to the other eye is visible; and if you change the eye you change the background, so that, as he said, except a certain part behind the globe invisible to both eyes, the solid body is in a certain sense transparent. He thought that the impossibility of cheating two eyes with a picture lay in the impossibility of getting at this

state of affairs in the background. Mr. Wheatstone observes justly, that had the philosophic painter taken any other solid than a ball on which to found his illustration, he would have observed not only the difference in the background, but also the difference between the two perspectives. But he did not. Mr. Wheatstone, therefore, was the first who called distinct attention to this very obvious, but, nevertheless, practically new fact in the theory of vision.

Then the experimenter said to himself: The old theory which supposed an identity between the pictures painted at the same time on the two eyes being false, there must be something more in the disparity than a mere necessary awkwardness resulting from the impossibility of having two eyes in one place. If the possession of two eyes only caused a confusion to be got over by habit, we two-eyed people should be all really worse off than Polyphemus. Why have we two eyes? That was the question which Mr. Wheatstone entrapped Nature into answering. The trap set by him was the stereoscope.

One could not easily imagine any apparatus simpler in its construction. Since it was not possible twenty years ago, by aid of photography, to obtain on paper or silver two sketches of the same scene, having only the minute difference in the point of view that would exist between the two points of sight furnished to man by Nature — which are

about two-and-a-half inches distant from each other in an ordinary adult head—Mr. Wheatstone took the simple forms of cubes and other solid mathematical figures, placing them before him, and carefully making two sketches of each, corresponding to the two appearances presented by it to the two eyes. They were obvious and easy of depiction. They were made simply in outline, and in each case, of course, were evidently flat copies. Let us take the example of the cube. These, the experimental philosopher then reasoned, are the images of the cube separately presented to each eye; flat outlines evidently. Let me contrive now to look at them in such a way that the right eye shall see only its own proper picture as I have drawn it from its own proper point of view, and the left eye the other picture, and that they shall fall as they do in nature with their respective differences upon corresponding parts of the two eyes. What will be the result?

The instrument was soon made. Two bits of looking-glass placed back to back were arranged in the form of a broad letter V, their angle a right angle and their mirrors looking outwards. On two little walls placed at equal distances beyond the mirrors, the two pictures of the cube were hung and carefully adjusted so that the two images should be reflected in precisely the right way. Then an observer, placing his nose at the point of the V,

and looking with one eye into one mirror, and with the other eye into the other mirror would, of course, see with each eye its own distinct view of the cube, as it had been sketched. What, then, was the result? Not a confusion of two sketches, but a complete reproduction of the cube itself in all its wholeness of length, breadth, and depth. The illusion was perfect. The instrument so constructed, and here rudely described, was a reflecting stereoscope; and, by its use, Mr. Wheatstone was able to demonstrate so simply that all could understand, and no man could dispute the fact, that the use of two eyes is to obtain two pictures from different points of view, and that the use of the differences that exist in the two images of every solid object so seen is to assure to the mind the idea of depth or distance.

Mr. Wheatstone reflected in his mirrors a pair of real cubes. When they were so placed that they threw upon the eyes in the due way two pictures so differing, that they represented the two aspects of a single cube as seen by the two eyes, there was a single cube seen in relief: when they were so adjusted that each eye received a precisely similar impression, though two solid forms were looked at, the mind believed that it saw only the flat picture of a cube. I need not multiply such illustrations of a fact already placed beyond dispute.

peared in the most evident way to be moving backwards and forwards. And yet, observe the curious distinction, whenever it stood still, and whatever might be then its perceived size, there was no apparent change in its position, it never seemed to have moved at all. It always appeared, when motionless, to be at one and the same distance from the eye, because the chief measure of distance—the amount of convergence of the optic axes—never altered.

A similar delusion was elicited in the companion experiment, wherein though the real size of the image never altered, the degree of convergence of the axes being made constantly to vary, caused it apparently to increase and decrease. In that case, while the picture grew or dwindled, as we know by experience that it would increase upon the eye or dwindle if advancing or receding, yet, for all that it never seemed to move. It stood still enlarging like the dog that grew into a hippopotamus before the eyes of Dr. Faustus. Nevertheless, whenever the trial ceased, whatever change had been made in the position of the stereoscopic plates was represented to the eye as a difference of distance: the image had got, apparently, into a new place, because the inclination of the axes ceased to be the same. Thus, we may be told to look at an object in this magic instrument advancing and receding without changing place, and changing

place without being observed to move. A state of things utterly contradictory and confusing, scarcely or not at all conceivable, because it never has been in the experience of any man from Adam downwards, until Mr. Wheatstone learned to detect and recombine and make experiments upon the first principles of vision in his new instrument, the stereoscope.

Enough has been said to show the great value and importance of the stereoscope to a philosophical investigator of the laws of sight. When we before spoke of this instrument we said that, apart from its philosophical use, it was employed only as a toy. It is to be purchased now—in its less perfect forms—in all toy-shops; and the use to which it is put commonly by the photographer, though agreeable, is unimportant. The stereoscope itself, however, is not only of philosophical importance, it admits of many really valuable practical applications. We need refer only to what has been already said of the difficulty experienced by the microscopist in determining with one eye whether crystals and other objects seen by him are hollow or solid. If a sovereign be looked at through a microscope, the Queen's head upon it will as often appear to be sunk into the coin as to stand out in relief from it. Now, however, when photographic copies can be taken of objects seen in the field of the microscope, it will suffice to take two copies of the same

object, with the due angle of difference between their points of view, and place them in a stereoscope. The power of two eyes will be then brought to bear upon the object seen with one eye only through the glasses of the microscope, and a correct impression will be formed of its relative dimensions.

Having explained their principle, we do not think it worth while to discuss the construction of the different forms of stereoscope now in use. In the refracting instrument, invented afterwards by Mr. Wheatstone, as convenient for the examination of small pictures, prisms are used to deflect the rays of light proceeding from the pictures; refracted are there substituted for reflected images.

Of this instrument the small portable stereoscope in common use is a modification suggested by Sir David Brewster. Its pair of prisms are the two halves of a common lens. An ordinary lens having been cut in half, the cut edges are turned outwards, and the two half circles, or thin edges of the two prisms so made, are directed towards each other. They are placed about two inches and a half apart, with a power of adjustment that enables them to be presented accurately to any pair of eyes, so that each eye of the pair may look precisely through the centre of the half lens presented to it. Under such prisms the stereoscopic pictures are adjusted.

Minute detail upon subjects of this kind must of course be sought in other publications. We must in this place be satisfied if we convey general ideas of a just kind upon such topics: a notion of the stereoscope — and at the best no more has now been given — as we attempted on a former occasion to convey a notion of photography. We desire to note in this place that in our brief sketch of the processes of that art, we conveyed among other things an error by a slip of the scribe, which set down dilute pyrogallic acid as an agent used for fixing the picture on the metallic plate. A solution of hyposulphate of soda was the agent that should have been named. Having stepped aside to correct that *erratum*, we return to our proper subject and have to content ourselves now with a final word or two about the pseudoscope; an instrument of which the name implies “falschoods, I see.”

If we cheat the eyes in a stereoscope by showing to each eye the picture that belongs only to its neighbour's point of view, everything is perverted. Upon every point, not immediately in the middle line between and before the two eyes, the optic axes must converge in the wrong way, and objects or parts of objects will appear distant in proportion as they otherwise would have seemed near.

The pseudoscope is especially contrived for the illustration of

this fact. It is a little instrument, convenient as an opera glass in the hand and as easily adjusted. It consists of two prisms of flint glass, so joined, that they may be adjusted before the eyes to the exact focus of observation of any object. The prisms reflect the two images of any one thing — each apparently but not actually to the wrong eye — and, when the instrument is so adjusted that the two images coincide and the object consequently appears single, the observer is at once subjected to illusions of the oddest kind. A globe, so observed, may for a minute be a globe, but after the spectator has gazed at its rotundity for a short while, suddenly, as if without cause, it appears to be converted into a concave hemisphere, over the brim of which continents are flowing as the globe revolves. A China cup, with coloured ornaments upon it in relief, becomes a mould of half the cup with painted hollow impressions of the flowers inside, instead of outside.

The suddenness of the metamorphosis suffered by such a cup belongs, one might say, wholly to the days of sorcery. The explanation is, however, very natural. Relief and distance are not suggested solely by the use of two eyes and the convergence of their optic axes. We are accustomed to note other signs which are perceived by each eye singly. The idea of relief being suggested by the presence of

some signs, the eyes at first are apt to dwell upon them, and are not disposed to be immediately disturbed in their impression.

FIRST STAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

It is of no use pretending not to know where Park Street, Westminster, is. Don't ask your way of the crossing-sweeper. Don't enquire of the policeman at the corner. You need not trouble the elderly woman of the fruit stall to point out to you the direction of this Open Sesame of the Great South Land — the abode of these official guardians of the Golden Regions, according to popular belief. Follow the stream of fustian jackets, corduroy trousers and smock-frocks, keep in the rear of the chattering excited parties of half-shaven mechanics, slatternly females, and slip-shod children. They are all moving in one direction, and you could not miss your way if you tried, for it's much easier to follow this stream than to move against it.

Across the broad street, along the pavement on the right-hand side, cross over again, keep straight on, round a little to the left, then sharp to the right, and the third house on the right-hand side, if we can but get at it through the crowd, is the much-sought office of the Commissioners of Land and Emigration. The dense throng of impromptu

sheep-shearers, ready-made agriculturists, and shepherds by inspiration find it difficult to get through the iron wicket and down the steep stone steps into the area, where they are compelled to pass to the lower waiting-room. Indeed it is almost as intricate and dangerous an undertaking as wading through the labyrinth of type comprised in the thirty-four rules of the Commissioners. There is a warm and lively performance going on in that waiting-room down below the iron wicket amongst the ready-made farm-servants from Whitechapel and the shepherds of Shoreditch. It would be impossible to say precisely how many tongues were going at once about steerage passages, and sea-sickness, and split peas.

Up the cold, broad, stone staircase, and in the first floor on the left hand, is a quiet busy room, full of active clerks — a Custom House Long Room in miniature. Pens are travelling over acres of paper ruled in an infinity of tabular forms: heads are reckoning up shiploads of shepherds with three children and wheelwrights with one, and carpenters with only a wife. Senior clerks are adding up and tabulating the totals of male and female statute adults shipped by the "Wiggins" for Adelaide and the "Scroggins" for Port Phillip, and a table-full of supernumerary deputy-assistant clerks are ticking off as many single young women as they can afford to do for six shillings a-day.

There is a bald-headed supernumerary in one corner, in the depths of despair because an emigrant freight note from some Irish port will not add up. He makes the total come to three hundred and thirty-nine and a half statute adults; and, being a fresh hand he cannot conceive the possibility of half of an Irishman emigrating to any part of the globe; not yet being aware that by the Government regulations it requires two young children to make up the full statute adult.

Higher up on the next floor, secretaries, assistant secretaries, and commissioners hold solemn deliberations about ships, shepherds, single women, and salt pork. Early in the morning, the desks of the assistant secretary and chief clerk are piled with enormous heaps of letters from every part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, not forgetting the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and the Isle of Man. Every town and village throughout the empire is represented in the corresponding department of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commission in Park Street. The requirements of the colonists sending home the funds for emigration are all in favour of married labourers of certain ages and occupations, and those considerations have, of course, to be borne in mind in the selection of candidates for free passages to Australia. The callings most in requisition for these colonies are agricultural labourers, shepherds,

herdsmen, journeymen mechanics and artizans. It follows, that while such persons as shopmen, clerks, bakers, butchers, tailors, confectioners, green-grocers, wire-drawers, wig-makers, and jewellers, are invariably refused, and whilst all single men (except those who may be part of a family) are also rejected, the search is for blacksmiths, carpenters, sawyers, gardeners, agriculturists, with their wives and families. To select the hale and honest artisan or farm servant from the pauperised town labourer; to choose the valuable family colonist from the London candidate who has more than three children under ten years of age, or who has not been vaccinated, or has more sons than daughters, or who has been in the habitual receipt of parish relief — forms no inconsiderable or pleasurable task. It taxes the patience, the industry, and the good temper of the secretary and his assistants to an inordinate degree.

The work of opening, sorting and docketing these numberless letters begins. The majority are oddly folded; oddly spelt, oddly addressed, oddly worded. There is one extremely uncouth-looking epistle soldered together by cobbler's wax, and pressed tightly down with the thumb. It contains an admixture of the official and free-and-easy style; commencing "Honoured Sir," and ending "Yours affexenety." This correspondent appears to be as versatile in his "begs to inform to

the honourable commissioners" that he can not only do all sorts of field-work, but house-work also; and that he believes he shall do his country a service by going to "Orstraley;" that his wife can make butter, is very stout, and has had the measles: his three children are perfect prodigies. Another applicant indulges in a desponding strain, telling Her Majesty's Commissioners that he is extremely desirous of being married to a young woman, five feet five inches in height, with whom he has been keeping company for three years; but that he sees no prospect of accomplishing this unless they will do themselves the pleasure of sending him out to the colonies. He is a painter and glazier; but is quite prepared to undertake any sort of work from a police-sergeant down to a shepherd, the qualifications being, he thinks, precisely the same. A third candidate for expatriation states himself to be "a yung man of good ten stun fore; used to osses, with a wife which will bear investigation." A fourth is "a mill-rite with two female children." A fifth represents himself to be "just like the fond lover wishing to gain the desire of his art, but often meets with disappointment;" and has an ardent attachment for Australia, and entreats the Commissioners to take his case in hand by return of post.

While, above stairs, piles of such letters are being read and replied to (sometimes with litho-

graphed circulars), the crowd of personal applicants have to be attended to below. One by one, or two by two, these are admitted to an interview with a deputy inspector-general of emigrants, in a small official cabin very like a regulation steerage berth. This officer is a keen-eyed, sharp-witted person, up to no end of artful dodges, and more than a match for any number of painters and glaziers, or half a hundred "mill-rites," trying to get out under false pretences. We have explained that only emigrants of certain callings are eligible for free passages out of the Government funds. Consequently it is the unceasing object and aim of hundreds of Spitalfields' weavers, Lambeth labourers and Kentish Town cads, to transform themselves into rustic swains by the aid of smock-frocks, slouch hats, and laced boots. They might as well endeavour to pass themselves off as noble savages or Aztec dwarfs. Our keen-eyed friend in the steerage is thoroughly up to them. He knows that pale faces and smock-frocks do not belong to each other; he can tell that bony fingers cannot possibly know anything about sheep-shearing, or hedging and ditching. He can see the difference between hands that have worked with the spade and those that have only made acquaintance with the yard or the scales. He can tell by the way a man walks into his little 'tween decks, whether he has ever followed the plough or sown up a coat.

From the quiet dignity of Park Street, Westminster, we will take a rapid run down to the London Emigration Depot at the Nine Elms Station of the South-Western Railway. Southampton is now the great port of embarkation for Government emigrants from the south coast; and, by special arrangements with the directors of the Railway Company, emigrants are temporarily housed and fed at their Nine Elms Station; and are eventually conveyed to Southampton for a very small sum per head. The extensive suite of lofty well ventilated rooms, once the London head-quarters of the Company, are now converted into dormitories, refectories, and reception rooms for Government emigrants; and a very comfortable time they have of it whilst awaiting the arrival of a sufficient number to be sent off by special train to Southampton.

At that port the disused terminus is also used for the same purpose. What was once the directors' board room contains a hundred beds for married couples; the secretary's rooms accommodate as many more for single men; and single women are safely accommodated in the old treasury. The ancient booking-office is now the dining-hall; and adjoining, the luggage-room has been converted, by the aid of huge boilers and steam-pipes, into a gigantic kitchen. The savoury

fumes of soups and meats permeate the whole establishment; heavy boiler-lids are constantly leaping up, and reeking joints peep out like Hadji Baba's thieves from the oil-jars inquiring if it were time. The hissing and steaming cauldrons contain the mid-day meal of a party of Government emigrants momentarily expected to join the copper-fastened, swift sailing schooner (standing A 1 at Lloyd's) "Muffineer," now in the Southampton docks, which is promised to have "quick dispatch" for Melbourne.

The humble passengers begin to pour in by half-dozens: then in scores, and presently men, women, children, and luggage inundate the depot, tumbling over one another for the first half hour in the most hopeless confusion. But time and patience convinces everybody that there is room for all and to spare. Everything goes on systematically. Heavy packages are placed in an outer railed shed; parcels and children are carefully stowed away on one side of the dinner-hall. There is a good deal of talking and pushing about, and wondering where ever "my boxes," or "my Johnny," or "my missus with baby and the teacanister with the money in it," can have got to. But at length one o'clock comes, a large bell sounds; and, as it dies away, there is not one of all that motley crowd who is not seated before a clean plate.

Many of these poor emigrants

have not partaken of such a meal as that which is now spread before them for many a day; perhaps never before in the course of their toilsome lives. Certainly none of them ever laid down to rest in more comfortable beds than they do on this first night of their wanderings towards the Gold World at the Antipodes.

Long before the Southampton public are awake or moving, the emigrants are up, and submitting their baggage to the examination of the government officer; whose duty it is to see that each has an outfit sufficiently abundant for a four months' voyage. Sometimes a few articles of clothing are found wanting; for many of these people are of the poorest class; but the deficiency is in certain cases made good by a Ladies' Emigration Committee at Southampton; which takes care that no mother of a family leaves her home without such comforts for herself and her children as are indispensable to a long voyage.

Every attention is necessarily given to cleanliness and ventilation on board the ships chartered by the Emigration Commissioners; and, as soon as the passengers have been allotted their respective berths, they are each served with a set of utensils necessary for the voyage; such as a tin pot, a bread basket, a can for water, metal plates, knives, forks, and spoons, in addition to bedding and a clothes bag. These articles become the property of the emigrants at the end of the voyage,

except in cases of misconduct. Recently, it has been found necessary to take from the emigrants at the port of embarkation a written engagement, that, if they go to the gold fields, or if they quit the colony within four years after landing, they will repay to the colonial government a proportionate part of their passage money, at the rate of four pounds per adult for each year remaining to complete four years from landing. This is the merest justice to the colonists; who provide funds in order that labourers might be forwarded to them; and not with the romantic benevolence of stocking the diggings with gold seekers.

It does not require many days to fill the "Muffineer." The stores are all on board, the sails are loosened, the last group of parting friends have left the gangway, the emigration agent certifies that all is complete, the word is given to the little steam-tug to move a-head, whilst hats and handkerchiefs are waved, tears are shed, and as the "Muffineer" is being towed out of the mouth of the harbour, some few rather bolder and stouter than the rest try to get up a parting cheer; but it generally turns out a miserable failure. They are off, to swell the living tide that floats towards the south. They who have been inured to labour are off, from hunger, toil, and sorrow, to plenty, to comfort, and happiness. They are off, from the poor-house, the jail, and the

asylum, to the green hills, and fertile fields of a new land.

During this present year to the end of June there had left our shores for all parts of the world not fewer than two hundred and ninety-two thousand three hundred and forty-seven persons. Of these, one hundred and ninety-nine thousand left for the United States of America, and fifty-two thousand for the Australian gold regions. The remainder went to Canada and to other places. The channels through which all this has taken place have been various. Parish emigration, assisted emigration, free emigration, emigration through the aid of relatives, and lastly that mode of which we purpose treating more especially, Government emigration.

A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF FIRE-WORKS.

It is eleven o'clock at night. The moon is shining, not too brightly to dim the fun of the "Gardens." There is a temporary respite. The Suffolk prodigy, eight years of age and weighing an unlimited number of "stun," has exhibited his fat legs for the small charge of three-pence. Sporting amateurs in pinafores have had a pop at a revolving target of foxes and hares at a penny per shot. Professor Contortini and his talented son have tied themselves up into endless knots, and the Signora

Doubledoni has petrified her patrons and patronesses (at twopence a head) by her inexplicable powers of clairvoyance and thought-reading. The grand concert is over, in which the celebrated comic singer obtained five encores. The angels of the grand ballet have shed their wings and their muslin, and are supping off saveloys with their respective husbands and families. The visitors have ascertained satisfactorily, by the expenditure of sundry pennies, which amongst themselves is the tallest, which the heaviest, and which can punch a spring-buffer with the greatest force. The Hungarian Band have hung up their instruments, and are sporting pea coats over their spangles and tights. The Polygraphic Views are rolled up; the American nine-pins are all finally knocked down, and the Chinese peg-top has gone to sleep for the night. The rifle-gallery has ceased its whizz, fizz, slap, bang. The Circus has displayed the talents of "the graceful *écuyère*," the "dashing horsewoman," the "sylph of the arena," the "queen of the *manège*," the "equestrian star," the "demon horseman," the "gymnastic wonder," and the "unequaled contortionists." The butter-tub phenomenon has rolled his perilous way up a hundred feet of inclined plane amidst the breathless dread of the spectators that he will tumble off and break his neck before he has reached the end of the plank.

The Elastic Brothers have performed their matchless feats of standing upon nothing and swinging on chin-balanced poles twenty feet high. — The din of amusement is over; and now nothing remains to be seen but the achievements of Chevalier Mortram, with his troop of Salamanders. They have taken possession of a certain dark portion of ground, backed by a wood and canvas temple of an unknown order of that ultra composite architecture known as the Indescribable.

What the Chevalier is about to do no one is supposed to know but himself. In the impenetrable breast of the artist lies the determination whether there shall be rockets with tail-stars, or with golden rain, or with brilliant heads; whether Bengal lights shall burst with green fire or red fire; whether there shall be a *pot d'aigrette*, with a tree of silver flowers and a grand shower of fiery serpents; whether a shell shall explode with brilliant stars, or with snakes; whether there shall be a six-rayed star, with Chinese flyers and a grand cross of jerb fire; whether Jack-in-the-Box shall explode his crackers in the air; whether a Devil-among-the-Tailors shall end his freaks with a grand explosion of flower-pots and fizzes; whether there shall be a cascade of golden flowers, or an asteroid rocket to change colour seven times, or an ascending shower of snakes, or a fiery dragon to dart and wriggle

and spit fire over the heads of the spectators.

We are behind the scenes; and we there learn from the renowned fire artist many curious and interesting things. We are told first that the pyrotechnic art illustrates many of the most important principles in chemistry, optics, and dynamics. Explosion itself is, he says, a chemical phenomenon. As a general rule, pyrotechny depends on the property which nitre possesses of accelerating the combustion of inflammable substances, even when excluded from the air; nitre, or saltpetre, or sal-prunella (for they are nearly equivalent names) is on this account the soul of all pyrotechny. Of the substances whose combustion nitre accelerates, sulphur is the principal; it is used either as roll-sulphur or flower of sulphur. The third most important ingredient is charcoal; which is made from hard wood or softwood, and is ground finely or coarsely, according to the kind of effect which is required to be produced. Nitre, sulphur, and charcoal, are the three ingredients of gunpowder, and the pyrotechnist uses them largely, as gunpowder, in this combined state; but he also uses them separately and in varied proportions. For minor purposes, bitumen, pitch, tallow, resin, coal, camphor, glass, mica, orpiment, alcohol, metal filings, benzoin, oils, sawdust, amber, clay, frankincense, myrrh, and other substances, are occasional-

ly employed; but nitre, sulphur, charcoal, metal filings, and a few salts, are the materials in ordinary of a brilliant display of fireworks.

Let these materials be combined in what number or proportions they may, a chemical change instantly follows ignition. The desired result may be an explosion, or a recoil, or a flame, or a stream of sparks; but all these are alike chemical phenomena. When an explosion takes place, the solid materials, or some of them, are instantly converted into gases; and these gases occupy so much more space than the solids, that they must displace air to obtain room for themselves, and the violence of this displacement occasions the noise of the explosion. If the materials be confined within a strong paper case, or a gun barrel, the greater effort of the expanding gases to rend it increases the intensity of the noise. If flame be required, exploding materials must be loosely confined, and the solids must be such that their resultant gases will inflame or ignite. If sparks be wanted, some one of the materials must bear an intense heat and reflect an intense light before being dissipated. All these are chemical effects; and different combinations of ingredients are necessary to ensure their production. For simple explosion without other attendant phenomena, gunpowder is the chief or only agent; for a recoil motion, such as that

of rockets and serpents, a little less proportion of nitre is used; for flame, charcoal is as much as possible excluded; for sparks, charcoal preponderates, aided by metal filings. The slow or the quick burning of substance, the production of sound or of light, the exhibition of flames or of sparks—are all the result of chemical laws.

No one can dispute the optical beauty of fire-works. The sparks and the flames may be regarded as luminous particles, rendered visible by intense heat; but the most gorgeous effects are produced by the reflection of coloured rays derived from various chemical mixtures; the nitre and the sulphur and the charcoal, one or more, produce the flame and the sparks, but it is something else which imparts brilliancy of colour. The theatres are famous show places for these coloured fires. When Jessonda is about to be immolated, and the Portuguese besiege the castle, one feels terribly hot at the idea of the approaching flames; and when Don Juan is pushed down by small devils in horns, tails, and brown tights through a trap-door, there are misgivings as to the nature of the red fire into which he is plunged. But there is nothing to fear. Nitrate of strontian does it all; and chemistry thus comes to the aid of Spohr and Mozart. Very white light, used for "white speckies" or illumination lights in ornamental fire-works, owe much of

their whiteness to zinc filings. Pale blue light is indebted to a little antimony as well as zinc. Red is produced by the addition either of mica or nitrate of strontian to the other ingredients. Purple fire is aided by red lead; yellow by black-lead; green by nitrate of copper; yellowish-white by red orpiment, and so on. The chemistry of colour is taxed by the pyrotechnist to the utmost: a new colour would be welcomed by him as much as a new sauce by an epicure or a new idea by a poet. Nor are radiant and reflected coloured lights alone treasures to him; but he occasionally makes use of transmitted light. In the old-fashioned illuminating lamps, fed with oil instead of gas, the gay colours are due to the little glass vessels and not to the flame itself; they are examples of coloured light produced by transmission. This transmitted light does wonders on the stage. When Mario and Grisi in *La Favorita* mope in the moonlight; or when the dead nuns in *Robert le Diable* dance an unearthly ballet, we may make a tolerably near guess that a green glass bottle, placed in front of a strong light, produces the moonshine.

The laws of dynamics or mechanical movement are, besides those of chemistry, illustrated and brought into play in pyrotechnics. The ascent of a sky-rocket, and the revolving of a fire-wheel, are beautiful examples of these laws. When a cannon is

fired, the ball goes one way and the cannon another — the latter being affected by a recoil. It is true this recoil is very slight, on account of the great weight of the cannon, and the mode in which it is connected with the ground. The gunpowder behind the ball explodes or expands into gas; this gas must and will find room for itself, either by driving the ball out of the cannon, or by driving the cannon away from the ball, or both. Apply this to a sky-rocket. A rocket is a strong paper tube, filled with inflammable matter. It is fixed vertically to a stick; and, when fired at the lower end, the composition becomes converted into a gas. This gas, pressing and driving in all directions, finds an outlet, rushing out with great force; and is accompanied by a brilliant shower of sparks at the opened lower end; but it also drives the case itself upwards by the recoil. The ascent of the rocket is wholly due to the efforts of the gaseous exploded mixture to escape. This recoil is the same in principle as that displayed by a screw-propeller, however different it may appear in action. The screw must turn round, because a steam-engine irresistibly compels it, but it cannot do this without either driving the water in one direction or the ship in another. It does both; the ship recoils under the force used, and thus is it moved along. The beautiful revolving wheels which form such attractive objects in pyro-

technic displays are in like manner dependent on the dynamic action of the wheel. They are kindled at certain points — sometimes at the periphery, sometimes at the side of the spokes — and the expanding gases rush out at the orifices. But this rush tends to recoil against the wheel itself; and, if the orifice be judiciously placed the recoil will cause the wheel to rotate with great velocity. There are many machines in which a rotatory movement is given by the escape of water or air through orifices, on a principle somewhat analogous. The modes of applying these chemical, and optical, and dynamical principles may be almost infinite. It is the pyrotechnist's business to find out these modes; it is his craft, his art and mystery, the fruit of his ingenuity, and the source of his bread and cheese.

Listen to a catalogue of some among the many forms which these graceful displays of light and colour and form and motion are made to present: —

First there is the Sky-rocket, already noticed — a cylindrical case intended to ascend to a great height, give out a profusion of sparks during its ascent, and spread a brilliant shower of coloured stars when it explodes, high up in the skiey regions. A *Tourbillon* is a sort of double rocket, having orifices so placed as to produce a double recoil — one rotatory and one vertical; the *Tourbillon* revolves and

ascends at the same time, and is an exceedingly beautiful and brilliant fire-work. A Roman Candle is a case containing one or more smaller cases; a stream of sparks carries up a brilliant kind of star, which may be white, blue, or sparkling, according to the ingredients which it contains. A *gerb* or *jerb* is a fire-work depending chiefly on the brilliant sparkles of steel and iron filings; and a Chinese fountain is somewhat similar to it. A *Pot-de-Brin* is a case or cavity from which serpents, stars, and crackers, are thrown up into the air. A *Pot-d'Aigrette* throws up serpents only; while a *Pot-de-Saucisson* throws up cases which are half serpent half cracker. A Balloon (in the pyrotechnic, not the *aëronautic* sense) is a shell propelled from a mortar, and made to scatter squibs, crackers, serpents, and stars, when it explodes at a great height: this is often very magnificent. A Cracker is a small case filled with dense powder, and producing a loud report when exploded: a Maroon is a large cracker; and both form component parts of larger fire-works. A *Saucisson* is compounded of a brilliant fire and a bounce, and is discharged out of a mortar fixed on the ground. A Scroll is a kind of *tourbillon* on a small scale, provided with a rotatory motion. A Rain is a composition for adding to sky-rockets and other pieces; it pours down a vertical shower of brilliant sparks, which may be of any de-

sired colour. A Star is a brilliant light, produced by the explosion of a small case connected with sky-rockets and Roman candles. A Wheel—whether a single case, or a spiral, or a compound, or a horizontal, or a compound spiral, or a diverging vertical, or a reversed, or a conical horizontal, or an extending, or a diminishing, or a concentric, or an alternating wheel—is a framework of wood or iron, having certain axial movements according to its kind; long tubes filled with gunpowder or composition are twined upon, or around, or within the wheel in various directions; and when these compositions are fired the recoil causes the wheel to revolve horizontally, or vertically, or to ascend or descend—endless beauties are at the pyrotechnist's command in these productions. A Geometrical Figure is such an arrangement of filled paper cases as will produce when ignited a fiery cross, triangle, square, hexagon, octagon, or other figure. An Ostrich Feather, or Prince of Wales's plume, is a pleasing spread of sparkling fire, usually forming the apex of a pyramidal fire-work. A Tree throws out coloured fires at various angles for either side of a vertical centre. These are only some among the many varieties at the disposal of the artist.

There were Mortrams, Henglers, Southbys, and Darbys in early days; although rather for military than for holiday duties. The Chinese and Hindoos made and

exploded fire-works long before Europe had any fire-works to explode. The famous Greek Fire which was used at Acre against the crusading army of St. Louis, has occasioned numberless speculations and controversies. This fire, the old annalists tell us, "came forward as large as a barrel of verjuice, with a tail of fire issuing from it as big as a great sword, making a noise in its passage like thunder, and seeming like a dragon flying through the air; and from the great quantity of light it threw out, giving such a light that one might see in the camp as if it had been day." It is also described as "consuming even flint and iron," and as emitting an awful stench. The Byzantines used the Greek Fire against the Pisans; Philippe Auguste employed it against the English vessels at the siege of Calais; and it was used at the siege of Ypres in thirteen hundred and eighty-three. The late Dr. Macculloch, after a laboured attempt to discover what the Greek Fire really was, gave it up as a hopeless task, concluding that the people who witnessed it were too much frightened to speak intelligibly about it. When nitre came into use as an aid to combustibles, fire-works and gunpowder may equally be said to have been invented. Whatever Roger Bacon may have done in this way in Europe, it is certain the Chinese preceded him by a dozen or two of centuries. Without speaking

of Chinese fire-works generally, we may say a few words concerning the Chinese "drum," which so excited Sir George Staunton's admiration during his visit to China. This fire-work appears to resemble a cylindrical band-box, ornamented on the exterior with paintings. When it is to be fired, it is suspended from a stand twelve or fifteen feet high. The light is applied at the lower part. There immediately drops out below a transparent piece, accompanied by brilliant light, which falls to the ground after being burned out; and this is succeeded by ten or a dozen others, all differing in device. These appear to be — not merely transparent pictures — but castles, ships, lanterns, globes, cones, and other hollow models, illumined within and without. They are made of transparent painted paper, supported on a light wooden framework. All these objects are packed away with great ingenuity in the bottom of the drum; and they are so surrounded and connected by tubes, and slow matches, and composition, and fire-works, that they drop one by one out of the open end of the drum, displaying their beauties for a brief space, and then quietly go out.

Whether it is Chin-chop-chew making fire-works for the Celestials at Peking, or Chevalier Mortram making for the British public, there is doubtless much similarity in the workshop processes, the manufacturing opera-

tions. The gunpowder has to be pounded, and the sulphur and charcoal pounded and purified. The metal filings have to be brought to different degrees of fineness, and the colouring materials prepared and the various combinations mixed in due proportions. The paper cases also must be made. Strong cartridge or brown paper is rolled round a mandril or rod into a tubular form, the last lap being secured by paste. These paper tubes, filled in various ways and to different degrees, constitute the whizzing, and bouncing, and cracking, and sparkling fire-works. Then there are veins or arteries, not necessary for visible display, but for conveying the fiery impulse from one work to another. These are called leaders. They consist of paper tubes containing string which has been dipped in certain solutions, varied to act as slow-match or quick-match, according to need.

On the fifth of November, when Muffincap and his schoolfellows prepare a grand display of fire-works, at their joint expense, they of course take care not to omit the squibs; but they know nothing of these two facts—that every halfpenny squib undergoes no less than thirteen distinct processes, and that the shopkeeper gets more for selling it than the pyrotechnist gets for making it. The cutting, the rolling, the choking, the charging, the knocking-out, the bouncing, the

capping, the tying are some, but not all, of the events in the birth of a squib. First, strong brown paper, weighing eighty pounds to the ream, is cut into thirty-six pieces per sheet, each piece to make a squib; the case is formed with this stout paper, and is covered with much thinner white paper; each little tube is choked with a dent or depression near one end; it is partly filled with composition through a funnel, and rammed down with a rod; it is further filled with loose powder; it is provided with a nipple, and touch paper, and a blue cap, and a sealing of wax or glue—and thus it goes forth into society at the cheap cost of half-a-crown per gross.

A squib is a miniature representative of a large number of fire-works; for the mixing of the composition, the making of the tube, and the filling, are the types of operation both on the large and the small scale. To a rocket there is a strong cylindrical cartridge case, to contain the composition which is to produce the projectile force by its explosion. Upon its upper extremity is fixed a conical case, also of paper, to contain the stars, or serpents, or crackers, which are to astonish the natives by their display when high up in the air. A pound rocket is perhaps an inch-and-a-half in diameter by fourteen and fifteen inches long. The composition in the conical part differs from that in the cylindrical part chiefly in the addi-

tion of antimony or some metal which shall aid in producing the grand flare-up when the rocket has reached its greatest height. The filling and securing of the cases are nice operations, requiring much care; and when these are completed, the rocket is attached to a long wooden rod. This rod acts like the tail of a kite or the feather of an arrow; it preserves the line of direction during the rocket's flight.

All such operations as these — the preparing of ingredients, the making of cases, the filling, the sealing and touching — are carried on in the workshops of our Chevalier and his brother pyrotechnists; where are also made the frames and wheels which are to support the largest fireworks. At the public gardens where such displays occur there is a subsidiary workshop, in which the tubes, and leaders, and fuzes, are adjusted to their proper places on the frames or scaffolding. And here it is interesting to observe how time becomes an element in the work. All the leaders, containing the match or fuze composition, are so adjusted in length that they shall convey the ignition to every spot at the exact instant required; else the banging of the crackers might commence before the beautiful star has done its shining work, or the rotation of a wheel might be so ill-timed as to burst the cracker. The appearance of the frame itself, with all the tubes and leaders tied to it in various

directions, would give a stranger very little idea of the ultimate forms and movements intended to be produced.

In his mysterious plot of ground, with his frames, and rockets, and wheels, and maroons placed conveniently at hand, the monarch of the fiery region kindles the results of his labours, one by one, and off they go — amidst exclamations of the wildest delight bursting from thousands of upturned countenances. At length the National Anthem bursts forth, the last star faints and expires; and there is an end to the brilliant display of fire-works.

CONVICTS IN THE GOLD REGIONS.

On arriving at the main Sydney route from the town boundary of Melbourne — Melbourne famous, among other things, ever since it rose to fame two years ago, for no roads, or the worst roads, or impassable sloughs, swamps, and rights of way through suburb wastes of bush, and boulder-stones, and stumps of trees — leaving, I say, all these peculiarities behind, you suddenly arrive at the opening of the main road to Sydney, leading in a direct line to the village of Pentridge, the position of the Convict Stockade. This is the chief penal dépôt of the colony.

The first thing that strikes you, after all you have gone through,

is the excellence of the road, its directness, and its length. You look along a straight road, broad, well formed, hard, clean, with drains running along each side, protected (together with the lower edges of the road) by large boulder-stones and heavy logs at intervals, and the eye traverses along this to an unvarying distance of two miles and a quarter. There is no road to be compared with it in the colony, and the whole of this has been the product of convict labour, within the space of little more than two years and four or five months. Be it understood very great difficulties had to be overcome, in respect of swamps, huge stones, and large trees and stumps with great roots. Nor was this the whole of the work performed by the convicts of Pentridge, a bridge and part of a road elsewhere having been constructed simultaneously; the bridge alone, if it had been built by free labour during these periods of high wages, being of the value of five thousand pounds. Whatever the saving as to cost, however, the value of a good road and a bridge to a new country like this is almost beyond calculation. I forget what practical philosopher it was who said, "The worst use you can put a man to is to hang him," but surely most people will readily admit that such a road as the above, in any country, and more especially in the colony of Victoria, is not only far more useful, but a far more humane

and slightly object than the gallows.

The road to Pentridge gradually and slightly rises till you reach the top, when a turn to the right brings you at once upon the ground of the Stockade, which lies in a hollow a little below. A first impression does not convey any adequate impression of its strength, or general character as a penal establishment. You see several detached tents upon the higher ground, with a sentinel walking to and fro in front of them; and you look down upon a low-roofed, straggling range of buildings, something in appearance between an English country brewhouse, and a military outpost holding it in charge. Descending the slope, and reaching the house of the superintendent, a square garden of cabbages, and square beds of weeds mixed with flowers and shrubs (a type of most of the gardens since the discovery of the gold), is seen on the other side of the horse-way between, with a green swampy field beyond, bounded by a long iron-grey wall of large loose stones, with a few trees to the right, and the head of a sentinel moving backwards and forwards — upon legs we assume — in the meadow or marsh below on the other side.

Being left alone for a while under the wooden verandah of the house, the picture is further enlivened by the slow approach of a cow from a cow-house in the

proximity of the cabbage square, which pauses and looks at me with a rueful and rather commiserating expression. She is pretty comfortable herself, but she sees that I am a new comer, and wonders perhaps what I have done to be brought there. The place is all very silent; so is the cow; so of course am I. A dog now comes round the corner, and after looking at me, without barking or other demonstration, retires. I follow mechanically, and on turning the angle of the house I come in view of what I had at first compared in my mind to a country brewhouse, which on a closer examination becomes formidable enough, presenting as it does very unmistakeable indications of strength, precaution, and watchful vigilance, both within and without. No voice is heard; nothing is heard but the clash of the chains of a gang of convicts passing across one of the yards.

The Superintendent, Mr. Barrow, who is at the head of the penal establishments of the colony, appears, and on my making some allusion to the men in chains, gives me their collective history in a few words, which show that the said chains are by no means unnecessary ornaments. Most of the convicts have been, in one place or other, prisoners from childhood. They have been three times convicted at home; first of all, whipped, perhaps, in the Parkhurst prison for juvenile offenders. After

being exposed to the contaminating influence of many more depraved than themselves they have been pardoned, and sent adrift on the world, worse than when they entered it. Again apprehended and convicted, they have been sent to Pentonville, or some other prison. Liberated after years, again following a course of crime, and once more apprehended and convicted, they have been transported to Van Diemen's Land, or Norfolk Island. At each of these places, and in all their prisons, at home and abroad, the pet system of penal training and reform in use at the period has been tried, and all have failed. Obtaining their conditional pardons, after a certain number of years in Van Diemen's Land, or Norfolk Island, they have had it in their power to go with their ticket of leave to any of the Australian colonies. Of course they have made directly for Melbourne — first to the gold region of the diggings, and next to the more fixed gold region of the wealthy community in the town. Most of the crimes of these men — that is to say, ninety per cent. of them, have originated in England. They had their chief experience and training at home. They have committed every crime here, to obtain gold, which their previous knowledge, skill, and depravity could suggest — and here they are at last.

It is night; a cold wind blows and a drizzling rain falls. An

iron tongue, that is to say, a large bell in the Stockade, now announces that the time has arrived for all the prisoners to go to bed. A jingling of chains is heard as the several gangs pass across the yard, then a sound of the drawing of bolts, then silence. I cannot help speculating on the different sorts of suppressed ferocity in the faces of all these subdued human tigers, as they sit up on their wooden pallets, or look out from beneath their blankets.

Dining with the Superintendent, and the chief officer in command of this department (an old army captain), we are waited upon by one of the aborigines, whose black face is without a single tint of negro brown. He is a prisoner of the Stockade, but in reward for a long period of good conduct, is entrusted with this comparative degree of liberty. He understands enough English — chiefly nouns, with a few morsels of verbs — to wait very well; and though in his training he let fall or otherwise demolished a fearful amount of plates, glasses, and other strange and wondrous domestic articles which were previously unknown to his hands or eyes, he has now attained sufficient skill to avoid all such disasters. But he has his many old misfortunes of this kind in constant memory, and is full of dreadful apprehensions at every feat he performs. When he places a decanter of wine on the table, he remains a second

or two with glaring eyes, and slowly withdrawing his open hands from both sides, ready to catch it in case it should take a fit of tumbling over as he walks away. He has an awful look of care in handing me a large dish of smoking potatoes. It seems like a solemn rite to an idol. I do not dare to glance up at his face. His constant care and watchfulness are extraordinary, and he obviously possesses far more intelligence than the aborigines of Australia are generally believed capable of acquiring. Mr. Barrow informs me that he is really in all ordinary respects a very good and trusty servant, and that he has never been known to tell an untruth.

But the picture I have formed in my imagination, of all those fierce convicts in their chains — which are not taken off even at night — sitting up in their dens, or scowling up from beneath their blankets, still haunting me, I feel obliged to communicate my wish to Mr. Barrow to be permitted, if not contrary to rules, to pay them a passing visit forthwith. My wish being courteously accorded, I accompany the captain to the gate of the Stockade, and having passed this, and the armed sentinels, I find myself in a sort of barrack-yard, to appearance, with store-rooms at each side, having strong narrow doors, immense iron bolts, and an iron grating above for ventilation. The captain informs me that the stores are not

thus protected to prevent anybody from walking off with them, but to render it almost impossible for the stores themselves to escape. These strong rooms are, in fact, the wards, or dormitories of the convicts. Being invited to look in upon them, I approach one of these bolted doors. A square shutter is unfastened and pushed aside by the captain, and displays an iron grating through which I look at the ir reclaimables in their lairs. How absurdly different is the reality from the picture I had framed in my imagination! Over a large room are distributed on stretchers, or other raised surface, and all so close together as only to allow of space for passage round each, a number of bundles of bedding, apparently, each enveloped in a grey and blue chequered coverlid of the same pattern. The bales or bundles are without motion or sound; no voice is heard, no head or foot is visible. Each bundle contains the huddled up form of a convict, who adopts this plan to obtain the greatest degree of warmth. Some are, no doubt, asleep; many wide awake, and full of peculiar thoughts; and perhaps even of fresh plans, should they ever again get a chance. What a volume of depraved life, what a prison-history lies enfolded in each of those moveless coverlids! There is absolutely nothing more to be seen, and we pass on to the next door. It is very much the same.

A third ward, however, presents

a difference, the sleeping places being built up in separate berths, formed of cross battens, like very strong wooden cages for bears. The occupants of the upper tier ascend by means of a wooden bracket which juts out about half way up. Here I did see one foot protruding, belonging probably to some tall man who was not in irons. A lanthorn is suspended from the centre of the roof, by a cord which is passed over a pulley, and runs through a hole above the door, so that the guard can raise it or lower it at any time during the night without opening the door. When the light needs trimming, the lanthorn being lowered, one of the prisoners, whose turn it is, has to get up and attend to it. The gleam it sheds is very melancholy, almost funereal. Hard natures, indeed, must they be, who, lying awake sometimes in the night, are not softened to a few serious thoughts or emotions as they look around them; but hard no doubt they are, and most of them of the hardest.

The Superintendent has work to do in his office — letters, reports, calculations, accounts, &c.; he becomes absent and taciturn, and I betake myself to bed. Throughout the whole night, I am awakened every half hour by the Stockade bell, and am five times informed, by the different voices of five sentinels, heard in succession from different points of the building, near and remote, that "all's well!" After

the sixth or seventh round of this. however, I get used to it, and drop to sleep again after hearing the satisfactory announcement.

Early in the morning, Billy — the aboriginal — comes bolt into my room with my boots in one hand, and a jug of hot water in the other. He neither utters a word, nor looks at me (except in a way he has with his eyeballs turned *from* me) but places the boots on the floor, hovering with one hand over them in case either of them should fall sideways, and then sets the jug upon the dressing-table. He stares at it with a warning, or rather a threatening look, when, seeing that it stands firmly, his gloomy features relax, and he departs as abruptly as he entered.

At seven o'clock the bell calls the convicts to a general muster in the principal yard, preparatory to the different gangs being marched off to their various descriptions of work. Mr. Barrow accompanies me into the yard. We pass through the little narrow massive gate, and I am at once in the presence of the thrice picked and sifted incorrigibles of the mother country and her Australian colonies. Sentinels, with loaded muskets, patrol the outskirts of the yard, and officers and constables armed with truncheons stand on guard outside the ranks. Many of the convicts have irons on their legs, but the majority are quite free, and can "make a rush" if they

The convicts are ranged like a regiment of soldiers at muster, the rear ranks taking open order. They are all dressed in the usual grey, or dark pepper-and-salt coarse cloth. The yard is quite silent, and the names are called over. None of the black sheep are missing. I look along the ranks from face to face — with apparent indifference, casually, and with as little offence or purpose in my gaze as possible; and I am quite sure that it is not from knowing what they are, but really from a genuine impression of what is written by the fingers of experience in very marked lines and characters, and fluctuating or fixed shades, that I am persuaded there is not one good face among them. No, not one. On the contrary, nearly every face is extremely bad. I go over them all again in the same casual purposeless way (they are not deceived by it a bit) and I feel satisfied that a worse set of fellows never stood in a row than those before me. Beneath that silent outwardly subdued air, there is the manifest lurking of fierce, depraved, remorseless spirits, ready with the first chance to rush away into the course of crime that brought them here. By this time they are all at work upon me, quietly speculating on who I am, what I want, and if my visit portends anything to them. The yard is covered with loose stones of broken granite, and I notice close to my feet, and looking up

directly into my face, a magpie. He also holding his head on one side interrogatively, seems to ask my business here. I take a fresh breath as I look down at the little thing, as the only relief to the oppressive sense of prison doom that pervades the heavy scene.

The different working gangs are now marched off, about twenty at a time, with a sufficient interval both of time and distance between each, in case of a combination for a rush. Some go to work at building, some on the roads, some to the bridges, some to shoemaking, carpentering, &c. Tramp — tramp — tramp — with a jingle of irons — and they are all gone, and the little, narrow, massive gate is closed. The yard is vacant and silent, with nothing to be seen but the magpie hopping over the broken granite, and nothing now to be heard but the faint retiring jingle of the chains, the low continuous quire of the frogs in the swamp, and the distant lowing of a forlorn cow.

It will have been evident before this, that everything is conducted here on a fixed system, rigidly and undeviatingly enforced, and that this is perfectly necessary considering the subjects that have to be dealt with. No loud voice of command is ever heard, and the Superintendent has strictly forbidden all strong language on the part of the various officers and constables; the convicts are all controlled by the Stockade bell. When the bell orders them to come forth,

they come forth; when the bell orders them to retire, they retire; if they are talking after retiring to rest, and the bell rings for silence, they are heard no more. Thus, all sense of personal tyrannies, and all special animosities are avoided; the convicts feel they are under the spell of a sort of iron fate, a doom with an iron tongue — they are subdued and surrounded by an ever-vigilant and inflexible system, and they submit in spite of their will not to submit.

Mr. Barrow has been engaged in this anxious, painful, and unresting work these twelve long years — first in Norfolk Island, then in Van Diemen's Land, finally placed over Pentridge Stockade, the head quarters of all the penal establishments of the colony. Of all public officers, there is probably not one whose duties are so full of sleepless anxieties, and so imperfectly appreciated (partly because they are but little known) as those he performs with such rigid constancy.

I have taken a stroll round the outskirts of the Stockade, and while gazing over the swampy fields, now wearing the green tints of the fresh grass of winter which is near at hand, and thence turning my gaze to the bush in the distance, with its uncouth and lonely appearance, I hear the jingle of chains to the left of where I am standing, and presently I see winding round the road a gang of convicts on their

way to work at a bridge. They are succeeded by another gang; and at the same interval, by a third. I am instantly and forcibly reminded of the string of convicts whom Don Quixote met and set at liberty, driving away their guards, taking off their fetters, and making them a noble speech; in return for which they ran off scoffing and hooting, and saluting their deliverer with a volley of stones. I never before felt so strongly the truthfulness of this scene. Here are a set of men who would have done — and who would this very day do — the same thing to any eccentric philanthropist in a broad brimmed hat who should set them free and make them an address on liberty and humanity. So true may fiction be in the hands of genius.

Other convict establishments have been alluded to, which consist of two smaller stockades, and the hulks which are lying in Hobson's Bay. The stockades being conducted in the same manner as the one just described, it will be unnecessary to particularize them, but I at once accept Mr. Barrow's obliging offer to take me on board the prison ships. We mount his gig and drive off.

On the way to Melbourne, through the bush, I ask many questions of the Superintendent — as to the growth of corn and cabbages — the latter, with other vegetables being expensive luxuries in Melbourne. I also ask if

the convicts can be trusted with edge tools, out of sight of the guards, or in sight? Is a funeral of one of them at all a melancholy sight to the others? and so forth. To these questions, I only receive monosyllabic replies, and often no reply; I half expect to get an answer from the distant bell. The Superintendent scarcely hears me; his mind is away at Pentridge, or on board one of his hulks. We pass through Melbourne, cross the bridge, and make our way along the muddy road to Liardet's Beach. I am indiscreet enough to ask a few more questions, but the anxious and absorbed look of the Superintendent shows me that he is absent from the gig, drive as well as he may, and I give it up. We arrive at the beach, and put off in the Government boat.

It is a long pull, and by no means a very lively one, for it is pretty clear that everybody in the boat feels a certain sort of cloud over his spirits from the serious business all are upon; but the sky is clear and bright, and I am soon in quite as absent a state as my friend the Superintendent, though it is probable that our thoughts are not in the same direction.

We first pull on board a hulk, a new one, to meet the rapidly increasing exigencies of the gold fields, which is being "fitted up" as a convict ship. From the magnitude and strength of the wooden bars, rails, and battens,

one might imagine that it was intended for young elephants, buffaloes, and wild boars. But I am assured by one of the wardens that they are not at all too strong. From this we row away to the prison ship for sailors — not convicts, but refractory. This word refractory includes all the offences of running away to the gold fields on the very first chance after the vessel drops her anchor in the bay, or of refusing their duty, or otherwise misconducting themselves while on board, with a view to distracting and overthrowing all arrangements for a most difficult port, and escaping in the confusion. To this hulk many captains of vessels have been obliged to send half their crews as soon as they have entered the harbour, and several have even adopted the more resolute plan of sending the whole crew off to prison at once, on the first show of insubordination, and keeping them there.

From the refractory, would-be gold-digging sailors' prison we push off for Williams' Town, and land near the light-house, at a little boat-pier of loose stones now in course of erection by a gang of convicts sent ashore for the purpose. Guards with loaded muskets patrol on the outskirts. It is a most useful work, and the extremity towards the water being made circular, for a small saluting battery, may serve to salute in another way if there should ever be need. We pass from the pier to other works of building, drainage, and so on, all performed by convict labour: Mr. Barrow attending to his duties, and leaving me to stroll about and observe what I may, and judge for myself. To sum up all this in two words, I cannot perceive that the convicts have one spark of manly shame at their position; but I do most certainly observe that, without any hard words from the overseers, or the least personal violence (which would not for a moment be allowed), they do twice as much work in an hour as double the number of free Government labourers get through in a day. The chief reason seems to me to be that the convicts are thinking of their work as an agreeable relief after solitary confinement, and are glad to use their limbs; whereas the free labourers are thinking of the gold fields, and how to get ten shillings a day for doing nothing, until they are able to be off to the diggings.

The Superintendent now rejoins me, and carrying me along with him at a brisk pace, informs me that we are going on board the President, his principal convict hulk. This prison-ship contains the worst of the worst — men who cannot be trusted to work at anything — who pass their time in solitary confinement and in irons, excepting an hour's exercise on deck, when they are also hand-cuffed together — men for whom the Stockade of Pent-

ridge is not an adequate protection — “the *crème de la crème*,” Mr. Barrow says, “of the prisons of the mother country and her Australian colonies.”

We ascend to the deck, where the vessel, a little in front of the gangway, is separated by massive iron bars of some ten or eleven feet high from the rest of the ship. The Superintendent leaves me, as before, to attend to his duties of inspection, &c., but the chief officer in command (whose name I am rather uncomfortably startled at finding to be the same as my own) places me in charge of one of the head wardens, to accompany me where I wish to go. Of course I at once express a desire to pass through the great iron bars of this terrible cage, and to go below and see the *crème de la crème*.

We enter, and descend the ladder to the main-deck. There is very little to be seen of a kind to make a picture, or a bit of description — in fact, nothing — all is in a state of severe, quiet, orderly, massive simplicity. The main deck is reduced to a passage, with rows of cells of immense strength on each side. The name of the occupant of the cell is written on a placard outside — with his crime, and the number of years for which he is sentenced. The great majority of offences are robbery with violence, and the term of imprisonment varies from five to twenty years. As I read I cannot say I at all envy the snug berth of my namesake in

command. I feel that I would far rather be the Wandering Jew, or the captain of the Flying Dutchman. The cells are very like clean dens for wild beasts—their huge solid timbers and ironwork being quite strong enough for lions and tigers, bears and rhinoceroses, but not more so than necessary — so strong, so wilful, so resolute, and so unconquerable is man in his last stage of depravity. I express a desire to have the door opened of a certain cell, where the placard outside exercises a grim attraction upon me; but the warden at my side informs me that the convicts here are all under prolonged punishment, and my namesake does not consider it right to make a show of them. “Oh, indeed,” I say — “very proper.” — “Not,” adds the warden, “that it would hurt their feelings in any way; they are always too glad of any opportunity of having the door opened. We do not open it even at meal times; we push their allowance through a trap with a slide, which is instantly closed again and bolted.” — What a life — for all parties!

I hear some of the prisoners singing in a low voice, and others holding a conversation between their partitions of four or five inches thick. To avoid some of the mental evils of long solitary confinement, they are wisely and humanely permitted to do this, provided no noise is made, or any loud tones audible. In an equally wise spirit Mr. Barrow has ar-

ranged a kind of prospect of amelioration; a degree of hope, well-founded, however remote, is open to all. A certain number of years of good conduct here, gives the vilest ruffian of former times a fair prospect of removal to one of the Stockades; a certain number of years of good conduct there, gives him the probability of further promotion: namely, to work at some trade, or to go at large as a house servant and to attend in the yards; while, as a final result of many years of good conduct, he gets his ticket of leave to go where he pleases in the colony. Many do really reform, and lead decent lives thenceforth; some rush away to the gold fields — not to dig, but to plunder — and are back again heavily ironed, on board this dreadful prison-ship, in less than three months. The fresh term of punishment in these final of all final cases is twenty, or even thirty years. I inquire if they sink into utter hopeless dependency in such cases. "No; only for the first week or two. After that, they are again scheming, and plotting, and looking forward to some chance of escape."

I hear a regular tramp going round overhead, accompanied by a jingling of chains. The warden informs me that ten of the convicts are now on deck for an hour's exercise. Only ten at a time are ever allowed to be out of their cells, none of these being ever trusted to go ashore to work,

or to work at anything on board. I immediately go upon deck to have one look at the Superintendent's *crème de la crème*.

The ten men are all attired in the pepper-and-salt convict dress, with irons on their legs, and handcuffed together, two and two, as they walk round and round the main hatchway. I make no pretence of not looking at them; and they make none as to me. There is nothing violent or ferocious in the appearance of any of them; the predominating impression they convey is that of brutal ignorance, grossness, and utter absence of the sense of shame. The one who has most sense in his countenance is a dark, quiet, determined, patient villain, equal to any atrocity or daring. His look, as he comes round and faces me, never changes; most of the rest have some slight fluctuations. Presently they begin to whisper each other; and one makes a remark and passes it on; and presently they begin to exchange jokes, and indulge in a high degree of noiseless merriment at their own observation, speculations, and comments, until it becomes quite apparent that I am getting the worst of it. I retire with a modest unconscious air, which seems to delight them immensely.

Ironed, barricaded, and guarded, as these men are, they sometimes attempt an escape, though without success. Their chief hope often turns upon bri-

bing one of the wardens; for these prisoners — settled for life as they may be — have really the means of bribing. Most of them have gold in Melbourne in care of a friend, or in the banks, or secreted at some of the diggings.

THE MERCHANT'S HEART.

MATTHIAS, the Levantine merchant, had spent his whole life, from his boy-time upward, in travelling for the sake of gain, to the East and to the West, and to the islands of the South Seas. He had returned to his native place, Tarsus, in the full vigour of manhood, and was reported to have amassed great wealth. His first step was to make a prudent call upon the governor, and to present him with a purse and a string of pearls, in order to bespeak his good-will. He then built himself a spacious palace in the midst of a garden on the borders of a stream, and began to lead a quiet life, resting after the fatigues of his many voyages. Most persons considered him to be the happiest of merchants; but those who were introduced to his intimacy knew that his constant companions were thought and sadness. When he had departed in his youth, he had left his father, and his mother, and his brothers, and his sisters in health, although poor; but, when he returned in hopes to gild the remainder of their days, he found that the

hand of death had fallen upon them every one, and that there was no one to share his prosperity: and a blight came over his heart.

The gossips in the bazaars soon began to talk of his case, and it was then that Hanna the Christian tailor one day said in a loud voice to his opposite neighbour the Jewish money-changer, "I will lay the value of my stock that the merchant Matthias will find consolation in marriage; that he will choose the most beautiful of our maidens; and that he will found a family which shall be celebrated in this city as long as its prosperity endures." To this the Jew replied: "What is the value of thy stock? Three jackets returned upon thy hands, a rusty pair of scissors, an old stool, and some bundles of thread? Verily the risk is not great." The Christian said a prayer or two to himself, that he might not curse his neighbour, and then answered: "I will throw in Zarifeh, the ebony-black girl whom I bought last spring to follow my wife when she goes out with the little Gorges to the gardens. What sayest thou now?"

The Jew pondered awhile, leaning his grey beard on the breast of his caftan. He remembered that forty years before he, too, had returned from travel with his money-bags, and had found his house desolate; and that he had devoted himself ever since to moody reflection, and to the heaping of *mahboub* upon *mah-*

boub. The thought had therefore become fixed in his mind that when the middle time of life comes, there can remain no affection in the heart, either of Christian, or of Jew, or of Mahommadan, but for gold. So he said: "Let the odds be equal. I will venture five hundred pieces against thy five hundred pieces, that within five years the merchant Matthias does *not* take to his bosom a wife." "Agreed!" cried the Christian. The neighbours were called in as witnesses, and every one laughed at the absurdity of the dispute.

Matthias was not long in learning that a wager had been laid upon his future life; and, in passing through the bazaar, he stopped one day and said sternly to the Christian tailor: "Son of rashness, why hast thou risked more than the whole of thy havings upon a matter which is only known to Heaven? I have looked upon all the maidens of my people, and no emotion has stirred within me. Verily thou wilt become a prey to this Jew."

"My lord," replied the tailor, smiling, "it is impossible for a good man to remain all his life alone. If thou wilt come to my house and see my wife and my little Gorges dancing in the arms of the ebony-black girl, Zarifeh, thou wilt surely relent and seek at once to be as I am. Perhaps thou hast not well looked around thee. There is Miriam, the daughter of our baker, who is of majestic presence, being as big as thyself.

She will suit thee to a hair, and, if thou desirest, my wife shall make proposals for thee this afternoon." Matthias laughed and frowned, and went on, and the Jew chuckling in his beard said: "O Hanna, for how much wilt thou free thyself from thy wager? Wilt thou pay a hundred pieces and let all be said?" But the Christian replied: "In five years Saint Philotea wore away a stone as big as this stool with her kisses and her tears — in five years the heart of this man may melt."

Matthias went not on his way unmoved after his conversation with the Christian tailor. He began to think that perhaps, indeed, he was wearing away his life uselessly in solitude. There was certainly no beauty and no satisfaction in that manner of being. It was better to take to himself a companion. But where find her? Amongst all the frivolous daughters of Tarsus, was there one with whom he would not be more lonely than with himself? Their mothers had taught them nothing but love of dress, and love of themselves. How could their capricious and selfish natures find pleasure in communion with a man whom this world had sore tried, and who wished to wait in meekness and in patience for the world to come?

These meditations disturbed Matthias, but they did not render him more unhappy. They occupied his mind; they relieved the monotony of his existence;

they prevented him from always turning his eyes inward upon himself; they forced him to look abroad. He went to the houses of his friends and once more studied the perfections or imperfections of their daughters. His object was so manifest, that the joke went round that he wished to save the Christian tailor from ruin. People jested with the Jew as they brought in their money to change. But, although Matthias saw many beautiful girls who threw the glances of their almond-shaped eyes encouragingly towards him, he saw none that pleased his heart; and, suddenly retiring from society, shut himself up for a whole year in his palace, seeing nobody, and taking back melancholy and discontent for his only companions.

At length Matthias began to feel the desire of change, and made it a practice every morning to have his mule saddled and to ride out to the base of the mountains; and, then putting foot to ground to wander until evening amidst the rocks and valleys. On one occasion he went so far that he could not return to where he had left his mule and servant before night-fall, and lost his way. After going hither and thither for some time, he was compelled to seek the shelter of a cave, and to wait until morning. Sleep overtook him, and he did not wake until the sun's rays slanting in through the cleft of the rock, played upon his eye-lids. He got up; and, having said his prayers,

went forth and beheld a beautiful green meadow stretching along the banks of a stream which came from a narrow gorge at no great distance. He did not recognise his whereabouts and was doubtful of finding his way back, until he saw, at the further end of the meadow, some object wowing rapidly to and fro. It was a young girl chasing a cow that had escaped from her, and ran with a cord tangled about its horns in the direction of Matthias. "Ah!" said he, "I will catch this unruly animal, and then make its keeper point out to me the direction of Tarsus." So he tucked up his robes; and, being strong and vigorous, soon came up to the cow that was wantonly galloping hither and thither, and brought it to a stand-still. "May blessings light upon thy sturdy arms, stranger," exclaimed the girl, running up out of breath, and unwinding the rope from the cow's horns; "If Naharah had escaped they would have beaten me."

"And who could find it in his heart to beat thee, child?" said the merchant, as he looked at her and wondered at her delicate loveliness.

"The fathers," she replied, pulling Naharah in the direction she wanted to go. "Triple blessings upon thee, again I say, stranger!"

Matthias forgot all about Tarsus, and walked by the side of the girl, asking questions of her. He learned that she was the bond-

maiden of a monastery situated in those mountains, and that her duty was to take out the cows, and especially this one, every morning to the pasturage. "Do not follow me," said she, when they came to the entrance of the gorge from which the stream flowed; "for I am forbidden to talk with those whom I may meet." Matthias thought awhile, and then bade her adieu, having learned what path he was to follow, and returned to his palace full of nothing but the image of this simple bond-maiden.

"Verily," said he to himself next morning, "I forgot to ask the name of that girl. I must learn it, in order that I may send her a recompense." Under this poor pretence he mounted his mule, and rode towards the mountains, and began his walk at the usual place, and repaired to the cave and passed the night there, and was out on the meadow before dawn. He soon saw four or five cows driven out of the gorge, and the girl following them, leading the frolicsome Naharah. "There is no need for thee to-day, stranger," said she, smiling, playfully, "unless thou wilt drive my herd down to the water to drink, and take care that the black one goes in first, or else she will gore the others." Upon this, Matthias took the branch of a tree and began to cry, "Hoo! hoo!" like a herdsman, and to beat the flanks of the black cow, which scampered away, and led him a long chase round the

meadow; so that he did not come back until all the other animals had taken their morning drink, and the girl was sitting on the bank laughing at him, and wreathing a crown of flowers to deck the horns of Naharah.

"Thou dost not know thy new business," said she, to Matthias, as he came up out of breath; whereupon he began to curse the cow which had led him that dance, and to think that he had made himself ridiculous in the eyes of the girl. However, they were soon sitting side by side in pleasant talk, and the merchant learned that the name of the bond-maiden was Carine.

By this time he had quite made up his mind to marry her, if she would have him; but, although reflecting upon his wealth and her poverty, it seemed scarcely probable that she should refuse, his modesty was so great that he dared not venture to talk of love. They parted early, and Matthias went away, promising to return on the morrow. He did so; and for many weeks continued these meetings in which, for the first time since his youth, he found real happiness. At length, one day he took courage, and told Carine that he intended to take her away and marry her, and make her the mistress of his wealth. "My lord," said she, with simple surprise, "has madness stricken thee? Dost thou not know that I am a bond-maiden, and that there is no power that can free me?"

"Money can free thee, child," liberty of Carine be granted. "If said Matthias. thou wouldst marry her," said he,

"Not so," replied she, "for it looking, as Matthias thought, is an ancient privilege of this more wicked than a demon, "thou monastery that bondsmen and must give up all thy wealth to us, and bondswomen shall for ever ap- and become our bondsman." pertain to it. If any freeman casts With this answer the lover went his eyes upon one of us, and de- sadly away, and returned to sires to marry her, he must quit Tarsus, saying to himself, "It is his state and become a slave, he impossible for me to give up, not and his descendants for ever, to only the gains of all my life, but the monastery. This is why I was even my liberty, for the sake of not married last year to Skandar, this cow-girl. I must try to forget the porker, who offered twenty her." pigs for my freedom, but who re- So he went back among his fused to give up his liberty." friends, and began again to walk Matthias internally thanked in the the bazaars. When the Heaven for having given an inde- Jew saw him, he cried out, "Hail, pendent spirit to the porker, and oh wise man, that will not burthen replied, smiling, "Believe me, himself with the society of a wo- Carine, that the fathers love man!" But the merchant frowned money—they all do—and I shall black upon him, and turned purchase thee as my wife."

"It is nonsense," said she, shaking her head, "they refused twenty pigs."

"I will give twenty sacks of gold, baby," cried Matthias, enraged at her obstinacy. Carine replied, that she was not worth so much; and that, if she were, it was of no use talking of the matter, for the fathers would not sell her. "By Saint Maron!" exclaimed Matthias, "I can buy their whole monastery."

He was mistaken. The monastery of Selafka was the richest in all the East, and the head of it was the most self-willed of men. He cut short the propositions of the merchant—who went straight to him that very day—by saying that on no account could the

Whispered to him: "Close thy shop, my friend, and lead me, that I may see, as thou didst promise, thy wife and thy child."

"Which child?" said the tailor. "I have now three, Gorges, Lisbet, and Hanna."

"All of them," said Matthias: "and also the ebony-black girl, Zarifeh."

"Oh!" said the tailor, "I have set her free, and she is married to the pudding-seller, round the corner."

"It seems," said Matthias to himself, "that it is the law of Heaven that every one shall marry."

The tailor shut up his shop and took the merchant home and showed him his domestic wealth; — that is to say, his pretty wife, his three stout children, and a coal-black girl called Zara, who was kneading dough in the court-yard. "My friend," said Matthias, "what wouldst thou do if the powerful were to say to thee, thou must be deprived of all this, or else lose thy liberty and become a slave."

"Liberty is sweet," replied the tailor, shrugging his shoulders; "yet some live without it; but none can live without love."

Upon this the merchant went back to his palace and mounted his mule and rode to the monastery, where he found the court-yard full of people. "I am come," said he to one of the fathers whom he met in the gateway, "to give up my liberty and my wealth for the sake of Carine."

"It is too late," was the reply; "Skandar, the porker, has just driven in all his pigs, and they are putting the chain upon his neck in the chapel, and all these people that thou seest collected are to be witnesses of his marriage with Carine."

Matthias smote his breast with his hands, and the sides of his mule with his heels, and galloped through the crowd shouting out that nobody should be made a slave that day but he. The chief of the monastery, on learning what was the matter, smiled and said, "That the porker had a

previous claim;" but the monks, who, perhaps, looked forward to the enjoyments which the merchant's wealth would afford them, ingeniously suggested that he had the best claim who had hesitated least, Carine's opinion was asked; and she, seeing both of her suitors resolved, heartlessly condemned the enamoured porker to liberty, and said: "Let the chain be put upon the neck of the merchant." The ceremony was immediately performed; and, whilst the head of the convent was preparing to begin the more interesting rite of the marriage, brother Boag, the treasurer of the monastery, set off to take an inventory of the wealth which had thus fallen under his jurisdiction.

It is said that Matthias never gave a single thought to his lost property, being too much absorbed in contemplating the charms of the beautiful Carine. The only stipulation he made was, that he should be allowed to go out to the pasturages with her; and, next morning, he found himself in sober seriousness helping to drive Naharah and its companions down to the water's side.

Meanwhile the Governor of Tarsus heard what had happened to Matthias, and was stricken with rage, and caused his mule to be saddled and his guards to be mounted, and set forth to the monastery and summoned the chief, saying, "Know, O Monk, that Matthias is my friend; and

it cannot be that he shall be thy slave, and that all his wealth shall be transferred from my city to thy monastery. He is a liberal citizen and I may not lose him from amongst us." The Governor spoke thus by reason of certain loans without interest and presents (over and above the purse and the string of pearls which the merchant had presented at his first coming), with which Matthias had freely obliged the Governor: who also hoped a continuance of the same. Whereupon the chief of the monastery hid his hands and was humbled; and the Governor and he parted with a good understanding and agreement.

It fell out, therefore, that after a month of servitude Matthias and his bride were called before an assembly of the whole monastery, and informed that the conditions imposed were simply for the sake of trial. Nearly all the wealth of the merchant was restored to him, and he was liberated and led back amidst applauding crowds to his palace at Tarsus. Of course he made a liberal donation to the monastery, over and above a round sum which Boag the treasurer had not found it in his heart to return with the rest. Being a just and generous man, he not only relieved the Jew from the consequences of his wager, but made such presents to the Christian tailor, that he had no longer any need to ply the needle for his livelihood. Tradition dilates with delight on the happiness which Carine bestowed on her husband;

who used always to say, "that with wealth or without wealth, with liberty or without liberty, she was sufficient to bring content into any house, and to make the sternest heart happy."

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

It is time that Leather — the tough old veteran whose fame extends far and wide — should look to his laurels. He is from time to time attacked by a number of annoying antagonists, who saucily threaten to "put him down." Once it is Papier Mâché, a conglomerated paste-like strippling, who claims a toughness and lightness of his own, without the solid consistency of Leather. At another time it is young Carton Pierre, a native of France, who presents a substance built up of paper and plaster. But the veteran has had more formidable attacks from two other interlopers — Meer India Rubber and Shah Guttá Percha; these boast so much of their elasticity, their toughness, their indestructibility, and every other corporeal and corpuscular excellence, that Leather has had as much as he can do to maintain his ground against them. It is well, therefore, to know, that tough old Leather does not mean to give up the contest. He will fight his battle yet, and shows a disposition to carry the contest into the enemy's country. Already we find ladies making leather picture

frames and leather adornments of various kinds for their apartments; and we perceive that saloons and galleries are once again, as in times of yore, exhibiting leather tapestries. We find, too, architects and decorators acknowledging that leather may be accepted as a fitting and graceful means of embellishment in many cases where carved wood would otherwise be used.

A leather tapestry is not a curtain hanging loose, like the arras or Gobelin hangings; but it is stretched on canvas, and made to form the panels of a room; the stiles or raised portions being of oak or some other kind of wood. Such was generally the case in the old leather tapestries, and such it is in those now produced; but the mode of use is susceptible of much variation; since the gilding, and stamping, and painting of the leather are independent of the mode of fixing. These tough old garments, to keep the walls warm, were known in early times to an extent which we now little dream of.

As a wall-covering, leather presents great advantages; not only from its durability and its power of resisting damp, but from its facility of being embossed, the ease with which it receives gold, silver, and coloured decoration, and the scope it affords for introducing landscapes, arabesques, emblazonments, or other painted devices. All these properties were known before decorators had been startled by the novelties of

Carton Pierre, Papier Mâché, and Gutta Percha. Continental countries were more rich in these productions than England. In the Alhambra, the Court of the Lions still presents, if we mistake not, the same leather hangings which were put up there six centuries ago. The great Flemish towns — Lille, Brussels, Antwerp, and Mechlin — were all famous for producing these hangings; those from the last-named town were especially remarkable for their beauty. Eighty years ago the French manufacturers complained that, however excellent their gilt and embossed leather might be, the Parisians were wont to run after those of Flanders; just as Worcester glove-makers in our day deprecate the wearing of French gloves by true-born Britons. There were, nevertheless, fine specimens produced at Paris and Lyons; and there were one or two cities in Italy also, in which the art was practised. Many old mansions in England have wherewithal to show that leather hangings of great beauty were produced in this country in the old time. Blenheim, the seat of the Dukes of Marlborough, is one of the places at which these English leathers are to be found. At Eastham manor-house, in Essex, built by Henry the Eighth, there were leather tapestries of great sumptuousness, covered with such large quantities of gold, that they realised a considerable sum when sold half a century ago, by a proprietor who

cared more for coined gold than for art. It is curious to note that the writer of an old French treatise on this art, acknowledges the superior skill of the Englishmen engaged in it, and laments that his countrymen cannot maintain an even position with them in the market. Thus the English leather tapestries must have been, at one time, excellent.

The leather required for these purposes undergoes a process of tanning and currying, differing from that to which leather for other purposes is subjected. The old French leather gilders about the times of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth generally employed sheep-leather; but sometimes calf and lamb-skins. The last two were better, but the first was the cheapest. The dry skins of leather were soaked in water, to mollify them; they were then vigorously pommelled, to give them suppleness. The leather was laid upon a flat stone, and scraped and scraped until its wrinkles were removed — not filled up, as with the cosmetic of the wrinkled dowagers of the old school — but fairly and honestly scraped out of existence. There was a stretching process effected at the same time, whereby the leather became somewhat lengthened and widened at the expense of its thickness. As it is the fate of many skins to have defective places the workmen showed a nice skill in trimming the margin of the hole or defective spot, and pasting or glueing a

little fragment of leather so neatly over it so as to form an invisible joint. When the leather was thus far advanced, it was covered with leaf silver; for it appears that, in those days, gilt leather was not gilt leather; it was silvered leather lacquered to a golden hue. The silverer rubbed a little bit of parchment size over the leather with his hand; and while this was yet in a sticky or tactile state, he applied upon it leaves of very thin beaten silver — not attenuated to so extraordinary a degree as leaf-gold, but still very thin. These leaves were, as applied side by side on the leather, pressed down by a fox's tail rolled into a sort of little mop; and the leather was exposed to air and sunshine until dry. This lacquer was a mysterious mixture of resin, aloes, gum sandarach, litharge, red lead, and linseed oil, brown in colour, but assuming a golden hue when backed by a silvery surface. The lacquer, like a thick syrop, was laid on by the hand, as the best possible lacquering-brush; and, after two or three applications, the lacquered silvered leather was dried in open air. Sometimes the leather was coated with leaf-copper instead of leaf-silver; and in that case the lacquer was required to be of a different kind to produce the desired gold hue. Then came the artistic work, the employment of design as an adornment. Wood blocks were engraved, much in the same way as for the printing

of floor-cloths and paper-hangings — with this variation, that the cavities or cut out portions constituted the design, instead of the uncut parts of the original surface. The design was printed on the silvered leather by an ordinary press, with the aid of a counter mould, if the relief were required to be higher than usual; the leather being previously moistened on the under surface to facilitate the pressing. There was thus produced a uniform golden or silver surface, varied only by a stamped or relieve pattern; but occasionally the design was afterwards picked out with colour.

The advocates for the use of gilt and embossed leather tapestries have a formidable list of good things to say in their favour. They assert, in the first place, that leather beats wool in its power of resisting damp and insects — whether the light-minded moths of the summer months, or the dull-souled creeping things which have a tendency to lay their eggs in woolly substances. They assert, also, that well-prepared gilt leather will preserve its splendour for a great length of time. And, lastly that a soft sponge and a little water furnish an easy mode of cleansing the surface, and keeping it bright and clear. These various good qualities have induced one or two firms in England and in France to attempt the revival of leather tapestries. It has been up-hill work to induce decorators and

connoisseurs to depart from the beaten track, and adopt the old-new material; but it has taken root; it is growing; and many sumptuous specimens are finding their way into the houses of the wealthy. The ducal mansions of the Norfolks and the Sutherlands, the Hamiltons and the Wellingtons, the Devonshires, the Somersetts, and other brave names, have something to show in this way; and royalty has not been slow to take part in the matter. The English revivers adopt, we believe, many of those described as having been followed by the old French workmen, but with various improvements; among others, they use gold-leaf instead of lacquered silver-leaf — a very proper reform in these Californian days.

The relief on the leather tapestries is very low or slight, but by deepening the engraving or embossment of the stamps, it can be made much more bold. It thus arises that leathers become available for a great variety of ornamental purposes, varying from absolute plainness of surface to very bold relief. Thus we hear of the employment of adorned leather for folding-screens, for cornices and frames, for pendants and flower-borders, for panellings, for relief ornaments to doors, pilasters, shutters, architraves, friezes, and ceilings; for chimney pieces, for subject-panels, for arabesques and pateras; for mountings in imitation of carvings; for decorations of wine-coolers, dinner-waggons,

tables, chairs, pole-screens and cheval-screens; for bindings, cases, and cabinets of various kinds; for clock-cases and brackets, for consoles and caryatides, for decorations in ships' cabins, steamboat saloons, railway carriages — but we must stop.

Some such things as these were produced in the old times; but more can now be effected. Pneumatic and hydraulic pressure are now brought into play. Without diving into the mysteries of the workman's sanctum, we believe that the leather is first brought, by an application of steam, to the state of a tough pulpy material, ready to assume any one of a thousand metamorphoses. The design has been previously prepared; and from this a mould is engraved or cut in a peculiar mixed metal which will not discolour the leather. The leather is forced into the mould by a gradual application of pressure, partly hydraulic and partly pneumatic, so tempered as to enable the leather to conform to the physical force, the pressure from without, without breakage or perforation. The leather, when once removed from the mould, retains its new form while drying, and can then either be kept in its honest unsophisticated leathery condition, or can be brought by paint or gold to any desired degree of splendour.

No one can conceive — without actual inspection — that such bold relief could be produced in leather. Not only is this in some

specimens so bold as to be fully half round, but there is even the backward curve to imitate the under-cut of carving: this could only be obtained by means of the remarkable combination of elasticity and toughness in leather. Some of the recent productions, in less bold relief, display a very high degree of artistic beauty. Her Majesty and the Royal Consort, a few years ago, jointly sketched a design for a cabinet, of which the whole of the decorations were to be of leather; this has been completed; the dimensions are nine feet by seven; the style is Renaissance, and the ornamentation is most elaborate; two of the panels are occupied by bas-reliefs, in which the figures are represented with nearly as much beauty of detail as if carved — and yet all is done in stamped leather.

In all these articles formed in leather, to break them is nearly out of the question; to cut them is not particularly easy; to destroy them in any way would seem to require the very perversity of ingenuity. To be sure, if a leather bas-relief were soaked in water for some hours, and then knocked about, it would receive a permanent disfigurement. But so would a man's face. Whereas if the soaking were not followed by the thrashing, both the leather rilievo and the man's face would retain their proper forms. At any rate, a leathern ornament is one of the toughest and strongest productions which

could be named. Occupying, as it does, a midway position in expense between carved wood and various stamped and cast materials, leather has a sphere of usefulness to fill dependent on its qualities relative to those of its antagonists.

Leather flower-making is becoming an occasional resource for industrious ladies. And a very good resource, too. Why should crochet and embroidery continue to reign without a rival? Is it so very pleasant to make anti-Macassars and slippers and collars and furniture covering, that no new employment for spare half-hours need be sought? If a lady should deem it unpleasant to have to deal with little bits of damp leather, let her remember that there is great scope for the display of taste — always an important matter, whether in business or in pleasure. When we mention picture-frames, we must be understood as referring to their ornamental decorations only. A carpenter or a frame-maker prepares a flat deal frame, with neither mouldings nor adornments; the fair artist covers this with leather ornaments, and then paints the whole to imitate ancient oak, or in any other way which her taste may dictate. The preparation of the ornament depends on this fact — that leather can be brought into almost any desired form while wet, and will retain that form when dry. The leather (a piece of common sheepskin will suffice) is cut with

scissors or sharp knives into little pieces, shaped like leaves, stalks, tendrils, fruit, petals, or any other simple object; and these pieces are curved and pressed, and grooved, and marked, and wrinkled, until they assume the required form. It is not difficult to see how, with a few small modelling-tools of bone or hard wood, all this may be done. And when done, the little pieces are left to dry; and when dry, they are tacked or pasted on the frame; and when tacked or pasted, they are finished just as the ornate taste of the lady-worker may suggest. If a picture-frame may be thus adorned, so may a screen, a chimney ornament — anything, almost, which you may please.

If we mistake not, the leather-embossers have begun to sell the simple tools, and to give the simple instructions, requisite for the practice of this pretty art. But whether this be so or not, a tasteful woman can easily work out the requisite knowledge for herself. Our lady readers, however, need not be left wholly to their own resources in the practice of this art. Madame de Condé, in her little shilling essay on the leather imitation of old oak carving, tells us all about it. She instructs us how to select the basil or sheepskin, how to provide a store of cardboard, wire, moulding instruments, glue, asphaltum, oak stain, amber, varnish, brushes, and the other working tackle; how to take pat-

terns from leaves in cardboard; how to cut the leather from the cardboard patterns; how to mark the fibres or veins with a blunt point; how to pinch up the leather leaf in imitation of Nature's own leaf; how to make stems by strips of leather wrapped round copper wire; how to imitate roses, chrysanthemums, daisies, china-asters, fuchsias, and other flowers, in soft bits of leather crumpled up into due form; how to imitate grapes, by wrapping up peas or beans in bits of old kid glove; how to obtain relief ornaments by modelling soft leather on a wooden foundation; how to affix all these dainty devices to a supporting framework; and how to colour and varnish the whole. These items of wisdom are all duly set forth.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is Life, Father?"

"A Battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,

Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,

And the stoutest heart may quail.

Where the foes are gathered on every hand

And rest not day nor night,

And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, Father?"

"The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er,
And the angel of God, who, calm and mild,

Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,

Bids the din of the battle cease;

Takes the banner and spear from our
failing hand,

And proclaims an eternal Peace."

"Let me die, Father! I tremble. I fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"

"The crown must be won for Heaven,
dear,

In the battle-field of life;

My child, though thy foes are strong and
tried,

He loveth the weak and small;

The Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

THE GREAT INDIAN BEAN-STALK.

THIS bean-stalk, by which many very small adventurers have climbed to wealth, flourishes under the vice-regal sway of the Honourable East India Company, where a costly staff of European officials is supposed, by a pleasant fiction of the Covenanted Service, to administer justice to the hundred millions of worthy British subjects inhabiting those wide-spreading countries. Judges of various degrees, magistrates and deputy magistrates, preside singly over the fate of districts as large as Yorkshire or Wales, and to enable them to make the most remote pretence of discharging their duties, they receive the assistance of a swarm of native subordinates, whose name may truly be called legion.

The revenue department of the Indian government is equally beholden to the ministrings of these indigenous officials, without whom, indeed, we could make but small progress in the collection of the twenty-seven millions of pounds sterling annually squeezed from the muscles of

Indian ryots. I am quite willing to admit at starting, what it would be folly to deny, that to dream of carrying on the administration of our Indian empire without the aid of native subordinates would be an utter absurdity.

These subordinates are, unfortunately, taken from the very dregs of Asiatic society, and consist indiscriminately of Mahometans and Hindus. It would perhaps be very difficult, if not impossible, to say which of these two races are the greatest adepts at extortion and every species of cunning rascality. Miserably paid, they seek, by an infinity of methods, to swell up their income, and this they contrive to do with the utmost impunity — living in the midst of luxuries when an honest man would starve. The steps upon the branches of this Great Indian Bean-Stalk are many: but, patiently followed, they lead at last to a golden certainty.

Lallah Ram, of whose life I am about to relate a few trifling incidents, was a man of humble station, but aspiring in mind, and being well acquainted with most of the native *Omlah* or judicial subordinates of the city, used every influence in his power to obtain the most menial appointment in the police-court. After many months of patient watchfulness, Lallah, by dint of *dustur* or fee, was installed as Orderly to the Deputy Magistrate of the district, on a salary of eight

shillings a month. This pay was small enough, especially as Lallah had a wife and three children to maintain with it. But my hero had not been a hanger-on of police-courts and Cutcheries (collectors' offices) for nothing. He had gained a complete insight into the history of the Great Indian Bean-Stalk, and panted for an opportunity of reducing his knowledge to practice.

Lallah began systematically, and lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with his master the Sahib Bahadur, or great magistrate: he made it appear on every occasion that he was on the best possible footing with Sahib; to whom he was really quite indispensable. No sooner was this feeling fairly established than the aspiring orderly began to turn it to account. Did any one, no matter what his rank, desire an audience with his highness the magistrate, he was kept cooling his heels in the outer hall, until having exhausted his patience he offered Lallah a rupee to take his name in to the Bahadur. The orderly would give the solitary coin a look of the utmost contempt, move not an inch, and say that he was a poor man, but had every desire to oblige the visitor if in his power. The suitor would relax, slip five rupees into his willing palm, and was at once ushered into the presence amidst many adjurations to the heathen pantheon, and all sorts of prosperity evoked on the donor's head.

These visitors were numerous; and, although a few now and then endeavoured to rebel against the innocent practices of Lallah, he was invariably a match for them. Should there be any disposition to avoid the *dustur* (*anglicè* "down with the dust"), the orderly expressed many regrets; but the Sahib was most particularly engaged, and had given express orders not to be disturbed on any account. It was seldom that a sentence of this kind was misunderstood; the fee was produced, and the door flung wide open. Perhaps the visitor complained, and the orderly may, perchance, have got a wiggling. To be even with him, the very next day, when the Sahib is particularly busy, Lallah pours in upon him a whole host of troublesome people; and when remonstrated with, declares that "Sahib wished it to be so." And thus things fall back to their old course.

It is not only suitors and other visitors who are made to contribute to the orderly's treasury, to build up his golden ladder; the very police inspectors, or thannadars, cannot approach the presence without *dustur*. Once upon a time an inspector, either poorer or more stubborn than his fellows, did not choose to fall into the customary practice, and declined bleeding for the benefit of Lallah. The latter was, of course, indignant at this unprincipled conduct, and although he dared not act openly against the

recusant official, he laid his plans so quietly and surely as to effect all he desired. The Sahib had many idle moments; and, during these, Lallah contrived to whisper to one of the hangers-on, loud enough to be heard, some scandalous proceeding of the thannadar. The other replied, also in a sort of stage whisper, that he too had heard something of the same sort, whilst the *mohurrir*, or clerk, chimed in with another story against the doomed policeman, and remarked that he was a scoundrel and "unfaithful to his oath." These whisperings were, of course, overheard; and, being repeated at intervals, left an impression on the mind of the Sahib by no means favourable. No pains were spared to watch the victim; and as might be expected, some irregularity was at last brought against him, not perhaps of any moment, but Lallah's whispered poisons had worked their effect in the mind of the magistrate, and the consequence was that the thannadar was dismissed.

Such were a few of the proceedings carried on in the outer courts, the vestibule of the temple of justice. My hero was not less bold and successful within the sanctuary itself. His bean-stalk was planted deep at the very foot of the justice seat. No sooner was a case decided, no matter how insignificant, than the watchful indefatigable Lallah slipped out; and, following the successful suitor, extended to-

wards him his open palm, into which the other, too wise to decline, dropped a rupee. The orderly offers up a mental vote of thanks to Brahma, Siva and Vishnu, and sneaks back to his place in court; none but those in the secret having observed his absence.

The registry office was another locality highly favourable for the upward growth of this famous bean-stalk. Whenever an order of court was made out for a report from the Sheristah, or native registry, bearing upon some case in suit, Lallah took especial care that the matter was not proceeded with for many days. When the litigant was worn out with delay, and became importunate, the wily orderly took him outside, and quietly requested to know how much he would give to have the report made out forthwith. The impatient suitor gladly proffered a rupee. The *dustur* was pocketed; and, proceeding with his retainer to the registry office, Lallah called out to the record-keeper, in a well-understood, swaggering tone, which was meant to say "It's all right," that the Sahib was highly incensed at the delay with the plaintiff's record, and had desired him to intimate that any further hindrance would be punished with a smart fine.

The refusals to bleed were far from being many; still they did happen occasionally. When that was the case, Lallah was in no way disconcerted, for he knew

that it must come at last, proceeded with the unmanageable suitor to the registry, and, winking his eye at the Sheristah, simply enquires why the report is not made out, in a mild tone of voice, which plainly enough intimated that it was not all right yet. The Sheristah of course understood; and stroking his beard (he was a Mahometan) called upon the Prophet to witness that some most important papers had been demanded by a superior authority which required immediate attention; the Sahib must accordingly allow him a few more days' grace. The suitor, driven to despair by this delay, consented to a heavy fee, and instantly Lallah became his warmest friend. Hastily retracing his steps, the orderly, in a voice of thunder, expressed his astonishment at the impertinence of the Sheristah, and gave him to know that if his friend did not at once receive the report the whole affair should be reported. Again the tone and manner of the pliable orderly were duly appreciated; the report appeared as if by magic, and Lallah, the lucky, retired to share the spoil with the Sheristah, muttering a song of thanksgiving to that very respectable body the Hindu Triad. In this way the bean-stalk had flourished greatly; but was now destined to be transplanted to another locality, though still within a genial, kindly soil. My hero, finding the office of orderly not quite important enough for his

ambition, and thirsting for distinction and rupees, managed by a variety of artful oriental devices to get elected a Chuprassie, or process-server, to the native sheriff of the district. This was truly a splendid field for his talents, and he was not long before he turned the golden opportunity to account.

The mode of coining rupees in this department was of the simplest kind. The summonses for the appearance of defaulters of revenue before the deputy magistrate were very numerous, and the defendants were all of the Ryot class, the poorest grade in society. But unless the Zemindar, or landholder, who took out the summons agreed to fee the chuprassee in addition to paying for the summons, he might as well have spared himself the latter expense; for the documents were left quietly in the official's turban or his pouch until the *dustur* was forthcoming. Some of these zemindars were very rich and very stingy, and now and then gave my friend Lallah a little trouble.

Some people would have been disconcerted if the powerful zemindar of the next division gave no token of the usual fee. But not so Lallah. He was prepared for every contingency, and was always cool and resolute. He did nothing. The writ never left his pouch, and at the end of many days the plaintiff complained that the summons had been served. The churprassie, on being ques-

tioned, declared by all the sacred spots in Hindostan, that the plaintiff's agent had refused to indicate the party to him, and what was he to do? There was no help for it but to issue a warrant of apprehension, for which the zemindar had to pay in addition, and who, aware at length of the impossibility of proceeding without *dustur*, came down handsomely to the process-server.

Lallah became less particular as he moved onwards in his career; and, provided a handful of coin was to be the reward, never flinched from any daring act of villany. It was of no use doing things by halves. A greedy zemindar wished to dispossess a poor cultivator of a tract of fine land held by the latter under a *pottah*, or lease, for which the ryot had paid handsomely some time before. The wealthy scoundrel trumped up a case of arrears of rent against the cultivator, and obtained a simple summons against him. This document he placed, with some weighty considerations, in the hands of Lallah the obsequious, who undertook not to serve it. At the end of some days a return was made to the Sahib magistrate to the effect that the ryot would not show himself, but lay hidden within his hut so that his summons could not be served. This is one of the most unfavourable offences a native can commit, in the eyes of a Company's magistrate; it is never forgiven, and is always visited with severity.

The irate justice instantly made out an order to dispossess the cultivator of his lands and make them over to the plaintiff. This was as a matter of course done, to the ruin of the villager, the delight of the zemindar, and the replenishment of Lallah's overflowing purse.

It need not be wondered at, that by a long continuance of such practices, carried on by night and day, at all seasons, and with all classes, my hero was enabled to amass a considerable sum, which was placed snugly out at usurious interest. A more lucrative field, however, lay before him in the department of Opium and Salt revenue, into which he obtained admission by the usual means. The salary attached to this post was very small considering the large amount of revenue placed at his mercy. It was but two pounds a month, and for this, he paid to the English deputy collector ten pounds monthly.

One of the chief duties of the officers of this department is to search for contraband dealers in opium; all of whom are heavily fined. The right of sale is farmed out annually; and, naturally enough, these farmers are always on the look out for contrabandists, especially since they come in for a lion's share of the fine. The indefatigable Lallah was waited on one fine morning, whilst sipping his coffee and smoking his hookah like any other great man, by the opium

farmer of the district; who pre-faced his mission by most humble salaams, and a douceur of ten rupees slipped under his hookah-stand. Of course the wary officer took no notice of this little piece of pantomime, but knew that his services were in requisition. The hookah was finished; and, without asking any troublesome questions, Lallah followed the farmer as meekly as a lamb. Arrived at the suspected house, accompanied by a posse of the farmer's people and officers, an entrance was demanded and obtained. The owner of the house was a respectable and wealthy trader, and appeared quite conscious of his innocence; so much so, that he paid small attention to the proceedings of the party.

The search went on and Lallah; while he seemed most inattentive, was really most watchful, saw one of the farmer's servants conceal something under a heap of rubbish in a corner. Presently another of the searchers turned over the identical heap, and of course dragged from it that which had been placed there — a quantity of the forbidden opium. It was in vain for the trader to protest his innocence; equally in vain to declare that the whole thing was a plot. Lallah asked him with an air of offended dignity whether he thought that he, Lallah; would be a party to any knavery? The whole thing was conclusive. The trader was rich, and could therefore afford to pay

the fine of one hundred and fifty rupees, which were shared between the government, the opium-farmer, and Lallah.

Sometimes it happened that the farmer would not or did not "make things pleasant;" in which case my hero generally contrived to show him the folly of his conduct by siding with the suspected parties, and thus foiling the attempts of the informers. It mattered very little to him on which side he was enlisted, provided the ways and means were supplied; indeed, he rather liked a little opposition to the regular course of things, seeing that it usually had the effect of bringing back his former friends with stronger proofs than ever of their regard for him.

From this department of the service Lallah managed to climb a little higher on the bean-stalk in his old calling — that of the police. He was now a Thannadar, or inspector of a district, and a personage of some consequence. The same course of fees, bribery, and presents, was carried on as of old; but on a larger scale. His career was, however, no longer smooth and unruffled. Anxieties and cares stole upon the now great man's life, to which he had before been an utter stranger; and although he did contrive by dint of stratagem and well-matured policy to extricate himself from every fresh difficulty as it arose, it entailed upon him great watchfulness.

Murders had become very fre-

quent in his new district, and the attention of the superior authorities had been seriously called to the subject. Just at that period a report was sent in from a village to the effect that a trader of some consequence had disappeared in a mysterious manner, and no tidings of him could be learnt. The magistrate resolved to show his zeal in the cause, and accordingly ordered Lallah to bring the guilty parties to justice, under penalty of forfeiture of his office. The thannadar set to work in right good earnest with every instrument at his disposal. Fields, rivers, houses, hedges, jungle, forest — all were searched, but in vain; no trace of the murdered man could be found, and for once Lallah was at fault.

A thannadar of a low and grovelling nature would have reported his failure to his superior; but not so Lallah. The Sahib wanted evidence and a prisoner, and he was resolved to provide the same at all hazards.

By some means Lallah ascertained that in the same village in which the missing man had resided, there dwelt another trader who was largely indebted to the supposed victim, and who was known to be a man of violent temper and loose habits. This was the very man for the thannadar. Who more likely to have made away with the trader than his debtor of ill-repute? Had Lallah advertised in the Mofussilite under the heading of "Wanted, a Murderer," he could not

have succeeded more to his wishes.

The shopkeeper was apprehended, together with his wife. Witnesses were of course forthcoming, who swore by every Hindu deity that they had heard the prisoners and the missing man at high words, and that when last seen the latter was in company with the former. So far so good; but the prisoners denied their guilt to Lallah, and that was a difficulty that had to be overcome. They were confined in a deep pit up to their waists in putrid filth during a day and night. On the following day they were exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun; and, when parched and feverish, they called faintly for water, a bag of dry and broken chillies or capsicums was shaken over their heads, the fierce dust from which piercing into their eyes and down their throats drove the miserable creatures almost mad. Human nature could not stand up against such treatment: the rack and the wheel were mercy to such torture; and in their agony they confessed to the commission of the crime in the presence of witnesses, and offered their signatures to a statement to that effect.

The case was thus in excellent condition, and Lallah took it in triumph before the magistrate, who was equally pleased at the result. The examination of the witnesses was very brief, and the case was sent up to the sessions judge.

Before the higher tribunal little more was done than recapitula-

ting the proceedings of the magistrate's court; and although no body had been found, no bloody weapon had been produced, no one had ever witnessed the deed, the prisoners were found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. This sentence had necessarily to be affirmed by a court of appeal, which body sent the case back to the judge, directing his attention to the fact that he had forgotten to ask the prisoners to plead to the indictment, and had not examined any witnesses on their behalf, though they appeared to have had some! The judge went through the form of asking the prisoners to plead, and they as a last hope pleaded "Not guilty." No witnesses appearing, the case was again sent up for affirmation, when fortunately for the condemned couple the superior tribunal decided that, owing to the plea of "Not guilty," and the absence of all direct evidence, the criminals should not be hung but merely imprisoned for life, first being branded on the forehead as felons.

So far all was well; Lallah was rewarded, and the magistrate praised for his activity. But some few months after the murdered man turned up. He had been keeping out of the way for some private reasons, and returned on hearing of the trial and sentence of his supposed murderers. The latter were, of course, set free; but no pardon could erase the felon-brand from their foreheads. The accused man died broken-

hearted soon afterwards, having first related how he had been tortured into a confession, though, in doing so, he did not dare to implicate the powerful Lallah. The big scoundrel escaped, and the little ones were punished by dismissal.

A year or two of these duties, and Lallah felt anxious to be relieved of them. His wealth had accumulated to an extent that warranted him in starting in quite a different career. He next appeared at Calcutta in the character of banian, or money-lender; a wide and fruitful field for gain. Here Lallah Ram Sing figured as a man of immense wealth and influence; and, truly, few possessed more advantages than he did. He soon contrived to get a dozen of the Calcutta officials deeply in his books, and once there he knew how to turn them to account. They were too needy to refuse him any favour, or to decline to become parties to jobs, however barefaced; and in this way the bean-stalk grew so strong that Lallah was enabled to climb nearly to the top of it. His establishment is now one of the largest in the City of Palaces. His nautches are on the most magnificent scale; the Governor-general was present at the last. His clients are more numerous than those of any other banian; his monetary transactions more extensive; and, in speaking of his wealth, people talk not of thousands, but of millions of rupees.

This bean-stalk is not an ima-

ginary plant. It is not culled from Arabian romance or fairy legend, but is taken from the veritable records of Indian every-day life. It grew yesterday; it grows to-day; it will grow on to-morrow, and will continue to grow until the axe of Indian Reform cuts it down for ever.

THE PHALANSTERIAN MENAGERIE.

ONE evening lately I found myself at Paris, without being exactly able to remember how I got there. I ought to have been on the north coast of France, philosophising on the beach at regular hours, or perhaps unphilosophically contemplating the freaks of the adult and infant bathers there. For I had a tiresome book in hand to be forthwith edited, and my last letter from England contained a severe demand for "copy." Moreover, there was a convalescent nursling in the way, for whom Channel breezes were urgently prescribed; nor had I any clear recollection of having settled with my native landlady before thus abruptly quitting her comfortable board and lodging. But railways are such leaders into temptation. "To Paris and back for twenty francs" had been placarded about for a fortnight past. I have substantial proof that it is a vulgar error that "rolling stones gather no moss." In short, at Paris I seemed to be, without my French mother — and they are a

sharp-sighted set — having the least suspicion that I was out.

It is a luxury of ecstatic degree to make this kind of sudden escape, and to break loose out of the mill-round of duties which have daily to be done from morning till night. A new set of faces, a new set of streets, a new set of hedges and ditches and fields, are most effectual tonics. There are people in the world who would die, or go mad, if they could not freely and fairly take wing now and then. I am closely related to that family of migrants; and that, I suppose, was the reason why I happened so oddly to be strolling about Paris unconscious of the means which had conveyed me.

I had no object on earth to take me there, and I wandered along in delightful carelessness. As it was getting dusk, I reached one of the quays. Before me flowed the rushing Seine; behind me rose a large and dingy building, which bore some resemblance to a publisher's shop. I leaned over the parapet, gazing at the river, and musing on some strange notions about electricity that had been proposed to my consideration, when a sudden glare of light interrupted my thoughts, and made me turn round to ascertain the cause. The building was brilliantly and instantly illuminated — could it be by the electric light? — and through the windows I could see that it contained, besides books, a large collection of living animals. Of course, in Paris all such treasures as this would

be open to the inspection of a well-behaved public, and I at once determined to ascertain the prescribed form of obtaining admittance. But, as I approached the door, it was opened wide to receive my visit, and a handsome, brown-bearded, full-eyed man invited me in with pleasing yet dignified looks and gestures.

"I only occupy a portion of this establishment," he said. "My fellow-labourers, not less enthusiastic than myself, have each their special department assigned them. Mine, just now, is to exhibit the Menagerie. The public will not arrive quite yet in any numbers to require my attention; so, as I perceive you are a stranger and an Englishman, it will afford me pleasure to act as your guide for a private view, during the brief interval which I have to spare before lecturing to my usual audience."

Only one reply — a bow of thanks — could be made to this obliging offer. I followed my Mentor, charmed with his manner and amused with his matter, but often seriously asking myself whether or not I were in company with an escaped lunatic. Still, at many a remark which he made, I resolved to try and remember that, and give some report of his observations.

Let us first — he said — inspect the animals which have rallied around the standard of man; some of them as auxiliaries, others merely as domestic slaves. What a pity that I should have so few to

show you! With exceedingly rare exceptions, every living creature, whether bird or beast, sincerely desires to fraternise with man; and during the space of six thousand years, with several thousands of animals to work upon, we have only succeeded in attaching to us some forty of them, at the very outside calculation. I do not know of any fact which is more severely condemnatory of the actual phase of society, than the simple comparison of these figures respectively.

Here you observe a goodly collection of dogs, all admirable for their special merits. God having in the beginning created man, and beholding him so feeble, gave him the dog; and in order that the dog might entirely belong to man, he exclusively endowed him with friendship and devotion. He instilled into his heart the most profound contempt for family joys and paternity. He limited his sentiment of love to the animal instinct of reproduction. He left love and familism, the passions of the minor mode, to the inferior canineraçe, the Fox. The dog is the noblest conquest that man has ever made; for he is the first element in the progress of humanity. Without the dog, man would have been compelled to vegetate eternally on the borderland of Savagery. The dog enables human society to pass from the savage to the patriarchal state, by presenting it with flocks and herds. No dog, no flock nor herd,—no flock nor herd, no cer-

tain means of subsistence; no leg of mutton, nor roast beef at pleasure; no wool, no plaids, nor *bur-nous*; no leisure hours, no astronomical observations, no science, no industry. The dog has enabled mankind to find time for all these things. The east is the cradle of civilisation because the east is the native land of the dog. Take away the dog from Asia, and Asia is no better off than America. What constitutes the superiority of the Old over the New World, is the possession of the dog. What, in fact, is the end of all the efforts of intellect, all the labours of the Mohican, who has only the chase to depend on for a subsistence? It is nothing more than the study of the great art of tracking and following his game, or his enemy. Now, that young terrier who is peeping out of his kennel, knows as much, or more, of this difficult science after six months' study, as the most intelligent savage at the end of forty years. The natives of the East, then, who possessed the dog, were relieved from an amount of painful labour which employed the whole life and faculties of the Red Skins. They had time to spare, and they were able to employ it in the creation of industry. Such is the origin of arts and trades; such is the whole difference between the Old and New Continents. Historians have written thousands of volumes on this grave question, without lighting upon the discovery of this simple truth; and brave anatomists continue to dis-

sect the skulls of Americans, in order to find out the cause of the inferiority of that race, without even suspecting that they are wandering a hundred leagues away from the solution of the problem.

To this new and luminous anthropological solution there hangs another observation, which is equally my own, namely that cannibalism is an endemic disease in all countries that have the misfortune to be without dogs. Why is cannibalism never met with amongst pastoral nations, amongst the Chaldæans, Egyptians, Arabians, Mongolians, and Tartars? Because the milk and flesh of the herds and flocks, with which the dog has endowed those nations, constantly preserve them from the criminal temptations of hunger. On this subject, I will beg permission not to add my anathema to those which have so often been hurled against anthropophagy by the hand of false morality and false philanthropy. Cannibalism is one of the diseases of the earliest infancy of humanity; a depraved taste which famine explains, if it does not entirely justify. Pity the cannibal, and don't abuse him, ye members of civilised society, who eat underdone meat, and kill millions of men, for much less plausible motives than hunger. According to my own ideas, of all the wars which men wage against each other, war for the sake of eating one's enemy is the only rational warfare on the whole list. Roasting one's adversary

after he is dead, is not half so senseless and wicked an action as killing him by wholesale when he feels no inclination to die. From cannibalism, and all its attendant horrors, our faithful friend, the dog, has rescued us. It is not his fault if we still commit the most atrocious form of human madness — war.

Behold a specimen of domestic swine, which are allowed the *entrée* of the menagerie. If the pig still continued to lend to man the aid of his snout to discover and disinter the truffle, I should have been able to include him in the list of auxiliaries; but it is evident that the moment he allowed the dog to displace him from his special function, he lost the right of figuring in that honourable class. I may be told that he has been employed in St. Domingo and elsewhere, as a call-pig, playing exactly the same part in the woods as his passionate homologue, the call-duck, does upon the lake. I do not deny the fact; but the mere act of calling, quacking, or grunting, does not constitute an auxiliary. There is, besides, another reason of a superior order, a reason of analogy, which compels me to refuse that title to the pig. He is the emblem of the miser; and the miser is good for nothing till after his death. Consequently, it was not amongst the pig's possibilities to be useful to man during his life.

The he-goat, the mutilated type of the Bouquetin of the Pyrenees and the Alps, has never

enjoyed any great reputation for sanctity, and I will not take upon me to assert that he has acquired a much worse name than he deserves. It is very certain that, by his dissolute morals, he lays himself open to calumny, and that the odour he exhales does not symbolise a model of purity. He is the emblem of brutal sensuality. The Greek, Jewish, and Christian religions accord with analogy in this respect. The Greeks were not content with sacrificing a goat to Bacchus, as being one of the vine's enemies, one of the plagues of attractive labour; they disguised their satyrs with the mask and character of the lascivious animal, in order to brand gross and material love with an unmistakable mark of reprobation, in order to declare their belief that purely sensual passion is degrading to man, and lowers him to the level of the brute.

I am sorry to pass sentence on a poor animal already laden with the sins of Israel; but I cannot find it in my heart to utter a word of excuse for an emblem of lust and moral filth, for an enemy of vineyards and agriculture. I confess that the future prospects of the goat fill me with considerable alarm; for I find no employment for him in harmony, when leather breeches will suffer an immense reduction in price, in consequence of the suppression of the gendarmerie. The most favourable lot the goat can then expect is to be banished to his native country,

for the purpose of repeopling the glaciers and rocky precipices, in company with the vigogne, the mouflon, and the chamois.

Lascivious, capricious, and easy-tempered, addicted to vagabondage and sorcery, fond of saltpetre, but a good daughter and a good mother at the bottom of her heart, the she-goat represents the thorough-bred gipsy, the smart Esmeralda. Lament if you like, but beware of endeavouring to avert the lot which awaits Esmeralda and the goat. The goat and her family may henceforth find their appropriate place in the colonisation of desert islands and uninhabitable mountains. Under every latitude the goat and the rabbit are undoubtedly the best agents which God has given to man, for deriving some profit from the barren rock.

Prudence forbids my speaking my mind on the subject of the sheep and the lamb, which you see folded there. I have very little esteem for sheep-like people, who submit to be shorn without resistance. Innocence, candour, and resignation under suffering are virtues which I do not desire to see too common in France. It is high time that the lamb, and the poor working man, should cease to play the part of victim. Therefore, mind how you behave yourselves, ye cruel butchers and iniquitous shepherds!

I do not value the tame rabbit in that hutch, either for his flesh or for his habits, which latter are tinged with cannibalism; but I

am pleased with his fecundity, his rapid growth, and many other merits — with his low price especially — permitting him to make acquaintance with poor people's stomachs who have no means of tasting butcher's meat. The rabbit is the emblem of the poor labourer who lives by working in quarries and mines, a race which sometimes finds repose at the bottom of its subterranean retreat, but liable to be attacked by a thousand enemies the moment it puts its nose above ground. It is not gifted with foresight, like the hamster and the squirrel, because the wages of the workmen, whom it symbolises, are too low for them to be able to lay by the least fraction against a rainy day. The rabbit sometimes kills its young. Every day, want and profligacy drive the starving work woman to commit infanticide. This crime, so common in the tribe of rabbits, happens more rarely in the tribe of hares. The reason is, that destitution is more frightful in manufacturing towns than in agricultural districts. The rabbit has made riots, and overthrown cities, according to the account of Pliny. In great towns the poor occasionally indulge in the same amusement, but never in the country, because they are not crowded close enough together, to be able to compute their own numbers and strength. In Champagne I used to know a gamekeeper who piped rabbits by means of a bird-call, in the same

way as is practised with robin redbreasts, and which forced them out of their burrows quicker than the ferret would. The art of piping rabbits was practised in Spain in very ancient times; the verb *chellar* being coined to specify the process, which was also not unknown in Provence.

Next you have a group of stinkards, vermin whom I hold in abomination. Neither the boar nor the stag is a scentless animal, yet no one ever thought of applying the name of stinkard to them. A denomination so gracefully characteristic has been reserved for these lowest of beings, which hiding in some subterranean retreat, and poisoning the air with their odious effluvia, live by dangerless murder and rapine. The polecat — the best known type of the group which I style "cut-throats" and "blood-drinkers" — the polecat, and all the rest of its tribe, have been gifted by the Creator with a membranous pouch, situated close to the tail, and secreting an odoriferous liquid. In the stinkards of our own climate, this odour is nothing worse than repulsive; but in the species of Central America, known under the significant name Mephitis, it is so horribly and unbearably fetid as to suffocate and poison those who breathe it. In that country, there have been cases proved of persons being killed in their beds by the odour of stinkards; and it is sufficient for one of these creatures merely

to pass through a granary, a fruit-room, or a cellar, to render every provision in them uneatable, every beverage undrinkable. Charitable souls will learn with delight that the science of military engineering, the noble art of legal destruction, has lately borrowed a wrinkle from the stinkard in the practice of distant poisoning. People in general are not prepared for the surprise which awaits them on the next declaration of hostilities between absolutism and democracy. Bulletins will not run in their usual style. Instead of that, we shall read in the Gazette, "After two hours' cannonading, at the distance of fifteen hundred yards, the enemy fled in all directions; abandoning their arms and their cannon, and holding their noses. So complete a victory was never attended with so little bloodshed. The enemy fell, like brimstoned bees, performing the most grotesque and laughable contortions. Nose-witnesses asserted that the infection from our howitzers was such, that the air was tainted for the distance of several miles. The successes of the day may be in great part attributed to the ingenious precaution which I had taken; namely, to furnish each of our soldiers with a pair of spectacles."

This blood-thirsty family includes the animals which furnish the finest and the most esteemed peltry; wherefore, stinkard-hunting is an important affair, both in Siberia and in America.

Analogy teaches us the reason, both of the sanguinary disposition which characterises this species, as well as of the insupportable odour which it exhales, and the silkiness and strength of its garment of fur. The blood-drinkers — the *Mustelians* of learned language — are the most sanguinary animals in all creation; because they symbolise thieves in little and murderers in little — empoisoners of provisions and adulterators of drinks — and because the crafty practices of these meanest of industrials, who sprout and flourish on the outskirts of civilisation, cause the death of an infinitely greater number of persons than the cannon and the bayonet. The purveyor for the army or navy, who pares off his profit from the soldier's ration, and the Director of the Algerian hospital, who adulterates the sulphate of quinine, have killed a hundred times as many soldiers as the Arabs, even since eighteen hundred and thirty. I rejoice to learn that nothing of the kind has ever occurred in provisioning the British fleet.

The polecat and its murderous brethren owe to the elasticity of their intercostal cartilages a suppleness of backbone which allows them to insinuate themselves through the narrowest chinks of the dove-cote and the poultry-house. An entrance once effected, the villanous brutes bathe in blood, intoxicate themselves with murder, and kill right and left

for the mere pleasure of killing. This supple spine and inextinguishable thirst for gore represent the insatiable avidity, profligacy, and astuteness of the usurer, the man of law, the pleader, and the legist, who creep through the smallest chinks of the code — sometimes missing the galleys by the merest hair's-breadth — to penetrate into hard-working households, entwine the poor labourer in their deadly folds, and bleed him till he is as pale as death. The polecat is pitiless; it destroys every individual bird which it finds. Exactly in the same way, the Jew, after drawing the last drop of gold from the veins of his victim, will throw him on a straw bed in prison, regardless of his unhappy family, whom the detention of their head reduces to want, and delivers to the terrible suggestions of hunger. Innocent species — the pigeon, the hen, the pheasant, the rabbit — are the usual victims of the polecat's rage. The weak, the poor city workman, and the humble farm labourer, are the prey of the cheat, the parasite, and the usurer. The remarkable adherence of the hair to the skin, which constitutes the value of fur, symbolises the avarice of men of the law, traffickers in lying words, and dealers in adulterated goods. Nothing can equal the tenacity with which these *miserables* hold their ill-gotten wealth. The infected odour exhaled by stinkards is the extortion and

stock-jobbing, the assault and murder, which transude from the gangrened body of France, where Jewish influence is paramount.

Would we cure the body social of its infamies, and exterminate the nuisance from our territory? The means of both are one and the same; and, moreover, have the advantage of being exceedingly easy. To heal the wounds of society, and exterminate the polecat, we must substitute fraternity for selfishness, centralism for divergence, universal partnership for piece-meal property. Let us suppress all piece-meal property, which is the golden-egged hen of chicanery, mortgage, and usury; witness the subtle pleader, the sworn interpreter of the code, and the retail dealer in stamped paper, who shuts up shop without any warning. Let us exchange the five hundred miserable huts, which are the pride and glory of civilised villages, into one splendid communal palace, a comfortable club-house for the entire population. Let us replace the five hundred barns, covered with thatch, pierced with holes, and tumbling to pieces, into one vast, united granary, to receive the produce of the commune, and over whose inviolability numberless agents will feel it their office to keep strict watch. Instantly, every one of the noisome vermin which are the ruin of the labourer — polecats, rats, weevils, and so on — will disappear from the

world for ever. It is evident that the question of the polecat, and of the vampires of parasitism, is identical; that both these pests have simultaneously invaded the body social; that they issue from the same source, antagonism; and that, the cause ceasing, its necessary effect will also cease. I await the death of the last surviving polecat to deliver a triumphant funeral oration over the grave of the last of thieves.

Now for the fox—a nasty creature, the object, too, of nasty sport. Fox-hunting is only excusable as one means of fox destruction. You English hunt the fox for hunting's sake; and it is a reproach of which you will never clear yourselves. Other beasts you hunt, not for the sport, but to break your necks and practice horse-dealing. Fox-hunting affords no interest at all, and hardly deserves to have a word bestowed upon it.

Young foxes are easily familiarised to the faces and creatures of the house in which they are brought up. The part of our institutions which they most readily fall in with, are our regular fixed hours for eating. I know no chronometer that indicates the precise time of dinner with greater exactness than a fox's stomach. Tame foxes which had regained their liberty, have been known, after three months' absence, to return to the farm where they had lived, and always to arrive, at dinner time.

A long while ago, I was the

proprietor (continued my scientific showman) of a very young fox, a remarkable wag, who was capable of beating a commissary-general in the art of playing tricks with eatables. He was my own and my school-fellows' great consolation, during our study of Latin and Greek. The applause bestowed upon his clever tricks, together with too much self-satisfaction, perhaps, and the intoxication of success, had developed to an extraordinary degree the manifestations of his crafty nature. My mother, who, according to the terms of the Civil Code, was responsible for the acts and deeds of my fox, asserted sometimes, in an undertone, that she might have bought a handsome horse with the sum total of the indemnities which my mischievous brute had cost her for murdered chickens, plundered soup-boilers, and tame rabbits artfully made away with. At last, a price was set upon his head; but who, in our presence, dared to undertake the execution of the sentence?

A kite of courage, when the thing was proposed to him, did not shrink from the enterprise. He was a redoubted bird, the terror of all the cats and poodles of the place, and proudly conscious of fifty victories. He challenged the fox to single combat, and the lists were opened with my consent. The kitchen was the field of battle. The first attack was terrible. Surprised and frightened by the aggressor's

impetuosity, Reynard disgracefully turned tail, and sought a retreat in the darkest corner of the room. The bird then pounced upon the enemy's rump, slashing away with all the power of his beak. But that portion of the adversary, the only part he could work upon, was also hairy and invulnerable. Satiated at last with his apparent triumph and the uproarious applause of the delighted public, he left his quarry, perched upon the back of a low chair, and soon was dozing like a gorged buzzard. The spectators, supposing that all the fun was over, discussed the superior gallantry of carnivorous birds over carnivorous quadrupeds; and the debate became so animated, that the actual combatants were completely lost sight of, till a fearful scream reached through the place. We turned and looked, and — heart-rending sight! — the kite lay prostrate on the floor of the arena, beating the air with his dying wing, and contracting his claws in a final convulsion of agony.

How the death-wound had been dealt, I was the only person able to say. It was a feint borrowed from the famous combat of the Horatii and the Curatii. The fox had fled, in order to induce the bird to pursue him, and waste his strength upon his padded buckler. As soon as the kite was tired and had given up the contest, the cunning brute turned his head, observed the position, and measured the distance.

Then, darting forward with a terrible bound, which no one foresaw and no one heard, he seized the unsuspecting creature in his mouth, and pierced him through and through with a single bite. The whole affair was the work of a moment. (When we looked to see where the murderer was, we perceived him under the kitchen sink, contemplating the maid as she washed up the dinner plates, like a complete stranger to the tragic event.)

Further on, I will show you some creatures which stand as the symbols of literary men. You hear the bell which is ringing at this moment; it announces to them their feeding time. * * * Here the loud sound of some heavy body falling plump between my feet, diverted my attention from the speaker's harangue. I looked on the floor to discover what had occasioned the noise; and there, sure enough, lay a half-open, thick octavo volume, whose aspect was perfectly familiar to me. I stooped to raise it from the ground. On listening for the continuation of my conductor's address, and the sequel remarks on literary animals, the Illuminated Menagerie had entirely disappeared, and I was sitting in my arm-chair in my snug little study, exactly where I ought to have been — namely, on the north coast of France, instead of at Paris, I knew not how.

"*Monsieur est servi!*" shouted a female voice, in a very unusual

tone of displeasure. "The dinner has been on the table for ever so long, and everybody is tired of waiting. I have rung the bell till my arm quite aches. The soup, made of a magnificent veal ankle, is now as cold as fountain-water; and the omelette, in which I surpassed myself, dashing it off in a moment of enthusiasm, is no better than a bit of buttered sponge. It is cruel of you, Monsieur Feelsone, to serve me so," continued my landlady as she entered the room. "But, ah! I see the cause of the indifference to meal-times which has lately overclouded your spirit. I behold the reason of the ungrateful return which you make to-day for my kitchen labours. It all arises from that ugly, wicked treatise. In vain I lie awake all night, contemplating a happy combination of dishes; in vain I ransack the waters, salt and sweet; in vain I send emissaries to marsh and wood, all to procure you fish and game. Now-o'-days you care no more about them than if they were slices of bread and butter. But if matters are much longer to go on in this way, I shall wish Phalansterianism at the bottom of the sea. M. Victor had a great deal better attend to his patients' maladies, than keep sending to Paris for books by the dozen, to corrupt your mind as well as his own. I shall soon be looked upon as a complete nobody in the house, if comfortable lodging and liberal board are treated as things not worth attending to.

Philosophy is to have the upper hand! Worlds of Birds! and Minds of Brutes! I wonder what nonsense will next be thought of? I am sure all your friends are sick of the subject. For my part, if Dubois —"

"Madame Dubois," I calmly answered, "I plead guilty to having fallen fast asleep. But do not be too angry with our books; for I assure you that, if ever you let lodgings in Harmony, you will have a much wider and more honourable scope in which to exercise the culinary art. We shall then be gifted with a gamut of tastes, as complete as now is our gamut of sounds. For instance, loaves of bread will then be made to answer exactly to each of the savoury notes of the scale. You will be able to compose chromatic sauces, to serve as the variations to diatonic dishes. You will cook a grand pastoral dinner in E flat major, to be followed by an allegro supper in D. That the books, though eccentric, are not bad at the bottom, your own acute judgment shall decide for itself. You are aware, Madame, that women, in France, are not treated with sufficient consideration. They have too little to do; they are kept far too much in the back-ground; they exercise too little influence both in public and private affairs; and are not consulted half often enough about things which concern their sons and their husbands. Well; the writer of this very book proposes to remedy the evil of this com-

pletely. Henceforth, instead of gentlemen taking the lead, 'Mrs. and Mr. Smith' will be the polite style. Listen only to one short passage: 'Females in general are the epitome of all that is good and beautiful. Why do men shave their beards if it be not to resemble the feminine type? Woman is the second edition of man, revised and corrected, and considerably embellished.' There, Madame Dubois, what do you think of that?"

"The books are not heretical, after all!" was my answer. "Study is certainly a very improving thing. You and M. Victor have quite a right to cultivate your minds, if you do not neglect your dinner-times. Perhaps, by-and-bye, I may allow the Messieurs D. to peruse a few extracts, if you will make it the effect of your goodness to select the most edifying parts for their instruction — like that which you read just now. Never mind things being cold for once. The soup shall soon be hot again. I'll whip up an omelette to eclipse the first. The roast shall retire into the oven for a moment; and the salad will be the better for a second dressing."

"Bravo, Madame! I am wide-awake now. When we pass from Civilisation to Harmony, you shall rule the roast and boiled, in the Communal Palace in which I dwell. For, in that happy state of existence, no work is to be done but labours of love."

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE Long Parliament assembled on the third of November, one thousand six hundred and forty-one. That day week the Earl of Strafford arrived from York, very sensible that the spirited and determined men who formed that Parliament were no friends towards him, who had not only deserted the cause of the people, but who had, on all occasions, opposed himself to their liberties. The King told him, for his comfort, that the parliament "should not hurt one hair of his head." But, on the very next day Mr. Pym, in the House of Commons, and with great solemnity, impeached the Earl of Strafford as a traitor. He was immediately taken into custody and fell from his proud height in a moment.

It was the twenty-second of March before he was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, where, although he was very ill and suffered great pain, he defended himself with such ability and majesty, that it was doubtful whether he would not get the best of it after all. But on the thirteenth day of the trial, Pym produced in the House of Commons a copy of some notes of a council, found by young Sir HARRY VANE in a red velvet cabinet belonging to his father (Secretary Vane, who sat at the council table with the Earl), in which Strafford had distinctly told the King that he was

free from all rules and obligations of government, and might do with his people whatever he liked; and in which he had added — "You have an army in Ireland that you may employ to reduce this kingdom to obedience." It was not clear whether by the words "this kingdom," he had really meant England or Scotland, but the Parliament contended that he meant England, and of course this was treason. At the same sitting of the House of Commons it was resolved to bring in a bill of attainder declaring the treason to have been committed: in preference to proceeding with the trial by impeachment, which would have required the treason to be proved.

So a bill was brought in at once, was carried through the House of Commons by a large majority, and was sent up to the House of Lords. While it was still uncertain whether the House of Lords would pass it and the King consent to it, Pym disclosed to the House of Commons that the King and Queen had both been plotting with the officers of the army to bring up the soldiers and control the Parliament, and also to introduce two hundred soldiers into the Tower of London, to effect the Earl's escape. The plotting with the army was revealed by one GEORGE GORING, the son of a lord of that name: a bad fellow, who was one of the original plotters, and turned traitor. The King had

actually given his warrant for the admission of the two hundred men into the Tower, and they would have got in too but for the refusal of the governor — a sturdy Scotchman of the name of BALFOUR — to admit them. These matters being made public, great numbers of people began to riot outside the Houses of Parliament, and to cry out for the execution of the Earl of Strafford, as one of the King's chief instruments against them. The bill passed the House of Lords while the people were in this state of agitation, and was laid before the King for his assent, together with another bill, declaring that the Parliament then assembled should not be dissolved or adjourned without their own consent. The King — not unwilling to save a faithful servant, though he had no great attachment for him — was in some doubt what to do, but he gave his consent to both bills, although he in his heart believed that the bill against the Earl of Strafford was unlawful and unjust. The Earl had written to him, telling him that he was willing to die for his sake. But he had not expected that his royal master would take him at his word quite so readily; for when he heard his doom he laid his hand upon his heart, and said, "Put not your trust in Princes!"

The King, who never could be straightforward and plain, through one single day or through one single sheet of paper, wrote

a letter to the Lords, and sent it by the young Prince of Wales, entreating them to prevail with the Commons that "that unfortunate man should fulfil the natural course of his life in a close imprisonment." In a postscript to the very same letter, he added, "If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday." If there had been any doubt of his fate, this weakness and meanness would have settled it. The very next day, which was the twelfth of May, he was brought out to be beheaded on Tower Hill.

Archbishop Laud, who had been so fond of having people's ears cropped off and their noses slit, was now confined in the Tower too; and when the Earl went by his window, to his death, he was there, at his request, to give him his blessing. They had been great friends in the King's cause, and the Earl had written to him, in the days of their power, that he thought it would be an admirable thing to have Mr. Hampden publicly whipped for refusing to pay the ship money. However, those high and mighty doings were over now, and the Earl went his way to death with dignity and heroism. The governor wished him to get into a coach at the Tower gate, for fear the people should tear him to pieces; but he said it was all one to him whether he died by the axe or by their hands. So, he walked, with a firm tread and a stately look, and sometimes

pulled off his hat to them as he passed along. They were profoundly quiet. He made a speech on the scaffold from some notes he had prepared (the paper was found lying there after his head was struck off), and one blow of the axe killed him, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

This bold and daring act, the Parliament accompanied by other famous measures, all originating (as even this did) in the King's having so grossly and so long abused his power. The name of DELINQUENTS was applied to all sheriffs and other officers who had been concerned in raising the ship money, or any other money, from the people, in an unlawful manner; the Hampden judgment was reversed; the judges who had decided against Hampden were called upon to give large securities that they would take such consequences as Parliament might impose upon them; and one was arrested as he sat in High Court, and carried off to prison. Laud was impeached; the unfortunate victims, whose ears had been cropped and whose noses had been slit, were brought out of prison in triumph; and a bill was passed declaring that a Parliament should be called every third year, and that if the King and the King's officers did not call it, the people should assemble of themselves and summon it, as of their own right and power. Great illuminations and rejoicings took place over all

these things, and the country was wildly excited. That the Parliament took advantage of this excitement and stirred them up by every means, there is no doubt; but you are always to remember those twelve long years, during which the King had tried so hard whether he really could do any wrong or not.

All this time there was a great religious outcry against the right of the Bishops to sit in Parliament; to which the Scottish people particularly objected. The English were divided on this subject, and, partly on this account and partly because they had had foolish expectations that the Parliament would be able to take off nearly all the taxes, numbers of them sometimes wavered and inclined towards the King.

I believe myself, that if, at this or almost any other period of his life, the King could have been trusted by any man not out of his senses, he might have saved himself and kept his throne. But, on the English army being disbanded, he plotted with the officers again, as he had done before, and established the fact beyond all doubt, by putting his signature of approval to a petition against the Parliamentary leaders, which was drawn up by certain officers. When the Scottish army was disbanded, he went to Edinburgh in four days, which was going very fast at that time — to plot again, and so darkly too, that it is difficult to

decide what his whole object was. Some suppose that he wanted to gain over the Scottish Parliament, as he did in fact gain over, by presents and favours, many Scottish lords and men of power. Some think that he went to get proofs against the Parliamentary leaders in England of their having treasonably invited the Scottish people to come and help them. With whatever object he went to Scotland, he did little good by going. At the instigation of the EARL OF MONTROSE, a desperate man who was then in prison for plotting, he tried to kidnap three Scottish lords, who escaped. A committee of the Parliament at home, who had followed to watch him, wrote an account of this INCIDENT, as it was called, to the Parliament; the Parliament made a fresh stir about it; were (or feigned to be) much alarmed for themselves, and wrote to the EARL OF ESSEX, the commander-in-chief, for a guard to protect them.

It is not absolutely proved that the King plotted in Ireland besides, but it is very probable that he did, and that the Queen did too; and that he had some wild hope of gaining the Irish people over to his side by favouring a rise among them. Whether or no, they did rise in a most brutal, savage, and atrocious rebellion; in which, encouraged by their priests, they committed such atrocities upon numbers of the English, of both sexes and of all ages, as nobody could believe,

but for their being related, on oath, by eye-witnesses. Whether one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand Protestants were murdered in this outbreak, is uncertain; but, that it was as ruthless and barbarous an outbreak as ever was known among any savage people on earth, is absolutely certain.

The King came home from Scotland, determined to make a great struggle for his lost power. He believed that, through his presents and favours, Scotland would take no part against him; and the Lord Mayor of London received him with such a magnificent dinner that he thought he must have become popular again in England. It would take a good many Lord Mayors, however, to make a people, and the King soon found himself mistaken.

Not so soon, though, but that there was a great opposition in the Parliament to a celebrated paper put forth by Pym and Hampden and the rest, called "THE REMONSTRANCE," which set forth all the illegal acts that the King had ever done, but politely laid the blame of them on his bad advisers. Even when it was passed and presented to him, the King still thought himself strong enough to discharge Balfour from his command in the Tower, and to put in his place a man of bad character: to whom the Commons instantly objected, and whom he was obliged to abandon. At this time, the old out-

cry about the Bishops became louder than ever, and the old Archbishop of York was so near being murdered as he went down to the House of Lords — being laid hold of by the mob and violently knocked about, in return for very foolishly scolding a shrill boy who was yelping out "No Bishops!" — that he sent for all the Bishops who were in town and proposed to them to sign a declaration that as they could no longer, without danger to their lives, attend their duty in Parliament, they protested against the lawfulness of everything done in their absence. This they asked the King to send to the House of Lords, which he did. Then the House of Commons impeached the whole party of Bishops and sent them off to the Tower.

Taking no warning from this, but encouraged by there being a moderate party in the Parliament who objected to these strong measures, the King, on the third of January, one thousand six hundred and forty-two, took the rashest step that ever was taken by mortal man.

Of his own accord and without advice, he sent the Attorney-General to the House of Lords to accuse of treason certain members of Parliament, who, as popular leaders, were the most obnoxious to him; LORD KIMBOLTON, SIR ARTHUR HASELBIG, DENZIL HOLLIS, JOHN PYM (they used to call him King Pym, he possessed such power and looked

so big), JOHN HAMPDEN, and WILLIAM STRODE. The houses of these members he caused to be entered, and their papers to be sealed up. At the same time, he sent a messenger to the House of Commons demanding to have the five gentlemen who were members of that House immediately produced. To this the House replied that they should appear as soon as there was any legal charge against them, and immediately adjourned.

Next day, the House of Commons send into the City to let the Lord Mayor know that their privileges are invaded by the King, and that there is no safety for anybody or anything. Then, when the five members are gone out of the way, down comes the King himself, with all his guard and from two to three hundred gentlemen and soldiers, of whom the greater part were armed. These he leaves in the hall, and then, with his nephew at his side, goes into the House, takes off his hat, and walks up to the Speaker's chair. The Speaker leaves it, the King stands in front of it, looks about him steadily for a little while, and says he has come for those five members. No one speaks, and then he calls John Pym by name. No one speaks, and then he calls Denzil Hollis by name. No one speaks, and then he asks the Speaker of the House where those five members are? The Speaker, answering on his knee, nobly replies that he is the servant of

that House, and that he has neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, anything but what the House commands him. Upon this, the King, beaten from that time evermore, replies that he will seek them himself, for they have committed treason; and goes out, with his hat in his hand, amid some audible murmurings from the members.

No words can describe the hurry that arose out of doors when all this was known. The five members had gone for safety to a house in Coleman Street, in the City, where they were guarded all night; and indeed the whole city watched in arms like an army. At ten o'clock in the morning, the King, already frightened at what he had done, came to the Guildhall, with only half a dozen lords, and made a speech to the people, hoping that they would not shelter those whom he accused of treason. Next day, he issued a proclamation for the apprehension of the five members; but the Parliament minded it so little that they made great arrangements for having them brought down to Westminster in great state, five days afterwards. The King was so alarmed now at his own imprudence, if not for his own safety, that he left his palace at Whitehall, and went away with his Queen and children to Hampton Court.

It was the eleventh of May, when the five members were carried in state and triumph to

Westminster. They were taken by water. The river could not be seen for the boats on it; and the five members were hemmed in by barges full of men and great guns, ready to protect them, at any cost. Along the Strand a large body of the train-bands of London, under their commander, SKIPPON, marched to be ready to assist the little fleet. Beyond them, came a crowd who choked the streets, roaring incessantly about the Bishops and the Papists, and crying out contemptuously as they passed Whitehall, "What has become of the King?" With this great noise outside the House of Commons, and with great silence within, Mr. Pym rose and informed the House of the great kindness with which they had been received in the City. Upon that, the House called the sheriffs in and thanked them, and requested the train-bands, under their commander Skippon, to guard the House of Commons every day. Then, came four thousand men on horseback out of Buckinghamshire, offering their services as a guard too, and bearing a petition to the King, complaining of the injury that had been done to Mr. Hampden, who was their county man and much beloved and honoured.

When the King set off for Hampton Court, the gentlemen and soldiers who had been with him, followed him out of town as far as Kingston-upon-Thames, and next day Lord Digby came

to them from the King at Hampton Court, in his coach and six, to inform them that the King accepted their protection. This, the Parliament said, was making war against the kingdom, and Lord Digby fled abroad. The Parliament then immediately applied themselves to getting hold of the military power of the country, well knowing that the King was already trying hard to use it against them, and had secretly sent the Earl of Newcastle to Hull, to secure a valuable magazine of arms and gunpowder that was there. In those times, every county had its own magazines of arms and powder, for its own train-bands or militia; so, the Parliament brought in a bill claiming the right (which up to this time had belonged to the King) of appointing the Lord Lieutenants of counties, who commanded these train-bands; and, also, of having all the forts, castles, and garrisons in the kingdom, put into the hands of such governors as they, the Parliament, could confide in. It also passed a law depriving the Bishops of their votes. The King gave his assent to that bill, but would not abandon the right of appointing the Lord Lieutenants, though he said he was willing to appoint such as might be suggested to him by the Parliament. When the Earl of Pembroke asked him whether he would not give way on that question for a time, he said, "By God! not for

one hour!" and upon this he and the Parliament went to war.

His young daughter was betrothed to the Prince of Orange. On pretence of taking her to the country of her future husband, the Queen was already got safely away to Holland, there to pawn the Crown jewels for money to raise an army on the King's side. The Lord Admiral being sick, the House of Commons now named the Earl of Warwick to hold his place for a year. The King named another gentleman; the House of Commons took its own way, and the Earl of Warwick became Lord Admiral without the King's consent. The Parliament sent orders down to Hull to have that magazine removed to London; the King went down to Hull to take it himself. The citizens would not admit him into the town, and the governor would not admit him into the castle. The Parliament resolved that whatever the two Houses passed, and the King would not consent to, should be called an ORDINANCE, and should be as much a law as if he did consent to it. The King protested against this, and gave notice that these ordinances were not to be obeyed. The King, attended by the majority of the House of Peers, and by many members of the House of Commons, established himself at York. The Chancellor went

to him with the Great Seal, and the Parliament made a new Great Seal. The Queen sent over a ship full of arms and ammunition, and the King issued letters to borrow money at high interest. The Parliament raised twenty regiments of foot and seventy-five troops of horse; and the people willingly aided them with their money, plate, jewellery, and trinkets — the married women even with their wedding-rings. Every member of Parliament who could raise a troop or a regiment in his own part of the country, dressed it according to his taste and in his own colours, and commanded it. Foremost among them all, Oliver Cromwell raised a troop of horse — thoroughly in earnest and thoroughly well armed — who were, perhaps, the best soldiers that ever were seen.

In some of their proceedings, this famous Parliament unquestionably passed the bounds of all previous law and custom, yielded to and favoured riotous assemblages of the people, and acted tyrannically in imprisoning some who differed from the popular leaders. But, again you are always to remember that the twelve years during which the King had had his own wilful way, had gone before; and that nothing could make the times what they might, could, would, or should have been, if those twelve years had never rolled away.

END OF VOL. XXI.

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